

## Kasilof Community

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# KCC Newsletter

## Summer/Fall 2005

Like many of you, I have been engrossed by the news and stories coming from the aftermath of hurricane Katrina and now hurricane Rita. The scenes have aroused a variety of emotions within me as I witness the heights and depths to which humanity will rise or fall. There really never has been enough time to let one story sink in before the next one was being played out before my eyes. I watched with dismay as looters robbed stores, taking jewelry and electronics, justifying their actions by saying these things were needed for survival. Yet, I found myself wondering if I would have joined the looters who took water, medicine, and other vital necessities. One story I heard, however, has really left me perplexed as I contemplate what I would have done had I been there. The story I refer to is of local authorities blocking movement across a bridge in New Orleans that separated much of the lower lying parts of town from the higher sections that were not nearly as impacted by the flood waters. This height separation of parts of town

was also symbolic of the "class" of people who lived in each area. Authorities were denying passage across the bridge based on fear that if you let the masses of folks from the flood-impacted section of New Orleans cross into the section of town that still had electricity and many homes and businesses intact, that there would be rioting and looting and potentially loss of human life from violence. Therefore, thousands of people were not allowed to cross the bridge for days, forced to live in conditions that humans shouldn't have to live in. Quite a few died from heat stroke or from other health issues brought on by a lack of basic provisions. What would you have done had you lived on the protected side of the bridge? Be honest now. Would you have openly welcomed thousands of "those" people into your neighborhoods, knowing well that you might very soon be in the same condition food and water wise that they were in? Knowing that your place of business would be looted. Knowing that if you didn't help, people might die?

## From the Pastor's PC

In a recent sermon, I considered three potential errors regarding God's judgment of sin by means of natural catastrophes (like hurricanes). On further reflection, I want to add a fourth error. Here it is:

*All people who experience the event must be sinful and deserving of judgment.*

This is not true. The Bible often tells of righteous individuals who endured God's judgment along with the wicked.

Daniel and his friends walked closely with God but were taken in the Jewish exile. Nothing in the Bible indicates that these individuals lived sinfully before the exile. Deserving judgment, they might have repented and become intimate with God -- perhaps on the way to Babylon. Rather, the sense of the book of Daniel indicates the purity and devotion of these men. In Babylon, they were groomed to serve in Nebuchadnezzar's court. This preparation was deeply painful and depersonalizing. Yet they submitted to God's purposes for their lives and were used gloriously for the advancement of His kingdom. Their stories continue to encourage us during difficult times.

Jeremiah wrote Lamentations during the period of Jerusalem's judgment. We know this was a horrible experience for that godly man and others. Ezekiel was also taken into captivity and wrote of God's plan to restore Israel. During other times of Israel's history, we know of the righteous suffering along with the wicked.

For the righteous, however, these events carry a different meaning. God's personal presence may be felt during dreadful times in ways that are unusual. The righteous person learns to trust God to work for His glory. God often uses the response of a righteous person to demonstrate His grace in ways the world may never otherwise see. The man born blind in John 9 endured blindness, not because of sin, but because the Lord could use that lifelong suffering for His glory at the appointed time.

God also uses these kinds of needs to test and prove His Church. When we care for our brother in need, we demonstrate the love of God. The event becomes an opportunity to share the gospel in a tangible way. Without the devastation, the opportunity wouldn't exist.

As we pray for our brothers and countrymen during this time, let's consider ways we can come to their assistance. Pray for Kasilof Community Church as we attempt to send workers and other assistance. If you would be able to serve on a recovery crew, please contact the church office. Pray that God would be glorified both among the innocent and the wicked.

## Wandlers Head for Wyoming

This past summer KCC sadly said goodbye to Randy and Lynda Wandler. It had been a dream of theirs for some time to one day go live “where the buffalo roam and the deer and the antelope play.” Kind of reminds you of a song doesn’t it? Actually, they ended up in Dubois, Wyoming, which is home to the largest wintering bighorn sheep herd in the lower 48.

We will miss Lynda’s servant attitude, having been the missions director, a Deaconesses and one of the Trustees. Moreover, the coffee doesn’t quite taste as good as it used to when Lynda measured the grounds (did you hear that John & Pat). Moreover, on more than one occasion Randy could be found helping out on church work days or at someone’s personal home project.



Perhaps the only creatures glad to see the Wandlers leave were the moose and bear of south Coho loop, but the rest of us will miss Randy and Lynda.

The Wandlers just recently purchased a new home in Dubois (Doo-Boys). You can reach them at:

P.O. Box 2090  
Dubois, WY 82513

## BLOGGING WITH MOLLY

[**Editor's Note:** if someone came up to you and asked, "Do you *Blog*?" your answer would say a lot about how much time you spend on the Internet. I am not a "blogger," heck, I have a hard enough time trying to be a jogger, but Molly-By-Golly can Blog with the best of them. I will not attempt to define what blogging is or how it got its name or start, but it has something to do with people just writing down stuff about themselves or their lives or whatever, and other people read it because they find it interesting. Here are some Blog excerpts from Molly Blogger. By the way, Molly submitted this for the June Newsletter, but it fit nicely into the June/September issue too].

### Newborn-ese

It's a language, and every baby speaks a different dialect of it.

One likes to be held facing in, rocked to sleep, and nursed every two hours. One wants held facing out, prefers not to sleep, and likes to nurse every three hours. The first baby will pitch a fit exactly 6 hours after you eat broccoli or cabbage. The second baby doesn't mind what Mom eats, including spicy jalapeno dip. The third infant will spend his first month asleep practically every hour of the day. The fourth will spend her first month only catching brief catnaps (though she fights even those). One screams bloody murder every evening until the day he turns 12 weeks. One sits placidly content no matter what goes on around her.

And any book that claims it has "the trick" that "makes all newborns act properly" isn't worth taking the time to read. Caring for a baby isn't a scientific formula to be mastered - it's being given a unique soul to learn and to love.

I think that mothering has a lot to do with why God designed the female brain so differently from its male counterpart. We women can jump from subject to subject in a flash, read body language easily, and notice little nuances in the least-looked-for places. "Female Intuition," I believe it's called. I'm thankful for it. It's a mothering essential. And it even works when you're loopy from sleep-deprivation.

The sun shines in my window at 3 am (it's Alaska in the summer, what can I say?) and so I can see the chubby little one and he can see me. I speak to him softly and his face lights up. He knows my voice, my scent, my rhythms. Right now I am his whole world.

It is too much," then I find that it really *is* too much and I really *can't* do it after all. Self-defeating prophetess, I am.

But, if I consider that mothering these young ones is what I was MADE for, then the perspective my eyes have is altogether changed. I was MADE to mother them. I have been DESIGNED to manage a home--*this* home in particular. I am destined to nurture and love THESE people, and God stands ready to equip me with "all that pertains to life and godliness"--His Life inside of me, able and willing to pour forth from me, strong enough to meet every challenge.

...Even if my biggest accomplishment of the day is loading the dishwasher. Even if I've just broken up the fifth sibling fight since breakfast (and it's only been *an hour* since breakfast). Even if dinner is compliments of the company that invented frozen pizza, three nights in a row, going on a fourth. Even if, even if, even if.

### **The Weight of Future Glory**

I'm still pregnant with my fifth child as of this writing. I'm starting to wonder if I'll always be pregnant, but then I remember, "What goes in, must come out."

Which then reminds me of my heart. What is planted there is what will bear fruit.

Which then reminds me of my day. What I spend my time on is what I love.

Which then reminds me of what fills my day. Actually, a better way of putting it would be, what I *allow* to fill my day, and that "stuff" I spend my minutes on (whether high and holy or base and foolish) is what I will excel at, is what will own me, is what I will become.

Which then reminds me of the way I *look* at my day. What I allow my thoughts to dwell on is what will mold my countenance.

Which then reminds me of these people God has put around me. And that reminds me of how much rides on my shoulders.

I don't mean that in a guilt-tripish way--I mean that in a This Is Reality way. Because the reality *is* that I wield great power on this spinning planet. My work here in my home is not trite, not wasteful, not shallow. All the world may end up depending on it.

When I am on the floor surrounded by lego pieces and chattering faces, I play with kings and queens, presidents and congressmen, pastors and teachers, visionaries and saints. When I delight in my husband, I honor a man who may lead hundreds--if not thousands, if not millions--into the glory of God. Wrapped up in bones and flesh, disguised as it were from common earthly eyes, I nurture a man and his children--those whose lineage (by faith--Romans 4) is that of Abraham, David, Shadrach, Esther, and Paul, though such lineage the untrained eye may not yet see.

What God will do through them, I do not know, but when my eyes are filled with a Heavenly Vision, I bear the weight of their glory on my shoulders. It is demanding, though not heavy, and in bending under its load, I find it swells me with godly pride and purpose.

### Legs, Watermelons, and Alaskan Bikini's

A couple days ago, this round pregnant woman went to hop in the tub (ok, so not



\*actually\* hop) and noticed a bruise-ish looking thing on the back of my calf. Upon closer inspection (harder than you might think, when your pregnant belly is watermelon-sized), I discovered the "bruise" was actually a batch of veins that have decided not to reside *inside* my leg tissue anymore. Can't say that I blame them, of course. That whole area is under major pressure, what with Baby's head blocking off blood vessels and all.

Some of the perks of living in Alaska include *not* having to deal with the overwhelming desire to run around in a bikini. Some of the teens do anyhow, even though the weather rarely tops 80 F, but let's just say they're not running around that way because of being hot. Well, at least not the heat of the sun... I digress. My point is simply that I spread special lotions liberally with my first pregnancy, hoping to avoid the terrible onslaught of The Dreaded (\*gasp\*) *Stretchmarks*. I never wore a bikini, even back then (when I could have gotten away with it), but I shuddered at the thought of stretchmarks all the same.

They came anyway, when I was only four months pregnant with my second child. Must have been a hormone thing or something, since I hardly even had a belly to stretch at that point, but I woke up one morning and...there they were. They weren't so bad, after

all, and I'll admit to spending a few minutes wondering what in the world I'd been so concerned about before. But I guess it's hard to imagine stretchmarks for a young-twenty-something and her belly. Giving birth changes that. There are more important things to worry about than stretchmarks.

So, now on my fifth time 'round, let's just say I have a tiger-striped abdomen now...and could really care less. And other things that come with hauling around 35lb weights on one's stomach (five times in seven and a half years). Add varicose veins to the list now. I showed them to Jeff last night. He was impressed. The things we do for love. And why else would I do this? Why else would I already (insanely-enough, you might say) be looking forward to doing this baby thing *again*? Why else would I long for labor, an activity not exactly known in feminine circles for being "fun" or "relaxing?" Why would I continue to do what only means more work for me in a thousand different ways--sleepless nights, another mouth to feed, another voice demanding my attention, another set of clothes added to the laundry and dishes added to the sink, another personality to learn, another set of opinions, another student to teach?

Because this is the way we get *them*.

It's not the gripping contractions I long for--it's for that sweet-smelling wet little body laying on mine, the exhilarating feeling of having just given birth to a mystery, of pushing out somebody new, someone destined to do mighty deeds in the world of men and the Kingdom of God, someone who is a high and holy treasure, though clothed for the moment in slime and blood, snorting his first breath, weak, needy--and me, just \*that\* close to heaven as I hold with joy what God has formed.

There is no way to attempt to explain the delight we receive from each child we have. They grow and you see who they are, entirely different from all of the others, and (cliche sounding, I know) you find yourself falling in love beyond what you thought possible, with each of them individually--each of them such a part of you that you can't imagine what you would have missed had they not been born. If you know what I'm talking about, then you know, and if you don't, I cannot possibly try to paint a word-picture to let you in. But the overwhelming result of this bliss is that "stopping now" it is not a viable choice.

Even though it would mean a smaller workload. Even though it would mean more restful sleep. Even though I'd get my body back. Even though it would mean less stress on a

myriad of fronts. Even though, even though, even though.

Good things usually come at a cost. Even salvation wasn't free, and I cringe whenever I hear it being presented that way. *Somebody* paid. It just wasn't me. And now that I've been bought (at that Great Price), *I'm* owned. Good things cost.

So I spend four months sick to my stomach. My pelvic bone separation, always a problem during each pregnancy, requires me to be as sedentary as possible for the entire nine months, and I'm *not* naturally a sedentary person. I've got a new set of varicose veins now, joy of all joys. I'm uncomfortable. Really, *really* uncomfortable. Grumpy, too. (Shall I go on?)...

But good things cost. And for what we get out of this deal, I think I'm getting quite the bargain.

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After a hardy Indiana rainstorm filled all the potholes in the streets and alleys, a young mother watched her two little boys playing in the puddle through her kitchen window. The older of the two, a five year old lad, grabbed his sibling by the back of his head and shoved his face into the water hole.

As the boy recovered and stood laughing and dripping, the mother runs to the yard in a panic. "Why on earth did you do that to your little brother?!" she says as she shook the older boy in anger.

"We were just playing 'church' mommy," he said. "I was baptizing him in the name of the Father, the Son and in the hole-he-goes".



Dear Friends at Kasilof Church:

July 16, 2005

On behalf of Jose' Nsuga and the Pemba Theological Seminary he started in Mozambique, I want to thank you for your gift of \$50 towards the school in memory of my dear Mother. God planted a vision for the school in Jose's mind, and now you are having a part in watering it.

It has been a privilege being here—being able to have time with Mom before the Lord took her home. My sister, Sue, and I were with Mom in her home in Fredricksburg, TX when she died. I was coming to help her get back on her feet after back surgery, but the Lord had other ideas. It has been good being with Billy these 2 months. He and Mother were married for 40 years and now he will need to lean the harder on the Lord. We have tasted the goodness of the Lord. How blessed we are to know Him!

With love, Peggy

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From the *Fredricksburg Standard*



Mrs. Billy Ray, 86, nee Jane Buckwalter, of Fredericksburg, died Wednesday, June 8, 2005.

Graveside services and interment were held Thursday, June 9, at 3 p.m., at Greenwood Cemetery, and were officiated by her husband.

A victory celebration was held Saturday, June 11, at 11 a.m., at Hill Country Evangelical Free Church with Billy Ray officiating.

Mrs. Ray was born Sept. 18, 1918, in Phoenixville, PA, the daughter of Samuel Buckwalter and Sarah Quimby Buckwalter. She married Billy Ray on Oct. 28, 1964, in Hawaii and he survives.

Prior to retirement, the Rays worked in civil service.

For a number of years, Mrs. Ray was employed in Albuquerque, NM. After that, their work took them to Hawaii, the Midway Islands, Panama and Adak, AK. They retired to Fredericksburg in 1986.

In addition to her husband, Mrs. Ray is survived by four daughters and spouses, including Sally and Marvin Vanek of East Lansing, MI; Connie Fitzgerald, Gilbert, AZ; Peggy Dancy of Nampula, Mozambique, and Sue and Michael Unthank of Albuquerque, NM.

She is also survived by two step-children, including David Ray and his wife, Kim, of Albuquerque, NM, and Judy Ray Keener of Atlanta, GA.

Also surviving are nine grandchildren, 13 great-grandchildren; two brothers and spouses, David and Ethyl Buckwalter of Tavernier, FL and Richard and Jayne Buckwalter of Atlanta, GA, and a sister-in-law, Hettie Buckwalter of Virginia.

Mrs. Ray was preceded in death by a son, Henry W. Dancy III, and two brothers, Charles Buckwalter and Bill Buckwalter and his wife, Ruth.

Memorials may be made to Hill Country Memorial Hospice; or Pemba Theological Seminary, Mozambique, c/o Kasilof Community Church, P.O. Box 57, Kasilof, AK 99610.

Arrangements were under the direction of Beckmann Funeral Home.

## **Panic Early** *by Brent Johnson*

According to homeopathic medicine, a salt-water bath is good for a good number of things. Loaders not being one of them. Which is why I panicked early. And how did I get into this emphatic need for highly oxygenated blood?

The wife and I were cleaning off the beach. Large items like boats and movable buildings were already tucked happily into winter moorage in our yard. Yet one 29,000 lb. loader tarried behind to help in the absence of large children, whom had fled to southern climes. A certain pulley, which had once stood proudly on top of a rock, now lay unceremoniously nosed into the mud under the giant granite. This unhappy reversal of fates was the result of an over zealous net-setter. And quite a surprise to me as I never would have guessed net setters in pick-up trucks could produce enough force to topple such a stocky rock. Regardless, the pulley wanted to go home and the loader seemed like the obvious means of fetching the little muddy spinner. All necessary, if one were to clean off a beach.

So says I to wifee, "My flight plan is from here to yon tide flat in Kobelco loader. Please keep an eye on me." And off I went in my Kob (pronounced "cub"). For three years this loader and I have frolicked on our tide flats, and while the way has been boggy a time or two, never has the famous mud prevailed to stick us. I drove along in confidence, noting with satisfaction the earliness of our mission; the minus 4.2 tide appeared to be nearing its nadir.

A few minutes later my wheels spun helplessly and a decision was wanting. Should I try to articulate an extraction with bucket twisting technology or should I panic and go for the dozer, which was sleeping in my yard at home. Panic early is a concept I preach to fish crew. The-sooner the-better, in most situations. A glance at the tide line estimated one hour. I can make, I thought, and leaving the loader running (so I wouldn't waste precious seconds airing up the brakes later), I jumped down and raced for the cabin, half a mile away.

Was wifee watching? No. And while the exercise was no doubt good for me, I took a short cut by hollering from 600 feet. The ensuing sound waves produced the desired result. The good woman poked her head out of the cabin, ran for the Suburban (which



was coupled to a 16 foot flat bed trailer) and barreled toward me.

"Drop me off at the semi," says I. "Then race home and put fuel in the dozer."

"OK. Should I start it?" She asked.

"No, just put fuel in and look for starting fluid" I answered with lack of confidence. As it turned out, perhaps she would have been better at the job than me.

My semi was at Judy's brother's house. A little inconvenient, but at least on the way. While it "aired up" I rolled large blocks of wood off the trailer. They had been needed in the last haul but would only be in the way on this one. Then I tested the top end of my semi's speed. Only 65.

Judy was good to her word. A five gallon can of fuel was in and starting fluid cans lined the seat of my Allis Chalmers HD-11. This puppy is almost as big as a Cat D-6. My problem wasn't muscle, it was time and location. Checking the oil, I needed some. But my stash was still on the beach. Then I remembered a gallon I had borrowed from Gary Spruill, which was in my furnace room. We had oil, we had ignition, and we were under way!

Almost. When the engine died I remembered that I had turned the fuel off! A quick flip of the valve and a crank on the starter told me two things: 1 - My batteries were not going to produce a second start. 2 - The injectors would have to be bled. I wanted to cry. No time for that. I yelled for Judy to get jumper cables while I grabbed wrenches. She pulled the car over and hooked to my left battery, I fetched a hot battery and hooked the second pair of jumpers to my right battery. Somehow in the battery frolic, I misplaced the 3/4 inch wrench! A vigorous search ensued. Bah! The 13/16 did the trick. As the engine rekindled, I found the wrench (hiding on the dozer track).

Thank God for the tilt-bed trailer! They're quick! I never even put a chain on the load. Just drove up, set the brakes, let the engine idle and roared the semi away! About a mile from the beach road I was slowed by traffic, falling in behind a large boom truck. As I observed the preceding truck a thought came to me. I hope this isn't headed to the same place I am. A gas well was drilled on the top of our beach road this summer. And while I'm a fan of gas, these yahoos don't understand beach fishers.

Sure enough! The boom truck pulled in the road ahead of me. Two or three oilfield pick-ups were congregated on the access road. I couldn't even get off the Sterling Highway, let alone in the road! In the chaos that followed, I pulled the string to my air horn and followed a pick up as he backed the length of the road. Why don't you just pull

over? I asked myself repeatedly.

Finally, he backed in the lower entrance to the gas well pad and I braked to a stop near the big hill. I backed off the trailer.

"Grab the chains and hook them to the dozer," I hollered over the noise of my moving machine. Then I went into 3rd gear, (a speed I've never before needed in a dozen years of driving this dozer). Decent to the beach was brisk. I noted with relief tide waters were not yet over the bar. And with angst, I realized they would be before I could drive the mile to the loader.

Judy went whizzing by, still dragging the trailer and now hauling the reserve help, 10-year old Ginger and 12-year old Jason. Sure enough! The tide topped the bar just before I got there. Judy already had a chain hooked and now communication became an issue.

I wanted one chain and I needed to tow backwards, parallel the beach. Judy thought maybe more chains were needed and perhaps I wanted to stay as far shoreward as chains could reach. She was directing her army of chain-draggers accordingly. Struggling with the task, she set her end of the first loader-hooked chain down and it disappeared in the water. I stopped in a position immediately behind the loader and dismounted. Grabbing the chain at the only place I could see it, at the loader hitch, I began pulling to find the other end. Unfortunately, as I drug this long chain, it tangled in Judy's feet. Down she went in the nearly knee-deep water!

No time to worry about fallen comrades or marriage well-ness. To our stations! Judy climbed, dripping, into the loader, and I back onto the dozer. I idled ahead until the 7/16 chain tightened. Then I throttled it. Keer-ching went the chain! I hadn't waited for Judy to give the loader enough power. Now I had to wade around and rehook the shortened chain.

"This time really tromp it!" I yelled to Judy, who was standing on the loader fender watching my effort.

I eased into the throttle more gingerly. The loader budged. Then it rose out of the mud. We were free! I backed up to unhook and we traded machines, each turning and heading right for shore. Crossing the channel inside the bar was frightening as the water neared the top of the dozer track.

And then it was over. Except for the thanksgiving. And readjustment of acceptable tide flat-driving policy.

## KCC Mother-Daughter Tea - April 2005



Sharon Knowlton & Robbie Horne enjoying the fellowship



Judah Aley preparing to sing



Katie Thornton & Kelsey Shields



Lynda Wandler and her Mother, Bea

## Hocker 2005 (or is it Hoccer 2005)

Daystar ministries hosted the 2nd annual hocker tournament at KCC on Sep 4-5 with 8 different teams of 4 participating. There seems to be some confusion about the spelling of this hybrid of sport and “googling” both “hocker” or “hoccer” does nothing but add to the confusion. Let me illustrate two such examples:

1. **Hoccer:** Is it Hockey? Is it Soccer? Is it Hockey and Soccer? Well, no. It's more like full-contact Curling. Armed with your hoccer stick (or maybe it's a Swiffer) you push a ball around the playfield. Your main objective is to knock out your opponents by either hitting them with the ball or your stick. But they don't play fair, since they'll send out several members of their team at a time to take you on. If you wipe out their entire team, you move up to the next round.
2. **Hocker:** With the National Hockey League still on strike, ESPN announces the formation of an eight-team "National Hocker League," which it bills as "soccer on ice," a high-speed game in which players wearing shorts and no pads try to kick a ball through a net while skating on ice."

But in Alaska, being the independent breed that we are, we made up our own version of a game that seems to combine aspects of soccer, hockey, football, and roller-derby all in one. With teams consisting of 4 people each and a playing field not much larger than some people's living rooms, the action can be quick and intense. The object is to score goals by kicking a volleyball through a small goal, much like in soccer, but there is no true goal tender and you can score from in front of the goal or from behind it.



The tournament began on Sunday evening (Sep 4) and the eventual winner wasn't decided until Monday with many of the participants spending the night at KCC. Everyone was fed a warm breakfast before heading back out on the field to declare a champion.

Think you might be up for next year's tournament. Better start practicing now!



## A WOMAN'S VIEW

### WOMEN'S REVENGE

"Cash, check or charge?" I asked, after folding items the woman wished to purchase. As she fumbled for her wallet I noticed a remote control for a television set in her purse. "So, do you always carry your TV remote?" I asked. "No," she replied, " but my husband refused to come shopping with me, and I figured this was the most evil thing I could do to him legally."

### MARRIAGE SEMINAR

While attending a Marriage Seminar dealing with communication, Tom and his wife Grace listened to the instructor, "It is essential that husbands and wives know the things that are important to each other." He addressed the man, "Can you describe your wife's favorite flower?" Tom leaned over, touched his wife's arm gently and whispered, "It's Pillsbury, isn't it?"

The rest of the story gets rather ugly, so I'll stop right here.

### WORDS

A husband read an article to his wife about how many words women use a day... 30,000 to a man's 15,000. The wife replied, "The reason has to be because we have to repeat everything to men... The husband then turned to his wife and asked, "What?"

### WIFE VS. HUSBAND

A couple drove down a country road for several miles, not saying a word. An earlier discussion had led to an argument and neither of them wanted to concede their position. As they passed a barnyard of mules, goats, and pigs, the husband asked sarcastically, "Relatives of yours?" "Yep," the wife replied, "in-laws."

### CREATION

A man said to his wife one day, "I don't know how you can be so stupid and so beautiful all at the same time. " The wife responded, "Allow me to explain. God made me beautiful so you would be attracted to me; God made me stupid so I would be attracted to you!"

### UNDERSTANDING WOMEN (A MAN'S PERSPECTIVE)

I know I'm not going to understand women. I'll never understand how you can take boiling hot wax, pour it onto your upper thigh, rip the hair out by the root, and still be afraid of a spider.

## 2005 Hidden Lake Family Camp-Out

The 3rd annual KCC family camping trip (of the new millennium anyway) was back at Hidden Lake following last year's gathering at the Agrium campground near Soldotna. Activities included biking, swimming, singing, hiking, a variety of games, and of course lots of good food and fellowship. If you haven't attended a KCC family camping trip, make an effort to do so next year. The memories will last a lifetime.



**The drummer boys: Jeff, Bobby, and Caleb**



**The "Chow-Line"**



**Kaleb & Kelsey Shields**



**Sophia & Genevieve Nelson & Anna Aley**



**Emmanuel Aley**



# Daystar Ministries Team With Utah Partnership for Christ

My Utah trip was amazing in more ways than I can put words to. I learned so much about myself, my friends who I went with (Jeff, Kelsey, Lea, and Chase) and, most importantly, about my relationship with God.

The Manti portion of our trip was for me, both the hardest and the most amazing. Every day of the Manti pageant (a huge play on the founding of Mormonism), the teams would come together to pray and (I have never seen a whole group of people as sincere in their worship as this one) worship. This was by far my most joyful time for me. On the other hand, when we got into the streets and started getting into discussions with Mormons about their faith (often with people mocking us to our faces), this was by far the hardest part of the trip for me both mentally and spiritually.

I want to thank all of you who supported us in both prayer and money. This trip would not have turned out the way it did without your support and God's grace. *Joel Morse*



Manti Temple and grounds with 14,000 seats. The Manti Miracle Pageant runs for two wks. Manti, Utah is 97% LDS; the population of the town is approx. 3000.



Each night, prior to the play, the streets are filled with Christians and Mormons engaged in conversation.

A gathering of Christians praying & singing prior to witnessing at the Manti Miracle Pageant

## USE IT OR LOSE IT

In the past few years, technological advancements have made life a little easier, especially for the scatter-brained or for those who easily get lost or perhaps for those who desire to know as much as they can as soon as they can. Let me illustrate. Battery operated phones are now standard fare in most homes. A very common feature on most of these devices is an option to program in one-touch speed dialing (for example, just hit the number 5 and the phone will dial your best friend). Cell phones too not only allow you to call from on the go, they let you program in a myriad of features, even those annoying little songs (I just had to get that one in), as well as letting you play games, calculate your dinner bill, take pictures, send emails, and the list goes on and on. Many people have fallen in love with the little handheld devices that let you store all kinds of information, including all of your family and friends mailing addresses (both snail-mail and email), appointments, reminders, phone numbers, and heights and weights of everyone you know. Many automobiles now feature GPS systems, which allow you to put in an address and up pops a map showing you where you are in relation to where you want to go. No more getting lost on the way to your mother in-laws for supper (dang!). Apparently, this GPS feature is going to be or already is a feature on many cell phones or hand held devices, with the promotional selling point being that when you are hiking or shopping in a new city you can find your way to anywhere you want to go.

I must admit that I use the telephone number storage thing quite often. Like most husbands, I used to yell out to my spouse, “Dear, what is so-and-so’s phone number?” She was always consistent with her reply, “Look it up yourself.” Now, if I had wanted to look it up myself, I wouldn’t have asked, would I, but that is fodder for another article. So, one day I just programmed in a bunch of numbers right from the KCC directory and now all I have to do is go to my contacts list and scroll down until I find who I am after and hit dial and before you know it I am hearing words of wisdom from one of you. Regarding GPS devices, I also must admit that I have become quite “tight” with my unit while hunting. I mark camp or my vehicle before I leave and will often hunt right on into the dark hours because I know I have that little device to direct me back home.

These things are all fine and dandy, except for one important side-note. I don’t have to use my memory any more, and therefore I can hardly recall anyone’s phone number or often don’t know east from west while out hunting. In the “old” days, I used to know

three or four phone numbers by heart, but not any more. You know, it wasn't all that long ago that I also was a walking encyclopedia of scientific names, being able to recite from memory the genus and species of probably two or three hundred plants and animals. Furthermore, I could identify any number of rodents, birds, fish, or various mammals by examining just a skull, or feather, or pellet, or some other body part. I was capable of doing this because I lived it for the better part of 5 years of college. I studied for hours and hours and hours all these meaningless - I mean meaningful - facts about everything that walked, crawled, swam, or flew. Guess what? It didn't take very long for much of that information to begin to melt away after getting out of school. In fact, it wasn't long before I had morphed into the creature who now has to ask his wife to give him the phone number for 911.

You know, Scripture has a warning about something similar to this. If you take a look at three or four passages in their context, it becomes obvious that we were given a conscience to help us decipher right from wrong. However, **much harm can be done to our consciences when we fail to use them on a regular basis...**

1. We can **violate** our conscience, which is **sinful** - **Ro 14:22-23**
2. We can **defile** our conscience, leading to **unbelief** - e.g., **Ti 1:15**
3. We can **sear** our conscience, leading to **apostasy** - e.g., **1 Ti 4:1-2**

I'm not claiming that our consciences are always reliable, after all, before the apostle Paul's conversion, he persecuted Christians with a good conscience (Acts 23:1). Rather, a good conscience must be maintained by obedience to God's will. In James 4:17 we see that failing to do what we know is right is sinful. In addition, failure to abstain from what we know is wrong is also sinful. Conduct with Godly sincerity makes for a good conscience (cf. 2 Cor 1:12a). And, doing what you know is right with all sincerity develops confidence. Thus the more you do what is good and abstain from what is wrong, the better and purer your conscience will be!

Now, before you go erasing your email address list, or making your cell phone just ring, take a moment and try to remember when was the last time you had a nice big bowl of ice cream buried in chocolate syrup. You know what, you better go have some right now before your memory forgets how it tastes.

## GIN GIN 120

By Karla Hudson

A few weeks ago Josh logged on to the internet looking for some sled dog races to enter into or just keep tabs on. He came across the Gin Gin 120. This is a race that is being put on for the first time this year. Josh was immediately interested, and true to his nature, he was trying to find out all the details about the race. He shared with me that the race is being put on by John and Zoya Schandelmeier, who live up in Paxson, AK by Denali National Park. The race is going to be 120 miles long, beginning in Paxson, where there will be a mass start on Paxson lake. Paxson Lake is relatively large and after a few miles on the lake you follow the trail that will take you to Denali Highway. Then you pretty much follow the highway to mile 42 where you will reach the Maclaren River Lodge, which is the halfway check point. Here you will have an eight hour layover before returning to Paxson.

So, as far as sled dog races go, it sounds about as interesting as all the others that Josh is interested in. I said to him, “Sounds interesting.” He said “Ha, it’s a women’s race, you should run it.” *SAY WHAT!* I laughed and laughed at Josh. I’m thinking he has got to be joking. He knows that the dogs drive me crazy. It’s not that I don’t like dogs, I do, but his dogs are wild. I help him with his dogs when he hooks up to do training runs and it’s all I can do to manage them. They are so strong and so excited. One time I was holding a dog trying to keep it calmed down while Josh hooked up the other dogs. This particular dog didn’t like me trying to hold on to it, so it jumped up and head-butted me right in the nose. It just about knocked me over.

So, the idea of me running a race was really strange. I said to Josh “You know all

I'll do is fall off the sled in the middle of nowhere, loose the team and freeze to death. It sounds like you're trying to get rid of me." But, as it turns out, he's not trying to get rid of me. He is serious about me running this race. What was surprising is after talking to him about it for a little while I started to consider it. We checked in to it and e-mailed Zoya a few times. She told us more about the trail. A lot of it will be on the Denali Highway and there will be a lot of volunteers on the trail. I don't know what she considers a lot. I don't know if I will even be able to see the highway it's not maintained in the winter. It's just open. No trees, just a lot of rolling hills. Moreover, it will be dark and potentially blizzard conditions. They said that if the weather got below - 40 degrees that they would cancel the race. *Wooa! Good, because I wouldn't want those dogs to freeze.*

One might wonder if all this scares me. The answer is Yes! Seriously, it does concern me. But Josh says the dogs know what they are doing, not to mention that the Lord is with me wherever I go. It's really kind of funny when I'm talking to other ladies about it. They think it's a great idea, but they wouldn't want to do it (not all ladies feel that way, but I've talked with several that do).

So, I'm intrigued. One thing that I'm not thrilled about is the expense of the race. Of course, for Josh money is not the issue. He says, "Karla, it's an adventure and adventures cost money." Therefore, Josh does not want me to use the cost of the race as a reason not to participate. This means I'll have to talk with the dogs and become friends with them and do things like going on training runs, as if I didn't have enough to do already. If things go as planned, on December 10<sup>th</sup> -11<sup>th</sup> I'll be up in Denali National park running a women's sled dog race. *That is, if I don't chicken out.*

To Be Continued.

## A SPATTERING OF THOUGHT FROM COHOE BRENT JOHNSON

### *Shapes of Speech*

If the throat is a voice box  
can the tongue be a wrecked tangle?

### *Shapes of Sight*

An eye will roll  
because they're round.  
But bouncing? No,  
not that I've found

### *Shapes of Shelves*

A shoulder blade  
is a duller made  
mostly cut to carry.  
Pick and pack  
on the shoulder rack  
up where loads may tarry.

### *Apparent Contortion*

If medics tap on your knee cap  
it reflex on you.  
If children smear your bathroom mirror  
it reflects on you.

### *Yoga Bug*

A fly can walk upside-down  
upside-down on your ceiling.  
He does it so he can stretch, I know  
and good is how he's feeling!

### *And What-Have-Ewe?*

If sheep go crazy  
the term gets hazy.  
Mean we sharp sheep  
in pasture deep  
or head-strong flocks  
that behave like ox?

### *No Room to Bow*

An elephant has a very long front  
no affront, I hope, to him.  
That thing is weighted and not truncated  
like a drooping old oak limb.

### *Rice, Tea and More*

The tea in China  
is an open ocean  
where ships can't see the shore.  
That country's rice  
has reached new highs  
and they keep on growing more!

### *Speaking of Limits*

An L-evader  
can say stairway  
but not vertical  
or quickly.

to a man's 15,000. The wife replied, "The reason has to be because we have to repeat

## I AM A CHRISTIAN

by Maya Angelou

When I say... "I am a Christian"  
I'm not shouting "I'm clean livin'!"  
I'm whispering "I was lost,"  
Now I'm found and forgiven.

When I say..."I am a Christian"  
I don't speak of this with pride.  
I'm confessing that I stumble  
and need CHRIST to be my guide.

When I say... "I am a Christian"  
I'm not trying to be strong.  
I'm professing that I'm weak  
and need HIS strength to carry on.

When I say... "I am a Christian"  
I'm not bragging of success.  
I'm admitting I have failed  
and need God to clean my mess.

When I say... "I am a Christian"  
I'm not claiming to be perfect,  
My flaws are far too visible  
but, God believes I am worth it.

When I say.. "I am a Christian"  
I still feel the sting of pain,  
I have my share of heartaches  
So I call upon His name.

When I say... "I am a Christian"  
I'm not holier than thou,  
I'm just a simple sinner  
who received God's good grace, somehow.

## AN INSIDE JOB

The inside of a coffin  
is chiseled from stone.  
It's hard to go there  
if you go there alone...

All the veins of the victim  
are lavender grey.  
They're still as a pillow  
that's plumb full of clay.

How quiet is the curtain  
that ushers in cold.  
Frosting soft memories  
once vivid as gold.

Though the ticks in the tavern  
have crawled in with song.  
This morsel of a mortal  
with Jesus is gone!  
My Kind

If I were smart and pretty  
my assets would be two.  
With title long and wordy  
my door would stare at you.

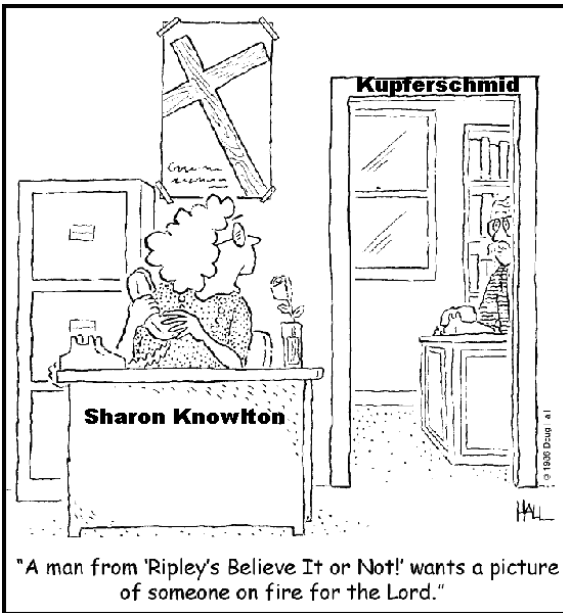
But since I'm dense and homely  
my assets are not one  
to make me aught but lonely  
so visits seldom come.

The haughty think how sadly  
my life must waste away.  
Still, our children call me, "Daddy!"  
and love to come and stay.

## FROM A BURNING BUSH TO A CRIMSON TREE

The steep ol' Cross  
don't wear with dross  
like gold is apt to do.  
But shines instead  
in brilliant red  
as pure as it is true!

Brent Johnson



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### Lady of the Night

The other evening when the sun was yawning wide  
I saw a humming bird in a glide.

I looked again it was a mosquito  
with mascara.

Dolled up and dignified  
like a worker of the night.

Don't be no Doubting Thomas  
she was sporting pink pajamas.

And she landed on my nose  
so I saw her real close.

She wore lip-stick and rouge  
and her nose, for length, was huge!

She blew a kiss my way  
and winked, as if to say.

How much she thought of me  
while drawing her phlebotomy.

Then when she'd gorged her hinder part  
she upped her nose like a haughty dart.

Whipped out a make-up mirror  
and fluffed her pretty hair.

Quick she waved her nasal wand  
poofed her wings and she was gone!

My nose became a bloated bulb  
the boil thereon began to scald.

I raked it with both eager claws  
it bled with pain and all because:

She was a woman of evil  
in the Power of the needle.

She was a - Lady of the Night.



*While I shared with the church about our earlier trip to Belarus, some have expressed interest in the letter I wrote my father regarding our trip. We are providing it here for any who may have missed the report we gave upon our return.*

March 5, 2005

Hi Dad:

We flew out of Kenai at 9:00 p.m. Sunday evening and arrived in Belarus about 2:00 p.m. Tuesday afternoon. We traveled through 11 time zones so with the airport layovers, I never really calculated how many hours we were actually flying. The jet lag was difficult because our days and nights were almost entirely reversed so the first few days were pretty tiring. It took us almost a week to get over the jet lag.

I was wonderfully privileged to have Bill Davis from our church decide to travel with me. Bill benefited from the trip and served in any way possible. He helped me establish an exercise regimen of walking 2 – 3 miles each day and was very effective in building relationships with the Belarussians.

On our way into Minsk from the airport, our local leaders kept showing us war memorials. There were several of them composed of large mounds of earth that contained the bones and ashes of those who had died in a particular battle. One block from our hotel was a burial pit where hundreds of Jewish people were shot and then covered in a mass grave. The people told me that the ground moved for two or three days after the people were covered because they were not yet dead when they were buried. This site and some about which I will share later almost seemed to be haunted. The spirit near them was very melancholy.

On Wednesday, we went through an orientation provided by Campus Crusade and Minsk Bible College. Thursday our classes began. I was teaching the book of Romans and had to do it in two weeks so it was pretty intense for the students.

Classes usually began at 9:00 a.m. and ran four 50 minute sessions per day with a ten minute break between sessions. We only taught for two days until we had a weekend break.

On Saturday, Sergey, the director of the college took Bill and me to a Holocaust memorial called Hattim (pronounced hatteem). I sent a picture from this memorial. It is a

bronze statue of a man holding his little grandson who had been slain when the Nazis burned their village. Everyone had been herded into the village barn and burned. The grandfather had been away in the woods and so was the only survivor. The only body he could find was that of his grandson. 2.3 million Belarussians including many Jewish people died in concentration camps in Belarus.

On Sunday, January 30, we traveled to a village church in Marina Gorka where I brought the message. I also sent a picture of this. The man translating for me in the picture is Sergey, the director of the Bible College. Gene Getz's book, *Sharpening the Focus of the Church* has been translated into Russian. Both pastors in the churches where I spoke were familiar with it so it was a great help in my ministry to them that I had studied with Gene and have a friendship with him.

The next week we had classes all day with time spent in the homes of church leaders and families in the evenings. The people were wonderful and gave their best even though it was often very humble.

The next Saturday, February 5, we traveled to the village of Mir where my translator, Anatoly, is developing a family life ministry as a Campus Crusade staff member. He is actually the director of the Family Life ministry for Crusade. He is the mature man in the classroom pictures who is translating for me. We developed a wonderful friendship and I anticipate some ministry happening with him in the future. This village is picturesque and beautiful. It was a center of Jewish scholarship before WW II. But the Nazis killed many Jewish people from this area as well. I saw the pits where hundreds were buried in mass graves and saw the banks where they were lined up and shot.

Sunday, February 6, we spoke again in another village church with similar results to the first week. The message I presented at the request of Sergey was on unity in the church. I really enjoyed doing it. The church in Belarus is weak because of the disunity between Christians both at the denominational level and at times at the local church level. Their prayer movement is weak and badly needs to be strengthened. They are very weak in their understanding of the assurance of their salvation.

The people have been so crushed by centuries of war in their land that they seem to be unusually ready for a spiritual harvest if the opportunity were ever to more fully present itself. The president, Lukashenko, has become a repressive dictator and is not favorable to churches. Best estimates are that ½ of one percent of the population is evangelical.

The class ended very well with many thanks from the students. Anatoly told me that the course was revolutionary for the students. I am truly grateful for the opportunity to have gone. It was also a life changing experience for me. I am so grateful that you and Mom were able to be free to come and help by staying with Sheila and Jessie and Jeremy. All of them truly were blessed by your presence. It would have been so much more difficult without you both. Jeremy still sings me the Bible songs that Mom taught him. In fact, he is teaching them to me while I swing him. I couldn't imagine anything more helpful than what you did for us. And of course, the Upper Room Bible Church was very gracious to lend you to us during this time. Please thank all of them for us.

For His Glory,

*Paul*

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## Daystar Youth Ministries Summer Trips

This past summer, our Daystar youth ministries engaged in two trips to the lower 48. See the story on page 27 about the Utah Partnership for Christ (UPC) joint adventure. This year, Jeff Aley accompanied two youth to the WorldView camp, which was in San Diego, CA. In the bottom row, second from left, Jason Smith raised all his own funds with the help of his home church, Peninsula Bible Fellowship and joined Heidi Skjold (4th from left) for the trip to San Diego. The WorldView camp is not what you

normally think of when you envision a summer camp. This is an intense week-long lecture series (with some hands-on activities) where hundreds of our nation's youth are challenged to come to an understanding of many of the different "world-views," especially as they relate to Christianity. This was the 4th year that Jeff has taken a group from KCC to the WorldView program. He spent a week there and then traveled to Utah to join the second week of activities with the UPC team.



## Happy Anniversary

Well, guess what, we made it to 20! No, I'm not talking about the 20 cookies I ate last night, or the \$20 it costs to fill my 5-gallon can with gas, I'm referring to the 20th issue of this award winning publication. I have placed the prestigious award in an appropriate spot — in the vegetable crisper of our refrigerator. Ok, so you might not refer to the KCC Newsletter as a literary masterpiece. Why, I even know of a couple of families that think it should be part of Adrian Plass' next book; their assessment is rather astute. By the way, Adrian Plass is a British author who has written absolutely hilarious material parodying church newsletters (and church life). I was given one of his books to read with what I now believe to be an overt hint to send Adrian some back issues of the KCC Newsletter so he can have some really good, fresh material for his next release.

In looking back at the cover of the first KCC Newsletter, which was published in the fall of 2000, I found one of the stated objectives of to be: *“to welcome serious stories, or tales of humor; poems and artistry would also be great, as would recipe's and pictures.”* For the most part, I think we have done a pretty fair job of meeting this objective, but one of the other stated purposes for the KCC Newsletter was to allow you to: *“recount events of how God has worked in your life or witnessed to you through other's lives...”* I believe the report card on this objective would say, *“Incomplete.”* But, that's Ok. Because by now, you should no longer feel intimidated by the very thought of seeing your words next to those of the confused publisher or Molly-by-Golly's or Cohosky Brent.

In fact, as these last days of summer fade into fall and then 24-hrs later into winter, I'd like to invite you to sit down in front of your notepad, your typewriter or computer and share something about your life with the rest of us. For example, have you ever got a loader stuck in the mud of Cook Inlet and then ran home to get another piece of machinery to pull it out only to have that machine quit running due to fuel starvation and then have to bleed injectors with a 13/16” wrench instead of the 3/4” one sitting on the dozer track right below you? Come on now, how can this story even be close to the truth. The **woman** in this tall tale accomplished more than 99% of the male gender in Alaska could, including the poor chap fumbling his way to a near catastrophe. I'm sure any one of you could come up with something more believable than this saga (for the rest of the story, check out ***Panic Early***, which can be found in this issue).

Anyway, I can't wait to see what the next 20 issues of the KCC Newsletter turn out like. Maybe we'll hear something about why you named your boy, “Sue.”