



Kasilof Community Church

**Issue 37
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KCC NEWSLETTER

Summer/Fall 2011

The third chapter of Ecclesiastes begins with these words, “*For everything there is a season.*” Since the Newsletter was last published, there have been a variety of “seasons” at KCC. In May, we said goodbye to four graduating high school seniors, blessing them with a gift of a quilt. Tears of pride and joy were shed (see article on page 12). Soon after that, we bid adieu to Nate and Melissa Smith (and Ellie and Clark), who made the difficult choice to move to California so Nate could further his education (read their goodbye letter on page 2). Like quilt Sunday, many tears were seen on the faces of those who had come to love the Smiths (story on page 4). Melissa was kind enough to share with us the travails of their journey south. If you haven’t heard about their remarkable trip, turn to page 6 for the story. Then, during our busy summer months of life in Alaska, KCC was able to bring a couple all the way from Texas to see if our little church up north might be a place they might call home while they minister to our youth. Before you knew it, Jeff and Tiffany Carter, and their three children had settled in Kasilof (read about their adventure in the next issue of the Newsletter). On a cold day in October, Jessica Woods was baptized in Johnson Lake (page 18), as she began a new season in her life. In the midst of all this change, the Newsletter is happy to publish a short biography on one of the steadfast families of our congregation, Jerry & Peggy McGarry. Turn to page 20, as you learn a little bit more about this truly wonderful family. Finally, flip over to page 26, where you will receive a history lesson focusing on one of KCC’s founding fathers. Saint Augustine once said, “*If you would attain to what you are not yet, you must always be displeased by what you are. For where you are pleased with yourself, there you have remained. Keep adding, keep walking, keep advancing.*”

Editors note: *we received the following letter from Nate Smith in the spring of 2011, in which he informed KCC that he and Melissa would be leaving Alaska so they could pursue furthering Nate's education.*

Dear Kasilof Community Church,

When Melissa and I made the decision to move to Alaska, we had a lot of uncertainty about what lay ahead for us as a family. Yet, from the moment we arrived, the believers at Kasilof Community Church loved and supported us through the transition. These last four years have been the highlight of our time serving in youth ministry.

For those of you who do not know, I received my bachelor's degree in biblical studies at the end of 2009. I immediately began graduate courses at Dallas Theological Seminary. For reasons I don't fully understand, I have had a strong desire to complete my education. That desire has not dissipated over the years. Yet, in order to complete my seminary education, I must be physically on campus for at least two years.

Over the past few months, Melissa and I have been discussing whether moving in order to complete my education was something we were interested in as a family. A few weeks ago, we made the decision to move. Honestly, the hardest part of coming to that decision was the fact that we would have to leave the students. We love them very much and really have no desire to leave them. Yet, as we discussed the issue, we decided that, if we were going to go, this is the time. Ellie and Clark are still young enough that a move is less painful for them, and we would like to be settled somewhat before they enter jr. high and high school.

Our current plan is to finish out the school year here in Alaska. We want to be around as our seniors graduate and we celebrate with them. We will be leaving within the first few days of June. It is not clear yet where our final destination will be. We do know that we will either be moving to Southern California,

where I will be attending Talbot Seminary at Biola, or we will be moving to Dallas, where I will finish studying at Dallas Theological Seminary.

Unfortunately, this move means that I will no longer be the youth pastor at Kasilof Community Church. This does not mean that the ministry that we have been a part of is going away or changing from the direction that we have set over the last four years. Pastor Paul and the deacons are firmly committed to finding a replacement for me that will continue to pursue the fundamentals that have seen the growth in so many of the students over the years. Those fundamentals include solid biblical teaching being at the core of what we do, events that build fellowship among the students, and a commitment to transformation in the lives of students so that they can go and impact their world. In the meantime, our amazing staff will continue to serve the students through weekly meetings and events.

I want to thank you for allowing Melissa and me into the lives of these teens and this body. It has been amazing. We have already shed many tears thinking of leaving, and I am sure we will shed many more as the time draws nearer. We have been praying and will continue praying for the spiritual growth of each teen and each family. We would covet your prayers through this time of transition for us. Please feel free to contact me any time at 394-0628 or nate@kasilofchurch.com

In His Love,

Nate Smith

“And we know that in all things God works for the good of those who love Him, who have called according to His purposes.” **Romans 8:28**

KCC SAYS GOODBYE TO NATE, MELISSA, ELLIE, & CLARK SMITH

During an often emotional tribute to Nate & Melissa's ministry at KCC, a number of youth who had been a part of the youth group program came to the altar and offered the following sentiments to the Smiths on "goodbye Sunday:"

Grant Blossom: Nate, you've been more than a youth Pastor to me, you've been my friend. You challenged all of us with your teaching and I will never forget you.

Kaillee Skjold: Our youth group is alive because of God, Nate & Melissa. Many of us have changed physically since you've been here, that is, we've grown up, but more importantly, we've grown spiritually.

Heather Daveys: I have felt God's love through Nate & Melissa. You showed all of us with you lives what it means to be a disciple of Christ. You've been like a second family to me.

Rachel Blossom: I love you guys, please don't leave. Thank-you so much for all you've done.

Seth Daveys: Since I've attended youth group (a couple of years), I have undoubtedly been obnoxious and rude, but Nate & Melissa were still nice to me. I was once asked to do something for Nate, which I agreed to do, but I failed to do, letting Nate down. I was convicted by this incident that I shouldn't waste my life, I should live for God.

Rheana Bell: Nate & Melissa have had a huge impact on me; they have been like a second set of parents to me. She referenced Nate's favorite verse, Gal 2:20 and read Psalm 149.

Mac Wynkop: From the time I met Nate & Melissa, I knew they were special. They showed me what it meant to live as a Christian.

Erik Skjold: If you haven't noticed, we love you a lot.

Ben Mattox: Nate & Melissa have had a really big impact on my life. They have helped me with my music and Nate tolerated my jokes. Ben quoted the first couple of lines of the benediction song, citing its meaning to the youth group, "Friends, may you grow in grace and knowledge of our Lord and Savior."

The “Smith Family Band” leads the congregation in singing on their final Sunday in Kasilof.



Pastor Paul and Sheila lead the congregation in a prayer of thanksgiving and blessing over Nate & Melissa

Trusting in THE God, who is in control, knows what's best and loves us... A Moving Tale

by Melissa Smith

As most of you know, we started our journey on Friday, May 27th. After one last tearful goodbye at the church, we ventured forth had an unadventurous trip to Anchorage, where we did a couple of last minute things to be ready for the trip. Finally, at 3:30pm, we left for Tok, our intended destination for the evening. We drove for 2 hours and had just passed Matanuska Glacier, when Nate noticed that the Suburban, the vehicle that was towing our lovely horse trailer full of all of our worldly possessions, was starting to overheat. He pulled off to the side of the road and before he could even stop the engine, it stopped on its own. Before I go on, I should tell you that I know NOTHING about cars, and Nate only knows a little bit more than I do...so, there we were, just past the glacier, thinking that we just needed to let our engine cool down for a little bit. So, we let it set for about an hour and then tried to start the Suburban back up...Nate turned the key and nothing happened. We thought maybe the battery somehow died on us, so I pulled the car around and we tried jumping it; no luck there either.



Thankfully, there was a group of RV's who had broken down right behind us and they had a mechanic with them. They came over and tried to help us out and even let us use their generator to try and give the Suburban's battery a bigger boost. As we sat waiting for an hour for that to work, the mechanic came back because he had another idea as to why the suburban wasn't working...he got under the car and tried cranking the fly wheel (still don't really know what that is), but it didn't budge...he came back up and tried cranking it from the top, and it didn't move at all, so he kindly told us that our suburban was officially dead.

It's now close to 8pm and we still haven't eaten dinner and are nowhere close to where we thought we'd be by that point. We were thankful for God's provision in that there was a lodge just 4 miles east of us, so after calling a tow truck that wouldn't come out until the morning...we loaded into the car and at least found a safe place to sleep for the night and got some food.

We called my dad, who knows A LOT about cars, and started to think about our

options:

- Sell all of our worldly possessions and hop on a plane to San Diego (at this point in the evening, we were ready to do this...why had we decided to drive again??)
- Put the kids on a plane to my brother's house, sell all of our worldly possessions, except what we could fit in the car, and Nate and I drive down ourselves in the car.
- Find another vehicle.

We decided to pray and sleep on it, so we wouldn't make any rash decisions. We got up early the next morning to see what Dad had come up with for vehicles for us to go and look at. He had found a few promising ones, so we got the kids up, called the tow truck and then headed to Alaska Sales and Service in Wasilla, which was where our suburban and trailer were being towed. They didn't have any vehicles that fit our budget and towing needs, so they directed us to a few other places they thought might be able to help us. These businesses also couldn't help, so we moved on to the vehicles Dad had picked out for us. We thought we had found a couple, but quickly found out that they were not the right choice for us. We were discouraged and ready to head back to Palmer, where Lyn Lofquist's daughter, Sarah, and her family were letting us stay. That's when we saw a sign at Cal Worthington Ford advertising a PFD sale. We stopped in and told them our story...they took us around to a couple of vehicles and we ended up settling on a Ford Excursion, thinking this vehicle would have the towing power we needed...but it was Saturday night of Memorial Day weekend, which meant we were going to have to wait until Tuesday for the banks to open back up to find out if we could make a deal.

So, we spent the next two days relaxing at Lyn's daughters' house, where the kids were able to play with her granddaughter and Nate was able to get some school work done.

Tuesday morning, Ellie and Clark's birthday, we got the call that the banks didn't want to do a loan with us because we were leaving the state. We were more than a little frustrated at this point, because we felt like the people at the dealership should have been able to tell us this, but we moved on. We found a U-Haul truck for sale, similar to the one we drove up here, and headed to Anchorage to check it out. We took it for a little spin around the block and seemed

pleasantly surprised that it was in our budget and we could rent a car transport and all ride together in the cab of the truck. We bought it and brought it back to Wasilla where we proceeded to transfer everything from the



trailer into the back of the truck. We had sold the suburban the day before and we called Steve Carter who was willing to drive up to Wasilla and pick up the trailer and bring it back to the church for us...(anyone want a horse trailer?? 😊)

Wednesday, we were off, for real this time...we had to replace two of the tires on the truck real quick and then it was on to Tok. We arrived in Tok around 10:30 that evening after a slow day on the road and stopped at the Chevron to get gas and a little snack. We got back in the truck to head to our campsite for the night and the truck wouldn't start. There was a red light on the dash saying there was water in the fuel, so we called Dad to figure out what that means... this truck is a diesel, by the way, so Dad told us there should be a pump under the hood where you have to unscrew the bottom to release the water/fuel and then it should start back up. It took us a few attempts, but we finally got it and the truck started again...now it's 12:30, and we are tired and a little wet, but we drove to the campsite and got our new tent set up and were fast asleep in no time.

Thursday, our intended destination was Whitehorse, but we weren't sure we would get that far with the road conditions between the Canadian border and Destruction Bay, but we set forth. The roads were as bad as Steve Carter, Dave Horne, and Bill Davis had told us...so bad in fact that we blew a tire on the car transport we had rented from U-Haul. Thankfully, we had bought insurance, and we made it to Destruction Bay, where there was a guy who could replace the tire for us, only he wasn't around. We drove a few more miles and found a

nice campground where we camped for the next two nights while we waited for the tire guy to come. The campground was really nice and again the kids were able to play and Nate was able to get some homework done.

On Saturday morning, we left bright and early, headed for Fort Nelson. It was going to be another long day, but we were ready for it. It was slow going up all those hills, and of course, we stopped to take pictures of all the bison and bears we saw. Around 10pm we were in Muncho Lake, trying to decide how much further we wanted to go that night...Nate wasn't tired and was willing to drive on, so we got the kids comfortable in the cab, and I watched for moose. We had noticed every day that we were running really hot going up the mountains, but when we went down, of course, we cooled down. We pulled into Fort Nelson about 1am, and Nate wanted to keep going...he stopped on the side of the road of couple of times, and we made it to Fort St. John by 8am. By then, the rest of us were hungry and ready to get out of the car. We stopped for a couple of hours there and then headed to Dawson Creek...before we could get there, we were really smoking, and we knew something was really wrong. We got to the campground where we wanted to stay the night and called Dad once again. He said it sounded like our radiator had a leak, so we took it to the radiator shop the next morning, which was Monday. He wasn't going to be able to help us until a week from then, but he was very helpful and led us to another shop that could get the work done the next day...so three nights in Dawson Creek we spent. We played baseball, played at the park, went to Walmart...it was fun stuff. 😊

Wednesday morning, with a bright and shiny new radiator in the truck we set off for Edmonton, which was a 6 hour drive. We left early because we were all excited to get there...after all, we were supposed to have been there on Monday, May 30th, so we could play at the waterpark for the kid's birthday the next day...so, we're cruising along, I'm driving and I'm noticing that we are smoking inside the cab, but all the levels are normal, so we pull over to check it out. Nate gets on his 'monkey suit', thank you, Perry, and sees that we are leaking what he thinks is transmission fluid. He checks our levels and they aren't low, so we carry on. About an hour and a half later, I am getting ready to pull off to



get gas in Whitecourt, Alberta, when I notice I'm being pulled over. I pull off the road and wait for the officer to come to the window...he comes and tells me that we were smoking quite a bit and we tell him that we know, we are going to check it out and get some more gas at the station just up the street. He gets close to where the leak is and tells me to shut off the engine because I'm leaking diesel fuel, not transmission fluid. So, we call and have the truck towed to an auto shop, where he assures us his guy can fix the leak in the fuel line the next morning. We get a room for the night and call the next morning only to find out and that they have to order the part and it won't be fixed until the following morning. So, we spend the day playing at a playground and then swimming in the hotel pool.

Friday morning, we get the truck back, and head to Edmonton, hoping that we have no issues, since it's only a two hour drive...and we made it!! We finally have the chance to celebrate the kid's birthdays, so off to the mall we went to experience the ropes course and a little miniature golf. Saturday was spent at the waterpark, an indoor one, slightly better than H₂Oasis. The kids were happy...the parents are happy. Now we can move on.

Sunday morning we left bright and early to head back into the US. We were so happy to have cell phone coverage again and not have to measure things in kilometers.☺ We will miss Tim Horton's though! Thankfully, we had no problems and made it to Helena, MT.

Monday morning, another early morning as we were trying to drive 12 hours to Cedar City, UT, where my brother and Nate's sister (the ones that are married) and their family were on vacation. We were chugging away when I heard a strange squealing noise...we pulled over and guessed that one of the belts was loose. We were about 2 miles from the nearest town, but when we got there, they informed us that the nearest auto shop was in Idaho Falls, 45 minutes away. So, we made it there and got it to a shop that could take a look at it right away. Sure enough we had lost a couple of belts and the vacuum pump had seized. They were able to fix it in about 3 hours, though, and we were back on our way. We decided not to venture all the way to Cedar City and stopped in Salt Lake City for the night.

Tuesday morning we slept in a bit and allowed Nate to finish up his schoolwork for the week, so that when we got to Cedar City we could spend our time with family. As we walked out of the hotel, we noticed we had another flat tire on the car transport, the exact same one that went flat before. Thankfully we were in civilization and they were able to fix the tire while we ate breakfast and we were on our way. We drove for 6 hours and made it to our destination with no additional problems and were able to spend 3 days with our family. We played games, hiked around Bryce Canyon and had fun getting to know our niece we hadn't met yet while we played with cousins.

We left on Friday morning for San Diego and drove through four states. It was a hot drive, but we were thankful to have left early enough in the morning, which meant that we were only driving through Las Vegas when it was 90 degrees instead of 110. ☺

We pulled into my parent's house Friday afternoon, three weeks and 7 breakdowns later. It was a long journey full of frustration and mishaps, but also a journey where we were able to experience the true character of our family. We are proud to have kids who have learned that things don't always work out the way we planned them, but know that God is in control all the time and is constantly doing what is best for us, even when it doesn't seem that way, and loves us unconditionally, even when we chose to be mean to a sibling who is constantly in our space.

As we finish this tale of our adventure, we wanted to express our gratitude to the church body. We appreciated the prayers for our trip! The love and support you have shown us over the last four years has touched us and changed our lives forever. Thank you for letting us love and serve the students there. We feel privileged and honored to have been a part of their lives and know that God will continue to do amazing things with that group. We love you and will miss being a part of your everyday lives. Know that you are in our prayers and that we will definitely be keeping in touch!

Love, Melissa (for the Smith Family)

Quilt Sunday 2011

In 1981, KCC began honoring our graduating high school students with a gift of love in the form of a quilt, something that will last long beyond most any other gift we could ever give them. On May 15, 2011, the tradition continued. Here are our 2011 graduates. Each one was asked to say a few words about when they came to KCC, who has had an impact on their life, and if they had any advice for the youth of KCC.

Eric Skjold: I first came to KCC at the age of 5. Nate & Melissa Smith have had a huge impact on me. My advice to the youth of the church is to take part in the youth ministries, as this will provide you unity & strength. Eric also thanked his Mom & Dad for all they had done for him.



Caity Marang: I came to KCC as a sophomore (~3 yrs ago). Coach Sheila Kupferschmid had a big impact in my life by getting me involved in church and with the community. My advice to the youth is that the church is the place to come when things are tough; someone will always be here for you.



Alyssa Mattox: I came to KCC about 10 or 11 years ago. Other than Nate & Melissa, the person who has had a big impact in my life is Katie Blossom. She has prayed for me and I know that I can always go to her for advice. To the youth of the church, stay strong in your walk—He will always be there when people

aren't. Be bold in your faith, even if people put you down for it.

Our fourth graduate, **Daniel Rozak**, was unable to be present for quilt Sunday, but he too received a beautiful quilt.

Some of our youth leading the congregation in song, from left to right: Ben Mattox on drums, Rheana Bell on the violin, Alyssa Mattox (singing), Heather Daveys on piano, and Kaillee Skjold on guitar.



Children in Church

A little boy was attending his first wedding.

After the service, his cousin asked him, "How many women can a man marry?"

"Sixteen," the boy responded. His cousin was amazed that he had an answer so quickly.

"How do you know that?"

"Easy," the little boy said.

"All you have to do is add it up, like the pastor said, 4 better, 4 worse, 4 richer, 4 poorer."

After a church service on Sunday morning, a young boy suddenly announced to his mother, "Mom, I've decided to become a minister when I grow up."

"That's okay with us she said, but what made you decide that?"

"Well," said the little boy, "I have to go to church on Sunday anyway, And I figure it will be more fun to stand up and yell, than to sit and listen."

Ms. Terri asked her Sunday School class to draw pictures of their favorite Bible stories. She was puzzled by Kyle's picture, which showed four people on an airplane, so she asked him which story it was meant to represent.

"The Flight to Egypt," was his reply.

Pointing at each figure, Ms. Terri said, "That must be Mary, Joseph, and Baby Jesus. But who's the fourth person?"

"Oh, that's Pontius - the pilot!"

A little girl was sitting on her grandfather's lap as he read her a bedtime story.

From time to time, she would take her eyes off the book and reach up to touch his wrinkled cheek.

She was alternately stroking her own cheek, then his again.

Finally she spoke up, "Grandpa, did God make you?"

"Yes, sweetheart," he answered, "God made me a long time ago."

"Oh," she paused, "Grandpa, did God make me too?"

"Yes, indeed, honey," he said, "God made you just a little while ago."

Feeling their respective faces again, she observed, "God's getting better at it, isn't he?"

Reverend Boudreaux was the part-time pastor of the local Cajun Baptist Church and Pastor Thibodaux was the minister of the Covenant Church across the road. They were both standing by the road, pounding a sign into the ground that read:

'Da End is Near, Turn Yo Sef 'Roun Now Afore It Be Too Late!'

As a car sped past them, the driver leaned out his window and yelled, 'You religious nuts!' From the curve they heard screeching tires, and a big splash... Boudreaux turns to Thib and asks 'Do ya tink maybe da sign should jussay.....' Bridge Out?'

Guest Singers

On Sunday, June 5, the congregation of KCC was treated to an unexpected treat, as two young ladies visiting the Diamond M ranch for the summer led part of the morning music. Known as "Diamonds in the Rough," these young ladies sing and play a bluegrass-oriented style of music. Hopefully, we can have them "surprise" us again before the summer disappears.



One balmy day in the South Pacific, a navy ship espied smoke coming from one of three huts on an uncharted island. Upon arriving at the shore they were met by a shipwreck survivor. He said, "I'm so glad you're here! I've been alone on this island for more than five years!" The captain replied, "If you're all alone on the island why do I see THREE huts." The survivor said, "Oh. Well, I live in one, and go to church in another." "What about the THIRD hut?" asked the captain. "That's where I USED to go to church."

Observations from a Crack in the Woods

aka Brent Johnson

A smooth moving moose
makes very little noise,
which pretty much proves
he's an ungulate with poise.

A moose likes to browse
similar to cows.
They willingly eat willow,
but not for dessert.
And if they get a glance
of unguarded, garden plants
then you got one ungulate pervert!

A murder of crows brought croissants
to a holy gent during Lent,
which was really rude
to tempt him with fast food.

There were three bears
who would not say their prayers.
Oh! you cursed Ursus! Do it!
Goldilocks and Red Riding Hood
were headed for the Grr-den in the wood
but Peb Hole Mine beat them to it.
So the bears went bust
and the girls had to adjust,
going on to Grandma's cabin
which happened

to be in a little island of trees
just as protected as you please.
Grandma, in all those years
never once missed her prayers.

Long ago there was a Catholic mission
where God leaned to listen
because through copious care
they Mass-produced prayer.

A cat rancher is a guy to heed
if a rat catcher is what you need.

If a moose has a massive rack
with many tines,
would they be tiny antlers?

A certain man named Alph was an abbot.
He was Alph, abbot of the Gabby Abbey.
Alph Abbot married Lucy Lung
who was not quiet a nun.
They had a daughter with genes
verbose in both streams.
When Verb Rose grew
she married too,
and her husband was sentenced to death.

OCTOBER OUTDOOR BAPTISM

Some reasons given by people who have delayed getting baptized is that they either don't want to be embarrassed by standing in front of a bunch of people, or they don't want to get dunked in the water and get their hair all wet. Well, Jessica Woods was having none of that. Not only was she willing to get baptized in front of everyone, she wanted to do it in the freezing waters of Johnson Lake in October. What a great event it was for everyone who turned out to celebrate with Jessica, as she openly declared her faith in Jesus Christ by being baptized.



Pastor Paul and Jessica's father, Mark Woods, lend a hand to newly baptized Jessica Woods. This truly "cool" event took place at Johnson Lake on October 16, 2011. A few days earlier, there had been a thin layer of ice covering part of the lake. A "warm-spell" allowed for the baptism to take place without the need to chop a hole in the ice.



Just some of the crowd that showed up to witness the baptism of Jessica Woods.

KCC MEN VERY SECURE IN THEIR MASCULINITY



Senorita Bob Knowlton (above) with his very pretty man-purse. Hey Bob, what's in the cup, because you look awfully happy.

Fraulein Steve Webb (below), daintily displaying his very stylish purse, which brings a warm smile from his mother, Trudy.



Jerry & Peggy McGarry

In Matthew 7:24-25 Jesus emphasizes the importance of building your house on a solid foundation. He says, *“Anyone who listens to my teaching and obeys me is wise, like a person who builds a house on solid rock. Though the rain comes in torrents and the floodwaters rise and the winds beat against that house, it won’t collapse, because it is built on rock.”*

At Kasilof Community Church, we are blessed to have a congregation that understands this most important principal. And, within our congregation is a family that has weathered a storm or two, but because they are anchored on the rock, they continue to stand strong. For those of you who don’t know Jerry and Peggy McGarry, sit down for a few minutes and listen to their story. For those of you who thought you knew the McGarry’s, you will enjoy getting to know them even a little better.

Peggy was born in Sanford, Florida to Barbara and Cecil Cowart. At the age of five, her parents moved the family to San Bernardino, California. Her parents divorced when she was 12 and her father moved back to Florida. In 1966, her mom got married to Hal Morton.



Jerry (with son Jeff on back) and Peggy (with daughter Lori) and their new orange “square-back” car in the background.

Peggy writes, “My older brother Terry had come to Alaska in the summer of 1967 as a smoke-jumper on the fire-fighting crew in Fairbanks. He liked Alaska so well that he decided to move there in May of 1968. He talked my parents into coming along. He went on to Fairbanks to work and go to college at UAF and my parents



The McGarry vehicle after arriving in Alaska. You've all heard of "The Beverly Hillbilly's," well, Jerry got things a little turned around, he left Beverly Hills for the country instead of the other way around.

decided to settle on the Kenai Peninsula. My Dad worked the oilfield, drove a school bus, commercial fished, and eventually started H&R Block in Kenai. My Mother worked for Doyle's Fuel Service. They built an A-frame house in Kasilof, moved to Anchorage in 1980 to finish college, my dad becoming a CPA, and now they are retired and enjoying the sunshine in Mesa, Az. My brother, Terry, and I both still live in Kasilof, having built our homes and raised our families here. My oldest brother, Fred, lives in Idaho."

Jerry was born in Toledo, Ohio, the third of four children of John and Louise McGarry. His family moved to Culver City, California when he was three because of his mother's asthma. Jerry adds, "My dad, Grandpa to many of you, worked for Douglas Aircraft (McDonnell-Douglas) and my mother was a stay at home homemaker. I was raised in a very solid Catholic home, attending parochial school and weekly mass through high school. Our family enjoyed getting together over home cooked meals, often times around some sporting event. My mother, a diehard Dodger fan, loved baseball, so the World Series was always an event. There were backyard baseball, basketball and football games most every day. After Peggy and I moved to Alaska in 1974, my parents followed in 1984, and the dinners and family get-togethers, along with friends, continued until each of them went to be with the Lord (Mom in 2003 and Dad in 2007)."

Jerry and Peggy met in Huntington Beach, CA at a local drug store and became friends while stocking shelves together. Jerry purchased two tickets to see the Righteous Brothers and asked Peggy on a date (how righteous of you Jerry). Peggy had two tickets to the 1968 USC /Indiana Rose Bowl Game, so of course she asked Jerry on a date. Cupid attended both the concert and the football game and Jerry and Peggy were married 9 months later.

Any men reading this article can now take a five minute break and pick the story

up in the next paragraph. Peggy shared that when they got married she was 20 years old, but at 19, Jerry was still a minor by California law, so she became his legal guardian having to sign for Jerry in order for him to take classes at college. The KCC Newsletter will use every ounce of constraint possible and let this one rest, but oh, oh, oh, it is a hard thing to do.

Jerry and Peggy lived in a little house on Balboa Beach, where they had their first two children, Lori and Jeff. Peggy remembers, "Life was very good, yet we sensed something was missing. Since Jerry had grown up a Catholic, we tried going to the local Catholic Church for a while. Jerry was selling medical supplies and came in contact with a former high school classmate of mine who worked at a doctor's office. She invited us to a young married couples group that met at the Presbyterian Church in Newport Beach. We quickly became friends with the couples; Jerry often going off to play basketball with the guys while I played tennis with their wives. Soon the monthly potlucks turned into weekly Bible studies and within a few days of each other we both accepted Jesus as our Savior."

Jerry and Peggy recall the culture in Southern California being perfect for young Christians. There were bible conferences and speakers every weekend at some place within a 30 mile radius of where they lived. They attended events with speakers such as Hal Lindsay, Walter Martin, Chuck Swindoll, Chuck Missler, and Howard Hendricks, to name a few. Soon, they started attending the Sunday evening service at Calvary Chapel where Chuck Smith would preach through the Bible. A large congregation of approximately 1500 mostly young adults would gather together for an hour and a half study with Bibles and notebooks open, eager to learn.



**Jerry McGarry adhering to the principal,
"measure twice, cut once."**

In 1974, a year and a half after they had become Christians, Jerry and Peggy moved to Alaska. Their initial plan was to work 2 years in the oil field to save money and then head back to California to finish col-

lege. Like so many of us, their trip to Alaska was filled with mishaps, but they determined to praise God through every difficult trip delaying circumstance. They report, "We had a praise tape with worship songs from Calvary Chapel and all four of us would break out into song whenever anything bad happened, which was daily. After two weeks, we finally



Peggy & Jerry with daughter, Lori, and son, Jeff

reached a campground in Dawson Creek. It was mid September, and in talking to road weary travelers coming from Alaska, we discovered that they had been driving through snowstorms, delayed in flooded out areas, and many had broken down on the rough unpaved road. We were driving a Volkswagen pulling an overloaded trailer, sleeping in a tent, and had no winter clothes. We knew that if God had not slowed us down, we would have been caught in the midst of the storm. With a humble spirit, we praised Him who knew what was best for us. A week later we arrived in Kasilof with \$50. Peggy's brother looked at our trailer hitch and said, "The tongue on your trailer is broken. You wouldn't have made it much further." God knew how far we had to go and He made provision for it every mile of way."

A week after arriving in Alaska, Jerry had secured a job working on the King Salmon platform. They settled into a travel trailer at Peggy's parents' house for the winter. And a cold winter it was, with temperatures getting to 44 below at one point. They kept wondering why they had left their little beach house. In the spring, they started working on the land Peggy's parents had acquired for them at a state land auction. Jerry had never built more than a bookshelf in his life, but because John Evanson was nowhere to be found, they were soon at work building an 8'x12' shed on Jerry's week on/week off schedule. Later in the



Jerry teaching son, Jeff, the finer art of carpentry.

summer they hired Leroy Mack to put in a daylight basement foundation.

Jerry and Peggy remember the Kasilof people being very friendly, with many stopping by to help them get the walls and roof up. On Thanksgiving Day they moved into a rather rough looking unfinished basement, not at all like what they had

come from in Southern Calif. But it was home and they were warm....well, warmer than their 8'x12' shed they had lived in for several months. They had visqueen over their window openings and a makeshift plywood door with a blanket to keep out the draft. Peggy commented, "There was many a time that Jerry looked at me and said, "What are we doing here!!"

Martin Luther King once said, "We must accept finite disappointment, but we must never lose infinite hope." For the McGarry's, the next few years were challenging in many respects. Though they had grown spiritually while living in California, they were still relatively new believers when they reached Alaska. They began looking for a Calvary Chapel type church and remember measuring every church they attended by that standard. They couldn't find Bible studies like they had previ-



Peggy & Jerry McGarry with sons Mark to Peggy's right and Ben to Jerry's left.

ously attended or mature Christian friends like the ones that had helped them grow spiritually. It seemed like most of the friends they had in Kasilof did not go to church. The result, “Soon we gave up on church and started getting Bible study tapes from back home, said Peggy. “Though we had family near us, we questioned why we had come, wondering if God truly had brought us to Alaska.”

The McGarry’s did not lose hope. They write, “God wanted us to learn that he didn’t bring us here to find another Calvary Chapel, but to grow us up and serve Him in a new way.”



Jerry and Peggy with son, Mark, at “senior night,” during the high school basketball season.

On a cold January day in 1977, the McGarry’s received a visitor. Ray Leonard came by to ask if he could take Lori and Jeff to church. They thanked him, but stated they could take their own children to church, so they started attending Kasilof Community Church. As they recall, “It was time to find purpose in where God had brought us and to stop looking back from where we had come.”

Per their own personal examination, “Once we stopped looking for something else, we found we loved the Kasilof Church family.” And the feeling was definitely mutual. It wasn’t long before Jerry and Peggy were actively involved in leading Bible studies, teaching Sunday school classes, planning vacation bible schools, working with the youth group, serving on the board of deacons and deaconesses, leading music, and raising their children in a solid Bible believing church. In 1980, Ben was born and 3 years later Mark joined their family. Their two years in Alaska stretched into 37 years (funny how that happens, isn’t it), and they never did go back to finish college. They said, “Alaska just seemed like a good place to raise children and Kasilof Church became the spiritual family we had been looking for.”

Jerry is retired now from Conoco Phillips. He and Peggy are still building/remodeling the house they started in 1975. Why. Well, they have ten grandchildren from their four children. Future plans might include Jerry finishing his Biblical studies degree online. As Peggy concludes, “We are waiting to see how God plans to use us in these years to come. We know not our will, but His is our desire.”

HARLIE AVE

By Brent Johnson

When a baby is born parents choose a name. The choice often honors ancestors and thus helps perpetuate the memory of a relative. My own middle moniker was formerly owned by my dad's father and mom tells me he was a real nice guy.

Roads are also named after people or things and can carry a mess of meaning. Or at least they could. Eventually, sources are forgotten and road signs just become aimless names. Take Johnson Lake Road for example. It has meaning because of its relation to Johnson Lake and at one time identified a person known in Kasilof. This lake was entered into the U.S. Geological Survey name base in 1981 with no reason given for the name choice. Peter Jensen was a local pioneer who settled in Kasilof in 1921. He lived on what later became Webb-Ramsell Road in Cohoe. Jensen kept a diary from 1944-1959. His diary entry for 16 September, 1954 includes, "...took a walk to Johnson Lake, no moose." Today, no one knows who Johnson was, where he came from, or where he went. With this in mind I hope to present occasional articles in this newsletter describing the meaning affixed to street names near Kasilof Community Church. Comments for corrections or additions are welcome.

Harlie Ave

Exits Sterling Highway across from the Kasilof Mercantile and runs north, parallel Kasilof River. It probably existed as a trail before Kasilof Church or Kasilof Mercantile were built. Land for the original church building was donated by Harlie Fellers and came from his homestead. Land for the store came from the same source. The trail to Harlie Fellers certainly existed when Pollard Loop was called Sterling Highway. The trail gained its modern name, Harlie Avenue, in 1978 when a 30-foot right-of-way was dedicated by Harlie Fellers Subdivision #1.

Writing in *Once Upon The Kenai* in 1984, Harlie's brother, Wayne, tells us that Harlie migrated to Alaska in 1932. The Jensen Diary first mentions Fellers on 16 May 1947, "...at Fellers about one hour." The diary was probably speaking of the John Sandwick house that Wayne Fellers bought in 1947. The person Jensen was visiting, however, was likely Harlie.

Reverend Ray Mainwaring was Kasilof Community Church's first ordained pastor and arrived in Kasilof in March 1957. Ray and his wife Irene begin

their entry in *Once Upon The Kenai* as follows: “The Coleman lantern sputtered overhead, casting eerie flickering lights against the shiny foil of the insulated walls. The little congregation sang lustily to the accompaniment of the piano and our ‘one man orchestra,’ Uncle Harlie Fellers and his violin. ... The greatest news had come to the gathering in the concrete basement, under the sturdy roof, which was Kasilof Community Church. The power lines were in and they would soon have the church building wired and have real electric lights. What a time for rejoicing!”

When they arrived, Mainwarings lived in a 16 x 20 log cabin next to Kasilof Children’s Home. Their daughter, Karin, tells me Harlie later donated property for them to build on. Dr. Alan Boraas, professor of anthropology at Kenai Peninsula College (and the longest tenured teacher there), now lives at the end of Harlie Ave. Just before the Boraas property is that of Merlin “Mac” and Joyce Chesney. Though Mac is deceased, he built the original “new” Kasilof Church building as part of a trade to acquire Harlie’s homestead. Harlie willed the homestead to Kasilof Church and to Solid Rock Bible Camp. Harlie Avenue, it seems, plays “first chair” violin in the history of Kasilof Church. So who was Harlie Fellers?

Perhaps the story should start on 13 March 1890, when twenty two -year-old John Fellers married twenty two -year-old Elizabeth “Lizzie” Ella Fairbanks Purcell at Table Rock, Nebraska. The bride and groom both had grown up in Table Rock and the marriage took place on the bride’s birthday. Ten years earlier John’s father (Andrew) was a farmer and Lizzie’s father (Samuel) was a stone mason. Both lived at Table Rock. By 1900 John and Lizzie had acquired a family in Table Rock; 9 -year-old Harold Fairbanks Fellers, 7 -year-old Harlie Andrew Fellers, 4 -year-old Bryan W. Fellers, 2 -year-old Wayne Millard Fellers, and 1 -month-old Martha E. Fellers (then called “Mattie”). Martha has the honor of being John and Lizzie’s only daughter. In 1900 Lizzie’s parents, Samuel Purcell (69) and Martha Fairbanks Purcell (55) were also still at Table Rock. Living at home with them were their children Frank Purcell (29) and Jennie Purcell (25). Jennie was a school teacher.

In 1902 the Fellers moved to Deep Creek, Washington (near Spokane). The reason for the move isn’t known, but we might note that at about the same time Samuel and Martha Purcell also left Table Rock. They moved to Rathdrum, Idaho (25 miles east of Spokane). Why would a 70-year-old man, who had lived

in Table Rock for 20 or 30 years, leave? Again I don't know, but there could have been a weakening of the economy at Table Rock.

After 1902 the Fellers moved three more times in 3 years in the Deep Creek area and gained two sons, Paul Frances Fellers (born 27 July 1902) and John R. Fellers (born 16 March 1906). They then traveled in a covered wagon 125 miles west to take over a relinquished homestead in Douglas County, Washington. The wagon trip to central Washington took about a week. The nearest towns were 25 miles away, Coulee City and Waterville. According to Wayne's article in *Once Upon The Kenai*, the family lived on this homestead for two years. The first year, the family of nine lived in a 16 x 24 cabin, which was expanded the next year.

A tragedy struck in 1908. Harlie's father got pneumonia and died. He was 40 and is buried in the Mansfield Cemetery in Washington. How this loss affected Harlie and his siblings we can only imagine. Nor do we know when religion began to take a deep effect on their lives. Lizzie responded by leasing her homestead to a neighbor and moved her family to Rathdrum, in northern Idaho. Her mother lived there, as earlier mentioned, though her dad had died in 1906. Again the Fellers traveled by covered wagon; Lizzie's older brother, Charlie, helped with the move, as he and two sister lived in Rathdrum.

In 1910 Lizzie had a job as a public school teacher in Rathdrum and Harold worked as a farmer. Lizzie's, 64-year-old mother lived nearby, with Charlie. By the way, "Rathdrum," is not named for irritated Indian percussion instruments. It acquired its name from a town in Ireland and thus there is some up-beat ire in "Rathdrum."

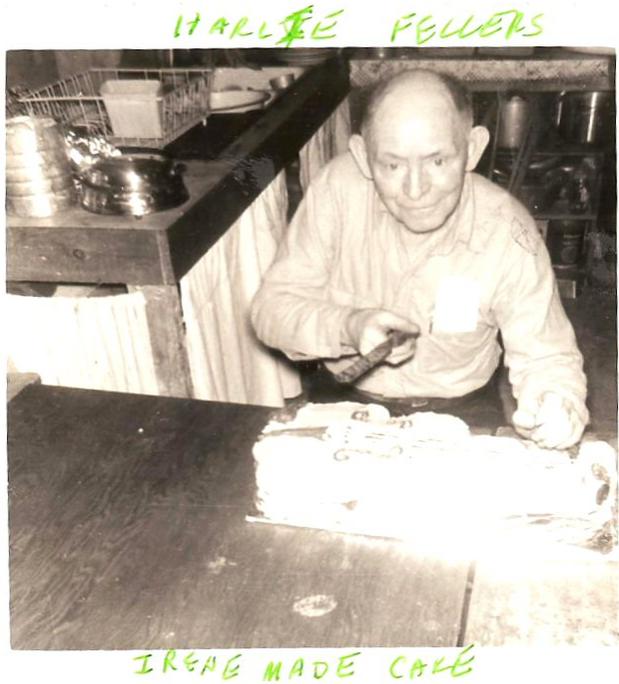
While at Rathdrum, Lizzie had filed on her sister's relinquished homestead. Homesteading is an opportunity with stipulations to get property from the government. Typically homesteaders agree to build a residence, start a farm and live on the land for a certain time. If they don't do those things, they must "relinquish" their property. However, they can actually cut a deal to give or even sell their rights to another person, who must then complete the government's stipulations.

After five years at Rathdrum, Lizzie decided to go wheat farming near Coulee City, Washington. This time her family travel by train. Once begun, Lizzie bought several hundred acres and slipped into debt.

Harlie's WWI draft card (5 June 1917) lists his home as Mansfield, WA. He joined the army and became a member of Battery B 346 Field Artillery out of Nebraska. KCC member, Steve Webb was a child in Harlie's Sunday School classes. He remembers Harlie talking about trench warfare. Harlie's brothers, Bryan and Wayne also have draft cards listing Mansfield as home. Their cards state they are farmers working for their mother in Mansfield and it seems that they were not drafted. Harold's draft card lists Rathdrum, Idaho as his

home, his occupation as "farmer" and his employer as Mrs. E.L. Purcell. We can imagine she was a relative of Lizzie, though just who she was I couldn't tell.

After the War, the 1920 census found Lizzie in Chelan Washington (about 17 miles west of Mansfield). She was the head of her house, renting and farming wheat. Living with her were Harold (28), who was a carpenter; Harlie (26), who was a farmer; Wayne (21), also a farmer; Martha (19) was attending school; Paul (17) and John (13). Only Bryan (23) was not among them. He was still single and living nearby, in Lake, Douglas County, Washington, where he had a farm. Exactly how these facts and dates fit together isn't completely clear. Wayne tells us the wheat farm enterprise came to an end in 1922 and a mortgage company got all the assets. I might mention that these kind of heartbreaks are more painful than kneeling on nails. The wheat farm was very much a family affair and it is a safe bet that everyone went in with high hopes and dreams, that everyone worked their tails to the elbow, and came out hurting everywhere, particularly in the heart. Lizzie then bounced, with several of her children, around



Harlie Fellers with cake made by Irene Mainwaring.
[photo donated by Karin Mainwaring]

various parts of Lake Chelan, where she taught school or kept house for others who taught.

About 1925, 34-year-old Harold Fellers married 19-year-old Marvel Mildred Payne. Harold was then a mechanic for a general contractor and owned his own home in Manson. Harold and Marvel had two children, Loren (1926) and Martha (1932).

The April, 1930 U.S. census found Lizzie (62) in Manson, though she was then renting and had no occupation. Wayne (31) is single, a farm laborer on a fruit farm, and living with her. All these things are also true of Paul (27) and John (24). None of the Fellers children married young, though it appears that Harlie was the only one who never married at all. Harlie appears in the 1930 census at Methow Valley in Okanogan County, Washington and is listed as a miner. Okanogan County abuts Canada and is immediately north of both Douglas County and Chelan County. Harlie was working his own mine and renting his residence. While I don't know the ore that propelled Harlie to the Methow Valley, I did find this quote on <http://www.ghosttownsusa.com/bttales42.htm> "The Big Bend Empire, a weekly newspaper published at Waterville in Douglas County, kept a close eye on mining developments in the Okanogan country and particularly in the Methow Valley. The following articles, published in the 1890's reflect the genuine excitement, which prevailed in the Methow at that time."

Shortly before the April, 1930 census in Chelan, 33-year-old Bryan married 32-year-old Alice McElderly. She had a 14-year-old daughter and a 12-year-old son with the last name of Hughs. Wayne's occupation is listed as "orchardist" with a fruit farm. Martha Fellers was in South Dalles, Oregon where she was boarding with a woman and her children. Martha had a position teaching school and she may have steered the family north to Alaska. She got a job assistant teaching there in 1931 or '32. Harlie came to Alaska about the same time, so it's hard to know who was the leader.

On 17 August 1933: Thirty three -year-old Martha Fellers married 52 -year-old Thomas Wayne Schultz in Unalakleet, (in Norton Sound) Alaska. Tom was from Pennsylvania. Previously, in 1909, Tom had married Kaitchia Katherine Ivanoff in Unalakleet. The 1910 census finds them near Dillingham (Bristol Bay area) and lists Tom as a school teacher. In 1920 Tom was teaching at a public school in Council (east of Nome). After giving birth to nine children, Kaithchia died in 1927. 1930 finds Tom with his nine children back in Pennsylvania.

1933 was a busy year. Two of his boys died (16-year-old Sergei and 20-year-old Harris), and he married Martha. A year later his daughter, Esther, died and that same year (on 26 September) Martha's first child was born, also named Esther Schultz. Later Tom and Martha had another daughter, Elizabeth "Libby." Lizzie moved to Alaska in 1933 to help Martha and stayed with the Schultz family as they taught at various villages along Alaska's west coast. At some time after 1930 Wayne married and had a daughter named Janet.

Harold's WWII draft card lists his residence as Okanogan, Washington and "person who will always know your address" as his brother, Wayne, in Manson. Harold is unemployed. Harlie's draft card lists his home town as Ekwok, Alaska. Probably, this refers to "Ekwok," a village northwest of Dillingham on the Nushagak River in the Bristol Bay area. Harlie lists his mother as "person who will always know your address" and gives her home as "Shacktulik, Alaska." Most likely this refers to "Shaktoolik," a village in Norton Sound. Lizzie was living with Martha and Tom while they taught there. Harlie also took up the school teaching profession, which accounts for his presence at Ekwok. I'm not aware of an education that would qualify him for the job and it doesn't seem like he was particularly strong in spelling. He may have, however, actually done support work and not direct teaching. Bryan's draft card gives his address as Seattle and Boeing Aircraft Co. as his employer. According to military records Paul Fellers enlisted in the Army at Sacramento, California on 26 September 1942 and served for the duration of WWII. At the time of his enlistment he was a construction foreman in California. Other records indicate he later lived in Alaska and worked as a gold miner. Paul is said to have married an Alaskan native named "Shirley."

According to Wayne, Lizzie and Harlie taught at Newhalen on Lake Iliamna in the 1944-45 school year. In the fall of 1945 Harlie and his mother moved to Homer. In February 1946 Wayne and his daughter, Janet, joined Lizzie and Harlie in Homer. During the next few months Wayne bought the Sandwich homestead in Kasilof. The Sandwich house was almost a mansion by Kasilof standards of the day. It was built in the fox farm boom years (early to mid 1920s), but the 1930s economy crippled fox farming and World War II killed it. John Sandwich was 59 and his children, Shirley and John Jr. were 20 and 19, respectively. In June 1946 Lizzie (78), Harlie (53), Janet and Wayne (48) moved into the Sandwich house. About a month later the Schultzes and their two

daughters, Esther and Libby, joined the group. By fall, Wayne and Janet returned to Spokane for the school year. In the spring of 1947 Wayne and Janet drove up from Washington to Kasilof. Lizzie had flown out in May and rode back with them.

Pete Jensen's diary includes this entry on 7 May 1947: "... Schultz back from Portlock." Portlock was on the tip of the Kenai Peninsula, south of Nanwalek. There was a school there and since the Schultzes were teachers they may have been there employed in their vocation. That would have created a connection to the McLane family of Kasilof. Bertha Stryker taught at Portlock from about 1928-1937. Bertha's daughter and son-in-law, Enid and Archie McLane, moved to Kasilof in 1923. Enid became the teacher at Kasilof's first school, in the fall of 1932. So Schultzes and Enid probably had something in common and McLanes lived within two or three miles of Wayne Fellers place. Bertha's husband, James, died in 1945 and some time in the early 1950s Bertha often stayed with McLanes in Kasilof or with Petersens in Kenai (Jetret Petersen was Enid's sister). Schultzes retired in Kasilof and had a home behind where Bob and Kathleen Evenson live, on K-Beach Road.

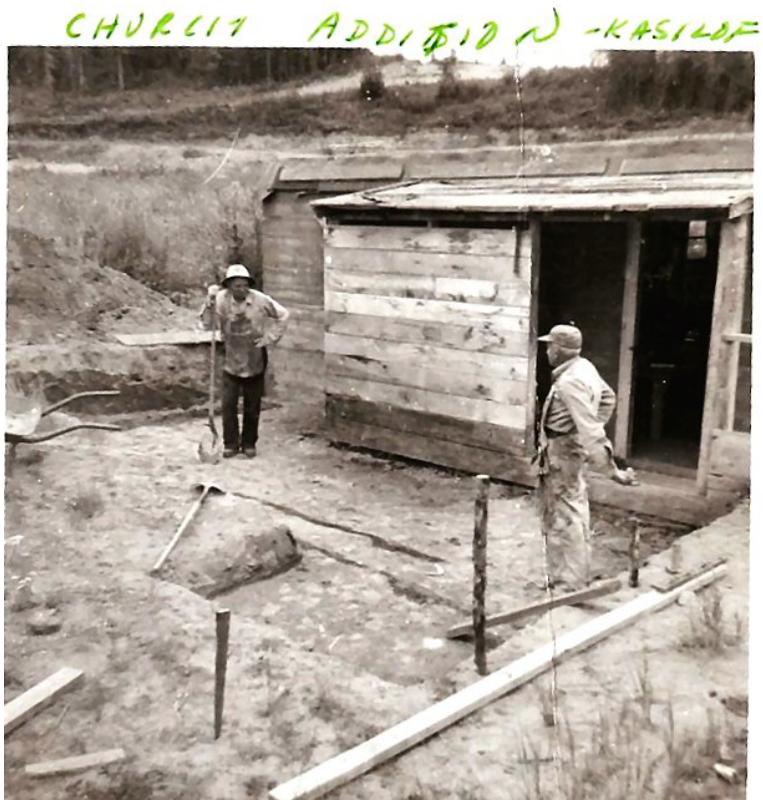
On 16 May, 1947 the Jensen Diary says: "at Fellers about 1 hour." We could expect him to be visiting Harlie and the Schultzes, even if Wayne, Janet and Lizzie hadn't yet returned from Washington. 1947 was important because homesteading was reopened on the Kenai Peninsula. An Act had passed Congress that gave vets a 90 day jump to file before others, and Harlie, being a vet, probably took advantage of that stipulation. Harlie chose a tract of almost 80 acres and filed for a homestead. And he built a log cabin on the land that he had filed for. It could be described as "modest." Harlie was a 54-year-old bachelor when he built it, though it was big enough that his mother lived with him at times.

Archie McLane also kept a diary. His entry for 29 March 1949 includes: "3-29-49: I went to see Harlie Fellers about work on poles." Archie cut poles for use on fish traps and needed help. Archie's son and two daughters had been his pole-cutting helpers in earlier years, but they had grown and flown the coop. Harlie came to work the next day and stayed with McLanes while he worked. From reading Archie's diary, it appears that spruce trees of the "pole" size were found, cut down (probably with a hand saw), and limbed. Then a team of horses was used to drag the poles to a central location where they were peeled. May or

June would be easier for peeling because in that season sap loosens the bark. Anyway, Harlie got in about three weeks of work with Archie. Here's a McLane diary entry for 3 April 1949: "Sun. Harlie took the day off." Harlie shows every sign of a person with strong Christian faith.

1949 brought another development to Kasilof. Art Grover spent 1948 in Homer filling the pulpit of the Community Church. He was doing so while the regular pastor was on furlough or something. A couple years ago I talked to Barney Furman, who worked with Art from 1949 through about 1952. I also talked to Art's children. Art started Kasilof Children's Home and at first he used Wayne Fellers house and a nearby residence called the "Peterkin Place." Near as I can tell, Wayne donated property and buildings were built for the children's home. Those structures are across from Sandwick Avenue and north of the large log home next to Erik & Joy Skjolds' driveway.

In 1951 Harlie got the patent to a 74.61 acre homestead. For the reader to get a concept of Harlie's land, remember that Kasilof River is like the Nile, they both run north. And remember that in 1951 Pollard Loop was just part of the Sterling Highway and it descended to Kasilof River south of what is now the Mercantile (the Sterling Hwy is now north of the Mercantile). I&D Garage didn't exist



One of these gentlemen is Harlie Fellers, the other might be Wayne, his brother, as they work on the Kasilof Church addition. The year of the photo is also unknown. [photo donated by Karin Mainwaring]

nor did the big electrical thing-a-me south of it. K-Beach Road was called "Kasilof Road" and it went to the mouth of the river. Kasilof Road did not go to Kenai. Neither the church nor the Mercantile existed. The southeast corner of Harlie's homestead was in what is now Kasilof Church's parking lot. The east edge of his property ran from there straight up what is now Harlie Avenue for half a mile, to the northeast corner of what is now the Alan Boraas property. From there his property line ran straight west to Kasilof River. It followed upriver until it reached a point about even with the middle of the big island, then it ran straight south. The property line emerged from the woods east of what has become the Kasilof Riverview gas station, crossed the Sterling Highway, and ran sideways up the hill until it reached a point 1/4 mile west of where we started (in the parking lot).

Among the people I interviewed for information about Fellers is Carmen Roth of Anchorage. Maver and Carmen Roth left Indiana with their friends Adrian and Berneta Lehman in 1951. They traveled to Kasilof together because they wanted to do something for the Lord. Maver helped build a cabin next to the Children's Home. This is the cabin Mainwarings moved into when they came in 1957. Carmen remembers that Lizzie Fellers would sweep floors and put the dust in the house plant containers. "It's dirt," she would say.

Carmen was pregnant and got sick with toxemia (preclampsia). The problem was so severe that she had to travel to Anchorage and be hospitalized at times, though most of the time she stayed with someone in town. Carmen remembers Janet Fellers visiting her and reading to her. Janet was staying in Anchorage for the winter to attend high school. Eventually, Maver joined a group of missionaries who travel to various bush communities in support of churches. The group organized as "Arctic Missions" for which Maver was a carpenter and Carmen kept books. Barney Furman and Ruth Teller were other workers at the Kasilof Children Home who later married and joined Arctic Missions.

One of the interesting things I ran across searching for information on the Fellers is a map. I was looking to find when Harlie got his homestead patent and how big it was, when I found a Bureau of Land Management entry for Paul and Shirley Fellers. Opening it I found a map north of Anchorage surveyed by my own father. It was dated January, 1952. So this gives us an idea where Paul Fellers was at. It seems likely that he visited Kasilof.

Until 1953 Kasilof church meetings were held in homes, typically the

Wayne Fellers place or sometimes the Clayton Pollard house. In 1953 Harlie gave Kasilof Community Church property to build on. A basement was built and the church met in it through 1957, when Mainwarings came. After a year or so, Harlie gave property to Mainwarings and they built a residence next to his place. In 1960 Charles and Gladys Prescott started teaching at Tustumena School, where Charles was principal. They had previously taught at Naknek, in Bristol Bay. At first Prescotts lived in a trailer on the school grounds. A year or so later they bought property from Harlie Fellers and moved their trailer (I think it was the same one) over there.

1954 brought another event that put Fellers in a prominent position in Kasilof. On 7 January 1954 Lizzie Fellers died. She was 85 and became the first person buried in what has become Spruce Grove Memorial Park. The timing is a bit strange because, according to the Jensen diary, the first meeting of the "Kasilof - Cohoe Cemetery Association didn't take place until 1955. On 23 October, later that year according to Jensen, Elizabeth Schultz married. By other sources the groom was Wally Dowden. Her sister, Esther Ella Schultz had married a Paul Doble. Wally and Esther Dowden were the 4th owners of Kasilof Grocery (today's Mercantile).

Karin Mainwaring Newcomb remembers that Esther felt sorry for her and bought her a graduation dress. Most of the long-time members of the congregation have memories of Harlie. Jeanne Jackinsky remembers that he arrived at church early and built a fire in the stove. And Jeanne has a violin that Harlie made displayed at her house. Steve Webb remembers that Harlie was a stern disciplinarian in Sunday School. My brother, Jerry Johnson, made a leather belt in Harlie's class and remembers him as not-so-strict. Harlie was a big gardener and donated lots of produce to Solid Rock Bible Camp.

Tom Schultz died in 1964. His wife, Martha, died the next year, as did Harlie. Harlie left his land and cabin to Kasilof Community Church and Solid Rock Bible Camp. Harlie's cabin was used as a parsonage on a limited basis. It was of such modest accommodations that the church seldom asked any pastor to stay there.

Merlin "Mac" Chesney and his wife Joyce Thompson Chesney bought the Prescott property after they were married in 1974. I knew Joyce's parents well, her dad was the janitor at Ninilchik School and her mom was a grade school teacher. They were Nazarenes and are among the happiest and most wonderful

people I have ever known. Later the Chesneys bought the remainder of the Harlie Fellers property from Solid Rock and made a trade for the Church's share. Bert Schultz (no relation to Tom Schultz) of Solid Rock remembers receiving payments for years. For the trade with the church, Mac built the new church building. Incidentally, he also built the Nazarene Church in Soldotna, the Map Shop across from Fred Meyers, as well as Charlie and Catherine Parker's fancy home on the hill above the Map Shop. Harlie's old cabin burned down about 1984, the victim of an electrical fire.

Wayne Fellers worked for the BLM and was on Fire Control for them. He died in 1987 and is also buried at Spruce Grove. In my very limited research I didn't find out anything about Wayne's wife. It seems though, that the Fellers were well acquainted with hardship; the early death of their father, trench warfare, a failed wheat farm, years of teaching in the Alaska bush, and watching the demise of a children's home that they had helped in many ways. And the Fellers were faithful to the end.

Wimmen

Now for instance you take wimmen,
I'm skeered of most of 'em I be,
Except them as are young or aged,
Say around about two or ninety-three.

Of course they's some of 'em married,
They're all friendly like an' unassumin'.
Ain't much afraid of any of them,
Just treat 'em sort O like they're human.

Those that ain't hitched got me worried,
Can't tell much about what they're a thinkin'.
When I git around among that kind,
Keeps my eyes open, hardly even blinkin'.

That is I felt that way till lately,
What changed my attitude toward the lasses?
Somethin' I saw down to the city yesterday,
In one of them full-length lookin' glasses.

From Rhymes of an Alaskan Homesteader by Harlie A. Fellers, Kasilof, Alaska