

## Kasilof Community Church

Issue 7  
June 2002

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# KCC Newsletter Summer 2002

Daylight, daylight, daylight, everywhere you go, you can't escape it. Ain't it GREAT! For many of us, this is one of the things that makes living in Alaska so unique. Have you ever started a project in May or June, only to look up at the clock and see that it's 11:15 pm? Well, I know I have. There's just something about all the light that somehow "fires me up." Oh, but it does make that alarm clock a little bit more of a nuisance in the morning. Some of you may be reading this after finishing a long day of fishing (with nets or spin-n-glow), or perhaps you still have dirt under your fingers as a result of a confrontation with the local "chick," - chick-weed that is. Others may be recovering from Little League baseball or a hike up Sky-line trail, or trying to calm down after fighting the traffic in lovely Slow-Dotna. Ain't it Great! Oh yes, I love how all you smell this time of year too - don't you just love that Cutters aftershave and Muskol perfume. Yes, it is very easy to lose track of time when you're just getting your second wind at midnight?

In Ecclesiastes 3, we are reminded that God knows a little bit about what time means:

*To everything there is a season, A time for every purpose under heaven:*

*A time to be born, And a time to die;*

*A time to plant, And a time to pluck what is planted;*

*A time to kill, And a time to heal;*

*A time to break down, And a time to build up;*

*A time to weep, And a time to laugh;*

*A time to mourn, And a time to dance;*

*A time to cast away stones, And a time to gather stones;*

*A time to embrace, And a time to refrain from embracing;*

*A time to gain, And a time to lose;*

*A time to keep, And a time to throw away;*

*A time to tear, And a time to sew;*

*A time to keep silence, And a time to speak;*

*A time to love, And a time to hate;*

*A time of war, And a time of peace.*

And, might I add, a time to thank God for the bounty of life we have here in Alaska. You might want to pull this article out about mid-January to remind yourself why you feel like sleeping so much. You are just preparing yourself for summer. Ain't it Great!

## VBS 2002--SEEING GOD--A REVIEW

By Jane Mizner

John saw the glorified Christ and fell on his face; Joshua met God in the tent of meeting and didn't want to leave; Saul believed he could obey God on his own terms and discovered that God is King. Elisha prayed that his servant might see the chariots of God appearing on the hills; blind Bartimaeus saw what the Pharisees could not see--that Jesus is the Son of God. Seventy children heard five exciting true stories that built the faith of many and brought eleven children to a saving faith in Christ.

The VBS Staff began each day at 8am with corporate prayer and ended each day at 1pm with praise for God's almighty provision. In terms of bare statistics (satisfying human interest), VBS 2002 was praiseworthy! The children were touched and so were the staff members.

Jeff and Molly Aley started each day's session at 9am with joyful songs that lifted the children's spirits. All of us turned our hearts toward Jesus in expectation. Then Mike Hicks led his Broom Squad through funny and thoughtful skits, setting the theme for the week.

Every teacher and teacher's assistant, every staff member--too many to name--learned as much as they taught and were well-satisfied with the children's interest and participation.

Teachers shared Bible stories selected to steer childrne's minds and hearts toward seeking God and seeing God through Jesus.

Our sense of joy abounded so richly that a comment was made by an obsever one day, "I've never seen so many smiling children and happy workers in a joint church effort before!" If



you weren't able to come and share our joy, you really missed seeing something special.

For tangible evidence of lessons learned, the children produced a new craft each day. Roxane M. and Tammy C, plus their lively crew, prepared the crafts to especially relate to the children's lives. These folks poured themselves into inventive and active crafts, particularly those clay tablets of the Ten Commandments! The children enjoyed every day of them.



Sheila K and Melodie H kept the children running, jumping, and laughing during their outdoor activities. And God blessed each day with rain-free skies, though it was often raining before and after each VBS morning!

Sarah B and her amazing kitchen crew provided healthy snacks and a good hot lunch every day. A pizza lunch was served to each child who brought a friend, which was a smart incentive because it worked! Each day was closed with a half hour of Small Group Time. The kitchen served desserts while the children gathered with their small group leader, sharing the food of God's Word along with their treat.

Friday night we had our VBS Program. Comic Book Bibles ("The Picture Bible") were passed out to the older children and Bible story books to the younger, thanks to the generous donations from both congregations. The children's smiles will shine as visible "thank you's" in our memories.

Learning, playing, crafting, eating, singing, immersed in God's Word, led by the Spirit, redeemed by Jesus Christ--that was June 10th through June 14th this year. It seems like yesterday. We were many who served our Lord with joy and with pleasure. If I were the one to stand and thank by name all those who joined in with their time and effort, I would not be able to do it in a single breath.

Thank you for the VBS Staff, Dear Lord, and bless their hearts and lives for the love they showed by their hearty participation. See you next year!

## Class of 2002 Receives Quilts

On May 19, 2002 a dozen Kasilof Community Church graduating seniors were presented with one of the most treasured gifts they undoubtedly will ever receive, the now-famous KCC quilt. Because this group represents the largest class to ever graduate from our church, this year's quilters had to start their projects of love just about the time school got started last fall. The results were well worth the wait, as the quilts were absolutely beautiful. This year's class represented Ninilchik H.S., a home-school graduate, and Skyview H.S.. They were joined by Mary Kay Knox, who traveled north with her parents, Joe and Dena, from the little state of Texas. They were serenaded by KCC's Jeff & Molly Aley and were honored by wordsmith, Brent Johnson (see next page). We send this group of graduates out into the world with our prayers and this reminder from **Proverbs 16:9** *A man's heart plans his way, But the LORD directs his steps.*



**Front row:** Michael Rosser, Ely Evanson, Mark McGarry, Mark Rozak, Nate Morse, & Joel Shields. **Back Row:** Jessie Hostetter, Anika Ellis, Molly Bosick, Mary Kay Knox, Deirdra Wiley, and Neil Darling

## 12 Graduates for 2002

*By Brent Johnson*

**2** thousand two, a class unique,  
**0**f young adults, who always seek,  
**0**bjective views, avoid impulse,  
**2** ears to listen and prove what's false,  
...a dozen disciples, strong and meek !

**Molly Bosick**, basketball great,  
on a team that took state,  
led them at, both ends of the court,  
landed a scholarship for the sport,  
you're blessed from Heaven's gate !

**Neil Darling**, all his own,  
element right to the bone,  
impressive guitar and vocal gift,  
lets it loose with fingers swift,  
**D**yes the hair to match the tone !

**Anika Ellis**, down by the River,  
not a thing you could give her,  
inclined to be the country sort,  
kind and quiet, that's our report,  
awesome girl wanders thither !

**Ely Evanson**, Skyview quarterback,  
lots of arm, sharp as a tack,  
years of baseball and state champs,  
**B**agged a moose, up the Yukon camps,  
**E**rased one Neon, slippery smack !

**Jesse Hostetter**, a basketball whiz,  
easy going that's what he is,  
sport writer's poll, first team list,  
super nice kid, ready to assist,  
everyone loves that attitude of his !

**Mary Kay**, from the family Knox,  
an honored name among these flocks,  
rest assured she's serving the Lord,  
youngest child and much adored,  
**K**eep Kasilof in your thoughts !

**Mark McGarry**, with the high-lighted hair,  
a handsome fellow and debonair,  
reams of talent, very athletic,  
kinda avoids girls, they're a head-ache,  
**M**mm, might be that last line is an error !

**Nate Morse** of the bionic limb,  
always careful, it's the way with him,  
thinks caution, a safety lover,  
eschews danger, listens to Mother,  
**M**aybe, but chances are slim !

**Michael Rosser** is on the go,  
in Hawaii or Mexico,  
keeper of the nice sound system,  
entertains with musical wisdom.  
**R**efined poise, like Romeo !

**Mark Rozak**, a lanky lad,  
always joking with Mom and Dad,  
rides snow machines and jumps a bit,  
kicks it up down at the pit,  
**R**e-entry can go bad !

**Joel Shields** rides the Cannondale,  
over Crooked Creek Road's washboard trail,  
eldest son, still waters run deep,  
lays out web pages in his sleep,  
**S**eeks the truth, on a personal scale !

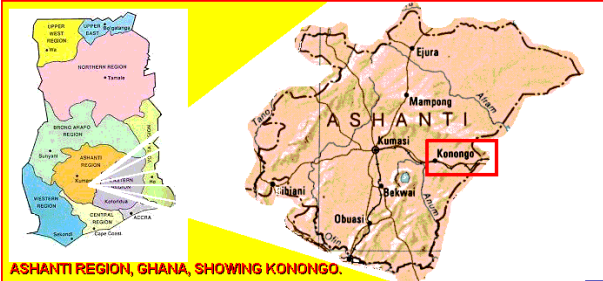
**What Deirdre Wiley** likes I bet,  
is reading books, or better yet,  
little children and childcare,  
enjoys Spanish countries everywhere,  
**y**eah ! And may exchange one for our climate !

**Done** with high school, mission fulfilled,  
on to freedom ... (if God has willed),  
zenith of childhood, happy you're through,  
enter adulthood, and missions anew,  
**n**urtured by Christ, begin to build !

## Exchange Student Lives in Kasilof

Rebecca Amma Yamoah came to live with the Wileys last October as an exchange student with Youth For Understanding (YFU). The following article is intended to introduce you to Rebecca with the hope that in learning more about her life you will feel led to pray for her and to praise God for our unity in diversity.

When Rebecca was only two years old, her family was forced to leave Nigeria and ended up settling in the eastern region of Ghana, a country located in western Africa. They lived there about 10 years before moving to the town of Konongo, which is located in the Ashanti region (there are 10 regions in Ghana) in south-central Ghana.



ASHANTI REGION, GHANA, SHOWING KONONGO.

Rebecca comes from a family of seven; she has three brothers (age 26, 24, and 22) and one sister (age 27). Her father was a high school teacher and is now the principal at the local high school. Her mother works on their 11-acre palm tree farm (the nuts are used for oil) as well as designing clothing. Ghana is one of the largest producers of cocoa in the world and also exports yams, gold, diamonds, bauxite, and other minerals. Under British rule, Ghana fought for and won her independence in 1957. It should come as no surprise then that there are still remnants of British culture mixed in with traditional lifestyles. They elect a president every four years; their current president is President Kuffour. English is the language spoken in schools, but when at home in Konongo, Rebecca speaks the native dialect, called Twi.

Rebecca attended school up through 9<sup>th</sup> grade locally, but like many other students, went on to boarding school for the rest of her formal education. The school her father is a principal at is co-ed and she wanted to attend an all girls school, so she went to a boarding school. While there, she would only come home about once every three months. Rebecca has received a partial scholarship to attend Luther College in Decorah, Iowa beginning this fall. She wants to major in computer science, perhaps eventually attending medical school. Her uncle (mom's brother), who lives in Minneapolis, will be helping her attend college. Her family is Christian, with the major religions in her country being comprised of Christianity, Muslims, and Indigenous. Rebecca

attends an Assembly of God church in her home town and says they are a little louder in their worship service and clap quite a bit more than we do at KCC. I was afraid to ask her about our rhythm.

Two of Rebecca's brothers now live in the United States (in Minneapolis), but Rebecca had never been to the US prior to last fall. YFU first sent her to Connecticut for about a week before placing her in Alaska with the Wiley's. Rebecca admitted she was not really prepared for the cold and the snow, but adapted and learned to love skiing. She did relate one story about riding a snowmachine this past winter and getting stranded when she couldn't get it restarted, so I guess that makes her part Alaskan now.



When asked to contrast living in Alaska from life in Ghana, Rebecca smiled and said one striking difference was in the clothing our youth wear, especially the girls. Moreover, she was also surprised by how many boys wear earrings. In Ghana, young girls have their ears pierced and are fitted with earrings as a way of differentiating them from male children. Another obvious difference between our two nations is the cost of living. A good salary in Ghana is 700,000 cedis/month. There are about 7,000 cedis per \$1 so this makes a good monthly salary \$70. One only needs to look at the price of gasoline at 7,000 cedis per liter to figure out that fuel at nearly \$4/gallon would cost you more than half a month's salary to fill your car's tank with gas. Most of the purchase of food is done in open markets.

Rebecca shared an interesting fact about the names of her family. Her father (she calls him daddy) is named Kwame Ameyay Yamoah. The name Kwame is after the day of week he was born (Saturday) but the name for females born on Saturday in Amma (the day Rebecca was born). However, for formal communication, proper names are used. Her mom's name is Gladys, her sister is Eunice, and her brothers are named Andrew, Bernard, and Charles (that's what I call British influence).

Hopefully, many of you were able to meet Rebecca while she was here in Kasilof. She is attending the World View Academy in Seattle with a couple other KCC youth, and then she will be traveling back to Ghana before starting college this fall in Iowa.

<http://www.geocities.com/RodeoDrive/8244/m-page.htm> - a very informative site on Konongo

**More on the history of Kasilof and Kasilof Community Church**  
**featuring**  
**Rev. Ray Mainwaring and Irene**

(The Mainwarings, now residents of Shelton, WA., left that state in 1957 to pastor the Kasilof Community Church and to assist at the Kasilof Children's home. In addition, they were active in the Kenai Peninsula Fellowship (missionaries and churches on the Kenai) and through that group helped establish Solid Rock Bible Camp in Soldotna. For a short time, the pastor managed radio station KSRM. Their children are Dr. Janice M. Swanson, Karin M. Newcomb, Susan M. Humke and Paul).

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. At least half the group was made up of lively boys and girls of Kasilof Children's Home. They sat amazingly quiet during the sermon. The pulpit was one of solid birch, a near square of plywood fastened securely to a slender birch pole, bark and all! It stood firmly on a rough birch slingshot base.

The greatest news had come to the gathering in the concrete basement, under the study 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!

In the short time we had been in Kasilof, we had grown to love the folks in the area. We were living in the little 16 by 20' log cabin at the Kasilof Children's Home. When we first built a fire in the stove in the cabin in March, after it had stood vacant all winter, we were in for a surprise. The warmth must have felt like spring to the dormant files in the crevices of the logs and walls. They literally came out of the woodwork, buzzing in the loft, diving crazily into ceiling and walls, and into the beds of the girls trying to sleep there! We brought Karin and Susie downstairs and all covered our heads with blankets and tried to sleep. We had to wait until morning to get fly spray.

To save the children from the burden of using Mr. And Mrs. in addressing the many helpers and friends of the Home, they adopted the respectful and more intimate title of Aunt or Uncle with the first names, thus Uncle Harlie Fellers and Uncle Wayne Fellers, etc. There was a spirit and feel of family in everyone who helped in this undertaking.



There were so many and such valuable helpers. The ladies in Ninilchik baked dozens of loaves of fresh bread over a long period of time. The mailman on his return trip would deliver them to the Home. Remember, the mailman only came twice a week in those days.

Just keeping alive, warm, fed and clean was nearly a full time job on the Kenai. Ray pumped water from the well, daily. The boys from the home did the same chore. Only a limited number of buckets of water filled into the well each day. It took 2 days to get enough water to wash clothes. As soon as the temperature rose above freezing and the snow left, we moved the whole laundry operation outdoors. There's not a lot of space in a 16 by 20' cabin which houses a family of five. Even the sorting of the clothes spilled over from the counter that we called kitchen into the combination living, dining, and furnace room that took the rest of the space. The furnace was simply a wood-coal heater.

On a rainy day we had wall-to-wall clothes hanging from improvised lines. We'd work our way through the steamy jungle of towels, sheets, shirts, and long-john legs, to the cook stove to prepare a meal. The steam from all the wash water which had to be heated on the stove in big boilers still hung in the air. Then, we'd remove a line to make room at the table for supper. How we rejoiced when the sun was out or the wind blew on wash day!

During spring breakup the surface water filtered into the well and it was too muddy to use. We hauled water in barrels from the well at Uncle Tom and Aunt Martha Schultz' homestead. We really loved the cozy cabin perched on the hill and had many happy times there.

Things on the Kenai were expanding, growing. Homesteaders were building, dozers were pushing little roads deeper into the bush. High berms lined the newly planted fields required of homesteaders. A variety of houses were going up to fulfill the requirements. Some were neat log cabins hewn from the very trees that had been cut to make the clearing, some were black insulating board, waiting the application of siding, "someday." Some were mobile homes taken off their axles and set on block foundations. All were occupied, at least the required months of each year.

The church building soon had electricity, but was still heated by a big barrel stove.

Wood had to be cut, and coal was picked up on the beach after the fall storms. That involved a 4-wheel drive truck, for only they could operate on the treacherous beaches. We were amazed at the generous offers and many days of donated labor that these very busy fishermen, tradesmen and even new homesteaders produced. The Bible mentions among the gifts of the Spirit a gift of "helps." We found many people in Kasilof who exhibited that gift.

Harlie and Wayne Fellers and their sister, Martha Schultz told us that their mother and Lucy Pollard were instrumental in establishing the church at Kasilof, which met in homes for a long time. When we arrived in 1957 they already had the basement building on the piece of property beside the Sterling Highway. A faithful group was attending, and had their eyes on the future. They only met on Sunday mornings for Sunday School and church services. As more homesteaders came, the evening service and Wednesday night Bible study and prayer meeting was added.

There were many others who were gifted. Mrs. George Jackinsky and Mrs. Wayne Webb played the piano, and Mrs. Pollard and Mrs Tom Schultz also played. Harlie Fellers and his violin were such a blessing. Harlie made violins, among his other talents. He had one from applewood from a trunk of his mother's, which had come across the plains in a covered wagon. Such beautiful tones he was able to build into them, and to produce on them. Each year he grew sacks and sacks of carrots, sold a few, but supplied all the missionaries on the Kenai with all the carrots they could use. They were a perfect compliment to moose meat, potatoes and onions.

Plans were made for a bigger church building as the congregation grew. All one summer the men worked. Walter Pollard provided his expertise as a carpenter and was assisted by Harlie Fellers; the pastor, Ray Mainwaring, and so many others. Uncle Harlie went to the drawing board planning the most comfortable pews possible. He would build a sample then have the shortest person, who was Lucy Pollard, and the tallest, the pastor, come and sit in the pew and show him if it needed to be lower, or higher, which slant on the seat, and which angle to the back. By trial and error he perfected one that was the most comfortable for the greatest number of people. With that as sample he built all the pews that were needed. Homer Browning showed us how to apply shellac to bring out the depth of the wood and prevent darkening. The ladies volunteered for hours of sanding and finishing. A few more details and the building was complete, except of course, we still had no running water, and used the same outhouses.

In an effort to share with the whole community, a guest evangelist, Rev. Floyd McElveen was invited for a week of special meetings. Could a community of busy fishermen and homesteaders come out every night for a week to hear an evangelist? It happened over and over in early pioneer days. The pioneer spirit was still alive and night after night an enthusiastic congregation packed the new building, as people invited neighbors and friends to share in the singing and spirited presentation of the gospel of salvation by grace, through faith in Jesus Christ. There were some life changing decisions that momentous week. Following that several more faithful folk were worshipping at the Kasilof Community Church that stood by the side of the road.

Service to others was still of prime interest. When the school outgrew its building the church was used weekdays for school for 2 years.

After the new Tustumena School was built across the river, Boy's and Girl's clubs were held weekly, after school hours. Bible study and Missionary stories, a boy's rifle club, and girl's crafts were offered. We did have to allow some of the older girls who wanted to, to join the rifle club. N.R.A. instruction was used, and a local guide was guest instructor at one time. There was even a turkey shoot. I believe Mr. McLane donated a turkey and Mr. Huebsch donated a goose for prizes, and the local sharpshooters, moose hunters were invited to test their skills. Most men and many women depended upon their skills of shooting for their winter's meat every year. Needless to say the competition was keen.

There was also a Christian pre-school and kindergarten led by Mrs. Charles, "Copper" Mead, which met two mornings a week.

Christmas at the children's home was an exciting time. Once the army base (Wildwood) which was at Kenai sent a big bus down and took all of us to the base for Christmas dinner. This was a blessing to Isabelle, the home "Mother," saving her the tremendous chore of preparing the holiday feast for that oversize family. The baker made a big sheet cake with all the children's names in the icing. There was a gigantic tree and gifts for them, too.

Another Christmas the figs were delivered to the children by a huge helicopter which sat down in the potato field in front of the home. The G.I.'s piled out of the chopper and like Santa's elves took big boxes out, piled them on sleds, and pulled and shoved the big cartons up the hill to the home.

These times of celebration and fellowship more than compensated for the hardness of life on the Kenai. The time invested in those lives had its own reward.

-Ray & Irene Mainwaring

This article is an excerpt from the well-known book, "*Once Upon The Kenai*," which is published by Walsworth Publishing Company, Marceline, MO. The book was compiled and published by the Kenai Historical Society, Box 1348, Kenai, Alaska 99611.

For those of you interested in purchasing a copy of "Once Upon The Kenai," you can log onto the following website and order one for \$32 or visit your local bookstore.

<http://www.hookedonfishinggifts.com/orderhere.htm>

or you can contact the place directly:

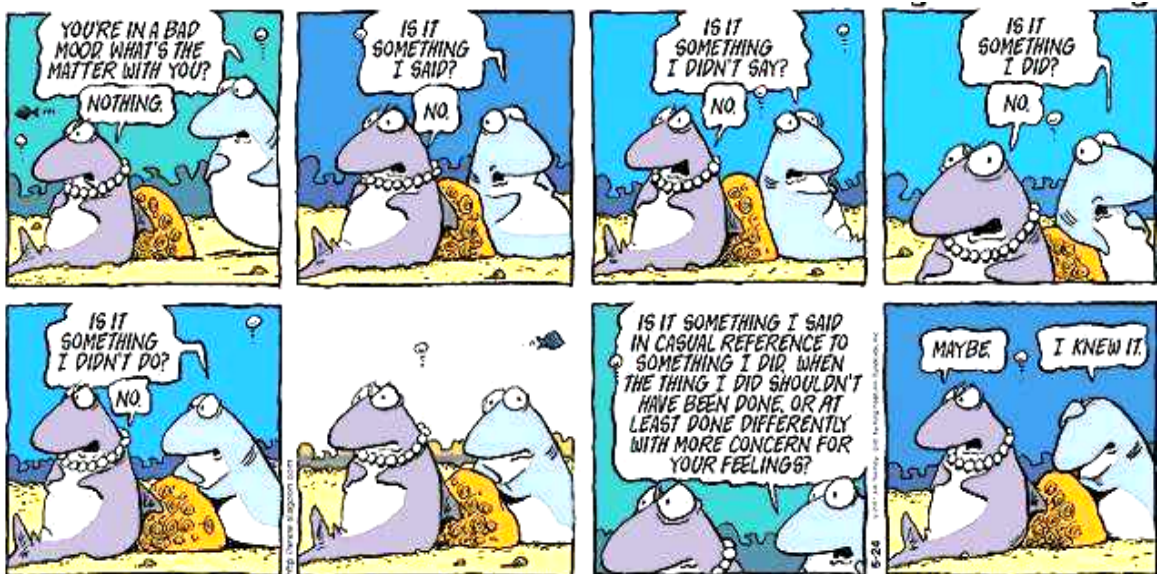
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## *From the poetic pen of Brent Johnson*

### **Vessels of the High Seas**

High up in Heaven there is a sea,  
where sail the stars eternally.  
And every trip to distant shore,  
is nearly like the day before.  
A ship set sail in Heaven's realm,  
and God Almighty took the helm.  
To steer the fiery fabled ship,  
across the day to night and slip.  
What followed then with deck aglow,  
to sail on west with night in tow ?  
A schooner skyed while children dozed.  
and photogenic there it posed.  
A fleet of skiffs in even damp,  
and each one held a little lamp.  
Then rowed the dories also west,  
and day and night the boats progressed.

### **Explanatory Existence**

Working with the sun ?  
Don't be playing with the moon.  
You'll sleep in the earth.

### **Knight of the Round Table**

Spider in armor,  
a skeletal coat of mail.  
Life hangs by a thread.

### **Hook and Jaw Disease**

We have "pukers" that hook and release,  
they will pull on their pole a fair piece.  
And with agony fire,  
the ol' fish will jus' tire,  
of the modern white social disease !

### **Pinky Dawn**

Along came a pink cloud in the sky,  
just when morning was breaking a sigh,  
She ah-chooed a slight sneeze,  
which thing buckled the seas,  
and it bade all the sailors good-bye !

### **Free Speech**

*Just* when Satan thought, "Dude, I'm the boss !"  
*Entered* someone all stuck to a cross.  
*Savoir faire* in the face,  
*Undisturbed* by disgrace,  
*Set us free* from the spiritual blahs !

## **“Droste” A Male Chocolate Standard Poodle**

(Grandson of Ch. Alijah Desparado (Blk))

8/25/88 -- 3/27/02

**The sweetheart, the guardian, and gentle lover.**

He has a way of demanding things that can only be envied.

He stands his ground the way true Christians regard with honor.

He never cowers nor quits and fights with his last ounce of courage, no matter how hopeless, no matter how far.

He does not like children to pull his ears.

He does not like cages or to see his sparring partner caged.

He likes spaghetti sauce on his kibbles and pizza crusts.



He never whines though he expresses exasperation and distresses by barking.

He is a self-taught guardian, the top (watch) dog of the house. He guards his

mistress's private quarters even against her husband -and all the stairways or entryways wherever she goes.

He always beats everyone up the stairs to prove that he is better and faster.

When you leave the house without him, he stands with his head down, depressed.

He is a gentle lover, but always, at his initiation, and only when his mistress is completely relaxed will he gently put his muzzle on her thigh to ask for attention.

He never likes to be kissed on the cheek-- much preferring his mistress kiss his feet and proudly presents his finest asset whenever he sits at the top of the stairs.

He needs his personal space, but accepts personal inspection with grace. He jumps out of truck windows five feet high at 12 years of age. He is spry and walks proud on his toes to the end.

He will guard with pride and courage another aristocrat (doctor) on the phone.

He eats chocolate kisses, cheeses and wheat thins for snacks.

He loves smoked meat.

His eyes express bewilderment at his predicament.

He barks like a baby when his breeches are wet and the last word that his mistress heard from his lips was a coarse bark in the middle of Girdwood Pass when his breeches were wet as she took him to Anchorage to see a special doctor she thought

would save his life, but instead, became, reluctantly, persuaded to lay him to his rest.

He is more than show dog, he is a dog with a job, a gentle gladiator- an aristocrat - a dog to be remembered. A wonderment.

4/12/02

Helen K. Tirrell

**“He made his mistress his servant-  
master.”**



*(I will Remember Your Spirit “Droste,” [as I promise] -- No Matter How Hopeless, No Matter How Far...I Loved You So Much.*

*You are the key to my heart:*

*La llave al mis corazon)*

## **“HERO” ... A Black Labrador.**

(Son of Tustumena Tirrell’s “King”)

Born: 8/08/89 Died: 5/05/02

**He was his Master’s third generation retriever.**

Hero was a laid back dog that needed only minimal correction in obedience. He nearly won a first prize in his first obedience trial but lost to miniature black Schnauzer’s “animation” because he was slower to start at hand commands, but he scored 192 out of 200.

He was our obedient one.

Temperamentally, the finest dog and lived 12 years and 8 months.

Hero developed a bad heart somewhere in his 11<sup>th</sup> year when it was diagnosed by X-ray. He should have had a “Senior Wellness Checkup with X-rays” (preferably a body scan) at no more than seven.

He suffered his first heart attack on the morning of March 15, when he came bounding down the stairs - his usual jovial self- spun on his rear after receiving some bread and dropped down dead for the better part of a minute- but through prayer (mostly prayer) and CPR- somehow we got him back. That was the reason for the Lipstick Pink Roses on the altar that week. He needed a “pacemaker” but no veterinarian does that in Alaska (only out-of-state at Ft. Collins, CO, or Washington State, etc.) and the only “board certified ER surgeon” is in Anchorage.

Still with his erratic heart and his age, his master and local vet did not feel he could withstand such an operation at his age. He should have had a Senior Wellness Checkup at seven with clear X-rays like they do at Alpine Hospital in Anchorage. Pills gave him diarrhea, so all we could do was hope and wait.

Hero died a Hero’s death...doing what he liked best; riding in a truck with his Master to pick up a Sunday newspaper. While his Master was in the Kasilof store, early Sunday morning on May 5, he died in the truck.



He was a dog with a job who was not picky about what he ate.

He and his sparring partner (the fair Lochinvar) are in heaven now.

6/11/02

Helen K. Tirrell

**His was his lord's squire.**



---

**ONE MAN AWAKE**

One man awake awakens another,  
The second awakens his next door neighbor,  
And three awake can rouse the town,  
and turn the whole place upside down.  
And many awake can raise such a fuss,  
That it finally awakens the rest of us.  
One man up with dawn in his eyes - multiplies.

*Author Unknown*

## *Terror On The Prairies*

As a child growing up on the "wide open" spaces of Colorado, my parents were the owners and operators of the Thurman Country Store, Gas Station, and Creamery. Thurman was a small village located in the heart of a Mennonite-Amish community. While my family was not Mennonite or Amish, we were an integral part of that settlement.



As part of the services provided by my father's gas station, he delivered fuel in bulk. I loved to ride with my Dad in his old Ford fuel truck, as he would make his rounds delivering gas and diesel to the busy Mennonite farmers. Each trip followed nearly the same pattern - as we would drive into the farmer's yard, we would be met by the farmer's dog, the farmer would usually show up soon after my Dad started the fuel transfer, and then the kids would show up. After visiting the new calves, piglets, lambs, colts, and chicks, we inevitably headed for the house to find our fathers in deep conversation over freshly baked cookies, cake, or bread prepared by the farmer's wife.

We kids would sit mesmerized as the discussions inevitably turned to stories of the prairie homesteading days. All of their stories were fascinating and intriguing but there was one story that was hallowed and always told with the greatest of reverence and respect. I will now tell that story as I remember it through the words of those who told it to me.

### **I Sighting the Seven Headed Beast** **By Charlie Dolifka** **(1911-2000)**

Sunday, August the 10th, 1924, broke hot and dry over the prairies of Eastern Colorado. My Uncle Phil and Cousin Loy from Hanover, Kansas, had arrived at our farm the day before and we had been engaged in conversation ever since their welcomed arrival. Loy, my brother Joe, and I had spent Saturday night in the barn hayloft to escape the oppressive heat that had swept the plains that August.

Since my father had departed the Catholic Church, we did not attend church that Sabbath day. After a pleasant morning and a sumptuous noon meal, Loy, Joe, and I retreated to the barn hayloft to once again escape the now unbearable heat. We had just

stretched out on a pile of loose hay when we heard a verbal ruckus at the windmill near the barn. We rushed to the hayloft door to see what the commotion was all about. There stood our fathers, Phil and Julius, laughing so hard that they were nearly bent over. Figuring the story to be worth the effort of climbing down the hayloft ladder, we headed for the windmill.

Once there, Loy begged to hear what had struck his father's funny bone. My father Julius commenced to tell how a certain neighboring farmer, Mr. Fruhling, had purchased a "high falutin" registered polled Hereford bull named Oscar. Hereford cattle are brown with white faces. All of the other farmers who shared the "open range" raised Angus cattle, which are solid black. When a Hereford and an Angus are crossed, the resulting calf is nearly always black with a white face. Thus, genetically, black trumps brown and white trumps black. Any way, ole man Fruhling had bragged that once his "big boy" hit the prairies, every calf in sight would have a White face. By August, all of the calves on the shared open range had arrived and it seemed that by genetic calculations the "high falutin" Oscar had sired exactly two calves - neither calf's mother was owned by Mr. Fruhling. In fact, all fifty of his brown and white cows were nursing black calves with white faces. Furthermore, Mr. Fruhling had been so embarrassed by Oscar's performance, or lack thereof, that no one had seen Mr. Fruhling for weeks.



After another round of laughter, Loy begged to go see the evidence of my father's story. So we boys saddled up three horses and off we went to find the range herd. Before we left, my father warned us to watch an unusual cloud base that was forming in the South. Since all of our bad weather came from the Rocky Mountains to the west, we were not the least bit worried about the distant clouds.

About three miles South of our farm, we arrived at Hell Creek and there we spotted the massive herd of Black Angus cattle interspersed with the brown and white Fruhling Herefords. And sure enough, there was the proud Oscar with his polled head held high and as was reported there were only two calves with any of his brown coloring. We spent some time picking out our own "imaginary herds". We then decided to go arrow-head hunting on the Arickaree River five miles further South.

As we turned east to come up out of the Hell Creek basin before heading towards the Arickaree, we suddenly faced the most hideous site I had ever seen or have ever seen since that time. There from a sultry dark cloud emerged what looked like a seven-headed beast - actually, it was seven swiftly whirling funnels of various sizes and shapes emerging down from one vicious cloud. My cousin had seen cyclones before in Kansas and he represented that they always moved northeast - at least he hoped so! We immediately headed northwest to an old sod house where we waited out the violent storm with its blinding rain, hail, and wind. Fortunately, there was an old shed within which to place our horses.



At about five o'clock, we arrived back at our farm where we observed the local Mennonite preacher, Mr. Birky, sitting in his horse drawn wagon in deep discussion with my father. From the sullen looks on their faces, it appeared as though something more ominous than a hailstorm had occurred that afternoon.

## **II In The Belly of a Cyclone**

**By Mary Kuhns**

**(1909-present)**

My mother Maggie's 5 a.m. wake-up call came way too quick. However, a mental review of the exciting things that this August 10, 1924, was to hold brought me to my feet with no objections. My father Henry had already commenced milking our 12 Short Horn milk cows. My job was to run the milk through a cream separator, feed the milk to the "bucket" calves, and then place the treasured cream in the cool well house. After our chores were done and we had inhaled a quick breakfast, my sister, Velma, my mother, and I prepared for the noon meal and birthday party that was to follow. We had invited numerous guests for the occasion.

At about 9:30 a. m. my father voiced that it was time to head for church. My family loved the old Thurman Mennonite Church that served as both our spiritual connection to other Believers and a source of most of our social life. Little did we know that this trip to church would be our last as a complete family! Church services were uneventful that day and we kids fidgeted in anticipation of a fun filled afternoon at our farm. Our old

Ford had been filled to the brim going to and from church as my father, Henry, my mother, Maggie, my one month old sister, Laura, and my six year old brother, Delmar, filled the front seat while my sister, Velma, age eighteen, my sister, Stella, age eight, my brother, John, age twelve, my sister, Lucille, age four, and myself, age sixteen, occupied the back seat.

We had just finished the noon meal when the younger boys rushed into the house in great excitement over some ugly clouds that were "swirling" around down South. Everyone in the house quickly exited to see what the fuss was all about. Sure enough, there to the Southwest moving across the prairies to the Northeast was a site that most of us had never seen - cyclone clouds!

Within only a few minutes, one of the violent twisters struck a barn one mile West of our home. We could see the resulting debris fly high into the sky. When it seemed that the threatening clouds had moved to the Northeast, the men folk and older boys loaded up into three cars and headed out to see the damage to the stricken Ruby barn.

They had been gone about 30 minutes when I, while holding my baby sister Laura, observed from the dining room window the first car carrying the men turn into our driveway followed by the other two automobiles. At that moment in time, a sound similar to a freight train blasted my conscious as our entire house exploded in one torrential sweep. Within a second, I along with Laura was deposited by the wicked wind about 100 yards from what had been my home.

Then total darkness and an eerie quietness engulfed me. After what seemed like an eternity, Laura quivered and began to cry softly. The darkness that blinded me was caused by the blood that filled my eyes. As I lay there on the ground clutching my precious Sister, I began to hear the cries of pain from the injured and the shrieks of anguish as the men and older boys became aware of just how devastating the strike had been to their families.

I remember vividly my father hovering over Laura and myself - he thinking we too had died because of the enormous amount of blood I had spilled on us. At last, he heard Laura's soft weeping and my whispered pleas for help. They had to pry Laura from my arms!

Although barely conscious, I will never forget the anguished pleas of Belva Yoder, who, miraculously had been only slightly injured in the turmoil. She cried out for her four deceased children - Blanche, age 10, Vera, age 9, Robert, age 7, and Ray, age 1. All had perished in the storm and they were the only children born to Joe and Belva Yoder.

It was not until I was safely in a bed at the Ruby's farm that I was told of my own family tragedy. My dear Mother Maggie, my Sister Stella, and my Brother Delmar had all perished from their injuries. My Sister Laura did not have a scratch on her. It was my blood that had covered her and had made her look as though she was severely injured. I was bruised from head to toe and it seemed my entire body had been inflicted with glass and wood. My shoulder was broken and was quickly "set". For the next few days, I clung to Laura, as the loss of my loved ones became a reality to me - no Mother to soothe my pain, no little Brother to entertain me with his antics, and a lost Sister who had been my "chore" mate. And then there was poor Father - stricken with grief beyond comprehension as he prepared to bury his dead, tend to his wounded, and attempt to console those who shared in his loss. Oh how my heart ached for my dear father!

### **III Caring for The Dead and Wounded** **by Elizabeth Unternahrer** **(1911-Present)**

The afternoon of August 10, 1924, shall forever be imprinted upon my mind. The Southern storm with its ferocious funnels that seemed to touch down on all sides of our farm sending huge clouds of dust and debris into the air had been terrifying enough! But now, watching from a distance as Mother and Father conversed with Preacher Birky, my heart was struck with a greater terror than the storm clouds could have ever brought upon me. While I could not hear the conversation, the stricken looks of sheer panic and disbelief told of a great tragedy.

After Preacher Birky left, my parents summoned all five of their children into the house for delivery of the unbearable news. Mother sobbed as father told of the deaths and injuries that had occurred at



the Kuhn's farm that afternoon. These were our young friends and relatives that father was now talking about and it seemed surreal that the magnitude of the loss could be true - ten dead and eleven injured!

Suddenly, struck by an ominous thought, my mother cried out "What about Mother!" By "Mother", she meant my Grandmother Magdalena Ruby. Magdalena Ruby was an extraordinary woman. Although small in stature, she led a life of immeasurable richness. It was Magdalena who had delivered most of the Mennonite-Amish babies born to the community and a few of the non-Mennonite babies as well. But Magdalena was also the community undertaker, who, just as she cared for bodies of the newborn, she also cared for the bodies of the dearly departed.

As my mother's thoughts turned to her mother, an air of urgency filled our home. Mother insisted that father take her to be with Magdalena. The bodies of the deceased had been taken to the Rediger farm to be prepared for burial. As my father and mother arrived at the Rediger's, they were taken aback by the sight of the small pine caskets now being assembled in the farmyard. It would surely take all of the pinewood saved by the community for such occasions to complete the enormous task at hand.

Nothing in this world could have prepared my mother for her next experience. With no verbal utterance, Preacher Birky quietly pointed to the Rediger shop building. As my mother slowly opened the shop door, she gasped at the sight that awaited her. For there stood her diminutive mother, Magdalena Ruby, all alone surrounded by ten bodies - nine of which were children. My mother's knees buckled as she slumped onto a sawhorse and wept uncontrollably. Now, her tears were more for her mother than for the lost loved ones. "How will you do it, Mother?" my mother cried out to Magdalena. Magdalena responded with only a hug.

Shortly after this exchange, there was a soft knock on the shop door. Magdalena opened the door and there stood Julius Dolifka who quietly stated, "Magdalena, I've come to help you!" "Thank you, Julius, thank you," was Magdalena's whispered response. Julius carefully took my stunned mother by the arm and led her out of the shop to the Rediger house. He then hastily returned to the shop. It was long after sun-up that he with Magdalena exited the shop - their bitter task now accomplished. The men of the church then placed the prepared bodies into the pine caskets they had spent the night building and delivered them to the Thurman Mennonite Church to await burial in the cemetery across the street.

As soon as Magdalena finished her debt to the deceased, she immediately commenced attending to the needs of the grieving and injured scattered as they were throughout the Community. Her heart ached for Leola Garrett who was severely injured and who had lost two of her children - Fern, age 14, and Zelda, age 9. The Garrett's were not Mennonite but they had always been treated as though they were family members of the Mennonites ever since their arrival on the prairies. It was said that Magdalena did not sleep or rest until the day after the funerals of her loved ones. Then the sorrowful and grieving souls of those left behind were nourished by her calm and loving care. Belva Yoder, crying out for her lost flock, became Magdalena's cause.

#### **IV The Funeral** **By Joseph Unternahrer** **(1909-1999)**

Just after sun-up on the morning of August 13, 1924, the black cars and horse-drawn wagons with their sad and grieving occupants began arriving



at the Thurman Mennonite Church four-way crossing. By 9:00 a.m. the procession of cars and wagons stretched for over a mile in all four directions. They had come from all over Colorado, Kansas, Nebraska, and even Iowa. The event for which they came was more than one's mind could fully comprehend.

The joint funeral services for those killed in the Kuhns tornado were set to start at 10:00 a.m. The caskets of the deceased had been placed outside on the large verandah at the front of the church. As people arrived for the services, it became apparent that nearly all had brought flowers from their home gardens. The flower arrangements quickly filled the casket area and the graveside locations. Then a floral path began that stretched from the church across the road to the cemetery. As reported by an attending Denver Post news reporter, over 1200 grieving souls showed up to pay their respects to the deceased and their families that day.



There were no musical instruments used at the Mennonite Church. But an hour before the funeral services began, those in attendance, without the direction of a leader, began to spontaneously sing hymns. No one who attended that massive service would ever forget the refrain of the acapella music as it swept across the lonesome prairies in honor of the departed and their families.

After the funeral service, over 40 men carried the caskets across the road for burial. Only then, as Rock of Ages was being sung, was Preacher Birky unable to finish his pastoral duties. For you see, Preacher Birky had suffered his own loss on August 10, 1924. He had lost his precious daughter, Nellie, age 14.

As the Bishop finished the rites of the funeral, the grief-stricken tear-stained attendees began circulating among the families of those now in Heaven. Behind the church, an enormous meal had been laid out for the congregation. It seemed as though not only had each family brought flowers they also had brought an abundance of food. It was nearly dark before all of the wagons and cars left Thurman. A huge Harvest moon had started to rise in the East. Faithful to the end, Preacher Birky and Magdalena Ruby were the last to leave. For Magdalena had brought all of the deceased Mennonite children into the world, Preacher Birky had baptized each of them, and now from their graves they gave them over to their Creator.

As I headed home on foot, I could see my Grandmother Magdalena's silhouette in the dusk as she prayed over the Yoder children graves and Pastor Birky kneeling in deep weeping anguish over his daughter's grave, I could make no sense of this extraordinary tragedy that had been visited on my Community. I wondered if life would ever be normal again!

## **V Counting Fence Posts**

**By Marie Ruby**

**(1918-1990)**

The weeks following the Tragedy were a time of great mental pain for the members of the Thurman Mennonite Church. No one was sure what to say to the bereaved since there was no way to remotely understand their deep penetrating anguish. Just when one thought their hearts could not be further broken, Mrs. Garrett died from her injuries received in the tornado. Mrs. Garrett's death occurred three months after the Tragedy. While her funeral was not attended by the same enormous crowd that had attended the

Common Funeral, it was in many ways a more emotional funeral in that the shock of the terrible event had worn off and the overwhelming and unbearable reality of the situation had set in for the families.

Then came a brutal winter with its raging blizzards and dark days. Finally, spring came and new life brought renewal. Over time a phenomenon occurred that became a quietly discussed topic in the community. It was observed that the Yoder's would be frequently seen walking arm-in-arm for mile upon mile. They always walked the fence lines but never "cross" country. One day, while in discussions with Preacher Birky, it was revealed that what the Yoder's were doing was naming a Blessing from God for each fence post they passed during their daily walks. The fence posts on the prairies were usually spaced 10-12 feet apart. Thus, each Yoder venture resulted in their naming hundreds of God's Blessings. The Yoder's amazing spirit of healing and faith in the Sovereignty of God was an inspiration to all who came in contact with them. In 1929, the Yoder's moved to Iowa where God blessed them with two children - one son and one daughter.

## **VI Counting Blessings**

### **Dale Dolifka**

As an attorney, I have observed more suffering than I care to remember - the treason of broken marriages, the physical pain of illness, and the grief of death. But there is one pain I believe exceeds all others and that is the agony of the loss of a child. As the years have gone by, I have gained great respect for the Yoder's (folks I never met) as I try to fathom what they must have gone through in losing all of their children in one instant. Sometimes when I have had a



rough day and commence a "pity-party," I think of the Yoder's and, if I'm traveling in a vehicle, I start counting electric poles and name a blessing for each one - Rhoda, Aaron, Jeff, Kara, Grandmother Hostetter, Jesse, Pastor Paul, and on and on. Try it sometime when you have the blues. I'll bet before you know it you will be singing praises to your

## *HOME AGAIN*

From my Savior I went and wandered for days,  
From my savior I went, forsaking His ways.

My soul became lean, on my flesh I was fed,  
Down the wrong path, I was so easily led.

I walked in the sunshine and my laughter flowed free,  
But deep down inside, darkness was coursing through me,

The stronger my flesh, the weaker my soul,  
Till all there was left was a deep black hole.

Alone and hopeless in despair, to myself, I said “does anyone care”?  
Then a thought! The prodigal son, I took off on a dead run.

Though the path was narrow, I increased my speed,  
For I knew this path to my Savior would lead.

Out in the distance, I could see,  
His two outstretched arms waiting for me.

I stood before Him, my head hung in shame,  
It was then I heard, His voice call my name

I raised my eyes and met His gaze,  
He said “welcome home, I’ve been waiting for days”.

Lynda Wandler 5-9-02

# Flax Seed Fun Facts

## By Your Junk-Food-Loving Health Guru WannaBe, Molly Aley

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Flax is GREAT for everybody, including the elderly, children, and pregnant/lactating women. Many past cultures enjoyed flax as part of their normal diet and presently, as research uncovers the amazing nutritional benefits of this little brown seed, people are adding it to their meals once more.

Flax is the richest plant source of omega-3 fatty acids, which have incredibly important roles in strengthening immunity and cleaning the heart and arteries (among their many positive attributes). Flax has been found to lower blood cholesterol and triglyceride levels, and reduces the hardening effects of cholesterol on the arteries. Studies have also shown flax to be beneficial for reducing the pain and inflammation of arthritis.

Omega-3 fatty acids are BRAIN builders and boosters, one of the reasons why flax is so recommended for children. Today's modern diet causes essential fatty-acid (EFA) deficiency in most everybody, and flax seed may be one of the best specific remedies, as it contains the EFA in the forms most people need most. EFA functions include supporting healthy youthful skin and hair, proper thyroid and adrenal support, required for normal growth and energy, promote healthy blood, nerves, and arteries, and are crucial in the transport and breakdown of cholesterol.

EFA are found in vegetable oils--so why the widespread deficiency? Well, since most vegetable oils are rancid due to high-heat processing, what we ingest of them causes free radical formation in the body (weakening the immune system and prematurely aging the body) instead of EFA benefits. Cold-pressed oils are the solution to this problem, and cold-pressed flax oil, with it's abundance of omega-3 and linoleic acid, is one of the best ways to restore the necessary EFA.

### **Did you know that FLAX is almost completely fiber?**

*Adequate fiber consumption has been proven to lower cholesterol and protect against colon cancer*

### **Did you know that FLAX may be helpful in the fight against breast cancer?**

*Flax contains precursors to lignan, a compound believed to fight breast cancer.*

### **Did you know that FLAX is beneficial to people on lowfat (as well as low carb) diets?**

*The essential acids in flax help to balance hormones and help eliminate dry hair and skin.*

### **Did you know that FLAX may improve your health?**

*People have reported improvement with eczema and psoriasis, faster healing of bruises and joint injuries, lowering of high blood pressure, decreasing blood platelet stickiness (which can lead to heart disease) and many other health benefits are now being discovered.*

If you buy flax seed oil, buy it as fresh as possible, processed at low temperatures without exposure to oxygen and light, and keep it refrigerated at all times. Flax oil is the most concentrated source of Omega-3 rich oil you can get! It is also said to be beneficial to bones and skin, even helping conditions such as eczema and psoriasis. Do NOT use it as a cooking oil. Use it medicinally or in uncooked form (such as mixed with vinegar for a salad dressing).

Warning! Don't use commercial linseed (denatured flaxseed) oil, as it is so highly refined that it will do more harm than good.

For those with slow or troubled intestines, flax seeds are an excellent way to "keep you regular." Flaxmeal (ground flax) lubricates the intestines. "Healing With Whole Foods," by Paul Pitchford, suggests soaking the seeds (4 T once daily) in water for 4-6 hours and then chewing them thoroughly.

You can find ground flaxmeal in the frozen section of your health food store. You can also buy the whole seeds in the bulk section of your grocery store and add them to your food in whole form or grind them yourself. Whole flax seeds add fiber, but your body cannot break into them and so the nutritional benefits of flax remain lost. You don't need a special seed mill to grind flax--a coffee bean grinder will do just fine. A simple whiz of the coffee mill produces fresh flaxmeal, bursting with power-packed nutrients. You can then store your fresh flaxmeal in the freezer (tightly sealed) and add a tablespoon or two to your meals at your convenience.

Our children love flaxmeal sprinkled on their yogurt and we love it on salad--the flavor is sweet and nutty and goes well with most anything. I often add flax to bread and muffins. You can sprinkle it over cereal or oatmeal, use it as a soup topping, and more. A strong sour or bitter smell means the flaxmeal is going rancid. Do not use it then. However, if you keep your flaxmeal in a tightly closed container in the freezer (right after you grind it in your coffee mill), it will keep fresh for 3-6 months.

Flax is just one of the many things God has made to bless and benefit His people. Modern day research, on the "cutting edge," is still just beginning to discover the nutritional blessings of various foods. Our God has known them all along! In fact, they were all His idea--nothing was accidental. Truly, we are fearfully and wonderfully made. Praise be to our wonderful Creator. :o)

# Two Trips to London

by Brent Johnson

I never wanted to go to London. But my sister lived there and I had foolishly promised her a visit when we hit a big one. A big one being a really rich fishing season.

Well we hit it big in '87 and the trip unfolded like a wind-fall tax. How well Jesus said, "By your words you will be acquitted and by your words you will be condemned."

Judy and I had four kids. Boy, girl, boy, boy. Fortunately I thought of a way to weasel out of full fare. The youngest boy was due to go to Hawaii with my parents. His siblings had all been treated to such a trip by these generous grandparents. Why not embark him on the Hawaiian diversion at a saving of money and noise ? Mom calls this particular child "The Obstreperous One". I think grandmothers have a certain ability at observing and evaluating progeny. To my surprise, everyone thought the diversion a splendid idea. We were thus one boy short, and headed for Heathrow Airport.

I thought I knew Europe. About 14 years earlier, Judy & I had honeymooned in Central and Southern Europe. We had more fun than the legal limit. I'd do penance on bare knees over hot coals of broken glass to have that much fun again. Responsibility came and fun fled. Still, Europe had presented some thorny obstacles. For instance people didn't speak English or they pretended not to. Either way it was like playing charades. In Rome we had needed to find a cop to report a theft. Try getting a response to that in the country which invented the Mafia !

Transportation was another obstacle. Make that an obstacle course. Directions were all in Greek no matter which country we were in. People moved in mobs. Just from walking across the street we came to realize how fans get trampled at a soccer match.

Toilets seem to have been designed by the same folks who built dungeons. Anti-American sentiment was obvious in some quarters. Especially the graffiti quarters. Heathrow was my first glimpse of London, and I found this city superior to anything I had seen in Europe before. For one thing, the British speak *English*. Sometimes you

must receive directions in triplicate to have a clue of which compass quadrant to follow, but it is still English. It is as sweet to the ear of the vulnerable tourist as an available rest-room is to a pregnant lady. And it reads so well. Here, there, everywhere are signs that can be read. Go into a museum and read. Oh blissful understanding at every step. Oh London ! Mother of English. Mother of authors. Mother of America.



Transportation beats anything in Alaska. For small change you can ride *The Tube*. This subway can carry my kind to the farthest corners of London. To guide Tube Takers, mosaic maps grace the walls of every train. If you want a view as you go, jump on a double decker bus. You'll see old, old buildings and new skyscrapers under construction. The Thames is a River of romance. A boat ride is a time machine. You can take a tour to where time begins, at zero longitude in Greenwich.

Enter an eatery and ethnic aromas abound. Each is like an embassy. Little sections of foreign adventure. Only these foreigners speak English and treat strangers like honored guests. For those less daring kids, McDonalds dot the landscape.

Museums, theatres, castles. London has more history than Alaska has hills. And it's all there for the inquisitive minds, all there for the questioning kind.

My sister's pad became a home base. A place to return for showers and breakfast. The City was our Paradise. Meant for exploring. As interesting as a candy store to a penniless child. Still spellbound, Big Ben bade us good-bye, and we were forced to drag ourselves home.

...Ten years passed. My sister was having a bash for her fiftieth birthday. A jubilee to accompany the sadness of turning the corner on a century. Judy and I were going to add our presence to the party, as was another sister and, oh yes, The Obstreperous One.

Seems my conniving of a decade past had now grown to haunt me. The boy who had missed out on London now thought we owed him the trip. That, of course, is ridiculous, but all sources sided with the lad and I was left lifting the bill.

Parenting this child has been a challenge. He has a habit of talking too loud and lacking discretion. On a packed airplane he once said to me in his normal booming voice, “Dad, did you fart ?”.

Our previous European flights carried us non-stop and near the North Pole on the Great Circle Route. This third excursion had us taking the long way around, via Houston. This time I knew the destination would be worth the long cramped camp in the clouds.

Realizing London is a fairly permanent fixture of about two thousand years duration, it is surprising the changes we noticed after just ten years. First of all Sis had moved to a nicer house. Other changes weren't so good. We had changed for the worse too, but then we're not expected to last two thousand years. Judy had just been diagnosed with a thrashed thyroid. Apparently this little neck gland is sort of important. Judy hurt in the joints and walking was painful. Still, by sheer determination, she hobbled all over London. Believe it or not, far more complaining was heard from the perfectly healthy teenage Obstreperous One. Not wanting to bother my sister more than necessary, we decided to walk home on an occasion from the tube station. It was probably a couple miles. The wife walked bravely while the son raised a continual yowl like a puppy bereaved of its mother. A drizzle fell, hardly more than a fog. The crybaby boy carried on like he was being forced on a Nazi death march. Thank God for the sanctity of my sister's surroundings. There the crippled child from America was content. In fact in all honesty, from several sources he earned praise for good manners.

We retraced some of our previous paths about The City. The London Zoo, a fine attraction on our first trip, had folded. Ten years earlier it had been one of the largest zoos in the world. Windsor Safari Park, a Disneyworld type entertainment center on the outskirts of London, had disappeared as well. Here on our first trip, we had watched men and women ride trained orcas. The big mammals had jumped high out of a pool and splashed the crowd. The Park featured a jungle drive in which baboons, lions, and other exotic animals had walked right up to our car. It was sad to see these things gone. Like



when a giant tree falls. There is still a forest of beauty, but you can feel a longing for the missing megalith.

On the present trip, we took a train to Stonehenge. Quite a construction. It was February, but still green or yellow fields filled the landscape. They looked inviting compared to the snowy hills of beetle kill we had left back home.

We repeated our decade old pilgrimage to St. Paul's Cathedral. This looks like one of those things that tax peasants. That aside, the structure is breath taking. Especially if you climb the 544 steps to the



Upper Galley. The view from the outer balcony is that of an eagle on an updraft. The Cathedral was designed by a Christopher Wren who also oversaw its construction. Thirty-five years in the making, it was opened in 1710. Now nearly 300 years later, the domed doozy stands as a monument to man's ability under inspiration.

All of London is actually of spectacular construction. A fire in 1666 caused such destruction that city planners passed a law that prohibited building with wood. Brick is everywhere. So is stone. The result has been lasting beauty, not to mention a huge, "Hurrah!", from trees.

I was born in Alaska and raised on a homestead in the hills. The woods have been my home. Wildlife, my companion. I've always hated cities. Dirty spots devoid of woods and wildlife. Now I'm stuck with this paradox. My woods are a gray tomb of beetle-kill, and London lingers in my memory.

The end.

## **KCC Mystery Book Review** **Watchman Nee's "Christ: The Sum of All Spiritual Things"**

Watchman Nee was a Chinese pastor who sought to live fully and completely for the Lord. Many books that now bear his name as author are actually transcripts of messages he gave at various Christian gatherings during the 1930's and 40's. Watchman Nee was arrested and imprisoned by the Chinese Communist government in 1952. Initially he was sentenced to fifteen years imprisonment; later this was extended to twenty. Watchman Nee died on June 1, 1972, while still in prison. His imprisonment did not change his message.

Watchman Nee does not waste words communicating what he is trying to say. His message is straightforward and clear. He calls us to seek the Lord without wavering. He gives no room for excuses or reasons why it might not be possible. He points us directly to Christ - as compared to teaching *about* Christ. I say this as a preface because sometimes what he says is hard to hear.

In his book Christ: The Sum of All Spiritual Things Watchman Nee's primary message is stated in the title: Christ is everything. Now before you say 'I know that! Why did you think you needed to warn me about these writings??' Keep reading !

The remainder of this 'book report' will consist of quotes from Christ: the Sum of All Spiritual Things. But before you begin; a little reminder. Reading and understanding with the mind is different than reading and understanding with the spirit. Understanding in the mind brings knowledge but the Spirit brings life. As



you read, ask the Spirit to help you hear and understand in your spirit. -- And now,  
Pastor Nee:

‘Frequently we listen to the experience of others and feel its preciousness, but we see only a method instead of seeing the Lord whom the other person has touched. As a result, we suffer defeat after defeat. The prime reason is that we have not learned the Lord as the Way.’

‘The reason for many unanswered prayers and ineffective testimonies is found in our not touching the Lord. We have merely copied the method of others; we have not touched the Lord Himself.’

‘. . . our power is not a thing; it is simply Christ . . . it is a Person . . . Let us ask Him to deliver us from the many external and fragmentary affairs that we may touch only Him.’

‘. . . instead of saying ‘I raise the dead’ (Jesus) said ‘I am the resurrection’ . . . it is not what He can do but what He Himself *is*, for His doing is based on His being . . . all which God can do is included in what He is. . . (Christ) has not given us a righteousness – He *is* our righteousness; He doesn’t give us the bread of life – He *is* the Bread of Life; He has not provided the way, the truth and the life – He *is* the Way, the Truth and the Life. If we erroneously differentiate between what the Lord Jesus gives and what He is, between the Gift and the Giver, we shall suffer greatly in our spiritual life. For such error will keep us from touching the Source of life. The Gift and the Giver are one.’

‘. . . here lies the difference between living Christianity and dead Christianity. When we are redeemed and delivered, we do not obtain items . . . Before we were saved, worldly objects and affairs usurped the place of Christ; but after being saved, spiritual objects and affairs now tend to occupy Christ’s place. Hence God must show us one day that ‘Christ is my world’. Earlier He took from us the things of this world; presently He is

taking away our spiritual thing or things. He removes our personal patience, love, power, gentleness, humility. Indeed, He removes all, that we may not live by these good things but live by a Person instead. It is for this very reason that God engages in a destroying work daily in the lives of His children that He may also do the work of a daily building up. Daily destroy things and daily build up Christ.

‘You view patience as a thing; that which another possesses. Since there is such a trait called patience among brothers and sisters, you too desire to have that trait. Frequently you descend into hating yourself because you were ill-conceived with such a bad temper. How nice it would be were you only to have that thing which the other person has. For this reason, many of God’s children admire patience as a thing; that is to say, they long for something such as a controlled temper. To them patience is a thing which God has, which some people on earth have, but which they do not possess. Their pressing need is to have patience added to them, thus making them patient people too. Quite candidly speaking, here lies the basic difference between real and faulty Christianity. . . in the spiritual realm there is nothing but Christ. There is no patience nor humility nor light in the spiritual world; these things do not exist. It is Christ and Him alone.

‘Our Lord . . . Do not allow us to deceive ourselves: considering ourselves as having seen though we see nothing, as having touched the way when we are far from it, as being full of life whereas we are full of things. Lord, touch us. Establish Yourself firmly in us that from our inside to our outside it may be Christ and Christ Himself.’ Amen.

This book and others by Watchman Nee are available from your local Christian bookstore or from CLC Publications 701 Pennsylvania Ave PO Box 1449 Ft. Washington, PA 19034-8449. 1-800-659-1240 [www.clcusa.org](http://www.clcusa.org)

## A TRUE STORY - submitted by the Housers

There once was a man named George Thomas, pastor in a small New England town. One Easter Sunday morning he came to the Church carrying a rusty, bent, old bird cage, and set it by the pulpit.

Eyebrows were raised and, as if in response, Pastor Thomas began to speak... "I was walking through town yesterday when I saw a young boy coming toward me swinging this bird cage. On the bottom of the cage were three little wild birds, shivering with cold and fright. I stopped the lad and asked, "What you got there, son?"

"Just some old birds," came the reply. "What are you gonna do with them?" I asked. "Take 'em home and have fun with 'em," he answered. "I'm gonna tease 'em and pull out their feathers to make 'em fight. I'm gonna have a real good time."

"But you'll get tired of those birds sooner or later. What will you do?" "Oh, I got some cats," said the little boy. "They like birds. I'll take 'em to them."

The pastor was silent for a moment. "How much do you want for those birds, son?"

"Huh?? !!! Why, you don't want them birds, mister. They're just plain old field birds. They don't sing. They ain't even pretty!" "How much?" the pastor asked again. The boy sized up the pastor as if he were crazy and said, "\$10?"



The pastor reached in his pocket and took out a ten dollar bill. He placed it in the boy's hand. In a flash, the boy was gone. The pastor picked up the cage and gently carried it to the end of the alley where there was a tree and a grassy spot. Setting the cage down, he opened the door, and by softly tapping the bars persuaded the birds out, setting them free. Well, that explained the empty bird cage on the pulpit, and then the pastor began to tell this story.

One day Satan and Jesus were having a conversation. Satan had just come from the Garden of Eden, and he was gloating and boasting.

"Yes, sir, I just caught the world full of people down there. Set me a trap, used bait I knew they couldn't resist. Got 'em all!"

"What are you going to do with them?" Jesus asked. Satan replied, "Oh, I'm gonna have fun! I'm gonna teach them how to marry and divorce each other, how to hate and abuse each other, how to drink and smoke and curse. I'm gonna teach them how to invent guns and bombs and kill each other. I'm really gonna have fun!"

"And what will you do when you get done with them?" Jesus asked.

"Oh, I'll kill 'em," Satan glared proudly.

"How much do you want for them?" Jesus asked.

"Oh, you don't want those people. They ain't no good. Why, you'll take them and they'll just hate you. They'll spit on you, curse you and kill you. You don't want those people!!"

"How much? He asked again. Satan looked at Jesus and sneered, "All your blood, tears and your life."

Jesus said, "DONE!" Then He paid the price.

The pastor picked up the cage he opened the door and he walked from the pulpit.

Notes: Isn't it funny how simple it is for people to trash God and then wonder why the world's going to hell.

Isn't it funny how someone can say "I believe in God" but still follow Satan (who, by the way, also "believes" in God).

Isn't it funny how you can send a thousand jokes through e-mail and they spread like wildfire, but when you start sending messages regarding the Lord, people think twice about sharing.

Isn't it funny how I can be more worried about what other people think of me than what God thinks of me.

## Little Bad Bear

A Bedtime Story for Children - By Molly Aley

\*Adapted from one of the numerous versions Jeff has pulled from the recesses of his mind, much to Judah and Anna's delight...\*

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Proverbs 1:7-9 (NLT)

*"Fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge. Only fools despise wisdom and discipline. Listen, my child, to what your father teaches you. Don't neglect your mother's teaching. What you learn from them will crown you with grace and clothe you with honor."*

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Once upon a time, in a forest far away from here, there lived a family of Bad Bears. The youngest cub, who was called Little Bad Bear, did many naughty and horrible things. He hated to obey, and his Father and Mother didn't know what to do with him. Little Bad Bear was simply a little bad bear!

His parents would try all sorts of things to get him to obey them. They didn't really know how to help him obey, because THEY weren't very good at obeying either, but still-Little Bad Bear could get really annoying and sometimes they just wanted him to stop.

"OK, Little Bad Bear, now you stop poking your sister!" But he wouldn't listen and he kept right on poking.

"Little Bad Bear, please won't you consider refraining from poking your sister? Don't you see, sweet honey-poo, how sad it's making her?" Little Bad Bear didn't care. He thought it was funny. He just laughed and kept right on poking.



"Little Bad Bear, if you don't stop poking your sister, we're going to get really MAD! Know knock it OFF!" Little Bad Bear kept on poking. He knew that his parents wouldn't really do anything. He knew that their word didn't mean much. By now his sister was crying, but Little Bad Bear kept right on poking until his father grabbed him by his little hairy bear ear and hauled him out of the Bad Bear Cave. "You go play outside,

Little Bad Bear. Go find a bunny rabbit to thump on or something."

And that mean old Little Bad Bear did just that! He found a cute little fuzzy bunny and started thumping on him, laughing and grinning all the while. Quite honestly, though, Little Bad Bear was NOT very happy and really did NOT feel like laughing. His Little Bad Bear heart was lonesome and miserable and full of sin, and with a heart like that, a bear can't be too happy at all.

Now not so far away, in the very same forest, there lived a family of Good Bears. The Good Bears had a young cub by the name of Little Good Bear. He was a fuzzy furry guy, full of joy and energy. He loved to eat honey, climb trees and swim in the river with his brothers and sisters, as all little bears do, but most of all, he loved to obey.



Well...MOST of the time he loved to obey. Sometimes it was kind-of hard to obey. In fact, sometimes it was really hard to obey. Actually, sometimes it could be really REALLY hard to obey! But Little Good Bear had learned, thanks to wisdom from God and his parents patient teaching, that obedience makes little bears happy. And besides all that, he knew that if he chose to disobey, he would soon become a very miserable little bear.

How did Little Good Bear know that? Because he had tried disobeying before! Yes, our Little Good Bear had not always been such a good bear. Would you like to hear a story about that? You would? Wonderful. It all happened late one bright morning...

Little Good Bear had been having a delightful summer, spending each green sunny day playing and splashing in the icy river near his home. One day, however, just as he was getting ready to leave for his morning swim, his Mother told him to stay away from the river. She didn't have time to explain why, since she was running late for her Momma Bear's Bible Study, but as she left the cave she hollered, "Little Good Bear, I want you to keep away from the river today, OK?"

Little Good Bear dutifully replied, "Yes, Momma Bear," but he had no intention of obeying her. "Not go to the river today? You've gotta be kidding me! I simply HAVE



to go swimming today," he thought, and as soon as Mother departed, he grabbed his swimming trunks and ran to the river. On the way, he hesitated. "What am I doing? I'm about to disobey my Mother! Boy, oh boy, I really ought to turn around and go home!" But then, as he paused for a moment on the forest path, he changed his mind again.

"Awww, I'm soooo hot today and the river is always so much fun. I'm going to go swimming. I'll just go for a little bit. Just a dip. I'll hurry back home and she'll never know I was gone! It won't hurt to disobey my parents just this once, will it?" And so off he trotted towards the river.

Well, once he saw the cool clean inviting waters of the river, Little Good Bear didn't even bother to look around. He just dove right in and came up splashing and laughing, hollering loudly and blowing the icy water through his mouth...until he opened his eyes and saw who was standing in front of him. It was Mr. Bad Bear and all his Bad Bear Buddies! There they were, right in the middle of a Bad Bear Fishing Contest, and they were all looking at Little Good Bear with rather mean and nasty faces. You see, Little Good Bear, with all his diving, splashing and hollering, had just scared all the fish away, and the Bad Bears were NOT pleased. Growling menacingly, they began to come towards the young cub, their big bad teeth gleaming in the bright sunlight.



Little Good Bear, momentarily frozen with fright, came to himself and jumped out of the water just in time, running down the forest path squealing in terror. He did not stop until he made it safely to his cave. And as he entered the cave, puffing and panting, he was greeted by, who else but, his Mother! She had forgotten her Bible and stopped back home to grab it. What a surprise for her to see her wet and frightened young cub come stumbling in the door!

Little Good Bear, caught in his disobedience, tearfully told his Mother the entire story. She was so sad that Little Good Bear had chosen to disobey. Her usually joyful face was downcast as she explained to him how she had read that today was Bad Bear Fishing Day. She had known all along that Mr. Bad Bear and all his Bad Bear Buddies

would be at the river, and she had loved her little cub enough to tell him not to go near the river--not because she wanted to spoil his swimming fun, but because she wanted to protect him from the Bad Bears!

Little Good Bear was so ashamed. He remembered the Bible verse he'd memorized with his Dad last month: "Children, obey your parents in the Lord for this is right." He realized that, just as the Bible says, obeying his parents was a very smart thing to do. He hung his furry head low and asked his Mother to forgive him. She raised his head with her big bear paw, looked him in the eye, and sternly said, "Little Good Bear, are you planning on obeying your Mother from now on?" "Yes, Mother," he replied and then found himself being squeezed tight in a big Momma Bear hug.

"Little Good Bear, I love you when you obey and I love you when you don't obey. No matter what you do, I'll always love you. But when you obey me, it makes me so happy --and it makes YOU happy too! That's why we are teaching you to be obedient. We know that obeying God is the only way to be truly happy!"

Little Good Bear thought about that for awhile as he lay in bed that night. He remembered all the Bible Stories that his parents had read to him, and as he thought, he realized something. Each person in the Bible who had made the choice to obey God--Noah, David, Esther, Mary, Paul--why, they were all happy! They were all the type of happy that comes from the inside of a person's heart, happy because they were trusting in God and could rest in His big strong hands. And the people who had made the choice not to obey, such as Adam, Korah, Michal, Jezibel, and Judas? Well, they may have had a bit of outward happiness from time to time, but they did not have an ounce of the inward joy and peace that only comes from trusting God.



Little Good Bear learned a big lesson that day. Did he always obey his parents from then on? No, of course not. Sometimes he made mistakes, as all little bears do, BUT he always learned from his mistakes. And as he walked in obedience, Little Good Bear began to experience that deep inside happiness that the Bible talks about. He also began to know and love God more and more, and the more he loved God, the more he

obeyed! You see, God was working inside of his heart and wonderful things were happening as a result. Little Good Bear was growing up and becoming a joyful Good Bear, so happy to have Jesus living inside him.

Our story for today is almost over. But before we close, do you remember Little Bad Bear? You do? Well, I'm afraid I have sad news for you. Our poor Little Bad Bear was growing bigger, and as he grew bigger, he grew meaner. And as he grew meaner, he grew more and more miserable. That Bad Bear was simply a big bad mess and everyone in the forest tried their best to stay out of his way.

Except for God. God, you see, who has a plan for everyone, had a plan for that mean ol' Bad Bear. And He wanted to use our joyful unsuspecting friend, Good Bear, in that plan!

So one colorful autumn day, Good Bear was busily digging into a hole in a tree (pawing for honey, of course), when he heard an evil growl and felt a sharp-clawed slap right across his fuzzy bear bottom! With a yelp, he pulled his sticky honey-smearred head out of the tree and discovered he was face to face with the nastiest meanest bear in the forest --Bad Bear Himself!

**\*\*\*To Be Continued in the Next KCC Newsletter\*\*\***

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**Announcing:**  
**Good Bear Bad Bear Art Contest!**

Would you like your art illustration to be published in the next KCC Newsletter? Your picture must be from the scene described in the last paragraph of this issue's story, drawn with black ink on a white 8x11 paper. Don't forget to include your full name (in legible form). The winning artist(s) will be published in next issue's story. The contest is for children age 5-12.

Please submit your artwork to Molly Aley by August 15th, 2002.

## THINK ABOUT IT . . . . . But not too hard

1. Why does the sun lighten our hair, but darken our skin?
2. Why can't women put on mascara with their mouth closed?
3. Why doesn't glue stick to the inside of the bottle?
4. Why don't you ever see the headline, "Psychic Wins Lottery?"
5. Why is abbreviated such a long word?
6. Why is a boxing ring square?
7. Why is it that doctors call what they do -- practice?
8. Why is it that rain drops but snow falls?
9. Why is it that when you're driving and looking for an address, you turn down the volume on the radio?
10. Why is lemon juice made with artificial flavor and dishwashing liquid made with real lemons?
11. Why is the time of day with the slowest traffic called rush hour?
12. If you throw a cat out of the car window, does it become kitty litter?
13. What do you call a male ladybug?
14. Why do they call it a pair of pants, but only 1 bra?
15. Why is it called tourist season if we can't shoot at them?
16. Why isn't phonetic spelled the way it sounds?
17. Why are there Interstates in Hawaii?
18. How does the guy who drives the snow-plow get to work?
19. If the 7-11 is open 24 hours a day, 365 days a year, why does it have locks on the door?
20. You know that indestructible black box that is used on airplanes? Why don't they make the whole plane out of that stuff?
21. If they squeeze olives to get olive oil, how do they get baby oil?
22. If you are driving at the speed of light and you turn your headlights on, what happens?
23. Why do they put Braille dots on the keypad of a drive-up ATM?
24. Why is it that when you transport something by car it is called shipment, but when you transport something by ship it's called cargo?
25. If con is the opposite of pro, is Congress the opposite of progress?
26. If flying is so safe, why do they call the airport the terminal?