



Kasilof Community Church

KCC NEWSLETTER



Merry Christmas everyone. Or should I say, happy holidays or why not merry Xmas. It seems these days that the way we express wishes for a positive Christmas to those we come in contact with can often negate the sincere intent of the greeting in the first place. I must admit that I am not a big fan of the “happy holidays” moniker. It is just too generic, too politically correct. Why don’t we say happy holidays at Thanksgiving or happy holidays at Easter or the 4th of July? The reason, as I see it, is that happy holidays is a salutation that is meant to diminish or to ignore the importance of the phrase Christmas, which is a contraction of the term “Christ’s mass.” In the early centuries, Christians were much more likely to celebrate the day of a person’s death than the person’s birthday. Very early in its history the church had an annual observance of the death of Christ and also honored many of the early martyrs on the day of their death.

In the early part of the fourth

century, Christians in Rome began to celebrate the birth of Christ. The practice spread widely and rapidly, so that most parts of the Christian world observed the new festival by the end of the century.

But what about the common abbreviation used so often for Christmas, that being Xmas. Many Christians view this as a vulgar representation of the word Christmas, but is that a fair analysis? Where did the abbreviation come from. Here is one rendition. The Greek word for Christ is chi, which is represented by a symbol similar to the letter X in the modern Roman alphabet. Thus the term Xmas is just a shortcut way of saying Christmas, isn’t it. As is the term Xian for Christian.

Well I am sure that that many of you are not ready to replace Christmas with Xmas or happy holidays, as I am not. But I am fully prepared to wish you a Merry Christmas with the understanding that however I say it, I mean it and I understand why I am saying it in the first place.

Winter, 2008
Issue 28

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Call to Prayer

Please use this report as an ongoing prayer list:

Pastor Paul and church leaders have an ever-present emphasis on prayer and the power it brings. Throughout this year, many missionaries have conveyed how much easier it is for them to do God's calling when they are prayerfully supported. Join in this support and let us remember them as we pray.

Our Missionaries:

Peggy Dancy

Mozambique, South Africa

Peggy supports herself and passes funds given toward her work to Bible College students, pastors, teacher salaries, rent assistance, etc. Peggy continues to teach. She plans to be here in June &/or July '09.

Tim & Barbara Wood

Ometepec, Mexico

The Wood's '08 prayer request was for help and funds for a 2nd story on the school to handle more students. It happened! KCC sent laborers and funds. The Wood's request continued prayer for their family church and school.

Jonathan & Indira Maraj

India, Malaysia, Trinidad, Alaska + other locations

Many are blessed by their faithful, faith-filled service to our Lord Jesus Christ. The Maraj's seek prayer for wisdom as well as physical strength as they seek the mind of Christ for their every step. (See Robbie's entry on page 35)

Sati Pradhan

Kalimpong, India

Sati is the director of the Gyan Pera Home elder shelter. The staff and residents pray for us and covet our prayers. (See Robbie's entry)

Wayne & Elena Leman

Spokane, Washington

Wycliffe Bible Translators with the First Nation Gwich'in & Crow peoples in the US and Canada. The Leman's are grateful for continuing prayer for their work and Elena's suffering with Lymes Disease.

Alaska Home Missions

Jeff Seimers

Alaska Christian College, Soldotna

Jeff is a Vice President / Director on campus; and invites on-going prayer for staff and students. ACC is a wonderful place for Alaska Native youth from across Alaska.

Ted & Val McKenny Solid Rock Bible Camp, Soldotna

The McKenny's direct the activities at this special year round camp for young and old alike. They appreciate prayer for Christ-centered camp activities and financial support for workers.

David Arestad Alaska Corr. Ministries, Wildwood C.C., Kenai

David is the Chaplain at Wildwood. He facilitates and oversees all religious programs and volunteers including Prison Alpha, Kairos, and all other Chaplaincy functions. Please pray for all.

Love, Inc. – Love in the Name of Christ, Kasilof, Kenai, Soldotna & vicinity

Incoming resources to share in the communities.

Peninsula Food Bank, Kasilof, Kenai, Soldotna & vicinity

Food donations to share in the communities.

Ted & Sharon Wingo Northern Mexico

Sharon is Pastor Paul's sister. The Wingo's are missionaries, and request prayer for Sharon's health and for their work.

Ben & Brenda Murray Southern Thailand

The Murray's are missionaries in Thailand. Their prayer requests are for continuing favor with government officials, their Burmese Pastor, new Believers; and that God be glorified in their lives. The local Governor requested a Bible!

Wirachai & Chuampit Kowae Thailand

Thai nationals facilitating Christ-centered ministry throughout Thailand request prayer for children in two orphanages; building construction for the third orphanage; continued success of their Medical Mobil Clinic Ministry – 1,320 patients were served in three days last July.

Also, please pray for Christians who go into all the world as God directs; and for the persecuted Church.

In Christ;

Eleanor—Missions

KCC's Graduating Class of 2008 Receive Their Quilts

The long-standing tradition and privilege of KCC has been to present our high school graduates with a symbol of our love that will hopefully last their entire lives. So, on May 25 we unveiled the final products to Keith Clancy, Cherise Houser, Heidi Skjold, Michaela Hutchison, Trent Buning, and Uriah Thomas.



Keith Clancy (above) admires his rag quilt being presented by Traci Davis, his mom Tammy, and Peggy McGarry.

Neil and Cindy Houser (left) help their daughter, Cherise, show off her beautiful graduation quilt.



Joy & Eric Skjold happily display Heidi's quilt to her and the KCC congregation. (ooh-aaaah).

Mother Mary Hutchison has done this before, but nevertheless still beams with delight at being able to present her daughter, Michaela,, with her graduating quilt.





Deanna Thomas proudly shows her son, Uriah, his quilt, while Peggy McGarry enjoys the ceremonies.

Lynn & Arnie Nelson present Trent Buning with his rag-quilt in honor of graduating with the class of 2008.



AMAZING GRACE MISSION

On Sunday, November 9, 2008 Harold and Christine Hanson stood before the KCC congregation to inform us that when you retire from your present occupation it doesn't mean that you retire from doing the Lord's work. Harold spoke of how they were introduced to an evangelistic program by the name of Amazing Grace Mission.



Amazing Grace Mission (AGM) was founded by Dr. James Gardner who has over 20 years of experience as a Pastor in Indiana. AGM's primary focus is to proclaim the Gospel in the fairgrounds of America. God led Dr. Gardner to start a full-time ministry of fair evangelism in 1983 and AGM now has a soul winning booth represented in every state of America. AGM has succeeded in setting up booths at every state fair where they engage people in conversation and then show them from the Word of God how they can be saved. Over the last five years, more than 20,000 professions of faith in Christ have been achieved on an annual basis. And, this was accomplished with only approximately 100 workers. It is apparent that "fair time" is "harvest time."

Christine and Harold shared they have been blessed to be a part of AMG ministries. To learn more about AGM, please call 1-800-524-4018 or email agm@ffci.org or log on to <http://www.agm-ffci.org>. They may also be reached at PO Box 289, Dayton, TN 37321

Washing Clothes Recipe



Never thought of a "washer" in this light before.. what a blessing!

'Washing Clothes Recipe' - imagine having a recipe for this!

Years ago an Alabama grandmother gave the new bride the following recipe:

This is an exact copy as written and found in an old scrapbook - with spelling errors and all.

Washing Clothes

Build fire in backyard to heat kettle of rain water. Set tubs so smoke wont blow in eyes if wind is pert. Shave one hole cake of lie soap in boilin' water.

Sort things, make 3 piles

1 pile white,

1 pile colored,

1 pile work britches and rags.

To make starch, stir flour in cool water to smooth, then thin down with boiling water.

Take white things, rub dirty spots on board, scrub hard, and boil, then rub colored don't boil just wrench and starch.

(Note to non-southerners -"wrench" means "rinse")

- Take things out of kettle with broom stick handle, then wrench, and starch.
- Hang old rags on fence.
- Spread tea towels on grass.
- Pore wrench water in flower bed. Scrub porch with hot soapy water. Turn tubs upside down.
- Go put on clean dress, smooth hair with hair combs. Brew cup of tea, sit and rock a spell and count your blessings.

Paste this over your washer and dryer.

Next time when you think things are bleak, read it again, kiss that washing machine and dryer, and give thanks.

First thing each morning you should run and hug your washer and dryer, also your toilet---those two-holers used to get mighty cold

And we think we have it rough!



ARE INTERNET OR EMAIL PETITIONS EFFECTIVE??

The following was excerpted from <http://www.snopes.com/inboxer/petition/internet.asp>

The 2000s have seen the birth of an Internet phenomenon: the e-petition. It offers instant comfort to those outraged by the latest ills of the world through its implicit assurance that affixing their names to a statement decrying a situation and demanding change will make a difference. That assurance is a severely flawed one for a multitude of reasons.

Often petitions contain no information about whom they are ultimately intended for and instead are no more than outpourings of outrage. Expressions of outrage are fine and good, but if they don't reach someone who can have impact on the core problem, they're wasted. Thus, a petition that doesn't clearly identify the intended recipient may have some small value as a way for its signers to work off angst, but as an instrument of social change, it fails miserably.

Even those that clearly identify the intended recipient don't come with a guarantee that the person slated to receive the document is in any position to influence matters. A misdirected petition is of no more use than an undirected one — though the voices it contains may be shouting, they won't be heard.

Even well-addressed, well-thought-out petitions have their problems, chief among them the lack of a guarantee that anyone is collecting and collating the signatures or will deliver the completed documents to the right parties. The mere existence of a petition doesn't warrant that anyone will do anything with it once it is completed.

Moreover, petitions aren't the instruments of social change we'd so dearly love to believe they are. Yes, a petition festooned with a zillion signatures can have some influence, but only as a tangible proof of a subset of public opinion, and only upon those whose welfare is dependent upon public opinion (e.g. politicians). Those signatures aren't votes, and they aren't treated as such by the governing bodies that have to decide on the tough questions of our times. At best, they're seen as an indication of the public's will, no more.

Petitions calling for the erection of a firefighter's memorial or to have next Thursday designated national performing arts day have some small hope of success, but all bets are off when the question becomes more complex ("Let's solve the problem of poverty in the USA") or when acts taking place on foreign soil are the subject of the angst ("Let's end child rape in South Africa").

All of the above applies to hand-signed and cyber petitions alike. E-petitions, however, have one further shortcoming inherent to them that entirely undercut any value the same documents might have had in paper-and-ink form.

Paper-and-ink petitions are signed in a variety of handwriting styles, each unique to its signer. Consequently, signatures on a paper-and-ink petition cannot easily be faked else certain glaring similarities would show up in one entry after another.

E-petitions, however, come with no such assurance — the same person could have generated all of the signatures. Moreover, it takes little by way of programming skills to create a sequence of code that will randomly generate fake names, e-mail addresses, and cities (or whatever combination of same the e-petition calls for). Once written, such a program can be executed with a key-stroke, resulting in the effortless generation of thousands upon thousands of "signatures."

Those in a position to influence anything know this and thus accord e-petitions only slightly more respect than they would a blank sheet of paper. Thus, even the best written, properly addressed, and lovingly delivered e-petitions whose every signature was scrupulously vetted by the petition's creator fall into the same vortex of disbelief at the receiving end that less carefully shepherded missives find themselves relegated to.

Okay, so the average e-petition isn't ultimately worth the pixels it took to create it — why are they so popular?

In a world beset by complex problems, the solutions of which will take enormous amounts of time, money, and commitment, such simplification as the e-petition provides a welcome relief. Imagine having the power to solve those problems! Moreover, imagine having it merely at the click of a mouse!

Such is the appeal. A sense of powerlessness and lack of control over events played out on the grand scale becomes replaced by the certainty that real change can be brought about at the cost of no more effort than it takes to type a few characters on a keyboard, just enough to display one's name on a growing list of equally committed cyber activists. Through the magic of the e-petition, those left feeling like bystanders to important events are transformed into powerful agents for social change. It's heady stuff.

It's also illusion.

Those truly committed to righting the wrongs of the world are encouraged to take pen in hand and craft actual letters to their congressmen or to whomever they deem are the appropriate people to contact about particular issues. Real letters (the kind that are written in a person's own words and sent through the regular mail) are accorded far more respect than form letters (let alone petitions), and that should be kept in mind by those intent upon being heard. Yes, the effort it takes is far larger. But so is the potential for making an actual difference.

TEST YOUR VOCABULARY

The following vocabulary quiz comes from practice materials for the SAT. Check out the answers on page 26. Each correct answer is worth 5 percentage points. The traditional grading scale is: A: 93-100%; B: 85-92%; C: 77-84%; D: 70-76%; F: <70%

1. conjugation

- a. A small cavern.
- b. The egg of a louse or some other insect.
- c. The state or condition of being joined together.
- d. Affected with a whirling or swimming sensation in the head.

2. recover

- a. To regain.
- b. To unite.
- c. A disturbance or violent agitation.
- d. Harsh.

3. pique

- a. Created or formed by the imagination.
- b. To assail with arguments, insinuations, or accusations.
- c. Sudden invasion.
- d. To excite a slight degree of anger in.

4. sapid

- a. That desires or craves immoderately or unappeasably.
- b. Affecting the sense of taste.
- c. General officer who commands a brigade, ranking between a colonel and a major-general.
- d. To withdraw from union or association, especially from a political or religious body.

5. granulate

- a. A name wrongly or mistakenly applied.
- b. Characteristic of dwelling in the country.
- c. To form into grains or small particles.
- d. Characteristic of an erudite person.

6. voracious

- a. A prophet.
- b. A coming between.
- c. Holiness.
- d. Eating with greediness or in very large quantities.

7. specialize

- a. To assume an individual or specific character, or adopt a singular or special course.
- b. To overwhelm with a flood of water.
- c. To protect.
- d. To drive out or away.

8. excretion

- a. Capable of being thrust out.
- b. A sorcerer.
- c. Measureless.
- d. The getting rid of waste matter.

9. plutocracy

- a. Fitness to meet the requirements of a particular case.
- b. A wealthy class in a political community who control the government by means of their money.
- c. At variance with any commonly accepted doctrine or opinion.
- d. The power to produce an intended effect as shown in the production of it.

10. wantonness

- a. The feudal system.
- b. Farthest from the front.
- c. An artificial trance-sleep.
- d. Recklessness.

11. prurient

- a. Sudden invasion.
- b. Inclined to lascivious thoughts and desires.
- c. The sharp striking of one body against another.
- d. To draw into entanglement, literally or figuratively.

12. illuminate

- a. To supply with light.
- b. Different.
- c. To keep oneself back (from doing or using something).
- d. To last longer than.

13. awry

- a. Out of the proper form, direction, or position.
- b. A labyrinth.
- c. Impartial.
- d. Rational self-esteem.

14. counter-claim

- a. A cross-demand alleged by a defendant in his favor against the plaintiff.
- b. That which nourishes.
- c. To study plant-life.
- d. To reveal in trust or confidence.

15. peter

- a. To fail or lose power, efficiency, or value.
- b. Ingenuous.
- c. That may be allowed.
- d. Without intention.

16. ambulance

- a. A vehicle fitted for conveying the sick and wounded.
- b. To abandon without regard to the welfare of the abandoned
- c. Any unsound or delusive mode of reasoning, or anything based on such reasoning.
- d. To make stale or trite by repetition.

17. inundation

- a. Characterized by intelligence.
- b. A doctrine of creation or of the origin of the universe.
- c. Inadequacy.
- d. Flood.

18. imminence

- a. Unreasonable.
- b. Miscellaneous articles of equipment or adornment.
- c. To behave ill.
- d. Impending evil or danger.

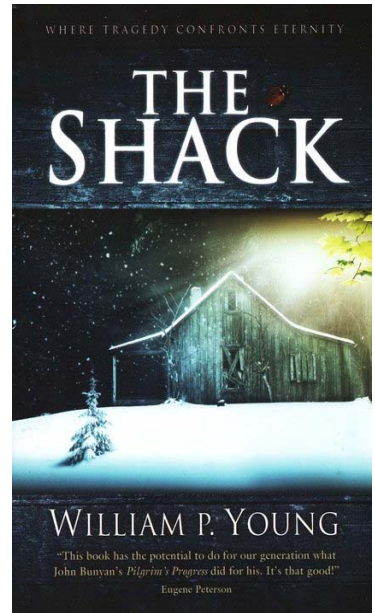
19. lough

- a. The body of men constituting the official advisors of the executive head of a nation.
- b. A lake or loch.
- c. The formation of opinions by relying upon reason alone, independently of authority.
- d. Yielding to the desires or humor of oneself or those under one's care.

20. discolor

- a. To give a wrong impression.
- b. To stain.
- c. Formed after one's father's name.
- d. A representative of one sovereign state at the capital or court of another.

Not long ago I googled “*The Shack*,” and was not surprised to see nearly 1,500,000 web pages dedicated to this wildly popular book. I don’t have a life time to review all of the reviews, but I did spend a number of hours reviewing what people are saying about this book. Suffice it to say, the reviews are mixed, but they do agree in one area. *The Shack* most certainly engenders a passionate response by those who have read it. Let me illustrate one personal experience. I spoke to a colleague after seeing that she was listening to a CD by William P. Young - it was recorded at a church in Colorado. I asked, “So, what did you think of *The Shack*?” This person responded by saying that she had ordered a case of books to give away as *The Shack* had impacted her like no other book she has ever read. She related that deep-rooted pain had been healed through the pages of *The Shack*.



The Shack tells us the story of Mack (Mackenzie) Philips. During a family vacation, Mack’s young daughter, Missy, is abducted. The evidence trail leads Mack and police to an abandoned shack where it is discovered that Missy had been brutally murdered by a serial killer. While still dealing with the anguish of having his daughter taken from his family, Mack receives a strange note that is apparently from God. This note leads Mack on a return trip to the same shack where his daughter was murdered. While there, he has an encounter with three persons who represent a version of the Trinity. The “meat” of this book details that encounter. God is represented as an African-American woman and goes by the name of Papa; Jesus is a man of Middle-Eastern (i.e. Jewish) descent with a big nose and rather plain looks, while the Holy Spirit is known as Sarayu, an eclectic woman of Asian descent. Mack dialogues extensively with Papa, Jesus, and Sarayu over the course of a long weekend at the shack, which helps him deal with many of the deep-seeded feelings of anger and confusion he had been experiencing since losing his child. *The Shack* falls under the genre of Theological Fiction.

Personally, I have mixed feelings about *The Shack*. Even though this book is fictional, there were several instances of questionable theology worked into the story. I’ll let you be your own judge on this matter. But, it is these theological issues that have many emphatically warning about the dangers this book presents. However, at the risk

of stepping on toes, I must also admit there were a few times I found myself saying out loud, “Yes.” My charismatic response was prompted by the fact that the author was challenging me (and you) to think about God the Father, our Savior Jesus, and the person of the Holy Spirit in living terms. People, we have the most important book in the entire world, The Bible, to reveal the character of the triune God to us. Moreover, we have the Holy Spirit residing in us to teach, admonish, encourage and so on. Yet, the concept that God is sitting on a cloud floating above us all day long just waiting to strike us whenever we do wrong is still a view held by many. To that end, I have at times been challenged by some of you to remember that my view of a Holy God who hates sin is the same Merciful God that 1 John defines as Love. I think William Young’s *The Shack* does a commendable job of reminding everyone that God deeply loves us. That said, I was able to sift through the questionable theology of *The Shack* and enjoyed the challenge the author gives to those who have pigeon-holed God into a very narrow definition. Therefore, I don’t see *The Shack* as being the subversive, dangerous book that many much smarter than me do. Yet, I remain open to your thoughts and comments on the matter.

Here are two positive and two less than positive statements from some folks who have read *The Shack*.

“This book did something to my inner man and I am witnessing numerous revelations of a fuller knowledge of Him in many fundamental, long-time Bible rich believers.”

I felt like the portrait of God in this novel was beautiful and reflective of what we find revealed in the New Testament. And the theological and psychological insights of this book were at times profound and consistently communicated in brilliantly simple ways.

*I'd like to address one particularly disturbing and underlying aspect of this book. As I read the book I saw that, from beginning to end, *The Shack* has a quietly subversive quality to it. The author very subtly criticizes many aspects of the church and contemporary Christianity before replacing the concepts he criticizes with new ones.*

“Young teaches that the Trinity exists entirely without hierarchy and that any kind of hierarchy is the result of sin. The Trinity, he says, “are in a circle of relationship, not a chain of command or ‘great chain of being’... Hierarchy would make no sense among us.”

For longer reviews, I have provided two critical and two positive opinions on *The Shack*.

<http://www.crossroad.to/articles2/08/shack.htm>

<http://www.challies.com/archives/book-reviews/the-shack-by-william-p-young.php>

http://drtscott.typepad.com/pastor_scotts_thoughts/2008/06/reviewing-the-reviews-of-the-shack.html

<http://wiredforstereo.blogspot.com/2008/02/answers-to-some-concerns-about-shack.html>

2nd ANNUAL PEGGY DANCY BASEBALL FUNDRAISER

Two years ago (2006) Arnie Nelson convinced a bunch of has-beens to gather together for a baseball game to help support the African queen, aka Miss Peggy Dancy. That inaugural game was won by Jerry (Lasorda) McGarry's team by a score of 9 to 6. After missing a year, the 2008 Peggy Dancy baseball game was played on June 29 with a 9-5 victory coming from coach John (Rapture) Evanson's team. This year's baseball game was also played in honor of Grandma and Grandpa McGarry, who were committed to Miss Dancy's ministry, as well as being wonderful fans and supporters to so many of our kids who grew up playing the wonderful game of baseball.

Thank-you to all the playing participants, and to the supporting cast, who easily outnumbered those on the field. It was a lot of fun and more than \$400 was raised for Miss Dancy to use in Mozambique.

It is hoped that the 3rd annual game, and the 4th and the 5th, etc, will become an event looked forward to by everyone involved.

The 2008 Cast



Front Row: Ben Mattox; John Evanson; Noah Nelson; Seth Hutchison; Caleb Nelson

Back Row: Paul Kupferschmid; Hunter Sirois; Eric Skjold; Pat Shields; Dan Poppin; Rod Mattox; Jeff Aley; Travis Mercer; Jerry McGarry; Derek Poppin; Dave Westerman; Steve Jarvis; Kaleb Shields; Stan Westerman; Arnie Nelson; Bill Dunn; & umpire Rod Hudson



Samuel Nelson says, Play Ball



Derek Poppin awaits a pitch while Arnie (Bench) Nelson gets ready just in case; in the background, Pastor Paul practices timing his swing, while teammates look on.



Player coach, Jerry McGarry, pops up (or homers) - he can't remember.



Kaleb Shields delivers a high fastball



Chef Dave Horne (left) prepares hotdogs & hamburgers for the crowd, while Rapturees manager, John Evan-son (right) looks for some real players.

Spectators Kelsey Shields, Sue Evanson, Marcia Jarvis, & Karla Hudson (below) try to stay warm



Manager: John Evanson

Player	AB	R	1B	2B	3B	HR	SAC	HP	BB	SO	RBI
Kaleb Shields	5	1	0	2					0	1	2
Pat Shields	4	0	1						0	0	1
Steve Jarvis	4	1	0						2	0	0
Caleb Nelson	2	1	0						2	2	0
Trent Buning	3	0	0						0	2	0
Dave Westerman	3	1	0						1	1	1
Stan Westerman	1	2	0						3	0	1
Bill Dunn	4	1	1						0	1	1
Arnie Nelson	3	1	1						1	1	2
John Evanson	2	1	0						2	0	1
Totals	31	9	3	2	0	0	0	0	11	8	9

Manager: Jerry McGarry

Player	AB	R	1B	2B	3B	HR	SAC	HP	BB	SO	RBI
Travis Mercer	4	2	0	1				1	1	1	0
Derek Poppin	3	2	0			1			2	1	3
Paul Kupferschmid	4	0	1						1	0	0
Hunter Sirois	4	0	1						0	2	2
Eric Skjold	3	0	0						1	1	0
Jeff Aley	4	0	0						0	2	0
Rod Mattox	4	0	0						0	3	0
Jerry McGarry	4	0	1						0	0	0
Dan Poppin	4	1	1						0	2	0
Totals	34	5	4	1	0	1	0	1	5	12	5

PITCHING STATS

John's Team	IP	H	R	ER	BB	SO
Pat Shields	4	3	3	3	0	4
Kaleb Shields	4	0	0	0	2	8
Trent Buning	1	2	2	2	3	0
Totals	9	5	5	5	5	12

Jerry's Team	IP	H	R	ER	BB	SO
Travis Mercer	3	0	3	2	4	4
Derek Poppin	3	1	0	0	2	4
Hunter Sirois	2	4	6	6	5	0
Totals	8	5	9	8	11	8

The American Dream

by Mary Hutchison

Being raised in Texas and Colorado, I was the 9th spoiled child of 13 or like my brother says; “one of 11 middle children”. In the 70’s as a teenager, people (including Catholics) were already limiting the number of children they had. Some “do-gooders” would ask my mother, “Don’t you think you are creating more problems for the world?” She would reply with great hope and faith, “I’m hoping that I am helping to solve some.”

Recycling was not even thought of when I was a teen; yet, plastic bags were washed, while paper bags were reused to deliver meals or produce to widowers or needy families. We were taught to turn off lights and conserve when possible. Several load of clothes were washed in one tub of water and windows got cleaned with vinegar water and dried with newspapers—that took care of the streaks—and who could afford paper towels. We weren’t rich.

Mom and Dad were both raised by widows in the depression. Both families sacrificed, lived without and worked hard to keep warm, help provide food for the table, and add to the cash jar. Even though a widow, Grandma took in an extra infant whose mother died at childbirth.

Mom (age 26) married Dad (25). Upon returning from the war, he attended college on the GI Bill, earning his bachelor and master’s degrees while mom worked nights in between birthing their first four children. The next ten years she birthed nine more children while working as an RN part time at nights and continued working until age 70.

They didn’t always treat each other right and we didn’t always behave. Dad (83) has certainly embellished the opportunity to now serve mom (84), who is a little bent over. He isn’t perfect; but is tender and helpful and serves as a great example for brothers, son-in-laws, husbands and young men that might want to ditch the effort.

They taught us the love and fear of the Lord and how great a country we live in. I’m so thankful for the young men and women who choose to serve. We have the freedom and ability to improve if we trust God. We are wonderfully made. We have a mind that we are able to change, forgive, create, serve, play, teach, exercise, eat, etc. So, let’s all help solve some of the problems of the world (Kasilof).

In All Things, Give Thanks

(Editors note: this was an email sent to a limited group, the author agreed to its publication here)

Every year at Thanksgiving, we press the pause button on our lives, however briefly, and express our gratitude for the good things in our lives. And part of giving thanks for the blessings we enjoy is being aware of those who live *without* those blessings—without money, food, shelter, family, or freedom. We have so much for which to be thankful to God. Martin Luther said: We cannot give God anything; for everything is already His, and all we have comes from Him. We can only give Him praise, thanks and honor. Yet how many times this past year have I caught myself grumbling. How often I react toward God's goodness to me as Israel did with God in the wilderness - major grumbling and complaining. How I need the reminders which come from Psalm 100 of all that God has done for me through Jesus Christ. I need a day of Thanksgiving.

Read Psalm 100...

God is God. There is only one God. He is not dead. He is. He demands our praise and thanksgiving.

God is good and is the author of good things. After every creating day, God proclaimed that the world was good. Paul related in Romans 8:28 that all things work together for good to those who love God. James admonished that every good thing bestowed and every perfect gift is from above. Have we thanked God for his goodness to us?

God is everlasting and His love endures forever. Our God has no beginning or ending. He is the Alpha and the Omega. He is the Beginning and the Ending.

God is merciful. God is involved with me. God is involved with you. God is interested in what I am doing. And he is interested in what is happening in your life. God cares about you and me. (1 Peter 5:7).

God is forever faithful. His faithfulness continues through all generations. Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever. God is always there. We might become unfaithful to him, but we have his promise that he will never become unfaithful to us (2 Timothy 2:13).

So, Sing and make music in your heart to the Lord, always giving thanks to God the Father for everything... — Ephesians 5:19-20

Have a great day with family and friends and be assured that, not only today, but every day I thank my God for friends like each of you. May God bless you and make His light shine down upon you and give you peace.

In His Name and for His Glory...Grace and Peace.....*Jerry McGarry*



Editor's Note: In 1975 I was the best man at the wedding of one of my closest friends. Since then, I have seen this couple rarely. A couple of years ago, however, my friend contacted me to talk about the ministry he and his wife had sold their home and moved to New Orleans to serve with. The ministry is called Forward Edge International. I have included some information about this ministry below as well as my friends' website devoted to their activity in this ministry. Because so many of you have roots in the deep south, this may be of interest to you.

<http://web.mac.com/jeffontheedge/iWeb/Site/Welcome.html>

ABOUT US (<http://www.forwardedge.org>)

Mission

Forward Edge International exists to share Christ's love with those affected by poverty, disaster and sickness in the U.S. and around the world.

Vision

Forward Edge International addresses urgent needs around the world by mobilizing volunteers to help initiate and sustain long-term projects and relationships.

Who We Are

Forward Edge International is a faith-based missions and relief organization that addresses the urgent needs of afflicted people worldwide.

What We Do

By mobilizing hundreds of volunteers each year, Forward Edge International alleviates suffering through disaster-response work, health-care projects and programs for at-risk children. Since 1983, more than 10,000 ordinary people have found extraordinary purpose through serving with Forward Edge in many parts of the U.S. and 34 nations.

What We Offer You

Forward Edge International offers churches, schools, campus fellowships and individual adults: worldwide service opportunities, complete on-site coordination of outreaches, experienced on-site facilitators, and practical preparatory materials, such as training manuals, devotional guides, and cultural handbooks.

More than 150 men and women from across North America serve as Forward Edge "Facilitators." These dedicated servants are available to serve alongside your group leader(s) in

a support role, making sure building materials are on site, helping coordinate daily logistics, and providing a relational bridge between your group and your host ministry/organization. They have experience in short-term missions and, in most cases, a familiarity with the people and place where your team will serve.

You will benefit from our decades of experience, the trust we've built over the years with partners around the world, the quality of our training materials, and the administrative and logistical support we provide. We'll help carry the administrative load so you can concentrate on teambuilding and preparing for outreach.

History

In 1982, Forward Edge founder and president, Joseph Anfusio, was in Guatemala doing research for a book when he encountered a short-term mission team from the United States. On staff with an international church-planting ministry, Joseph had worked closely with career missionaries, but had had no exposure to the newly-emerging phenomenon called "short-term missions."

Joseph returned to the U.S. with a vision to mobilize ordinary Christians to "get out of the pews" and put their faith into action. In 1983, he led the first Forward Edge team to Florence, Italy. In 1984, there were three FEI mission teams; in 1985, five; in 1986, 11; and by 2006 approximately 75 FEI-sponsored teams were serving annually in various parts of the U.S. and around the world.

Past Accomplishments

Over the years, FEI volunteers have been used in the U.S. and around the world in many remarkable ways. Here are some examples.

In the 1980s, constructed orphanages in Guatemala and Nicaragua, which today are home to hundreds of children

In the 1990s, constructed youth centers on the Crow (Montana) and White Mountain Apache (Arizona) reservations

Since the 1980s, provided health care to thousands in Latin America and Africa

In 1992, distributed emergency aid to victims of Hurricane Andrew in Florida

In 1999, rebuilt a village in Nicaragua after Hurricane Mitch

In 2000, repaired the homes of widows and orphans in Kosovo following Balkan war

In 2001, built homes for earthquake victims in El Salvador

Following the 9/11 attacks, fed and prayed with rescue workers at Ground Zero in New York City

In 2005, built permanent homes for tsunami survivors in Sri Lanka

2005 to present: repaired homes and church buildings in Mississippi, Louisiana and Alabama following Hurricane Katrina

Samuel the Seagull

by Noah Nelson

Once upon a time there lived a seagull named Samuel. He lived in a hole on a cliff. One day he was sitting on the edge of the cliff when he saw a small crab sitting on the beach below. He swooped down and ate



the crab. Then he flew to the dock and landed on the crow's nest of a fishing boat owned by Tim Moore. He was tired from the flying so he made himself



comfy and fell asleep. When he woke he was swaying. He got up and looked around. Where were the docks? He heard a boy named Noah talking to Captain Tim. He heard that they had been traveling for about four hours. Samuel could never make it home on an empty stomach. He sat there for another hour until he heard another motor and looked up. There was a skiff owned by Derrell Misner. He was headed for home. Samuel



quickly flew to the skiff. He was going to be home in a few hours. When he got home he caught some herring and went to his hole in the cliff.
The end.

GREAT TRUTHS THAT LITTLE CHILDREN HAVE LEARNED:

- 1) No matter how hard you try, you can't baptize cats.
- 2) When your mom is mad at your dad, don't let her brush your hair.
- 3) If your sister hits you, don't hit her back. They always catch the second person.
- 4) Never ask your 3-year old brother to hold a tomato.
- 5) You can't trust dogs to watch your food.
- 6) Don't sneeze when someone is cutting your hair.
- 7) Never hold a dust-buster and a cat at the same time.
- 8) You can't hide a piece of broccoli in a glass of milk.
- 9) Don't wear polka-dot underwear under white shorts.
- 10) The best place to be when you're sad is Grandpa's lap.

GREAT TRUTHS THAT ADULTS HAVE LEARNED:

- 1) Raising teenagers is like nailing jelly to a tree.
- 2) Wrinkles don't hurt.
- 3) Families are like fudge...mostly sweet, with a few nuts
- 4) Today's mighty oak is just yesterday's nut that held its ground.
- 5) Laughing is good exercise. It's like jogging on the inside.
- 6) Middle age is when you choose your cereal for the fiber, not the toy.

GREAT TRUTHS ABOUT GROWING OLD

- 1) Growing old is mandatory; growing up is optional.
- 2) Forget the health food. I need all the preservatives I can get.
- 3) When you fall down, you wonder what else you can do while you're down there.
- 4) You're getting old when you get the same sensation from a rocking chair that you once got from a roller coaster.
- 5) It's frustrating when you know all the answers but nobody bothers to ask you the questions.
- 6) Time may be a great healer, but it's a lousy beautician.
- 7) Wisdom comes with age, but sometimes age comes alone.

Editor's Note: many of you listen to the Moody Bible Network. One of the programs available on MBN is Chris Fabry Live, "a live 54-minute call-in program designed to build up the spiritual immune system of the Christian man and woman. As you walk through the journey of faith called the Christian life, you meet new people, learn new things, laugh, cry, and most importantly, you grow in your understanding of God. With his sense of humor, sense of people, and no sense of direction, host Chris Fabry treks that journey with you each weekday. Current events and issues, caller interaction, special guests, and a few surprises all complement each other on this program. Chris Fabry Live! challenges and encourages listeners in his or her journey of faith."



Prior to hosting Chris Fabry Live, Chris also hosted **Open Line** from 1985 to 1997 and is currently both a writer and broadcaster. He is heard on **Love Worth Finding**, featuring Dr. Adrian Rogers and **Reaching Your World** with Luis Palau. Fabry has also been host to daily and weekend programs for Focus on the Family. He and his wife, Andrea, live in Colorado with their nine children.

Chris also writes a blog, titled, "The Flog -The Fabry Log," which can be found at: <http://chrisfabry.blogspot.com>.

On his radio program and in his blog, Chris has been detailing the devastating events of the serious health issues that have impacted his family as a result of their home being found to contain high levels of black mold. His family was forced to leave their home and everything they owned. Nothing could be taken with them. From his blog, Chris writes about how this all came to be.

What Happened

17 months ago we found mold in our home. It was a bad shower installation by the builder. We had it remediated by a professional company.

Shortly afterward we began seeing health concerns in the children and our animals. They were affected to varying degrees, with the worst being a hospitalization and several surgeries.

One year later, we found mold in another shower. Again we had the company come out, but we were not impressed with the way they handled the situation. We had an industrial hygienist test the air this time and found unbelievably high levels of black mold.

It was at this time that we started putting together the "unexplainable" illnesses of the children with their symptoms.

On October 4th, with rashes and other symptoms recurring, we were told by a toxicologist to vacate the home and not take anything with us. "Treat it like a fire," he said.

We left and the children saw marked improvement over the next few days. That is basically what happened. The insurance company says we're "out of luck" because the policy does not cover this type of loss. So we're trying to wisely decide what steps to take, hoping that our situation will provide help to others around the country who may have health concerns caused by mold.

How You Helped

We were blown away last night when we opened a box from Moody Radio. Amy Rios has handled the receiving and sending of gift cards. People from as far away as Alaska have given to us and we can't thank you enough. I heard yesterday from a family friend in WV, as well. The outpouring of your gifts has been incredible to us and we are humbled and grateful. Wal Mart should also thank you, but I'll let them do that. :)

So, at this point, I believe we are on a good course and the best thing you can do for us now is pray that we would make good decisions in the coming days with the practical things. We want more than anything to do the honorable thing with the house.

We are grateful to you and to God for taking such good care of us and reaching out with such love. I pray God will turn that around to you, and we want to pass that on to people in our own lives as well.

Thank you, thank you, thank you.
cf

Vocabulary Answers: 1)C 2)A 3)D 4)B 5)C 6)D 7)A 8)D 9)B 10)D 11)B 12)A 13)A 14)A 15)A 16)A 17)D 18)D 19)B 20)B

Steve and Delores' Adventure to Kodiak Island

By Steve Carter

The purpose of this adventure was to retrieve Terry Sullivan's cabin cruiser which was at Larson Bay on Kodiak Island in the middle of June, 1973. We had only been in Alaska for a couple of years so, as a couple of flat-landers from New Mexico, we didn't know much about the ocean. It was easy for Terry, a coworker from Trading Bay, to talk me into going with him to get his boat and bring it back to Kenai. I talked Delores into going with us on this trip. Terry had told us that it would only take about 12 hours to get to Larson Bay.

Terry borrowed a beach site skiff that was made out of wooden planks and had a plywood bottom. It was 21 feet long and 8 feet wide with 2'6" sides. It had not been in the water for quite a while so the planks had shrunk, thus, causing it to leak water into the boat. We put some plywood down first and lined the boat with visqueen so everything wouldn't get so wet. After about a day, the boat quit leaking.

We made a shelter out of a blue tarp at the front of the boat. We took a tent, sleeping bags, rain gear, cooking stuff, and food for about four days. We had one drum of 55 gallons of gas with us as well as 55 gallons of gas in various cans and lots of 2 cycle motor oil. After every 5-6 hours of running time, we changed the sparks plugs because they were fouling.

On the day of departure, I finally got to see this fancy 40 hp motor that Terry was going to bring with us. The prop was in such bad shape that I made him go purchase a new one. We also had my brand new 40 hp motor for use as a backup motor. We had designed a bracket for it at work one day.

We finally left Kenai at about 10:00 in the morning to go to Homer which is about 85 miles by sea. It took us about a little over 8 hours to get to Homer that day. By that time, we figured out that it was going to take a lot longer than the original estimated time of 12 hours. We decided to mount that bracket and use my motor too. We had to buy parts and supplies at the old hardware store at the Homer boat harbor as well as borrow some tools from them. After fueling up again, we headed out, first going to Seldovia.

As we came out of the harbor headed for Yukon Island, we ran into some 3-4 foot seas. So we ducked behind Yukon Island for about 4 hours. Then the weather calmed down. We made the rest of the way to Seldovia without incident. It was nearly midnight when we entered the harbor there. Because everything was closed, we couldn't get any more fuel right away. So we decided that we had enough fuel to make it to Kodiak harbor.

We left Seldovia after midnight, going past Dangerous Cape and Flat Island on our way to the Barren Islands, about 45 miles. The weather was flat calm, and since it was summer we had lots of daylight. We saw lots of different sea birds such as puffins, cormorants, muires, etc... A school of porpoise played around the boat for several miles jumping out of the water.

One seemed to jump right over the boat. After a while Delores and I took a nap while Terry ran the boat. From the Barren Islands to Shuyak Island is about 22 miles. After a time Terry woke me up so I could run the boat for awhile. It was about 6:00 in the morning by now. Terry explained to me that we would be going through another stretch of open water before coming to Kodiak Island. However, after going across the open water and running the length of the island that we thought was Kodiak Island, but not finding any civilization, and coming to another big stretch of open water, I realized that we were lost.

Then I woke Terry up. His statement was that I must have driven past Kodiak harbor. But I knew it wasn't so. However, we turned around and started back tracking to find Kodiak. After about 2 hours, he decided that we did not miss Kodiak. So we pulled the charts out to start studying them. We finally figured out that we were along the side of Afognak Island rather than Kodiak as we thought. Now we were concerned that we did not have enough fuel to make it to Kodiak harbor.

We decided to go to the village of Ouzinkie on the southern end of Afognak Island. The distance from Shuyak Island to Ouzinkie is about 66 miles, not including the back tracking, so I estimate that we went at least 90 miles. By now, it was about 4:00 in the afternoon. We were on our last five gallons of fuel. After docking the boat, we went up to the cannery to see if we could purchase some fuel. That is when I discovered that Terry didn't have any money with him, only a credit card. Luckily, Delores and I had some money with us, so we bought the fuel as they had no way to accept a credit card. The people at the cannery also mentioned that the Coast Guard was looking for a boat with 3 people in it. Of course, this is long before cell phones. We had a hand held CB radio and a VHF radio. The cannery had a marine operated radio, but we were not successful in contacting the Coast Guard.

We left Ouzinkie two hours later, heading toward Whale Passage, which is about 13 miles wide and separates Afognak Island from Kodiak. As we left the village, one of the big four engine Coast Guard planes started circling us. We attempted to communicate with them through the hand-held VHF, but with no success. 40 minutes later, a Coast Guard helicopter appeared and hovered over us. Opening their big side door, they let out a big blackboard saying, "Are you Sullivan?" We acknowledged by waving yes, and then they left. It turned out that Terry's wife was concerned since it was already a day and a half late so she called the Coast Guard to report us missing. She also thought it was only going to take 12 hours for the trip.



Not knowing anything about how dangerous Whale Passage can be, we naively continued on our way. Once again, God was with us and the weather was flat calm. It must have been slack water at the same time as we went through there with no problems. This brought us into Kupreanof Strait, which is about 40 miles long, heading for Shelikof Strait, which is known for its rough seas. Before we got to Shelikof Strait about 9:00 in the evening, I started running the boat again. Approaching Shelikof Strait, I could see that the seas were at least 4-5 foot and looking very bad. So I woke Terry up again. After consulting the charts, we decided to take an inlet passage through Viekoda Bay to Terror Bay. Before we got to Terror Bay, we turned into Uganik Passage. It is now getting very late and very dark because of the mountains. The crab fishermen are storing their pots in this area. So there are buoys with lines everywhere making it very hard to navigate.

After midnight, I decided that I could no longer see and was afraid of getting tangled up in the lines. There was little light due to the tall mountains that came near the water's edge and blocked out the little light there was at this time of the night. I started to look for a place to beach the boat, but the cliffs came right down to the edge of the water. Finally I found a sandy beach about 100 yards wide. We beached the boat in the middle of the beach and threw the anchor out. Then we all went to bed as we were all so tired. At some point the next morning, Delores woke up. She woke me up telling us that the boat was sinking. In a half-sleep, I responded with "No, we are not sinking. The boat is just settling." But Delores insisted that we were sinking. Again, I declared that the boat was just settling from the tide going out. At that time, she forcefully said that the motor just went under the water. That got our attention. We got up quickly to survey the situation. We really were sinking because there was a rock underneath one side of the boat causing it to tip to one side. We scrambled getting everything out of the boat, especially the sleeping bags and perishables.

After about 20 minutes with the tide going out, we were able to take my motor off the boat. We rinsed it with fresh water and sprayed it with WD40. We discovered that the boat was tipping about 2 feet to one side. The only thing we did not remove was the 55 gallon drum of fuel. We found a log strong enough to be used as a lever, then pried the boat up to make it level. Then we piled rocks up underneath for sup-



port to keep it level. This was so that the boat would float evenly when the tide came in again. We put everything back in the boat. Then we had about 8 more hours to wait on the tide.

During this time, we did lots of exploring and saw some really wonderful things. The sandy beach was just loaded with steamer clams. You could just rake your hands through the sand and pull out a half dozen of them each time. So we got the cook stove out and ate clams until we couldn't eat any more. We also found several holes with lots of clam shells around. Terry indicated that there was probably octopus in those holes. He wanted to catch some for his native friends in Larson Bay. Normally, to get octopus out of these holes, you use a hose with bleach water solution to force them out. We didn't have bleach so we used a tablespoon of gas in a solution. It worked and we ended up with 3 octopuses with this method. We then put them in a wet tow sack to keep. We tried to eat a small piece of the tentacle of one. But Delores and I were not impressed at all. I did not know, at the time, that this was entirely illegal.

Later that day, a whale swam about 100 feet off shore, just swimming on the surface of the water. Every once in a while, he would blow, but he never went under. It was a very impressive sight. Of course, we saw lots of eagles, puffins, and other various birds. We rested and relaxed until the tide came back in.

After the boat finally floated and we tested the motors, then we started off again heading toward Shelikof Strait about 20 miles. This time the straits were flat calm. We headed south toward Uyak Bay about 25 miles from Uganika Bay. About halfway to that Bay, my motor quit running. Now we were traveling very slowly. After entering Uyak Bay, we flagged a commercial fishing boat down which towed us into Larson Bay to Terry's friend's house. We spent about 2 ½ days there.

The first day, we spent getting to know Terry's friends. (I just do not remember their names at this time.) It was interesting to learn about their subsistence lifestyle. Because there was no wood left in Larson Bay, they had to travel many miles to obtain their winter supply of 10-15 cords of wood. He was a natural native and she was a Russian. Their children had left home by then. He made his living by commercial fishing for salmon. He also hunted deer and moose, possibly crossing Shelikof and hunting on the Alaska Peninsula. They were very friendly and hospitable people to be around. Larson Bay does not have any trees, just grassy mountains.

That same afternoon, we went to where Terry's cabin cruiser was stored. The boat wasn't any larger than the skiff we were in. It was just a plywood boat with fiberglass over it. It needed some definite repairs done on it badly because some of the fiberglass was beginning to separate. It did have a small cabin on it though. Needless to say, I was not very impressed! Later on, we towed this boat back to the dock at Terry's friend's house.

Over the next two days, we figured out how to mount the motors on the cabin cruiser, transferred all our supplies to the new boat, except the 55 gallon drum of fuel, and repaired my motor. Terry had a spare 28 hp motor there, so we used that for an emergency backup motor,

although we did not know if it even worked. We were able to buy fuel and supplies from the cannery there before leaving. Delores tidied up the cabin for us in the meantime. We did not have any time for exploring there.

After another good night's sleep and our good-byes, we left the next morning on the cabin cruiser towing the skiff. We headed back toward Shelikoff Strait which was flat calm again. We came upon some buoys attached to commercial crab pots at about Twocone Point. We wanted to see if we could pull up one by hand to see if there was any crab in it. We barely managed to do this. There were about 10 snow crabs in it, so we took 3 of them out for our dinner. The weather was still so good in Shelikoff Strait and we were able to go all the way to Kupreanof Strait, although we lost my motor again at Miners Point. So now we had only one 40 hp motor, but now were towing a skiff behind.

In Kupreanof Strait, we decided to stop for lunch to cook our crab. We found a very sandy beach about 3-4 miles long. We could not see any submerged rocks. The tide was coming in, but there was a breeze coming from off shore. We decided to lay out only 25 feet anchor line so the boats would keep going out with the tide. Meanwhile Terry tied a line several hundred feet long to a log on the beach so that we could pull the boats back to us on the beach. We took only enough supplies off for lunch. Delores and I started building a fire for the crab and boiling water. I happened to look up and noticed the boats seemed to be a long ways off shore. So I asked Terry, "Where did you tie the line to the boats?" He said, "Over there on that log." But there was no line on the beach anywhere. It became apparent that his knot did not hold and the boats were adrift, heading back to Shelikoff Strait due to the wind.

Terry declared that he would swim out to the boats. But I said, "Stop! If you enter that water and get in trouble, I will not come in to help you. My first priority is to protect my wife." Then we remembered that there was a running line coming off from the shore about a half of a mile down the beach. We were hoping the boats would drift into that line and get tangled up. So I told Delores to build 3 bonfires, as there was lots of beach wood, to signal for help. At this time, we realized that we did not have any supplies such as tent, sleeping bags, rifle, or food with us on the beach.

Terry and I were walking fast down the beach, but the beach ended at some cliffs which forced us to go up the side of the mountain. From there, we saw that the boats had missed the running line. I noticed some reflections off the windshields of some fishing boats on the other side of the Strait. As a desperate measure, I decided to light the grass on fire to make smoke, like the Indians used to do. It worked as it made lots of smoke. I figured we burnt a 10' by 50 yard long area.

It must have worked because within 20 minutes, we saw a chopper heading our way. So we put the fire out. It was the Coast Guard chopper again. Terry and I discussed the situation. Terry came up with the idea to have the chopper lower him in a rescue basket down on one of the boats so he could bring them back to the beach where Delores was waiting. The chopper

landed. One of the Coast Guard officials came to talk with us after landing the chopper. I explained that our boats had gotten away from us. We wanted them to lower Terry down to the boat. The gentleman walked back to the chopper as he didn't know if it could be done or not. Now I had this sinking feeling that they were going to leave us. After a few minutes, he motioned for Terry to come to the chopper. They picked him up and took him out to where the boats were.

Meanwhile the boats had somehow gotten hung up from the line on the bow and were spinning around because of the chopper's rotor blades wash. This made it very difficult to lower Terry to the boat. They actually dipped him in the water twice before he managed to get in the boat. After he was in the boat he was able to pull in the lines and get the motor running, he then went back to pick up Delores.

During this time, I start walking back to where Delores was waiting. About halfway back, there was one little, old scroungy tree about 15 feet tall with an eagle's nest with babies in it. As I walked toward it, the eagles started dive bombing me with their talons out and wings flapping and screeching. This forced me to lay down in Devil's Club, very thorny plants.

Meanwhile, Terry picked up Delores and was at the bottom of the cliff, urging me to climb down the cliff as the eagles were dive bombing me. I finally made it down and got in the boat. After running the boat toward Whale Island for some distance, the Coast Guard chopper which had been hovering and watching us, and probably laughing at us, decided we were good to go and left, possibly. The Lord must have punished us for stealing that crab because we never got to eat them.

It was time to change the spark plugs again, so as I was replacing the second one and tightening it up, the threads stripped out. Once again, we were adrift. We only had that emergency motor that we didn't even know if it ran. So we exchanged Terry's motor with the emergency motor. He hooked the gas to it, primed it, and pulled the motor twice. It started purring like a kitten. The only problem was that it would not stay in gear. You had to hold it all the time. Now we were barely moving.

After studying the charts, we knew we had to make it to Port Bailey about 15 miles across the bay. It took us several hours to make it there, but we did. We spent the night on the boat there. The next day, the weather turned pretty bad. We thought we knew what was wrong with my motor, but due to the weather, Kodiak was unreachable and therefore we could not get us the repairs we needed. So we were stranded.

On the dock at the cannery in Port Bailey we met the Captain of a brand new 75-100 foot crab boat. He was going to Kodiak and volunteered to take us to Kodiak. We jumped at this opportunity. The Captain said he could use his crane to lift the boat to store them on his deck. The first boat taken was the skiff that had a flat bottom. But Terry wouldn't let the Captain lift up the cruiser as there was no cribbing for the V-bottom to set it down properly without damage. He insisted that it should just be towed behind the crab boat with himself aboard.

Now Delores and I were on this very nice crab boat in a nice warm cabin. Terry was in his boat being towed. We were approaching Whale Passage. But this time, the seas were very rough, about 15 to 20 foot rollers. Actually, they were big enough so that when both boats were at the bottom of a trough, we could not see each other. As the big crab boat crawled slowly enough on top of the wave, we could see Terry's boat at a 90 degree angle from us due to the slack in the towing line. When the line became taut, it would pull Terry's boat right through those big waves. From our perspective, it looked very scary and dangerous for him. The Captain at this time spoke to Delores and me and said, "You two are not the brightest people I've ever known, but Terry is definitely the dumbest person on the earth." He stated that if the line should break or separate for any reason, there would be no help for Terry as there was no room to maneuver his boat in this area as it was too shallow.

We finally made it through the Passage to calmer water. About 5 minutes later, the eyebolt attached to the line on Terry's boat broke. We could only thank the Lord that it didn't break 5 minutes sooner. The only thing left to tie to Terry's boat was a cleat on the side of the boat near the bow. This cleat was attached to the boat by 2 small screws that went through the deck of the boat. Terry was so concerned that it may not hold that he held a flashlight watching the screws from underneath as it was getting dark again. We did run into some more rough seas but not as severe as Whale Passage. Once we made it to Kodiak, we discovered that the cleat would not have lasted much longer as the screws had stretched considerably. Delores and I were so thankful that we were in the big boat then.

Before arriving in Kodiak, Delores and I discussed the situation and what we should do. We decided to stay one more day to help Terry find a boat trailer or another boat to tow us or even the Ferry to take us back to Homer or Kenai. If we could not find a way to solve these problems, then we would fly home the next day. Since we were not successful, we did fly home the next day. (Delores said that she would never go on another boat adventure in Alaska again.)

On the airplane we left on, Terry's wife flew in on. They brought the boats back to Kenai. They did have one more dangerous situation somewhere north of Ninilchik when they hit a running line with a following sea behind them. This caused water to come over the back of the boat while Terry desperately tried to cut the line while his wife was yelling, "Is it time to put the survival suits on?" But they did make it after all. (On a side note, Terry and his wife lived on this boat for 2 years in Sterling.)

We were so glad to be back home as both Delores and I missed more work than allowed. Our bosses were not too happy with us. There was only one time when Delores and I thought we were in serious trouble. That was when the boats got away from us. It didn't scare me away from the ocean as I did become a commercial fisherman for several years. I still have a great love for the ocean, but now I respect it too.

Missions Update

Elder Shelter – India: The joy at being in the renovated home is indescribable. Many prayers and thanks have been coming our way from the elders for all of our support. The house mother Sati Pradham's husband went to be with Jesus early in the year. She is staying on as house mother, but the shelter is actively looking for a younger strong Christian couple that can take over the duties. The residents have a small garden that helps to supplement their meals. A garage has been built at the bottom of the hill from the home that will house the home's van. What a blessing this has been since the garage they rented was three miles from the home. They wish to express their thanks and prayers for all of the support that comes from our church. Indira said that without our support they would not be able to sustain themselves.

Jonathan & Indira Maraj: The Maraj's have just finished several months in Alaska's villages and our area. They were pleased at the spiritual strength and growth in the villages. The village church is still looking for a pastor. The Maraj's are currently in Seattle resting and enjoying the holidays with family. From there they will go to Trinidad to witness, teach, and visit with extended family. They are receiving many calls begging them to come to various parts of India, Malaysia, and Indonesia. They are awaiting the Lord's guidance for their next move and have asked for your continued prayers. They continuously express their undying gratitude and prayers for the support from our church body.

Billboards

There are moments in life when time seems to stop and out of nowhere simple, yet undeniable truths present themselves like giant billboards. Although many of these realities are rather unassuming, nevertheless, they can be piercing, often eliciting a deep-seeded emotional response. Undoubtedly these revelations are the result of a middle-aged man becoming more keenly aware of his mortality. Throw in an unfavorable medical diagnosis and it will come as no surprise to learn that these “visions” are occurring with more regularity. It might be during a jog, or while driving to work, or right in the middle of a prayer, when unexpectedly, an unpretentious, but powerful truth clobbers me. I know that I am not the first person to wrestle with these issues; they are quite common to many of you, albeit your list would be very different. Yet, the uniqueness of all this is how each of us responds to these simple realities. Here is just a sample of some of the life-shattering billboards that have popped up in my mind as of late:

- I will never be 18 years old again
- I will never pitch in the “majors”
- I never really got to know my Dad
- I will never bring home a newborn child again
- I may not live to see or hold my own grandchildren
- I likely will say or do something that deeply hurts someone I love
- I have cancer
- I will one day see my Lord face to face

You may have already reached the same conclusion that it took me much longer to deduce. If so, please bear with my tardiness. This short, purposely non-exhaustive list was not meant to be “whiney,” or to serve as a clandestine attempt to evoke sympathy. Rather, my intentions for sharing this were of a more positive nature. You see, you can take each one of these statements and turn them around into a proclamation of thanksgiving. For example, “I will never be 18 years old again,” can be stated, “I lived through my 18th year of life.” “I will never bring home a newborn child again,” can be emphatically stated, “I was blessed to hold three newborn children.” Even the decree, “I never really got to know my Dad,” can be reworded, “My Dad knew me.” Finally, the fact that I will one day see Jesus face to face is a closer reality today than it was yesterday. Yes, there is so much to be thankful for; an insidious disease should not and will not rob me of this joy.

1 Thessalonians 5:16-18 (NLT) ¹⁶Always be joyful. ¹⁷Keep on praying. ¹⁸No matter what happens, always be thankful, for this is God’s will for you who belong to Christ Jesus.