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Unless you live on a planet other than earth, you couldn't have escaped one of the biggest non-news stories of the year. I am speaking of the Tiger Woods debacle. Wait a second, don't throw this Newsletter on the floor quite yet. While this isn't the forum to chase down rumors and innuendo, it is a legitimate place to ask, "What, if any, should our response be to this whole situation?"

While driving home from work one day, I listened to a sports radio talk show host bat the topic around. He even was taking calls from listeners. Although the responses were all



over the board, the overwhelming conclusion was this. When it comes to infidelity, the public jury weighed in strongly with a verdict of not guilty. The rationale for their decree was that everybody does it, so what's the big deal?

First of all, the premise behind this conclusion is not entirely true, but it does have enough validity to warrant consideration. Statistics will probably bear out the fact that many marriages end because of adultery. But, there is both a logical and spiritual fallacy that says because we all sin, it is therefore alright that we continue to sin.

So, what are we in the family of faith supposed to do with information like this? You can try to ignore it, but come on, it's everywhere, you can't escape it. I know that my heart has ached for Tiger's wife, and I don't even know her.

So, back to the question of how we in the family of faith should respond? I guess I will leave that up to you, but let me remind you and myself of this important fact. The Bible uses a single, but powerful word when describing sin and redemption. We are told in Rom 3:23 that **ALL** have sinned and **ALL** have fallen short of the Glory of God and **ALL** are justified freely by His grace through the redemption that came by Christ Jesus. At Christmas, we celebrate the birth of Jesus, and our redemption. Remember, that term **ALL** includes Tiger Woods too!

From the Pastor's PC

Hanging in our home is an old print of a very famous picture. Perhaps you have seen it, too. Fifty years ago, my grandparents sent money so my parents could purchase a Christmas gift for me in their name. I was very young and could not have fully appreciated the gift. Jesus is depicted in a contemporary scene with three children. Seated on His lap, the youngest girl asks Jesus what happened to His hand while her brother and older sister wonder as well.

Artist Harry Anderson was a gifted still life artist who worked commercially for some of the largest companies in America. Prior to his conversion to Christ, Christian art was set in the biblical period. This picture, painted in 1945, was his first venture using artwork to tell the story of Jesus. It is considered his best technical work and broke new ground with Jesus set in a 20th century scene. In other words, Harry Anderson used his art to incarnate the message of Christ into our culture.

Reflecting back, I am sure my parents had several reasons for buying this picture. I was three at the time, Sharon was less than a year younger and Mom was seven months pregnant with Ruth. If all went well with Ruth's birth, one day soon we could easily identify with the three children in the picture. Mom and Dad eagerly looked forward to the time when our curiosity would create the moment they could begin to tell us about Jesus and God's gift of a Savior. How Godlike! What love! What patience and foresight! What priority as they laid the foundation for an eternal spiritual future for their children. And what desire to keep the events of Christmas centered on the glory of Jesus.

For me, there are several lessons from this story. First, Jesus died and rose again to save me! Second, Jesus came to be incarnated for every culture in every century. God so loved the world... Third, we are gifts God gives to others to share Jesus in unique and creative ways. Fourth, God is patient as he establishes His word in our hearts but He is not without a plan. He is eager that we with Mary, might ponder these things in our hearts and know His incomprehensible love. He desires that we would join Him in sharing an eternal spiritual future with all who are lost and need a Savior. Finally, just as in previous Christmases, we must fill our hearts with Jesus and nothing less.

We can all share the love of Jesus with someone this Christmas.



But the angel said to them, "Do not be afraid; for behold, I bring you good news of great joy which will be for all the people; 11 for today in the city of David there has been born for you a Savior, who is Christ the Lord.

Luke 2:10-11

Pastor Appreciation - A Feminine Perspective

by Pat Shields

A number of years ago I applied for and was hired into a new position at my current place of employment. The title of my new job was Assistant Management Biologist. Titles have never meant much to me, but it didn't take long to figure out they did to others. On numerous occasions members of the public have come to the Fish & Game office to speak to the Area Manager. When I tell them he isn't in the office at the moment and then ask if I may help them, the response I often get is, "No, I want to speak to the head guy."



October was Pastor Appreciation month. On October 18, the congregation asked Melissa and Sheila to come forward so we could recognize them and pray for them. You see, they have willingly accepted the title of "wife," or "helper," or been the one left at home to "keep the fires burning." Much like an assistant, they work behind the scenes to support their husbands (the head guy), so that they may more effectively serve you and I. And, as noted in their tribute, they do this for no pay, other than knowing that they serve the risen Lord. So, the next time you run into one of these "assistants," let them know that you appreciate all they do for us at KCC.

Doctor and Mrs. Clayton Pollard

by Brent Johnson

George Pollard's parents, Dr. Clayton Armstrong Pollard and Lucy May Pollard, were instrumental in shaping Alaska, Kasilof and Kasilof Community Church. Lucy came to Alaska first and we'll start this chronicle with her.

About 1886, 26-year old, Minnesota-born Frank A. Mattson married 21-year old Sweden-born Irene Pherson. Their first child was George E. Mattson and their second was Lucy, born in May 1889 at Lake Crystal, Blue Earth County, in southern Minnesota. The 1900 census for Blue Earth County lists the Mattson family, which had grown to include four sons and three daughters. Frank is a farmer. It seems likely that the Mattsons have remained in this same county since their marriage. That was about to change.

In 1905 a state census was taken of Wisconsin. The Mattson family shows up at Lakeland, Barron County in northwest Wisconsin. A new son, Lester, was added in 1903 and his birthplace is listed as Wisconsin. This would lead us to believe that the Mattson family moved to Lakeland between 1900 (the last census) and Lester's birth in 1903. Unfortunately, Irene had died. Frank is listed as a widower and the loss must have occurred between the birth of Lester and this 1905 census.

Lucy was about 15 when her mom died and being the oldest girl, new responsibilities likely came her way by the truckload. All eight Mattson children were living at home at the time of this census.

Five years later the 1910 census documents a move. The Mattson family had moved to Maple Plains, another town in Barron County. The oldest two boys, George and Paul, are not among them. Lucy is listed as 20 and her other five siblings are also listed. Frank was still a farmer. Some of the living space gained by the absence of the two oldest sons had been taken up by a 76 year-old woman boarding with them. In all likelihood, the Mattson household was a lot of work for everybody, and almost certainly so for Lucy. Her two sisters were 14-year-old Olive and 10-year-old Alice.



At some time during the next few years Lucy went to Bible School in Ames, Iowa. The circumstances for choosing a school there, or even the name of the school, are not currently known. We might notice that Iowa is the only state that touches both Wisconsin and Minnesota, and was reasonably close. Meanwhile, the 1920 Census finds Frank Mattson in new circumstances. He has remarried and lives in Rochester, Minnesota. His new wife was Ruth Esther "Etta" Davies, who was born in Minnesota. Frank is 60, Etta is 40 and they have three sons, all born in Minnesota. The oldest boy is 5, so Frank must have moved back to Minnesota and married Etta by 1915. The youngest child from Frank's first marriage would be about 16, but none of Frank and Irene's children were listed in this household during this census. Frank's occupation had become "road grader manufacturer."

A copy of an undated newsletter from the Baptist Orphanage at Woody Island, Kodiak tells us that Miss Lucy Mattson of Rochester, Minnesota arrived aboard the Admiral Farragut on August 29, 1918. She joined an older woman, Marchie M. Hines, in Seattle and they came from there together. Lucy was to take charge of the younger boys and Miss Hines the girls. The article says "Miss Mattson is young, not very large and seems more like an older sister to the boys, who from the youngest to the oldest are devoted to her. Her ability to play the piano and organ and to sing is a great help at home and at church."

Later the newsletter mentions how the orphanage had just been connected with the Radio Station and Kodiak by telephone. A cable was laid from the Station to the Mission through a lake. "The more we use the telephone the more we wonder how we ever got along without it," beams the newsletter. Woody Island is about two and a half miles east of Kodiak. In 1911 the U.S. Navy built a wireless station on Woody Island and this is the station the newsletter refers to. Another portion of the newsletter tells us, "Through the courtesy of the Chief of the Radio Station our Church and Christmas tree were lighted with electricity."

A few months after Lucy's arrival the Farragut returned, bringing another staff member to the orphanage. The Spanish Flu, one of the worst epidemics to ever strike Alaska, broke out a few days later. The following is condensed from the newsletter:

Not only did the Farragut bring Mrs. Gregory, but also some very unwelcome passengers—Spanish Influenza germs. Three days after the steamer left, one of our older boys took sick. The next day two more...

School was closed as Mr. Folsom, the principle, also was very ill with the flu. ...By the middle of the second week all the boys were in bed, and a few days later, all but three of the girls.

We were fortunate to get Nicholai Fadao, a former Mission-boy, to care for the stock and do the milking. But there came a time when he could not be depended upon, for

there were only two other available men on the island who were not ill. These had to carry water, get wood, wait on the sick, and worst of all bury the dead. That was the most terrible part. ... Within two weeks 14 men, 6 women and 6 children died.

Probably some of our readers do not know there is no undertaker here, no place where coffins can be bought. They must be made, and usually it is of rough lumber covered with cotton goods...

When so many were dying here, it was impossible for the few well ones to make coffins and dig graves in the frozen ground. So with few exceptions the dead were wrapped in bed quilts and several buried in one grave. Often it would be long after dark before this sad task was finished.

One evening Nicholai could not come to do the chores on account of these other duties. Unfortunately Supt. Learn at that time had the influenza, and though confined to bed only part of a day, was positively forbidden to go outside. So Mrs. Gregory and Miss Mattson fed the pigs and calves, put in the cows, fed and milked them and fed the horses.

Thirty-one in the Orphanage were ill at the same time, and all recovered excepting Allie Vessey, who from the very first had pneumonia. Allie was 14...

The highest commendation is due our matrons Misses Mattson, Hines and Mrs. Gregory. Their service during the epidemic was nothing short of heroic.

The 1920 census of Woody Island, Kodiak does include Lucy Mattson. One surprise is an error regarding her age. In 1920 Lucy would have been 31, but the census says she is 27. Is this a tiny fib or typical census sloppiness? The Superintendent of the orphanage, George A. Learn was 52, his wife, Lucy, was 53 and their daughter, Margaret M. Learn was 17. In a collection of letters from the orphanage is a 1968 letter from Goldie Bailey who went to work at the orphanage in 1923. She says, "The ship that took me up there took Mr. Learn out on his vacation. Mrs. Learn stayed to help while he was gone. That was the first of September. He was supposed to be back by Christmas. He was ready, but stopped at a hospital in Seattle to have his tonsils removed and he died. As soon as we heard it Mrs. Learn left on the first boat she could." Then the letter goes on to say "Lucy Mattson Pollard



Lucy Mattson

[left] that fall when she married Dr. Pollard.”

The death toll for the Spanish Flu pandemic is verified by U.S. District Court Case no. A76-0132, which states: “In 1918 at least 27 Woody Island villagers and Mission children died during the Spanish flu epidemic.” The case goes on to say Woody Island’s population in 1910 was 168, including children at the Baptist Mission. By 1920 the population of Woody Island had dropped to 104.

Someone might ask what the attractions were on Woody Island, to which the following can be noted: Between 1855 and 1860 about 7,400 tons of ice were shipped from Woody Island to San Francisco. During these years many of the Woody Island Natives earned a living cutting ice on Tanignak Lake and storing it. Natives also harvested sea otters in nearby waters, but that activity declined by 1890 because the otter population was depleted. Sea otter hunting was banned in 1911. Also, a Russian Orthodox church was built on Woody Island by 1872, and it exerted significant influence on the Native people. In 1893 the first Baptist Mission in Alaska was built on Woody Island. So far we have followed Lucy Mattson from her birth to her marriage to Dr. Clayton Pollard. Now lets follow the roots of Clayton.

Matti Frances Bradley married James Robert Pollard in 1879. They had seven boys, all born in Missouri. The oldest was Walter E. Pollard, born in 1880. Their 5th son, Clayton Armstrong Pollard was born April 1, 1887. The youngest of these seven boys was born in 1893 and sometime between then and 1900 the family moved to Cordele in Jackson County, Texas, southwest of Houston.

In 1910 twenty three-year-old Clayton appears in the census at East Pagosa, Colorado. His occupation is listed as farmer, and several sources say he entered dental school that year. A copy of his draft registration card dated June 5, 1917 says Clayton is a dentist from Montezuma County, Colorado. A list of Colorado soldiers who participated in the World War ranks Clayton Pollard as a 1st Lieutenant, Dental Corp. from Pagosa Springs, Colorado. After the World War thirty one-year old Clayton married 27-year old Ina Odem. Tragically, Ina died of pneumonia about a month after the wedding.

In a January 5, 1920 census, Clayton is still in Colorado. His marital status is marked “widower,” he is 32 and rooming at his former mother-in-law, Martha Odem’s house. She is also widowed and has her daughter, Lulu Odem age 23 living with her. Clayton’s occupation is listed as “dentist in general practice.” If we chase the Odem’s back to the 1910 census, we find them living in Delta County, Colorado and Martha’s husband, Thomas, very much alive. The couple had then enjoyed 33 years of marriage. Also alive is their daughter, Ina, 18. Since Ina and Lulu are the only daughters listed, this agrees with other sources that Clayton married Ina.

Dr. Clayton Pollard moved to Anchorage in 1920 and opened a dental practice. Why he made this move is no longer known, but his sons say he liked to hunt and fish and Alaska offered great opportunity for those pursuits. According to *Legends & Legacies: Anchorage 1910-1935* by John P. Bagoy, Doctor Pollard got a Bureau of Indian Affairs contract to do dental work for native children scattered across Alaska. The Woody Island orphanage was apparently on his circuit and Clayton met Lucy. In the fall or winter of 1923 Clayton and Lucy married in Anchorage.

In 1924 Pollards had their first baby, Clayton James Pollard, named after his father but with a distinct middle name. In 1926 Dr. Pollard began a three year stint on the Anchorage City Council and that same year their second child, George R. Pollard arrived. Since his name is the same as Lucy's older brother, we might suspect a maternal source for the baby's name. Doctor Pollard had property on 10th and M Street. With 11 partners in 1928 he started Anchorage Fur Farm Association. They raised mink and the large number of partners hints at a sizable operation.

The February 1930 census in Anchorage counts Dr. Pollard as age 47 (he was 43), Lucy as 38 (she was 41), Clayton J. age 5 and George age 3. Another curious twist has Lucy listed as born in Wisconsin. A census is not a Gospel, but it is a useful document for writing biographies. This same census mentions Walter Erwin Pollard, Doc's oldest brother. Walter was 49 and his sons, 18-year-old James, and 15-year-old Charlie were with him. Two months later Walter is again counted; this time in the April 1930 census of Los Angeles, California. His wife, Vida and their four children are there together. Walter had married Vida Grace Love in May, 1909 in Aztec, New Mexico. Their son Fred was born in New Mexico, James was born in Washington, Charles in the District of Columbia, Emma Grace in Colorado, and the family was counted in California.

Along another front of this story, Perry Cole came from New York and had a log house built in Kasilof. Cole came about 1928 and started a fur farm on his property, located next to what is now known as Pollard Lake and near the Kasilof River. Perry, then 45, his wife Lillian, 44, six children, one daughter-in-law and a granddaughter appear in the 1930 census of Kasilof.

Most likely the fur business brought Perry Cole and Dr. Pollard together. The Anchorage Fur Farm Association apparently had bought a portion of the Cole property and Perry Cole's family moved to the top of the hill, near where Bob and Mary Lambe now live. A disaster struck the Cole family in 1931 when their youngest son, 6-year old Burton fell through the ice of the lake and drowned. The same accident claimed the lives of two Sandwich children. Sandwichs were fur farmers on what is now Sandwich Ave. It is possible

that the tragedy played a part in Cole's relocating away from the lake and away from what was one of the nicest houses in Kasilof. The Great Depression's effect on fur prices may also have led to financial considerations, which prompted the move.

As the Pollard children, Clayton and George grew up they went to school in Anchorage and spent summers with their parents in Kasilof. Ernest "Bud" Amundsen was a friend of theirs. The boys talked their parents into letting Bud spend a summer with them in Kasilof. Bud recalled some of the highlights for this article:

"Their folks and mine agreed and after school let out that year (1936 I believe) we went down there on one of Heinie Burger's boats. Kasilof at that time had only one road which ran upriver from the mouth and ended at the Pollard place. All the people lived along that road except the Ness family who lived on the other side of the river, as I remember. In addition to the road, the various farms, homesteads, etc. were connected to one another by a crank type phone. Each family phone was designated by a specific combination of long and short rings. The general ring, everyone to pick up, was three longs. The only reason I remember that is Doc Pollard said, "It doesn't make any difference what you ring, everyone picks up their phone when it rings, if they're near it."

Doc's brother, Walter, was around one summer and may have stayed the winter. Also, Mr. Cole was around, though he didn't live in the log house, we did. The shack, by the lake, was empty, so he may have lived with the Zettles, the first house down the road. I believe Mrs. Zettle was one of his daughters.

Doc had a net on the river with which we caught salmon; we stripped and dried these for mink feed. We cut and stacked tide grass for the cows. Mrs. Pollard had a garden.



They had a couple of cows for milk and butter. They were allowed to graze freely each day and Clayton, George and I would have to bring them home in the evening. If they stayed along the road, we could easily find where they

were by phone. One year Doc had several piglets, which I believe he was raising for home use. Another year he cleared brush off the side of the road to the river. As 10-12 year old kids I can't believe we were much help in taking care of the place, but Doc always had us involved in nearly every task. Mrs. Pollard took care of our religious training, she had Sunday School for all the kids up and down the road each week. If I remember correctly it was at different homes each week."

An interesting item appears in a scrapbook Enid McLane kept for Kasilof School. In 1938 is a page titled "Annals of Kasilof." July 10 lists the players on "the first game of softball." July 17 is written as "First Divine Service." Held at the home of Dr. C.A. Pollard. Reverend Ramsey, speaker. Those present were Mrs. Perry Cole; Mrs. Heinie Berger and son Dick; Mrs. Stryker; Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Stohl; Mrs. A.P. McLane and children, Stanley, Jettie Jean and Joan; Mrs. C. Pollard and sons, Clayton and George; and Mr. Fred Carlquist.

George recalled that while living in Anchorage, his mom took in a boy who had fallen on hard circumstances. Caring for people is a trait that seems to appear in her life from her early days at home, through her work at the orphanage to her life in Kasilof. That doesn't mean that Lucy's policies met unreserved approval from her sons. George thought his mom was "a little too forceful with her religion." "Kids want to be free to choose," he said. "And they should be told the consequences of that choice."

The senior Clayton was a strong believer as well. Young Clayton (now 85) recalls that he and George were forced to go to Sunday school and church services, and their friends used to tease them. George said, "My mother wouldn't even let us go to dances when we were in high school." Both boys admit that they had teen-age rebellion and were not very interested in church. Upon high school graduation Clayton went briefly to Bob Jones University, coerced there by his parents, according to George. "Clayton didn't like it much and was shocked when a friend was caught kissing a girl and kicked out of school," George said. Clayton graduated from high school in 1942 and George in 1943. Clayton later graduated with a Bachelor's degree from Miami, Florida. He went to France and taught school to the children of American servicemen. This was after the war and lasted a year. The next year he did the same thing, teaching in Germany. After this Clayton went to work for the Arabian-American Oil Company in Saudi Arabia. They had published an ad for a schoolteacher to teach English to their workers. Clayton applied, was hired and held that job seven years.

Out of high school, George tried to join the Marines, but his eyesight was too poor. He was staying in Seattle with a former Kasilof family, James and Bertha Stryker (Enid McLane's parents). Stryker's granddaughters, Jettie Jean and Joan McLane and Peggy Petersen were also staying there. Jettie was working for the Army Transport Service and sug-

gested checking them out. So George signed up and spent a year with them, visiting the Aleutians from Dutch Harbor to Attu. This was before the end of World War II.

Pete Jensen was a pioneer of Coho who kept a diary beginning in 1944. Several entries appear regarding the Pollard family. Walter's son, Fred, appears during some months Jensen was in Anchorage, working for the Post Office. On April 3, 1945 he wrote, "Met Fred Pollard in uniform at P.O." Jensen was a setnetter and his entry for Aug 24, 1945 reads: "Send 2 seal scalps with Chuck & Dr. Pollard. Dr. Pollard after Comer's horse" Comer Cole was one of Perry Cole's sons. Comer married and stayed in Kasilof after his father returned to New York. On Jun 24, 1946 Jensen's says: "At Pollards after eggs." On Jul 4, 1946 the diary mentions: "at Pollards for 4th July picnic. Met Fellers, Schultz, Mrs. Sandwick, Spetz, Jimmie Pollard and Mrs. Crosky." Aug 16, 1947 "At Pollards after eggs."

Dr. Pollard was elected to the Alaska Territorial Legislature in 1945 and listed his residence as Anchorage. According to Legends & Legacies: Anchorage 1910-1935 by John P. Bagoy, Dr. Pollard closed his Anchorage dental office in 1946 and moved to Kasilof. This agrees pretty well with records for the Territorial legislature, which lists Pollards address as Kasilof in his service between 1947 and 1951. By the time Pollards moved to Kasilof fur farming had fallen by the way. Doc intended to farm but people with tooth problems came to him and he operated his foot-powered drill and dental services for a number of years, working out of his house, or even traveling to surrounding communities.

In 1946 Wayne Fellers bought the Sandwick Homestead. That same year his sister, Martha Schultz and her husband, Tom, retired from school teaching in Alaska villages and settled in Kasilof. Harlie Fellers, Wayne's brother, soon came and took out a homestead encompassing what is now the church, the Mercantile, and Mac Chesney's place. Early Kasilof church services have been traced to Gladys Erdman and Florence Dalbow who came in 1947 sponsored by Slavic Gospel Missions. You can bet Lucy Pollard was in attendance and some of those meetings were probably held in her home, though others were held in the Schultz home and Wayne Fellers home,



(which, incidentally, suffered a devastating fire this winter). Art Grover was an ordained pastor who came to Kasilof in 1949 and started a children's home. He gave numerous sermons at Kasilof over the next few years and a number of adult workers at the children's home were part of Christian community then at Kasilof.

Meanwhile, after a year in the Army Transport Service, George Pollard joined the National Maritime Union. During five years with them George sailed to Japan, the Philippines, the Persian Gulf, through the Panama Canal and up the East Coast of the U.S. In about 1952 George joined the Army and was stationed in Alaska with the Harbor Craft Service. George spent time at Anchorage, Whittier and Seward.

An April 1952 newspaper article in Enid McLane's scrapbook of Kasilof School tells us that Lucy Pollard had gone to San Francisco to visit her son Clayton and one of her sisters. The article says Clayton was studying toward his Masters Degree at UCLA. Meanwhile, Dixie Lee Overturf, who was under the guardianship of Lucy Pollard, was staying at the Wendler home near Ninilchik. By 1953 Harlie Fellers gave permission for a church building to be constructed on his property. Dr. Pollard dug the hole for a basement with his Ford tractor, which had a scoop on the back. Cement walls and a floor were poured and the first services were held in the basement of Kasilof Community Church around Christmas, 1953. By then Bill Harris was heading up the Children's Home and, though he wasn't an ordained pastor, he delivered most messages at the new church.

George got out of the army in 1954 and had been thinking about how nice Kasilof was. So he went back there and took out a homestead. His mom decided to start a lodge and George put up the sign. That was about 1955 or '56. George became a guide and used horses to pack meat for Anchorage hunters. At that time his dad still used horses for mowing hay as well as to pull a buckboard wagon. His mom also added a few grocery items to the farm products they had been selling.

The younger Clayton eventually got a masters degree in library science from the University of Hawaii and became a librarian in California. Bird watching was a favorite hobby for Clayton. Following this passion he has been to 145 countries, including Iraq, Iran, India and several countries in Africa.

The first official pastor at Kasilof Church was Reverend Ray Mainwaring, who came in 1957. It was during this time that the upstairs was finished at the church and electricity hooked up. Mainwaring's daughter, Karin, remembers Pollards inviting her family to dinner often. "The family was very generous," she said. And added, "George was quite the eligible bachelor during our early stay in Alaska. Then he married Ruth and brought her back to Kasilof. Everyone liked her immediately."

George and Ruth Reinheimer were married in 1958. Ruth was from Pennsylvania and

was a physical education teacher at a private school for girls. Her sister, Mary Reinheimer Hawkins had been on the Kenai Peninsula for many years and was a teacher at Ninilchik. George and Ruth were members of Kasilof Church.

Doc Pollard took ill with stomach cancer and died in March, 1960. Even after he was gone his farm had an impact on the area. A Cheechako News item covering the 4th of July rodeo held in Ninilchik in 1960 says most of the livestock came from Pollard's Ranch and the Bar-5 Ranch.

After Doc's death Walter Pollard moved to a pioneer home in Sitka. His wife, Vida, had died in 1951. She never came to Alaska. Walter died in January 1971 after living to be 92. About 1960 Walter's son, Jimmie, sold his Kasilof Automotive Service to Irton Slone and Don Cassidy. It had gas pumps and was located on the church side of where Letzring's now live. The new owners called it I&D Garage, and when the Sterling Highway was realigned, they moved it to the intersection with K-Beach Road. Jimmie and his wife moved to California. His brother, Fred, lived in Kasilof for a while, but later relocated to Anchorage and lived there until he died.

A letter written by Lucy on September 4, 1967 is answering someone inquiring about the Kodiak orphanage. Lucy says, "I was in Anchorage, AK for two months and just returned to the above address to be with my son for the winter, he is a teacher. My other son is a guide, he is a real Alaskan."

Lucy continued living with Clayton in California where she also enjoyed being near her sister. Lucy passed away in 1978, at the age of 89. Clayton is retired, still living in California and attends Rolling Hills Covenant Church. He hopes to write a biography of his life. George and his wife, Ruth, carried on a hunting guide business, which featured trips into the Tustumena Lake area. They focused more on photography trips as time went by. In the mid 1990s Ruth came down with dementia and Alzheimer's disease. She soon became bedridden and George took care of her at what had been his parent's home until her death in December 2006. Ruth's nephew, Dick Hawkins, is a helicopter pilot. He lives with his wife, Linda, on his parent's homestead, about 10 miles north of Ninilchik.

Dr. and Lucy Pollard are still remembered by a few individuals who were in Kasilof before 1960. Eventually, these folks will all slip away and the memory of Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Pollard will depend on words like these.

Wood Prayer Letter - December 2009

What a precious time of year. Saludos de Mexico. As many of you have seen the snow fly and we all are enjoying this Christmas season, isn't it great to belong to the family of God? Yes! That joy that flows from the inside of us in gratitude to our great Father. Yes! This is the spirit of Christmas, one of giving and gratitude. For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son.

Wow! That is just great in its simplicity and yet the profound significance of the act. Well that is what missions is about and thanks for letting us be your extension to southern Mexico. A lot went on this year so I will try to share and mostly sum up the year.

Family news is Susie, Andy, *and* Josh graduated this year. Susie graduated from our Colegio Admiral R. Carey Brenton Christian Junior High School and is now a homeschooling high schooler; she is also taking a class at the local high school. Andy, who graduated from our home school high school, is now attending Wheaton College (with the cold winter). Josh graduated from College of the Ozarks and is now preparing to take the MCAT exam. He is currently at home. Nathan is working and preparing to take some exams as a professional trainer plus hopes to join the California Seahorse soccer team this spring. Barb continues to be very actively involved in the Christian Jr. High and also in the church. January found us planning for the new year. In February we had a great evangelistic supper on the 14th where we invited many people who then became involved in an 8 week small group Bible study. In March two of our soccer teams reached the finals in their divisions, loosing in the end via penalty kicks. It was a great testimony in the league.

As a church we have taken some real big steps into planting churches in other places. We had small groups in two areas and this year we are taking them to

the level of planting new churches. That is in accordance with Matthew 28:20 - reaching into Judea. One place is the town of Cochoapa, a 20 minute drive from us. This is a town where an older member of our church had led some ladies to the Lord through her selling them chicken and meat, sometimes even giving to them, as she shared the message of the Gospel. After 2 years these 2 groups have grown and now we have rented a place as over 15 come together to worship the Lord. The other place is the city of Pinotepa Nacional in the state of Oaxaca, about 1.5 hours drive from Ometepec. These are projects that we have been praying about and working with since the beginning of 2008. Our original plan was to start one and then the other, but the Lord has given us “the go” for both at about the same time. In June, Pastor Lorenzo Morales and his family responded to the call to Pinotepa. They started with a group of 15 and now have over thirty attending in small groups. They had been meeting for their worship services in a home but this month (December) God provided a special events “Ramada” meeting complex for worship. Now there is plenty of space and a sound system! The owner has come to know the Lord and basically only charges the cost of the electricity and cleaning. The goal is that in 5 years there will be a church established in this city of 50,000 people.

It was really neat that Pastor Lorenzo arrived in Pinotepa in time for a soccer crusade we put on with the Christian soccer team, the Seahorses from California. The crusade took place in Pinotepa on June 2-3, and it really pene-



trated the city. Many responded to the message of the gospel given through their play and testimonies. This crusade impacted the city and the city leaders responded by helping and participating in the event. The churches participated in passing out tracts and in talking with those who showed interest in the message of the Gospel. What a great way to present the Gospel so all can hear. The second soccer crusade (also with the Seahorses) was in Ometepec, June 4-5, and was also a success as over 2,500 people attended. The city was bustling with the excitement of the event and many of my soccer buddies were asking lots of questions and wanting to be included. They listened to the testimonies and have asked questions in reference to the new life in Christ. PTL

In July we had a really good Daily Vacation Bible school with 180 children attending; 3 times more than our normal church attendance! It was neat how all of the churches participated in the activities with the children.

The Missionary Camp took place the first 2 weeks of August with 25 youth participating. After being challenged about the need to share and the need to be committed to His service they were organized in 4 groups. They reached 3 cities and 2 villages in one week with the Gospel message, resulting with the



blessing of 199 decisions for Christ. In one village we visited they were afraid to open their doors to receive the gospel of John, but then they realized from the joy of the youth, the life in the message and fifteen gave their lives to the Lord. In our church this year we have baptized 18 men and women and in November we had an election of 5 new deacons and one new elder. It was shared how God has called us to be part of His family in the world and together we can reach out to others with the message of His Good News.

Last week a friend was killed in a car accident. As I shared the hope with his mother and friends she told me that if it wasn't for what Jesus had done in her heart man years ago she would be screaming in pain and anguish. As I shared the message of salvation with a man in the hospital he told me, "I have always believed in God, but a loving God who gives peace and joy is new, thanks for sharing with me as I now have that hope, which brings me peace and joy." Thank you for your constant support in prayer, with your finances and in letting us team up with you in reaching others for Christ.

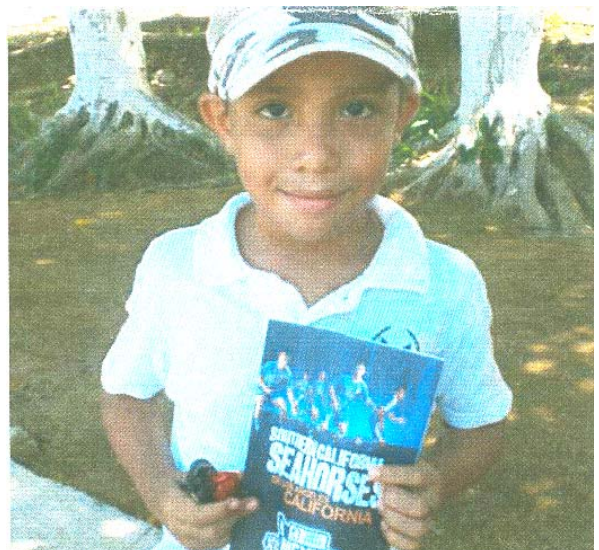
We send some real big abrazos.

Love,

Susie, Andy, Josh,

Nathan, Barb and Tim

p.s. Andy started a blog site for us, if you have time, please take a look at it.
<http://www.woodministry.blogspot.com>



KCC Baptisms

On October 18 the congregation of KCC was blessed to be able to witness the Baptism of three people willing to make public statements about their personal beliefs. Rachel and Grant Blossom and Antonio Sandoval all stood before the body and boldly claimed their faith in Jesus Christ. Katie Blossom's Uncle, Ray Leonard, who himself was saved at KCC, was thrilled to be able to Baptize his great niece and nephew, while Pastor Paul expressed similar sentiment in being able to Baptize Antonio Sandoval.



On this Sunday, Pastor Paul made an invitation to anyone in the congregation to join Rachel and Grant Blossom in getting Baptized. Antonio Sandoval came forward and expressed a desire to make public that which was in his heart. So, Pastor Paul happily Baptized Antonio into the Body of Christ.



David, Dave, Katie, Rachel, and Grant Blossom all pay special attention to Uncle/Great Uncle Ray Leonard as he leads a short devotional prior to Rachel and Grant's Baptism.



Great Uncle Ray Leonard leads Grant Blossom down into the Baptistry.



Rachel Blossom listens to her Great Uncle Ray Leonard talk about John 3:16

THE DAY I MET DANIEL

by Pastor Richard Ryan

I sat, with two friends, in the picture window of a quaint restaurant just off the corner of the town-square. The food and the company were both especially good that day.

As we talked, my attention was drawn outside, across the street. There, walking into town was a man who appeared to be carrying all his worldly goods on his back. He was carrying, a well-worn sign that read, 'I will work for food.' My heart sank.

I brought him to the attention of my friends and noticed that others around us had stopped eating to focus on him. Heads moved in a mixture of sadness and disbelief.

We continued with our meal, but his image lingered in my mind. We finished our meal and went our separate ways. I had errands to do and quickly set out to accomplish them. I glanced toward the town square, looking somewhat halfheartedly for the strange visitor. I was fearful, knowing that seeing him again would call some response. I drove through town and saw nothing of him. I made some purchases at a store and got back in my car.

Deep within me, the Spirit of God kept speaking to me: 'Don't go back to the office until you've at least driven once more around the square.'

Then with some hesitancy, I headed back into town. As I turned the square's third corner, I saw him. He was standing on the steps of the store front church, going through his sack.

I stopped and looked; feeling both compelled to speak to him, yet wanting to drive on. The empty parking space on the corner seemed to be a sign from God: an invitation to park. I pulled in, got out and approached the town's newest visitor.

'Looking for the pastor?' I asked.

'Not really,' he replied, 'just resting.'

'Have you eaten today?'

'Oh, I ate something early this morning.'

'Would you like to have lunch with me?'

'Do you have some work I could do for you?'

'No work,' I replied 'I commute here to work from the city, but I would like to take you to lunch.'

'Sure,' he replied with a smile.

As he began to gather his things, I asked some surface questions. Where you headed?'

'St. Louis.'

'Where you from?'

'Oh, all over; mostly Florida.'

'How long you been walking?'

'Fourteen years,' came the reply.

I knew I had met someone unusual. We sat across from each other in the same restaurant I had left earlier. His face was weathered slightly beyond his 38 years. His eyes were dark yet clear, and he spoke with an eloquence and articulation that was startling. He removed his jacket to reveal a bright red T-shirt that said, 'Jesus is The Never Ending Story.'

Then Daniel's story began to unfold. He had seen rough times early in life. He'd made some wrong choices and reaped the consequences. Fourteen years earlier, while backpacking across the country, he had stopped on the beach in Daytona. He tried to hire on with some men who were putting up a large tent and some equipment. A concert, he thought.

He was hired, but the tent would not house a concert but revival services, and in those services he saw life more clearly. He gave his life over to God.

'Nothing's been the same since,' he said, 'I felt the Lord telling me to keep walking, and so I did, some 14 years now.'

'Ever think of stopping?' I asked.

'Oh, once in a while, when it seems to get the best of me But God has given me this calling. I give out Bibles, that's what's in my sack. I work to buy food and Bibles, and I give them out when His Spirit leads.'

I sat amazed. My homeless friend was not homeless. He was on a mission and lived this way by choice. The question burned inside for a moment and then I asked: 'What's it like?'

'What?'

'To walk into a town carrying all your things on your back and to show your sign?'

'Oh, it was humiliating at first. People would stare and make comments. Once someone tossed a piece of half-eaten bread and made a gesture that certainly didn't make me feel welcome. But then it became humbling to realize that God was using me to touch lives and change people's concepts of other folks like me.'

My concept was changing, too. We finished our dessert and gathered his things. Just outside the door, he paused He turned to me and said, 'Come Ye blessed of my Father and inherit the kingdom I've prepared for you. For when I was hungry you gave me food, when I was thirsty you gave me drink, a stranger and you took me in.'

I felt as if we were on holy ground. 'Could you use another Bible?' I asked.

He said he preferred a certain translation. It traveled well and was not too heavy. It was also his personal favorite.. 'I've read through it 14 times,' he said. 'I'm not sure we've got one of those, but let's stop by our church and see' I was

able to find my new friend a Bible that would do well, and he seemed very grateful.

'Where are you headed from here?' I asked.

'Well, I found this little map on the back of this amusement park coupon.'

'Are you hoping to hire on there for awhile?'

'No, I just figure I should go there. I figure someone under that star right there needs a Bible, so that's where I'm going next.'

He smiled, and the warmth of his spirit radiated the sincerity of his mission. I drove him back to the town-square where we'd met two hours earlier, and as we drove, it started raining. We parked and unloaded his things.

'Would you sign my autograph book?' he asked. 'I like to keep messages from folks I meet.'

I wrote in his little book that his commitment to his calling had touched my life. I encouraged him to stay strong. And I left him with a verse of scripture from Jeremiah, 'I know the plans I have for you, declared the Lord, 'plans to prosper you and not to harm you; Plans to give you a future and a hope.'

'Thanks, man,' he said.. 'I know we just met and we're really just strangers, but I love you.'

'I know,' I said, 'I love you, too.' 'The Lord is good!'

'Yes, He is. How long has it been since someone hugged you?' I asked.

A long time,' he replied

And so on the busy street corner in the drizzling rain, my new friend and I embraced, and I felt deep inside that I had been changed.. He put his things on his back, smiled his winning smile and said, 'See you in the New Jerusalem.'

'I'll be there!' was my reply.

He began his journey again. He headed away with his sign dangling from his bedroll and pack of Bibles. He stopped, turned and said, 'When you see something that makes you think of me, will you pray for me?'

'You bet,' I shouted back, 'God bless.'

'God bless.' And that was the last I saw of him.

Late that evening as I left my office, the wind blew strong. The cold front had settled hard upon the town. I bundled up and hurried to my car. As I sat back and reached for the emergency brake, I saw them.... a pair of well-worn brown work gloves neatly laid over the length of the handle. I picked them up and thought of my friend and wondered if his hands would stay warm that night without them.

Then I remembered his words: 'If you see something that makes you think of me, will you pray for me?'

Today his gloves lie on my desk in my office. They help me to see the world and its people in a new way, and they help me remember those two hours with my unique friend and to pray for his ministry. 'See you in the New Jerusalem,' he said. Yes, Daniel, I know I will....

'I shall pass this way but once. Therefore, any good that I can do or any kindness that I can show, let me do it now, for I shall not pass this way again.'

This essay is the work of Richard Ryan, the assistant Pastor of Old Capitol United Methodist Church in Corydon, Indiana. It first appeared in the July/August 1995 issue of The Corydon Democrat magazine and has since been reprinted in a few inspirational collections, including A Third Serving of Chicken Soup for the Soul. Pastor Ryan wrote the account of his meeting with Daniel the day after the event, when the encounter was still fresh in his mind. Daniel's gloves are "still sitting in my office today," said the Pastor, who is bemused by the number of folks who have dropped by to see the discarded hand coverings, which he describes as "an ordinary pair of work gloves." Daniel was a real person, a weather-beaten traveler the Pastor brought back to his church and introduced to others.

<http://www.snopes.com/glurge/daniel.asp>

Matt & Kim Bowser

Since he began helping with the music ministry, many of us here at KCC have come to appreciate the easy-going style of Matt Bowser. But, it may be that many of you don't know a whole lot about Matt, his wife Kim, and their family. So, let's take a few minutes to get to know the Bowers.

First, I must admit that I was tempted beyond measure to offer up 4 or 5 musings regarding Matt's last name and the occupation of his father, which you will learn more about in this article. You see, having been personally operated on by a Doctor Slaughter and a Doctor Kruhl, I kind of pay attention to Dr. names.

Matt Bowser was born in Gainesville, Florida (home of the Gators) on Jan 18, 1979 to Tim and Marian Bowser. He was the first of four children, with siblings Missy born in 1981, Jonathan in 1984, and Rebecca in 1992.

Matt's parents met each other while attending the University of Florida; they both were animal science majors, and they met in a class called Feeds and Feeding. Matt recalls that his dad and mom were frugal people. Matt grew up in a trailer that his dad had moved to a piece of property that would allow a trailer to be parked on it. His father completed three years of undergrad school and then went straight to veterinary school without completing his B.S. degree. He paid his way through graduate school by doing odd jobs, such as picking watermelons. Matt's dad earned his DVM (Doctor of Veterinary Medicine), while his mother earned her B.S. in animal science, both from the University of Florida.

The Bowser family moved around in Florida working at different animal hospitals before eventually settling in Orlando. Matt attended Kindergarten at a public school, but for grades 1-6 he was enrolled in a private Christian school, and although it was small, he really enjoyed his time there. He attended Jr. High at a private Methodist school, but was back in public school during his high school years. In high school Matt was a member of the cross-country team for two years, but was more interested in rowing. In fact, he was part of the 4 and 8 man rowing team (shells) all four years of high school. In general, his high school years were a positive experience, even though the

school was quite large (~2900 students).

During his formative years, Matt attended a small Southern Baptist church, where he was the only boy in the middle school youth group. This is where Matt came to the Lord, largely through the children's ministries, when he was about 7. Matt says that he had



learned enough to be convinced that he wanted to be on God's side, so he said, "sign me up." Although it was purely a rudimentary understanding, it was sincere.

Matt shared that he is very grateful to his parents for many reasons. First, to his Mom, for being willing to stay at home with the kids, even though she was highly qualified to work in the veterinary field. She is a talented painter, specializing in wildlife. Matt is also very appreciative of the fact that his parents looked around for a church that had a strong youth program and were willing to change churches so their children would benefit. This is how they ended up at the First Alliance Church in Orlando, because there was an active high school youth group there. Matt said, "My parents were extremely important in my coming to Christ at age 7. They helped me with the prayer to accept Christ, but the decision was mine." Matt went on to speak of how his parents were always willing to go all out for their children, especially encouraging him to pursue entomology, since they were able to see that he had an obvious passion for it. You see, Matt grew up with a lake in his back yard and this afforded him the opportunity to develop a keen interest in nature, including the many critters that lived there, such as frogs, snakes, fish, and bugs. So, although he did well in mathematics in high school,

his heart really was in the life sciences.

After graduating from high school, Matt visited several private colleges in Florida, looking for the right school to enroll in. However, it was when he was given a tour of the Entomology department at the University of Florida (his parents' alma mater) that Matt knew he had found his niche. He spent the next four years there studying bugs; yes people, you read that right, Entomology is the branch of Zoology (the study of animals) dealing with insects. So, the next time you need to know about the order of Diplura, Diptera, Trichoptera, Hymenoptera, or Coleoptera, give Matt a call and you will absolutely make his day. In 2001, Matt earned his B.S. in Entomology from the U. of Florida.

During college, Matt was involved in Campus Crusade for Christ. Yet, after completing 4 years of college, he found that he was somewhat discouraged at having not yet met the woman of his dreams. And, now he was faced with the important decision about when and where to attend graduate school. He definitely had reached one of those crossroads in his life.

Kim Moore was born in Denver, CO on July 7, 1975 to Tim and Linda Moore. Her sister, Hillary, was born in 1979. Kim's parents were divorced while Kim was young, with her Dad remarrying Peggy Duncan a few years later. Peggy had two children, Bryan, who was born in 1975 and Kristen, born in 1977. Kim attended Kindergarten through 3rd grade in Elizabeth, CO. After her parents moved back to Alaska, Kim went to school at Tustumena Elementary, where she finished grades 4-6. She completed her Jr. High years at Kenai Middle School, as well as her first year of High School in Kenai. Kim was very interested in basketball, and during that time Kenai's girl's team was quite successful, even winning the state tournament. Kim obviously had some basketball skills, seeing varsity playing time as a freshman. But, when two of your best friends attend another school, which is what Leah Dubber and Molly Davis did, then your heart is torn. Kim ended up transferring to the newly opened Skyview High School in 1990. She played 3 years of basketball at Skyview, as well as 2 years of volleyball. She graduated in 1993.

While she was in high school, Kim went to a Northwest Basketball Camp (NBC) in Chu-

giak. For those of you unfamiliar with the NBC program, here is part of their mission statement. *“We hope to encourage athletes to a life of spiritual excellence. We at NBC Camps believe that all people are created in the image of God and are most fulfilled when in a relationship with their Creator. We encourage campers to seek a relationship with God by demonstrating how Jesus Christ has changed our lives through love. We believe athletes must have a source of inspiration that lies outside themselves. We know it is important to be self-motivated, but it is also important to have the wisdom to get our strength not only from ourselves, but from being inspired by relationships with others and with God.”*

Kim shared that she had always been tremendously shy, even during her years in Jr. and Sr. High school. She didn't grow up regularly attending either Sunday School or Awana's programs, and therefore often found herself intimidated by friends and acquaintances who were more versed in the Bible. While at the NBC camp though, Kim interacted with a coach that had played at UAA. This woman made a significant impression on Kim because of the authenticity of her faith. With the help of this mentor, Kim felt God speaking a clear message to her about faith. None of Kim's friends were with her at the camp, so this really was a one-on-one experience with God, and Kim accepted the gift of Jesus Christ at this NBC camp.

In the fall of 1993 Kim joined her good friend, Leah Dubber, as they went off to college at Hardin-Simmons, a nationally recognized Christian Liberal Arts university in Abilene, Texas. However, Kim realized she could not go back for a second year because of costs. In 1994, she moved to Colorado and took a job at Winter Park ski resort. While at the ski resort, she stayed in employee housing, where her roommates included a drug addict and a school teacher.

For nearly every summer that Kim has lived in Alaska, she worked as a commercial fisherman. You would either find her on the beaches of Cook Inlet in a setnet skiff or in Prince William Sound aboard a purse seine vessel. There is no doubt that fishing found its way into her heart.

In January, 2006, Kim went to Capernwray Bible School in Cambridge, New Zealand. It was a life-changing experience for her and one she would highly recommend to any young person wanting to grow in their walk with Christ. Unfortunately, finances limited her participation to the 6-month program.

In the fall she went back to college in Denver, where she lived with her mom, and enrolled in the veterinary technician curriculum. This was a 2-year program and she graduated in May of 1998. Summers were spent in Alaska fishing. After graduating from the vet tech program, Kim worked for Dr. Richards in Soldotna. Meezie Hermansen was also working there at the time, having just completed her DVM. In 1999, Kim ended up working for Dr. Bowser, her future father-in-law.

During Matt's high school years, his family had went on a vacation to Alaska, staying with some friends of friends in Trapper Creek. Coming from Florida, they had seen the Appalachians, but in Alaska they were introduced to real mountains. The "move to Alaska" virus had now infected the Bowser family. After conducting a serious economic and business analysis, Matt's Dad chose Soldotna as a place they could relocate and start a new life. While Matt was still in college (1998), his parents sold everything they owned, including their home and animal hospital, drove up to Alaska and built a new animal hospital on their property, which is located near the Div. of Forestry building just north of Soldotna.

Matt first met Kim on a trip he made to visit his parents during the Christmas break in 1999. Kim said she remembers their first meeting, largely because of Matt's wardrobe. "He was wearing a brown Carrhartt suit with big hunting boots," she said. "All I could see was his very tanned brown face and wild brown curly hair." Kim said that she kind of made fun of the out of place Floridian, but in reality she was sort of flirting with him.

When Matt came for a visit the following summer, he and Kim went on a few short hikes, where they got to know each other a little better. In 2001, when Matt moved up to Alaska, they actually started dating. Their first official date was dinner at Michaels Restaurant. After that, they started doing more things together and their relationship progressed pretty quickly. Both Matt and Kim stated that dating to them was a little different than for many others. This was more like a courtship than "dating."

If you recall, we left Matt's story while he was at a crossroads in life. He had just graduated from college and really didn't know what to do next. After some time think-

ing about the matter, he narrowed his choice of graduate schools to either the U. of Florida or U. of Alaska/Fairbanks (UAF). The Floridian ended up choosing UAF, so he and a friend packed up a 1986 Volvo and drove “north to the future.” This was May of 2001.

In the Fall of 2001 Matt went off to graduate school (Entomology) at UAF, while Kim worked as a licensed technician at Dr. Bowser’s business. However, as a result of their new found relationship, three weeks was as long as Matt and Kim could stay separated. So, they traded off traveling to see each other; one time Matt drove or flew south, the next time Kim went north. That Thanksgiving, when Matt came home from school, he went out to the McElroy homestead to see Kim, as this is where she was staying. He proposed to her there. Kim said she had a dream where God showed her that she was going to marry Matt, so although the exact date of the proposal was unknown, the fact that he did propose did not surprise her. She said yes.

Matt and Kim were married on June 1, 2002. That summer, Matt had started working in a short term position as a botanist for the National Resources Conservation Service (NRCS) in Kenai. In the fall, it was time to go back to graduate school, so although Kim had planned on going to nursing school at UAA, she transferred to UAF so she could be with Matt. Some

time during the school year, Kim became pregnant with their first child, Miriam. After two years of graduate school, Matt dropped out of the program, having not yet finished all the requirements of his Master’s degree. Kim also dropped out of the nursing program.



They moved to Kasilof and rented a house that Tim Jacobson had built on North Coho Loop. Miriam was born on December 22, 2003. For the next few months Matt worked for UPS and also did some computer work.

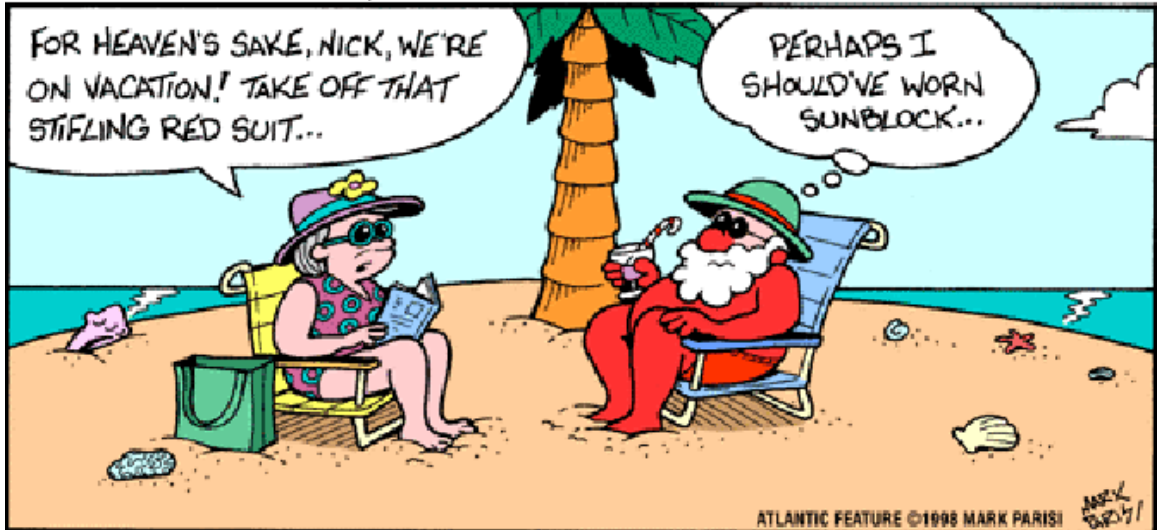
After Miriam was born, Matt said he had a hard time trying to figure out what he should do. He got a job with the Kenai Wildlife Refuge in 2004, a seasonal job as botanist. He did that for parts of 2004 and 2005. Although the work was not full time, he really enjoyed what he was doing. By the end of 2005, his supervisor convinced Matt to go back to graduate school and finish his masters program. Kim and Matt had mixed feelings about going back, but ultimately Matt enrolled for the spring semester (Jan 2006). By this time, their second child had been born. His name is Ethan and he came into the world on November 17, 2005. They were blessed with child no. 3, a daughter named Apphia, who gladly became a part of the Bowser family on September 5, 2008. Matt and Kim both recalled the wickedly cold winter of 2006. For the second time while living in Fairbanks, they rented a small cabin with no running water. During that winter, there was one 3-week period where the warmest it got was -15⁰F. Kim said she had spent a lot of time living on boats in cramped spaces, but the Fairbanks experience was something new. But, as the saying goes, when you're in Fairbanks, you do what the citizens of Fairbanks do, that is, you don't shower whenever you want. Translated that means there are many people that have homes with no running water in "Square-Banks, so the lack of showering is not looked upon as an oddity there.

Matt's masters project entailed doing the entomological inventory of a large program the refuge had undertaken. Matt was tasked with sorting through (identifying) the exhaustive inventory of insect specimens that had been collected. He was allowed to finish much of the inventory work back on the Kenai Peninsula. During this time, he worked on and off for the refuge under their student program. He finally graduated with his MS in entomology in May, 2009.

After graduation, Matt could no longer work for the refuge as a student, but he was able to apply for an entomologist position they opened up, and on June 21, he was hired into a 2-4 year term position. He says it is the best job he has ever had.

Matt and Kim just recently purchased their first home and they now live on Old Kasilof Road, at approximately mile 3 off K. Beach Road.

Well, although this summary of the Bowers was brief, hopefully you feel like you know Matt and Kim a little bit better now.



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