

KCC Newsletter

Winter 2007

Kasilof Community Church

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I get up early, 4:30-5:00 a.m., which is my quiet time for reading. Recently, I decided to spend time in the Scriptures. I began with the first four books of the New Testament. I decided to read slowly and I asked for comprehension as I read. I kept running into BAPTISM. So I searched more about baptism and found there is much said on this subject.

I was baptized as an infant, but I finally realized it wasn't my decision to be baptized, it was that of someone else.

In the 1960's, when I made the decision to walk forward and accept the Lord in this church – that was my private decision – not that of someone else. Therefore, I chose that my baptism also be private and to be baptized in this church where it all started.

I feel there are times when the Lord wants to talk to you privately – baptism is a sacred moment. Last Thursday morning I was Baptized here at the church.

As it turns out there were four of us present – the Lord, the Pastor, myself and my wife. It was our own moment of joy.

The Scripture says, "Be joyful always; pray continually; give thanks in all circumstances, for this is God's will for you in Christ Jesus" (1 Thess 5:16-18).

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This is the wonderful news that George Jackinsky shared with the congregation on December 16, 2007, after he had been baptized earlier in the week. We trust that all who read this will be as blessed as those were who heard it that day.

KCC Women's Christmas Party



Ladies from KCC met at Dot May's house (studio) on December 8, for their annual Christmas party.

A short skit was performed by Jane Misner and Leila Mattox.

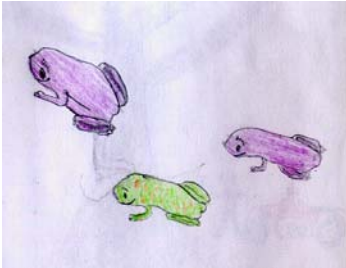
By all measures, it was a very good turnout and everyone really enjoyed themselves.



Spotty the Tree Frog

by Noah Nelson

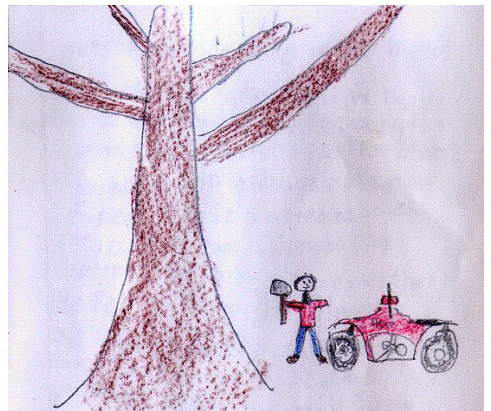
One day Spotty was jumping from branch to branch. Spotty was a nice frog, not at all selfish.



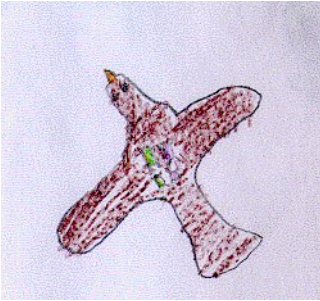
He had a wife and two children. He had good friends named Speedy the lizard and Sleepy the owl.

One day Spotty heard something below him, it had four wheels and handlebars. A big man got off the thing.

Spotty saw something in the mans hand, it was a wood thing with a piece of mettles on the end. He swung the thing and hit his tree. The tree shook, he swung again and again, the tree creaked, then it started to



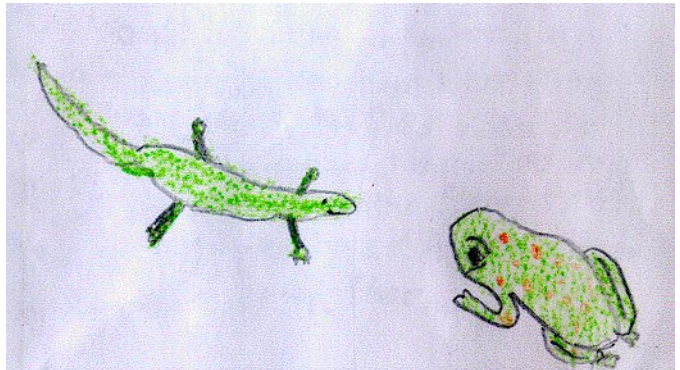
lean. Spotty and his family jumped to a different tree just in time, as their tree fell to the ground. Sleepy the owl had heard the crash, and was on his way to the scene. I'm so sorry about your house said Sleepy. I have



an idea, why don't you come stay with me? Are you sure Sleepy? Of course. Ok then how do we get there? Get on my back and I'll fly you. It's about a mile to my house.

So they all went to Sleepy's house. The next morning Spotty went out to find a new home, with no luck. He returned to find Speedy waiting for him.

Spotty told Speedy all that had happened the day before. The next morning he went out again, and found a woodpecker hole that was for sale for \$100. Spotty asked the woodpecker if he would save the hole for him. He said he would just until tomorrow afternoon. Spotty



hurried home. He and his wife discussed it and they said yes. So the next morning Sleepy flew them to their new home. And they lived happily ever after.

The end.

Christmas by Candlelight

by Brent Johnson

Christmas candles passive glow
red and green they're made for show.

See them burn with feeble top
listen too, those things will talk.

They love to tell of yester-Yules
anywhere their Spirit pulls.

They bring back dad, I see him plain
alive again inside their flame.

There is sis, she sure looks swell
Wax impression? I can't tell.

Burns the eyes, but I savor it
and watch the candle's favorite:

Lonely couple on a road,
youngish girl with a load.

Distended belly and it hurts
pain is sharp and comes in spurts.

The man is scared, can't escape it
he asks again, "Can you make it?"

She smiles back, "Yes I can!"
They top a hill, there's Bethlehem.

Mary's brave, but looks weaker.
Just one inn and there's the keeper.

"We're all full," he answers gruff.
"But yonder stable's good enough."

Joseph takes and fluffs fresh hay
Mary sits and begins to pray.

Heaven answers, baby born
wrapped in cloth to keep him warm.

Slumber falls upon the scene
exhausted Mary so serene.

Then in comes a motley crowd
bunch of shepherds talking loud.

I lean in and strain my ears
when something near quite interferes.

I bolt up to find the cause
in the door walks Santa Clause!

HIGH-TIDE LOW-TIDE

by George Jackinsky

I was born in a village by the sea. I do not know when I first remember the tide backing up and filling most of the low lands around the village – then receding, emptying all of the water, exposing dry land that a few hours earlier was not there.

Lately, I've been to the beach and watched the tide cover it. It looked so peaceful – hardly a ripple on the water – the sun setting, reflecting its warm rays on the calm water.

How much like the tide we are. At high tide our spirits are high and we are flooded with optimism. Our hopes, our expectations are reachable. We are friendly, happy to go out of our way to be helpful.

But when it's low tide, we are down – jagged barnacles – sandbars – rocks and reefs are exposed. We are discouraged and disillusioned.

I remember years ago I had an old 34ft wooden fishing boat. It was between fishing periods and I was checking out a fishing grounds new to me. I was alone.

The tide was going out and strongly when I pulled into a river that I had never been in before.

This was before modern instruments. Before radar, fathometers or GPS. You just looked at the water for signs and read its reaction on the surface. You guessed for depth.

Suddenly I hit a sandbar and was aground. Whatever maneuver I tried did not work.

In a short time I was beached high and dry. Two hours later the sea was a mile away from me.

I just knew that my boat would not float again. The boat was on its side and I knew when the tide did come back the boat would not right itself without help from another vessel. It would swamp.

It seemed like forever, but eventually the tide did return – slowly with a little wind to help it along. That did not help my situation!

Although the deck was awash when there was enough water, the boat did not swamp but floated upright. The tide and the wind kept pushing the boat sideways more and more toward the beach that was lined with boulders.

Whatever I tried, I could not maneuver the bow around toward the sea to deeper water. I just kept drifting sideways toward the rocks.

I knew I was in trouble – big trouble.

For some reason I thought if I dropped the anchor maybe that would turn me around – if not, at least I wouldn't be on the rocks. Before releasing the anchor, I'm thinking – you dummy – who drops anchor while you're aground.

In time there was water. Rushing water and waves lapping around the boat. My spirits were low. Finally the boat was afloat and swung around towards the sea.....my anchor held.

Low tide – how painful – yet essential. Without low tide we could not have high tide and at high tide we must watch our contentment for we are all servants of God. In the Bible when His servants hit their low points, each turns to the Lord for strength to keep their head above water – moreover God answered.

Imagine Peter's low water when he heard the cock crow at midnight after spending all the high time with Jesus.

Or Thomas, who said he wouldn't believe until he saw the nail marks himself. In John 20:29 Jesus told him, "Because you have seen me, you have believed; blessed are those who have not seen and yet have believed."

If the tide is low for you and it is easy to drift around – drop your anchor – stay firm with Christ and pray.

The tide will turn and all those ugly obstacles will be covered.

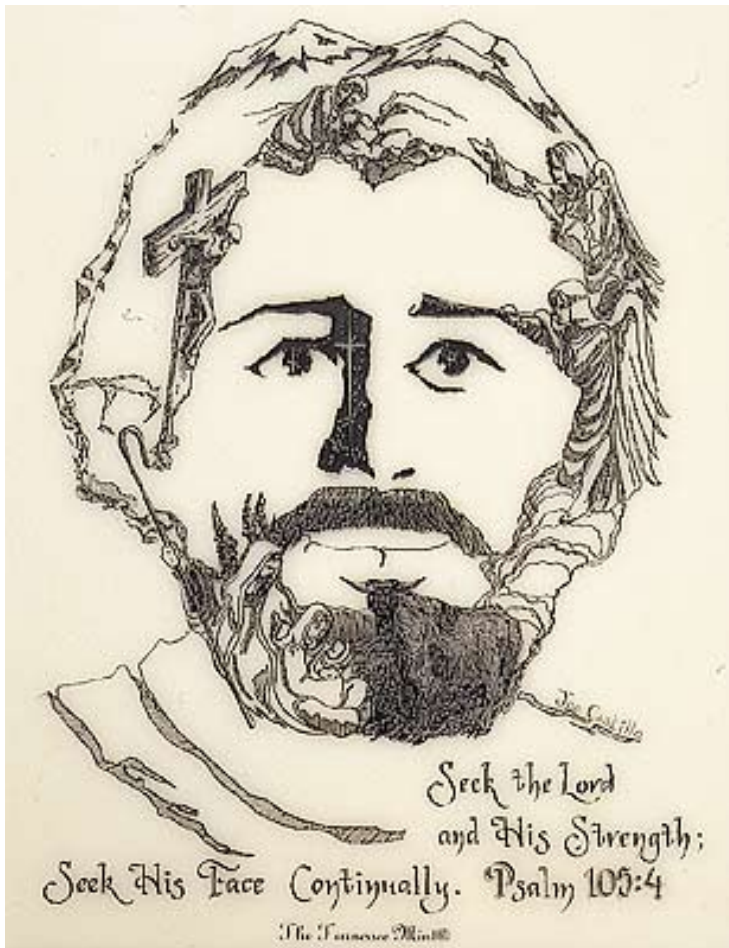
He promised!

Epilogue: George delivered this story to some missionaries and their staff during a missions trip to Kamchatka, Siberia in the summer of 2005. The story came to him just a couple days before he left for Russia, while he was visiting some friends on their Kalifonski Beach fishing site. They were working their nets at low ebb. George was alone on the bluff looking down at the beach – the sea – the exposed mud flats – in about 5 minutes this story filled his mind and he rushed home and put it on paper.

Going Home

Shortly after graduating from college I got married, and my new bride and I made the young dreamer's move to Alaska. We found work, made new friends, and were blessed with children to love and care for. With our families still living "outside," we planned for a visit back to where we began this journey. I remember arriving in the little village tucked into the mountains of the northern end of the rocking chair state. For the most part, things in this small town never seem to change; after all, one new business would be an alarming indication that progress was upsetting the balance of the good ol' days. I remember pulling up into the driveway of the home where I had spent my first 24+ years of life. The apple tree was still there in the front yard. The very tree where so many family photos had been taken, kids squinting into the sun, all decked out in their first day of school clothes. I fondly recall all the times looking back at those pictures with my siblings, each of us poking fun at ourselves or each other for how odd we appeared. "Look at that dress, oh, and those shoes, you looked so goofy." A few steps closer to "my" house found me looking at the bathtub buried in the ground just underneath the window of my sisters' bedroom. This earthworm-holding tank represented my first attempt at entrepreneurship. Up the steps I walk to the front porch, the very place where I had spent so many nights with childhood friends, laying in our sleeping bags sharing our dreams of being professional athletes or astronauts or somebody important like a dad. Oh yes, it was the same porch where two young boys also spent a long night after experimenting with a red liquid made from grapes. Now I find myself reaching for the doorknob. It is at this moment that something happens that I was not prepared for. Do I knock or do I just walk in like I had literally thousands and thousands of times in my prior life? I am temporarily perplexed. Why hadn't I prepared myself for this dilemma? I peer in through the small window at the top of the door. What do I expect to see? Perhaps towel-wrapped sisters as they jog from their only bedroom to the only bathroom, which will take them right by or right through the room where I slept. Giggles, laughter, screams. Maybe I expect to see a Christmas tree in the front room, decorated so heavily with tinsel that the green fir needles are hardly visible. Oh yes, there is that little skin-headed boy helping to pass out Christmas gifts, the very ones he had helped stack under the tree wondering what was hiding in each one. I grab the doorknob and slowly turn the handle. The old wooden door swings open and I step in. Everything is so familiar. Everything is so different. I am now standing in the very room where all those childhood dreams had their genesis. I wouldn't change one thing.

The "longer" you look at this picture, the "more" you see. Look at the lines the artist used to draw this picture of Christ. There are scenes from Christ's life.



What do you really want?

by Darlene Rozak

How often do you express what you really want in positive terms? Does it really matter what you say? Do some words actually make that much difference in whether you get what you really want? Why do I feel so bad after saying some words that I wish I hadn't said? How and why do our words have such an affect on our feelings? These are some things I was asking myself too.

Today I would like to tell you about 3 words that will make an immense difference in our lives and why it is best to avoid them.

Recently I came across a book titled "Law of Attraction" by Michael Losier that seemed to answer some of these questions.

He said basically that our words cause or generate vibrations of energy which can be either positive or negative, but not both. Our vibrations directly affect our feelings. Our words attract what we say by giving them energy and attention. Some words are causing us to attract the things we don't want in our lives.

Our unconscious and conscious mind automatically filters out the words **don't**, **not** and **no**. When we use these words, we are actually internalizing in our minds the exact thing we are being told *not* to. For example, if I said, "Do not think of a pink elephant," you would almost immediately start thinking of a pink elephant. Even though the instruction was not to do something, your subconscious and conscious mind actually edited out that part of the instruction.

As a result, your mind hears what you DON'T want. So when you hear yourself make a statement containing the words **don't**, **not** or **no**, you are actually giving attention and energy to what you really DON'T want.

An easy and effective tool that will help you reduce and eventually eliminate the use of the words **don't**, **not** and **no** from your vocabulary is to ask yourself, "So, what do I really want?" When you ask yourself what you DO want, the answer will have created a new sentence with new words.

When your words change from negative to positive, your vibrations and emotions will change from negative to positive also. Thus, your negative statements become positive statements just by changing your words."

So how does this work in life? Well, for example, I have 2 granddaughters, a 2 year old and a 5 year old. Until I became aware of this process, I would say, "Don't touch"

umpteen times a day and wonder why they just didn't obey like I wanted them to. I had to rethink what I really wanted in those situations. Most of the time now, I catch myself and say, "Leave it alone, please." Believe it or not, it really does work better.

They also had the habit of flinging the door shut. Instead of saying, "Don't slam the door", it has now become "Close the door quietly, please." They want the TV on a lot. But if I want peace and quiet, I have to tell them "Leave the TV off for now."

If children have an argument with two different stories, do you really want to say "Don't lie to me," or would it be better to say, "Tell me the truth, please?"

When I want to remind my son, Daniel, of something for school or basketball, I try to say "Remember to ... bring your stinky gym clothes home" instead of the proverbial "Don't forget" statement.

If I want someone to not be late, I have to remember to say "Be on time, please."

At the swimming pool, which would be better for a life guard to say to the kids, "Don't run" or "Walk"?

How often have you said, "Don't hesitate to call me" when you really mean, "Call me soon?"

Perhaps that is the reason why, in big public gatherings, the words "Don't panic" would not be wise to use. Well, if you only hear the word 'panic', you would immediately 'panic'. A better choice would be to say, "Be calm" or "Stay calm".

What are some other 'don't' statements that we use a lot without thinking about what we really want? Don't get mad. Don't worry. Don't litter. Don't look now. Start thinking about what you really want.

Napoleon Hill once said, "Positive and negative emotions cannot occupy the mind at the same time. One or the other must dominate. It is your responsibility to make sure that positive emotions constitute the dominating influence of your mind."

In conclusion, the feelings you are experiencing will tell you whether you are sending out positive or negative vibrations. You can reset your vibration from negative to positive by simply choosing different words and different thoughts.

It is as easy as asking yourself, "So, what do I want?" Change the words you use and the thoughts you think to those that you do want and watch your feelings change also.

The challenge is on! How many ways can you come up with to change your 'don't, not and no' statements into positive **Do** statements? What do you really want?

A Different Christmas Poem

The embers glowed softly, and in their dim light,
I gazed round the room and I cherished the sight.
My wife was asleep, her head on my chest,
My daughter beside me, angelic in rest.

Outside the snow fell, a blanket of white,
Transforming the yard to a winter delight.
The sparkling lights in the tree I believe,
Completed the magic that was Christmas Eve.

My eyelids were heavy, my breathing was deep,
Secure and surrounded by love I would sleep.
In perfect contentment, or so it would seem,
So I slumbered, perhaps I started to dream.

The sound wasn't loud, and it wasn't too near,
But I opened my eyes when it tickled my ear.
Perhaps just a cough, I didn't quite know,
Then the sure sound of footsteps outside in the snow.

My soul gave a tremble, I struggled to hear,
And I crept to the door just to see who was near.
Standing out in the cold and the dark of the night,
A lone figure stood, his face weary and tight.

A soldier, I puzzled, some twenty years old,
Perhaps a Marine, huddled here in the cold.
Alone in the dark, he looked up and smiled,
Standing watch over me, and my wife and my child.

"What are you doing?" I asked without fear,
"Come in this moment, it's freezing out here!
Put down your pack, brush the snow from your sleeve,
You should be at home on a cold Christmas Eve!"

For barely a moment I saw his eyes shift,
Away from the cold and the snow blown in drifts..
To the window that danced with a warm fire's light
Then he sighed and he said "Its really all right,
"I'm out here by choice. I'm here every night."
"It's my duty to stand at the front of the line,

That separates you from the darkest of times.
No one had to ask or beg or implore me,
I'm proud to stand here like my fathers before me..
My Gramps died at ' Pearl on a day in December,"
Then he sighed, "That's a Christmas 'Gram always remembers."

My dad stood his watch in the jungles of ' Nam ',
And now it is my turn and so, here I am.
I've not seen my own son in more than a while,
But my wife sends me pictures, he's sure got her smile.

Then he bent and he carefully pulled from his bag,
The red, white, and blue.. an American flag.
I can live through the cold and the being alone,
Away from my family, my house and my home.

I can stand at my post through the rain and the sleet,
I can sleep in a foxhole with little to eat.
I can carry the weight of killing another,
Or lay down my life with my sister and brother..

Who stand at the front against any and all,
To ensure for all time that this flag will not fall."
"So go back inside," he said, "harbor no fright,
Your family is waiting and I'll be all right."

"But isn't there something I can do, at the least,
"Give you money," I asked, "or prepare you a feast?
It seems all too little for all that you've done,
For being away from your wife and your son."

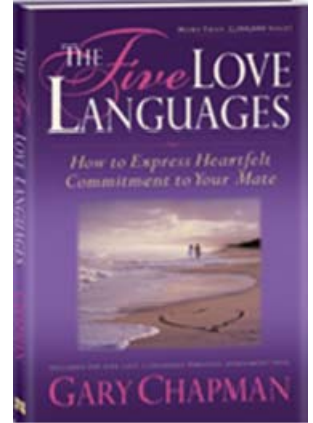
Then his eye welled a tear that held no regret,
"Just tell us you love us, and never forget.
To fight for our rights back at home while we're gone,
To stand your own watch, no matter how long.

For when we come home, either standing or dead,
To know you remember we fought and we bled.
Is payment enough, and with that we will trust,
That we mattered to you as you mattered to us."

Love, Marriage and Family *by Sheryl Neel*

Below is an excerpt from Gary Chapman's book "The Five Love Languages" that Perry and I have found to be helpful and true, not only in our own relationship but in others we have talked to.

"Love is a most confusing word. Our purpose is not to eliminate all the confusion, but rather to focus on the kind of love that is essential to our emotional health: the need to feel loved.



Running on empty

I liked the metaphor the first time I heard it: "Inside every child is an 'emotional tank' waiting to be filled. When a child really feels loved, he will develop normally, but when the love tank is empty, the child will misbehave. Their misbehavior is a misguided search for the love they did not feel. Many of their parents also suffer from an empty love tank, and much of the misbehavior of married individuals grows out of an empty love tank.

Speak the Language

The need to feel loved by one's spouse is at the heart of marital desires. I believe this need can be met in any marriage, if each of them will discover the primary love language of their spouse and speak it regularly. There are only five love languages. Your spouse desperately craves one of them. Make it your goal to discover it and speak it, and their love tank will be full.

Love is Learned

Marriage is designed by God to meet our deep need for intimacy and love. Again and again I have heard the words “Our love is gone, our relationship is dead. We used to feel close, but not now. We don’t meet each other’s needs.” Their stories bear testimony that their emotional love tanks are empty. Can these marriages be reborn? Absolutely! Because love is learned.

“Lord, What Can I Do?”

Could it be that deep inside hurting couples exists an invisible “emotional love tank” with its gauge on empty? If we could find a way to fill it, could the marriage be reborn? I believe the answer is “Yes”. God made us with a capacity for giving and receiving emotional love. Nothing is more important to the emotional climate of your marriage than asking God to teach you how to effectively love your spouse. Learning his or her primary love language and speaking it regularly will make you an effective lover.”

This excerpt just touches on some of the simple things you can learn and do to improve your marriage or any relationship. Relationships need maintenance. Take action to improve yours today. We at Happy Families have Gary Chapman’s book, “The Five Love Languages” in book and audio. We have many other resources available including mentor couples. If you feel your relationship is not as strong or stronger than when you were first married it probably needs some attention. Happy Families will be starting a program in January. We will let you know dates as soon as they are firmed up.

Pemba Theological College November 1, 2007

Dear brothers and sisters,

Our academic year will end in a few weeks with our first Bible school graduation of ten students on November 24th. We are preparing gowns for this exciting event.

The grad students have done a lot during their 9 terms at Bible school. They have fulfilled the requirements for each of their subjects and preached in almost all of the churches in our city of Pemba. They have also visited in 3 other districts in Cabo Delgado province here in northern Mozambique giving seminars in the churches about HIV-AIDS.

District	# Of churches	# Of seminars	Age groups benefited	# Of participants
Pemba	14	12	Pastors, Youth, ladies	720
Chiure	8	3	Pastors, Youth	120
Montepuez	9	3	Pastors, Youth	120
Balama	5	1	Youth	50
Total	36	19		1,010

Brothers and sisters, all this has happened because of your prayers and support.

School Construction: Some of our classrooms are almost finished. Carpenters are putting in the windows and electricians are finishing the wiring. The bathrooms are yet to be completed, as is the painting of the rooms. Four classrooms are still not roofed.

Proforte is an organization made up of 4 Bible schools in the north of Mozambique, of which we are one, and is a source of fellowship and encouragement. We organized this year's annual meeting. Next year the meeting will be held in Zambezia province in July.

Prayer Requests:

- Continue praying for the school construction project.
- For the teachers as they prepare and teach
- For students' exams and graduation
- New students for next year

- We want Rose, a 3rd year student in charge of school accounting part-time, to be able to work full-time. Pray for her monthly salary.
- An agriculture and community development specialist is needed next year
- For wisdom and priority setting for me, Jose Nsuka, administrator. Also, pray that I will be able to go to Zimbabwe for 2 weeks in February to submit my thesis.

With Regards
Yours in Christ Jesus,
Jose Nsuka



Building Dedication



First Graduation

Women of Faith

by Sheryl Neel

On November 14th and 15th, twelve of our ladies met in Phoenix for the **Women of Faith** Conference. We met at the hotel on Thursday afternoon before the conference so everyone could get situated in their rooms. We then carpoled to the nearest Olive Garden restaurant and had a late lunch and, of course, a little shopping at the mall next door! Thursday evening was a little this and that with some going for a swim and others checking out the local neighborhood shops.

Friday morning, bright and early, we were up and ready for “A Day with Beth Moore”. As usual, she was awesome and inspiring. She spoke of God being in control of our lives and circumstances and how God sometimes gives and also takes away and we should glorify Him in whatever the situation.

Friday night started the conference and we were introduced to all the wonderful women we were to hear on Saturday. Several of us were up into the wee hours of the morning chatting and were really excited for Saturday’s speakers. Saturday brought us Patsy Clairmont, Anita Renfroe (incredibly funny!!), Marilyn Meberg, Luci Swindol, Sheila Walsh, Nicole C. Simpson and Carol Kent.

In between each of these speakers were some skits that were very thought provoking. The worship teams were also incredible and very inspiring.

Words just don’t seem to do this experience justice. The feeling you get when 11,000 women worship together cannot be put into words. I would definitely do

it again and I would recommend anyone who has not had the opportunity to consider attending one.



Back Row: Dot May, Sheryl Neel, & Darlene Rozak

Front Row: Sharon Knowlton, Muriel Mead, Marj Wiley, Theresa Minnick, Peggy Moore, Eleanor Wells, Katie Blossom, Marina Bosick, & Shirley Fritz.

Not pictured: Jean Evenson and her sister, Carol, and Sheryl Neel's daughter, Amy.

One-Another Group Celebrates Christmas

Chuck Morse's one-another group recently had a gift exchange in celebration of Christmas. Apparently Chuck is teaching new doctrine; therefore, a hidden camera was set up to take pictures of the event. Although the "person" in these photos bears a striking resemblance to Sharon Knowlton..... I mean Bob Knowlton, the KCC Newsletter was unable to confirm the identity of the subject in the photos. Whoever said that doctrine was not important apparently never sat next to this guy in a dark movie theatre.

