



Kasilof Community Church

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Oh holy night, the stars are brightly shining, it is the night of the dear Savior's birth. Long lay the world in sin and error pining, till He appeared and the soul felt its worth. A thrill of hope the weary world rejoices, for yonder breaks a new and glorious morn...

After four thousand years the promise of God is fulfilled in the birth of Jesus Christ, Son of God, whose innocent blood was shed to remove forever the sins of all mankind. The powers of darkness were defeated at the cross, and we were set free from sin and death. To what purpose?

So that Almighty God might be glorified, *so that in the ages to come He might show the exceeding riches of His grace in His kindness toward us through Christ Jesus (Eph 2:7)*. So that Rome might see the greater power of God through the deaths of the martyrs, and the triumph of God's

love over the high and mighty arm of force.

So that men would have the courage to defy the divine right of kings, the justification to rein in their absolute power through the Magna Carta and the United States Constitution. So that all might realize the inestimable worth of each human soul, and the unfathomable love of God toward us. To win souls for Christ and to build for Him a body of believers serving God and man on earth.

But how do we become servants of God, the elect of mankind? Fall on your knees, oh hear the angel voices! Oh night divine, oh night when Christ was born. Give your heart to Him, the promised Prince of Peace, King of kings and Almighty God. Believe in the freedom He's given you. He's waiting for you. What are you waiting for?
by Ruth Lawler

A Modern Christmas Story

this story was found and submitted by Darlene Rozak

The old man sat in his gas station on a cold Christmas Eve. He hadn't been anywhere in years since his wife had passed away. It was just another day to him. He didn't hate Christmas, just couldn't find a reason to celebrate.

He was sitting there looking at the snow that had been falling for the last hour and wondering what it was all about when the door opened and a homeless man stepped through. Instead of throwing the man out, Old George as he was known by his customers,



told the man to come and sit by the heater and warm up. "Thank you, but I don't mean to intrude," said the stranger. "I see you're busy, I'll just go."

"Not without something hot in your belly." George said.

He turned and opened a wide mouth Thermos and handed it to the stranger.

"It ain't much, but it's hot and tasty. Stew. I made it myself. When you're done, there's coffee and it's fresh."

Just at that moment he heard the "ding" of the driveway bell. "Excuse me, be right back," George said. There in the driveway was an old '53 Chevy. Steam was rolling out of the front. The driver was panicked. "Mister can you help me!" said the driver, with a deep Spanish accent. "My wife is with child and my car is

broken." George opened the hood. It was bad. The block looked cracked from the cold, the car was dead.

"You ain't going in this thing," George said as he turned away.

"But Mister, please help ..." The door of the office closed behind George as he went inside. He went to the office wall and got the keys to his old truck, and went back outside. He walked around the building, opened the garage, started the truck and drove it around to where the couple was waiting. "Here, take my truck," he said. "She ain't the best thing you ever looked at, but she runs real good."

George helped put the woman in the truck and watched as it sped off into the night. He turned and walked back inside the office "Glad I gave 'em the truck, their tires were shot too. That 'ol truck has brand new ." George thought he was talking to the stranger, but the man had gone. The Thermos was on the desk, empty, with a used coffee cup beside it. "Well, at least he got something in his belly," George thought.

George went back outside to see if the old Chevy would start. It cranked slowly, but it started. He pulled it into the garage where the truck had been. He thought he would tinker with it for something to do. Christmas Eve meant no customers. He discovered the block hadn't cracked, it was just the bottom hose on the radiator "Well, shoot, I can fix this," he said to himself. So he put a new one on.

"Those tires ain't gonna get 'em through the winter either." He took the snow treads off of his wife's old Lincoln. They were like new and he wasn't going to drive the car anyway.

As he was working, he heard shots being fired. He ran outside and beside a police car an officer lay on the cold ground. Bleeding from the left shoulder, the officer moaned, "Please help me."

George helped the officer inside as he remembered the training he had received in the Army as a medic. He knew the wound needed attention. "Pressure to stop the bleeding," he thought. The uniform company had been there that morning and had left clean shop towels. He used those and duct tape to bind the wound. "Hey, they say duct tape can fix anythin'," he said, trying to make the policeman feel at ease.

"Something for pain," George thought. All he had was the pills he used for his

back. "These ought to work." He put some water in a cup and gave the policeman the pills. "You hang in there, I'm going to get you an ambulance." The phone was dead. "Maybe I can get one of your buddies on that there talk box out in your car." He went out only to find that a bullet had gone into the dashboard destroying the two way radio.

He went back in to find the policeman sitting up. "Thanks," said the officer. "You could have left me there. The guy that shot me is still in the area."

George sat down beside him, "I would never leave an injured man in the Army and I ain't gonna leave you." George pulled back the bandage to check for bleeding. "Looks worse than what it is. Bullet passed right through 'ya. Good thing it missed the important stuff though. I think with time your gonna be right as rain."

George got up and poured a cup of coffee. "How do you take it?" he asked.

"None for me," said the officer.

"Oh, yur gonna drink this. Best in the city. Too bad I ain't got no donuts." The officer laughed and winced at the same time.



The front door of the office flew open. In burst a young man with a gun.

"Give me all your cash! Do it now!" the young man yelled. His hand was shaking and George could tell that he had never done anything like this before.

"That's the guy that shot me!" exclaimed the officer.

"Son, why are you doing this?" asked George, "You need to put the cannon away. Somebody else might get hurt."

The young man was confused. "Shut up old man, or I'll shoot you, too. Now give me the cash!"

The cop was reaching for his gun. "Put that thing away," George said to the cop, "we got one too many in here now."

He turned his attention to the young man. "Son, it's Christmas Eve. If you need

money, well then, here. It ain't much but it's all I got. Now put that pea shooter away."

George pulled \$150 out of his pocket and handed it to the young man, reaching for the barrel of the gun at the same time. The young man released his grip on the gun, fell to his knees and began to cry. "I'm not very good at this am I? All I wanted was to buy something for my wife and son," he went on. "I've lost my job, my rent is due, my car got repossessed last week."

George handed the gun to the cop. "Son, we all get in a bit of squeeze now and then. The road gets hard sometimes, but we make it through the best we can."

He got the young man to his feet, and sat him down on a chair across from the cop. "Sometimes we do stupid things." George handed the young man a cup of coffee. "Bein' stupid is one of the things that makes us human. Comin' in here with a gun ain't the answer. Now sit there and get warm and we'll sort this thing out."

The young man had stopped crying. He looked over to the cop. "Sorry I shot you. It just went off. I'm sorry officer."

"Shut up and drink your coffee, " the cop said.

George could hear the sounds of sirens outside. A police car and an ambulance skidded to a halt. Two cops came through the door, guns drawn.

"Chuck! You ok?" one of the cops asked the wounded officer.

"Not bad for a guy who took a bullet. How did you find me?"

"GPS locator in the car. Best thing since sliced bread. Who did this?" the other cop asked as he approached the young man.

Chuck answered him, "I don't know. The guy ran off into the dark. Just dropped his gun and ran."

George and the young man both looked puzzled at each other.

"That guy work here?" the wounded cop continued. "Yep," George said, "just hired him this morning. Boy lost his job."

The paramedics came in and loaded Chuck onto the stretcher. The young man leaned over the wounded cop and whispered, "Why?"

Chuck just said, "Merry Christmas boy ... and you too, George, and thanks for everything."

"Well, looks like you got one doozy of a break there. That ought to solve some

of your problems."

George went into the back room and came out with a box. He pulled out a ring box. "Here you go, something for the little woman. I don't think Martha would mind. She said it would come in handy some day."

The young man looked inside to see the biggest diamond ring he ever saw. "I can't take this," said the young man. "It means something to you." "And now it means something to you," replied George. "I got my memories. That's all I need."

George reached into the box again. An airplane, a car and a truck appeared next. They were toys that the oil company had left for him to sell. "Here's something for that little man of yours."

The young man began to cry again as he handed back the \$150 that the old man had handed him earlier.

"And what are you supposed to buy Christmas dinner with? You keep that too,"

George said. "Now git home to your family."

The young man turned with tears streaming down his face. "I'll be here in the morning for work, if that job offer is still good."

"Nope. I'm closed Christmas day," George said. "See ya the day after."



George turned around to find that the stranger had returned. "Where'd you come from? I thought you left?"

"I have been here. I have always been here," said the stranger. "You say you don't

celebrate Christmas. Why?"

"Well, after my wife passed away, I just couldn't see what all the bother was. Puttin' up a tree and all seemed a waste of a good pine tree. Bakin' cookies like I used to with Martha just wasn't the same by myself and besides I was gettin' a little chubby."

The stranger put his hand on George's shoulder. "But you do celebrate the holiday, George. You gave me food and drink and warmed me when I was cold and hungry. The woman with child will bear a son and he will become a great doctor. The policeman you helped will go on to save 19 people from being killed by terrorists. The young man who tried to rob you will make you a rich man and not take any for himself. "That is the spirit of the season and you keep it as good as any man."

George was taken aback by all this stranger had said. "And how do you know all this?" asked the old man. I just do and when your days are done you will be with Martha again."

The stranger moved toward the door. "If you will excuse me, George, I have to go now. I have to go home where there is a big celebration planned."

George watched as the old leather jacket and the torn pants that the stranger was wearing turned into a white robe. A golden light began to fill the room.

"You see, George ... it's My birthday. Merry Christmas."

George fell to his knees and replied, "Happy Birthday, Lord Jesus"

Merry Christmas!!

The Irony of Christmas

by Brent Johnson

Christmas is ironic. Irony is “a state of affairs or an event that seems deliberately contrary to what one expects and is often amusing.” Christmas may not be amusing, but it certainly is contrary to ordinary expectations. Consider Mary. She isn’t married but she is about to have a baby. In appearance, most people must have thought Mary was somewhere between naughty and wicked. Truth be known, as Greg Rozak would say, Mary is chosen and honored above all women, precisely for her innocence. That is ironic.

What about Joseph? He marries the Mother of God and raises Jesus. Yet he isn’t renowned for his business success. In fact, Joseph isn’t renowned for much of anything. He seems to be a nice guy and has David in his ancestry. Joseph, a nice guy and a nobody, is given the task of raising Jesus. And that is ironic.

Nazareth is another case in point. While Jesus wasn’t born there, he grew up there. And the area was scorned by the religious elite. Bethlehem isn’t ironic, but giving birth to the King of Kings in a stable is the epitome of irony. Grown-ups who are afraid of babies are a bit strange. King Herod was so afraid of Jesus that he ordered all the boys under 2 years of age in the area of Bethlehem to be killed. If it wasn’t so sad, that would be ironic.

Israel is ironic. They are bringing salvation to the world—from a country that couldn’t save itself. Israel is under absolute domination of Rome. And Egypt is ironic. It provided the tribes of Israel refuge during a great famine. Then Egypt provided Jesus refuge during the tyranny of Herod. Yet Egypt generally hates both Israel and Jesus.

The so called “wise men” are weird. They are kings from some countries to the east. And they have joined together for a trek of perhaps 2 years. How unusual for kings to leave their countries for 4 years, assuming the return journey also takes 2 years. And to “follow a star.” Many people leave home looking for stardom, but these guys were already kings. Some 13 centuries later, Marco Polo allegedly traveled from China to Italy in about a year. Maybe the Kings came from Japan?

Perhaps the purpose of Jesus birth is ironic. Some thinkers think there have been some 100 billion babies born in human history. I believe each of them was born to live. That, in my opinion, is the general purpose of birth. To live. To mature, to also have babies and to contribute mentally and socially to humanity. But Jesus was born to die. The

elaborate scheme of making a virgin pregnant is ultimately to produce a sinless child. And this child, unlike Isaac, is to really die. If that wasn't so sad, it would be ironic.

But the child didn't die as a baby. Babies can't make spiritual decisions. And so the sacrifice ripened until Jesus, himself, could submit to what Abraham Lincoln might have called, "the ultimate sacrifice." Meanwhile, Jesus lived. According to Luke 3:23, Jesus was about 30 years old when he began his ministry. According to 2 Sam 5:4, David was 30 years old when he became king. According to Num 4:2-3, priests quite likely began ministering when they were 30 yo. Jesus was both the King of Kings and the High Priest. At 30, Jesus suddenly entered philosophy. Jesus spent about 3 and-a-half years speaking to crowds and teaching his disciples. The net result is that Jesus is recognized as one of the most influential philosophers of all time.

But let's consider that a moment. Socrates is also among the most famous philosophers. Socrates considered himself a midwife in the labor of knowledge. In a sense, Socrates was also killed by the religious leaders of his day. When he was 70 years old. If Socrates entered public teaching at 30, he had 40 years to teach. Jesus had 31/2. Plato also was one of the greatest philosophers. When Socrates was 62 yo, 20 yo Plato became his student and continued for 8 years. Plato died at 81 yo. If he started teaching at 30 yo, he had over 50 years to teach. Jesus had 3.5 and he didn't have Socrates as a teacher. Aristotle, another great philosopher, was 18 yo when he became a pupil of 60 yo Plato. And Aristotle could have learned from Plato for 21 years. Aristotle lived to be 62 and if he began teaching at 30, could have taught 32 years. Jesus had 3.5 years to teach.

Alexander was one of the greatest generals of all time. When Alex was 13, he became a student of Aristotle. Alexander was 20 yo when he became king of Macedonia. Alexander was a tyrant and extremely evil. He conquered vast territory from Greece to India. Similar to Jesus, Alexander died when he was 33. But his conquest paved the way for Socrates, Plato and Aristotle. The philosophy of these three men benefited from the conquest of Alexander because he Hellenized much of the world.

Israel did not conquer the world after Jesus' death. Quite the contrary. About 40 years after the death of Jesus, the world swallowed Israel. About 65 years later, the Jews were utterly dispersed and had no homeland for about 1,800 years. During that era, anti-Semitism blotted the history of country after country. In that vacuum of Jewish tolerance, Jesus rose to be, perhaps, the greatest philosopher of all time. Christianity spread throughout Europe and Jesus built his church on 6 continents. And that, dear friends, is the irony of Christmas.

2010 KCC Christmas Program



Each year KCC attempts to put on a Christmas program. These events have varied from very elaborate, well choreographed shows to those more of the “potluck” variety. It is part of what makes KCC a family affair.

This year we had a number of folks willing to take the stage and share their talents with us.

Left to right from above: Miriam Bowser accompanies her daddy, Matt, as they sing and play a duet.

Nancie Ellis accompanies Karla Hudson, as she sings, “*Let Your Mercy Reign.*”



Clockwise from bottom right: Matt Bowser, Eric Skjold, Jerry McGarry, Nate & Melissa Smith, and Nancie Ellis lead the congregation in a rousing medley of Christmas choruses to close the evening.

Clark and Ellie Smith read the Christmas story to all in attendance.

Darlene Rozak recites Scripture from memory, which she has done so many times that we risk the chance of perhaps not recognizing what a gift this is. Thank-you Darlene.

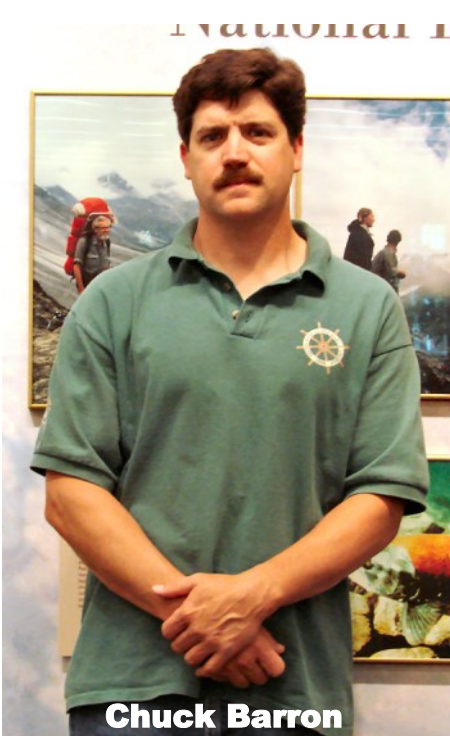


A PRAYER IS HEARD

By Brent Johnson

A certain day in July 1982 was one of those cloudless, windless, glorious wonders that make Kasilof as pleasant as anyplace. If we were to focus on Cook Inlet that day at a certain time and off the beach of Cohoe, we would see three men in the water. They were shirtless and without life jackets. No boat could be seen. While the surrounding area basked in bliss, these men, save a miracle, would soon be dead.

Who were these guys and how did they get there? They were Chuck and Dan Barron and their setnet boss, Jim Nash. Chuck and his wife, Cindy, lived in Cohoe and visited Kasilof Church. Twenty six year-old Jim Nash was married to Dixie Eppes and her dad, Marvin, owned the fish site. Twenty five year-old Chuck had worked there for three seasons and this season he had gotten his 20-year old brother, Dan, a job.



Cook Inlet's wide tides run hard, which make it difficult to keep setnets positioned across the current. If anchors drag, the buoyed ends of the nets tend to collapse together or drag in a line parallel to the current, neither of which is conducive to catching fish. The most common type of setnet anchor is sandbags. Between 2,000 and 4,000 pounds of sandbags generally hold a single end of a setnet. That is, they hold until logs, kelp, jellyfish, storms, or bountiful amounts of fish team up with the tide and drag the bags. The bags then rip on the rough bottom and a Herculean task of repositioning and adding bags must be done.

Rocks or concrete are alternatives to sandbags. Should the tide drag these hard objects, they won't be damaged. Remedy is had merely by towing them back in place. But handling rocks is a little gnarly. They were shaped by chaotic events and determining their weight is a hefty guess.

And so it was on this remarkable day that Nash and the Barron brothers drilled holes in three rocks. Eyebolts were installed and ropes attached. Near low tide, the rocks were placed at the edge of the water and a buoy was tied to the ropes. On an incoming tide

the men drove a skiff to the buoy. The ropes were rigged so that opposite ends of a rope could be tied, via a slip knot, to opposite sides of the skiff. As the tide rose the skiff would lift the rock, which could then be moved to the necessary spot. The ropes on both sides of the skiff must be simultaneously untied for the rock to fall happily to the bottom, where it could long serve as an anchor.

The day was perfect for moving rocks. The water was calmer than a sleeping lion while the sky offered a naked sun. Two rocks were successfully moved and a lunch break was taken at the fish camp, which sat atop a 60-foot bluff. After lunch a challenge was issued for a footrace from the camp to the skiff, still on the beach. Peeling off their shirts the three men churned their legs down to the skiff. Once there, they realized that they had left their life vests at camp. There was a strict rule that they be worn on fish days, but this was a workday and the weather was perfect. They decided not to go back for them and got busy moving the last rock. The trip took them a couple miles south along the beach and about a half mile from shore.

Everything went fine until the slipknots were simultaneously pulled. "I noticed that the rope on Dan's side of the boat twisted into a loop as he pulled," Chuck remembers.

Gravity never takes an intermission. When one side of the skiff was freed, gravity concentrated the full weight of the rock on the other side. Over went the skiff! And the rock plunged for the bottom of the Inlet, taking the jammed knot, skiff and all, with it.

As Chuck tells it, "The skiff immediately capsized and disappeared underwater. The cold water was a shock, especially with no shirt or lifejacket. We had to tread water immediately and we kicked off our boots."

Jim says, "Suddenly the world flew upside down." He remembers surfacing with a bunch of loose gear and the Barron brothers. Jim knew they didn't have long before hypothermia began to steal away their lives.

Dan, being from Texas, didn't realize the accident meant anything more than a long swim to shore. He didn't know Cook Inlet's cool water sucks the life out of swimmers, one degree at a time.

Since it wasn't a fishing day, there weren't any neighbors on the water. Luckily, the accident happened near slack tide (a half hour lull when the current rests as it readies to rip in the opposite direction).

Both of the married men thought of their families. "The thing that worried me the most was that I had a young, expecting wife—seven months pregnant with our first son. I did not want to die without seeing her and the newborn son," Chuck said. At this point he figured they had about a 20 percent chance of being seen and rescued. About 10

minutes after it sank, the skiff surfaced, stern first. Air tanks welded in to the skiff's structure brought it to the surface, but they didn't functioning properly. The outboard stuck out of the water, thrust up by the air tank in the stern. The boat was nearly submerged because the bow tank had, apparently, sprung a leak. The men tried to climb on to the boat, but it just rolled and dumped them back in the water.

Chuck relayed their next move, "Dan and I decided to take a buoy and try to swim for shore. Jim was going to stay with the boat. We said a prayer together."

It was Jim who gave the prayer a voice and he recalls it like this: "Father, send help, or we'll die. But whatever you do, it's all right with us...Just take care of our families."

By then they had been in the water at least 20 minutes. Chuck and Dan bade Jim good-bye and took off using backstrokes, all while holding the buoy. Jim clung to the boat and hollered for help. In spite of knowing that it was likely, Chuck's thoughts of dying were minimal, compared to believing they would, somehow, make it. Though all the men were slender and in good shape, the swimmers didn't get far.

"Hypothermia took over and we could not get our arms and legs to do what we asked," Chuck said. They had hardly put a dent in the distance to shore.

Carl Waggoner is married to another of the Eppes girls. Waggoners fished north of Kenai but had driven out for a visit. Gary Parker, Marvin Eppes' nephew, fished with Waggoners and rode down with them. Upon learning that Jim was out moving rocks, Gary strolled over to the bluff and looked across the water. Oddly, he didn't see a skiff. The air was calm and he heard what sounded like a seagull —with Jim's voice! Most days a

holler on Cook Inlet can't be heard a half mile away. On this day Jim's yell carried over two miles to vibrate in Gary's ears. Or was it really a seagull? No matter, Gary alerted the fish camp and soon, with binoculars, the mostly-submerged skiff was spotted. A rescue boat was launched in a wild panic.

When rescuers reached them, Chuck remembers a voice saying, "They are really blue,

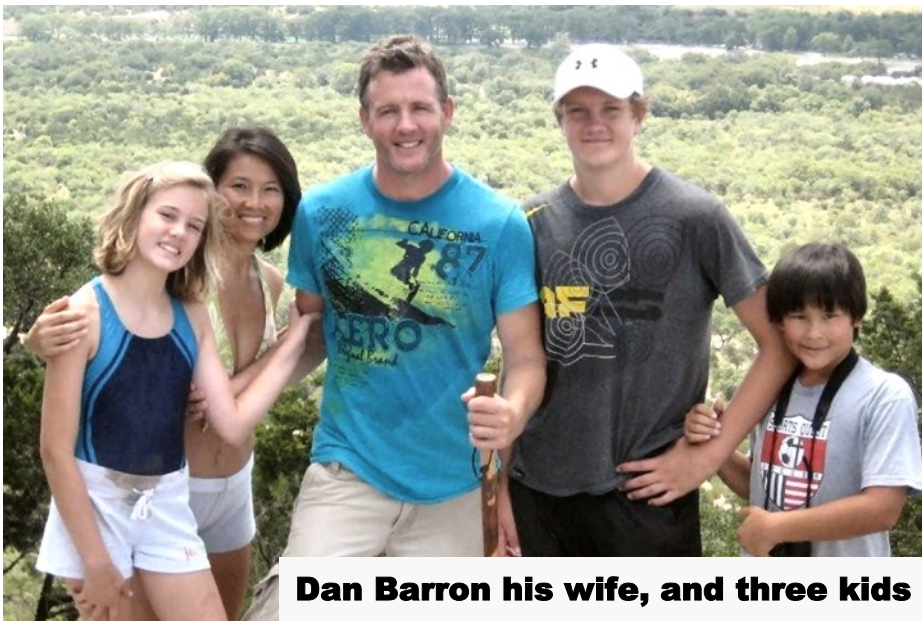


Jim & Dixie Nash

hurry up.” Chuck was pulled into the boat and collapsed, face-first, into the boat ribs. “I did not care or really feel the impact,” he said. “I was just glad to be headed for shore.” The rescue boat continued on and picked up Jim. The immediate concern was to get the men warmed. That was done at camp, in a bathtub. That technique has been found to be dangerous, according to modern medicine. Quickly heated limbs can flood the heart with cool blood and stress it. That didn’t happen to them, though. They were taken to a doctor

in Soldotna and checked over. None of the men has since suffered any ill health from the experience.

Cindy Barron gave birth to Jacob two months later, and Chuck was there to greet him. Jacob



Dan Barron his wife, and three kids

now has two sons of his own. Dan returned to setnet another year and then joined the Houston police force, where he still works. Dixie became a Nazarene pastor. She and Jim are in England on a mission as of this writing.

What brought Chuck to Kasilof in the first place? The answer begins with Cindy’s parents, Jim and Sondra Franklin. And it begins with a couple young missionary adventurers, Christine and Lindsey Williams. Lindsey was a Baptist minister with a church in Hollywood, Florida. Beginning in 1964, they made numerous missionary trips to Alaska. About 1968, they visited Kasilof Community Church, where Lindsey presided over the ordination of Joel Poe. In the summer of 1967 Poe had taken the pastorate at Kasilof Church. While Williams were there for the ordination, they met Jack and Issabella Grossl, who owned Kasilof Grocery. In a momentous, spur of the moment deal, Grossls offered to sell part of their homestead on Crooked Creek Road to the Williams. The timing and price was right, so Williams bought the property.

Fate acted again when the Williams stopped by a church in Colorado. There they met Jim and Sondra Franklin, who expressed an interest in going to Alaska. Jim Franklin was a carpenter, so Williams invited them to come up and help refurbish the old homestead house at their property on Crooked Creek Road. Franklins accepted the offer and came in 1973, bringing along their children.

Cindy Franklin was one of those children. She met Chuck Barron several years later, at high school in Houston. Chuck and Cindy graduated in 1977 and married. In 1979, Barrons decided to go to Alaska. Franklins came for a visit too, as did one of Cindy's uncles. As summer wound down Chuck put an ad on a bulletin board, seeking a house-sitting opportunity so he and Cindy could stay for the winter. Marvin Eppes read the ad and called Chuck. That developed into a house-sitting / caretaker position that lasted for several years. Over the next few years Barrons became close



Jacob Barron, his wife, and two children.

friends with Christine Williams. After Lindsey went his way, Harold Hansen, an Anchorage realtor, developed a subdivision next to Christine's place on Crooked Creek Road. Christine and Harold married in 1988. Chuck thus met Harold, bought property in his subdivision and built a house. Chuck continues to work in the oil patch on the North Slope while he and Cindy live in Texas. Recently, Pete and Sara Brown bought the Barron house.

These are some of the interwoven connections for the people at Kasilof Community Church. Had Chuck Barron been in the water another 5 or 10 minutes, we would have a very different story.

Sources:

Series of emails beginning 11-20-10 and giving a first-hand account by Chuck Barron.
12-14-10 and 12-12-10 phone calls with Christine Hansen.
11-24-10 interview with Carl and D'Ann Waggoner
Husby, Joan as told by Jim Nash. *Capsized* in the June 15, 2008 *STANDARD*
short phone interview with Joel Poe, 12-16-10
12-4-10 short email comments from Dan Barron

Family & Friends,

The last year saw a lot of physical change in the Little family: Jon sold the dog team, we sold the house, and, in October, loaded up a small cargo trailer and drove south—through the Yukon, British Columbia, Washington state, Oregon and into Idaho. There, we unhooked the cargo trailer and latched on to a 31 foot travel trailer. Then our F-350 crew cab lugged the big trailer through Montana, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma and, finally, Texas.

Here we sit, y'all. Far from the land of wandering moose, snow drifts, wild blueberries, spongy tundra, mosquitoes and howling sled dogs. Instead, central Texas is the land of grazing cattle, mesquite trees, wild pecans, blowing dust, fire ants and yipping coyotes. So long smoked salmon, and hello beef brisket barbecue.

We feel like the Kasilof Hillbillies. Cue the banjo music.

We're living in our trailer, a 2006 Copper Canyon Sprinter, in the back yard of Brandi's brother (Chris Krosschell) land in the town of Elm Mott, about an hour & half south of Dallas and 10 minutes north of Waco. (In case you were wondering, the answer is YES, Waco is indeed that city where Dr. Pepper was invented. True fact, even if that wasn't what came to mind at the mention of Waco.)

We sure miss our sled dogs, two house cats and, certainly, our egg-laying hens, but feel that some kind of farm life awaits us in the future. For now, Jon is working for a contractor three days a week, remodeling homes, and helping Chris the remainder of the week with his pecan harvest for Homestead Farms.

What the future holds, God only knows, but we look forward to finding out.

Merry Christmas from our family to yours!

Love, Jon, Brandi, Salem and Sylvie 245-495-1770; PO Box 310, Em Mott, TX 76640



The Important Things in Life

found and submitted by Darlene Rozak

Sometimes we forget the really important things in life.

Last week, I took my grandchildren to a restaurant.

My six-year-old grand-son asked if he could say grace.

As we bowed our heads he said, "God is good, God is great. Thank you for the food, and I would even thank you more if Nana gets us ice cream for dessert. And liberty and justice for all! Amen!"



Along with the laughter from the other customers nearby, I heard a woman remark, "That's what's wrong with this country. Kids today don't even know how to pray. Asking God for ice cream! Why, I never!"

Hearing this, my grand-son burst into tears and asked me, "Did I do it wrong? Is God mad at me?"

As I held him and assured him that he had done a terrific job, and God was certainly not mad at him, an elderly gentleman approached the table.

He winked at my grand-son and said, "I happen to know that God thought that was a great prayer."

"Really?" my grand-son asked.

"Cross my heart," the man replied.

Then, in a theatrical whisper, he added (pointing to the woman whose remark had started this whole thing), "Too bad she never asks God for ice cream. A little ice cream is good for the soul sometimes."

Naturally, I bought my grand-children ice cream at the end of the meal. My grand-son stared at his for a moment, and then did something I will remember the rest of my life.

He picked up his sundae and, without a word, walked over and placed it in front of the woman. With a big smile he told her, "Here, this is for you. Ice cream is good for the soul sometimes; and my soul is good already."



What Christmas Means to Me

Jeremy Kupferschmid wrote a piece for the KCC Newsletter about what Christmas means to him. In an attempt to let you see his actual handwriting, the piece was scanned, but the scanner had a tough time picking up the lightly printed words. So that you don't miss one word of this well written article, it has been transcribed below.

Jeremy

What Christmas means to me
Christmas means that Jesus was born
and that we get to open our presents.
We go to our church and have a
candle light service we also praise and
sing Christmas songs. Christmas means
Joy and good tidings of comfort. The
soldiers come home so they can spend
time with their family. That is what
Christmas means to me.

What Christmas means to me.

Jeremy

Christmas means that Jesus was born
and that we get to open our presents.
We go to our church and have a
candle light service. We also praise and
sing Christmas songs. Christmas means
Joy and good tidings of comfort. The
soldiers come home so they can spend
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