

Kasilof Community Church

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KCC Newsletter Fall 2004

I recently received an email from our oldest son, Joel, who had written in response to some pictures I had emailed to him. The subject of the photos was our annual potato harvest, something that my kids didn't necessarily get weak-kneed excited about, but they didn't despise either. Here is a snippet from Joel's email: *"Dad, it's funny how time works, I think we live in the present, always looking forward to the future, to something new, awaiting some change, but in doing so we forsake the immediacy of the here and now. Kiergaard said that memories are the most beautiful of all things, they are subject to no change, no continuance, no degradation. In fact, the positive ones even seem to get better with time. They do for me at least!"* I guess I agree with Joel and Kiergaard. I remember one vacation in particular where my younger sister and I fought the whole time because we were not allowed to bring friends. Throughout the whole week, in the midst of some of the most beautiful scenery on earth (British Columbia's Banff Park), we bickered at each other. My

mom even tells me that she shortened the number of planned vacation days just so she could get home and escape our feuding. Guess what? It was some years later that I was reminiscing at a family gathering about what a great vacation that was, and I meant it. Somehow, what I remembered about the trip was positive. Much to the chagrin of some in the psychology profession, this vacation did not scar me, in fact it now evokes pleasant memories.

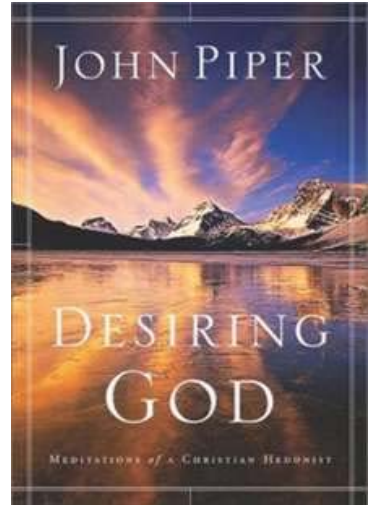
How about you. Are your memories of certain events *"the most beautiful of all things?"* Keep that in mind the next time you're in the middle of a situation that you know you just can't take one more second of. It may turn out to be a memory that brings a smile to your face later in life. Moreover, if the event that you are enjoying right now is positive, just think how much better it will be in a few years.

You know, that reminds me of a story about a fishing trip when I was 9. That fish was so big I had to put him in our bathtub

KCC MYSTERY BOOK REVIEWER - "Desiring God" - by John Piper

Sometimes we have to fight for joy. God has given us direction in how to win this fight - but, are you aware of this battle? Soldiers unaware of their enemy are not known for their winning strategy!!

How do we fight for joy? While it's true that spiritual joy is a gift from God, the author states that God also intends for us to take part in the battle. Paul says that he 'work(ed) with you *for your joy*' (2 Cor 1:24). Work involves intentional activity - and working for joy, whether it's our own joy or someone else's, is no exception!



Being intentional about our life is critical. If we never 'intend' to go somewhere - we probably won't go there! And even if we did find ourselves there - we wouldn't know we'd arrived because we'd never identified where we were going!

John Piper, the author of Desiring God, talks about ways to fight for joy and he includes the following in his discussion:

- resolve to attack and repent of all known sin
- realize that the battle is mostly a fight to see God for Who He is
- meditate constantly on the Word of God
- pray earnestly and continually that your heart would be turned towards God
- learn to preach to yourself instead of listen to yourself
- spend time with God-saturated people
- be patient when God seems absent
- get the rest, exercise and diet that your body was designed by God to have
- read great books about God, including biographies about great saints
- pour yourself out for the unreached
- pray - prayerlessness produces joylessness

But joy isn't the only thing he tackles. Ever wonder what it means to worship God in vain? 'An act of worship is futile and vain when it does not come from the heart' says the author. He insists that we are far too willing to settle for incredibly small pleasures - at the expense of losing incredibly large blessings! When we seek for and demand our small pleasures - our capacity for joy remains small. We are satisfied with far less than God has intended for us. When we have decided what His gifts should look like - we miss what He is giving - as well as hinder Him from giving all He wants to give. "God's pursuit of praise from us and our pursuit of pleasure in Him are the same pursuit" says the author.

But joy and worship aren't the only topics in this book! Listen to what he says about suffering: 'What turns sufferings into sufferings with and for Christ is not how intentional our enemies are but how faithful we are. If we are Christ's then what befalls us is for His glory and for our good - whether it is caused by enzymes or by enemies . . . 'Human beings flee suffering. We move to safer neighborhoods. We choose milder climates. . . We take aspirin. We come in out of the rain . . . we do not normally choose a way of life that would put us in 'danger every hour' . . . 'God uses our suffering to wean us from self reliance and cast us on Himself alone . . . Every kind of suffering can become a ministry for other people's salvation . . . we complete Christ's affliction by providing what they do not have - namely a personal, vivid presentation . . . the quickest way to the heart is through a wound.'

In case you haven't already noticed, this book, Desiring God by John Piper, covers an amazing array of topics centered around the joy that is to permeate every aspect of our Christian walk. It also includes practical ways to check if our current life shows this joy and very specific direction in how to increase our desire for Him. And with our increased desire comes increased joy! This is a must read for everyone who desires more of Him.

You may order Desiring God from your local Christian bookstore or your favorite online distributor.

23rd Psalm (shortened)

found and submitted by Lynda Wandler

In his beautiful book, "I Shall Not Want," Robert Ketchum tells of a Sunday School teacher who asked her group of children if anyone could quote the entire 23rd Psalm. A golden-haired, four-and-a-half-year-old girl was among those who raised their hands. A bit skeptical, the teacher asked if she could really quote the entire psalm.

The little girl came to the front of the room, faced the class, made a perky little bow, and said, "The Lord is my shepherd, that's all I want."

She bowed again and went and sat down.

That may well be the greatest interpretation of the 23rd Psalm ever heard.....

Christians = Pumpkins

found and submitted by Peggy Moore

A woman was asked by a coworker, "What is it like to be a Christian?"

The woman replied, "It is like being a pumpkin. God picks you from the patch, brings you in and washes all the dirt off of you. Then he cuts off the top and scoops out all the yucky stuff. He removes the seeds of doubt, hate, greed, etc., and then He carves you a new smiling face and puts His light inside of you to shine for all the world to see."

Great - wise sayings

- 1) God wants spiritual fruit, not religious nuts.
- 2) Dear God, I have a problem, it's me.
- 3) Growing old is inevitable, growing UP is optional.
- 4) There is no key to happiness. The door is always open.
- 5) Silence is often misinterpreted, but never misquoted.
- 6) Do the math ... count your blessings.
- 7) Faith is the ability to not panic.
- 8) Laugh every day; it's like inner jogging.
- 9) If you worry, pray. If you pray...don't worry.
- 10) As a child of God, prayer is kind of like calling home everyday.
- 11) Blessed are the flexible for they shall not be bent out of shape.
- 12) The most important things in your life are the people.
- 13) When we get tangled up in our problems, be still; God wants us to be still so He can untangle the knot.
- 14) A grudge is a heavy thing to carry.
- 15) He who dies with the most toys is still dead.
- 16) We do not remember days, but moments. Life is moving too fast -- so enjoy your precious moments.
- 18) Nothing is real to you until you experience it, otherwise its just hearsay.
- 19) It's all right to sit on your pity pot every now and again. Just be sure to flush when you are done.

The Yellow Shirt

by Patricia Lorenz

Patricia Lorenz is one of the top five contributors to the 'Chicken Soup for the Soul' books in the country.

The baggy yellow shirt had long sleeves, four extra-large pockets trimmed in black thread and snaps up the front. It was faded from years of wear, but still in decent shape. I found it in 1963 when I was home from college on Christmas break, rummaging through bags of clothes Mom intended to give away.

"You're not taking that old thing, are you?" Mom said when she saw me packing the yellow shirt. "I wore that when I was pregnant with your brother in 1954!"

"It's just the thing to wear over my clothes during art class, Mom. Thanks!" I slipped it into my suitcase before she could object. The yellow shirt became a part of my college wardrobe. I loved it. After graduation, I wore the shirt the day I moved into my new apartment and on Saturday mornings when I cleaned.

The next year, I married. When I became pregnant, I wore the yellow shirt during big-belly days. I missed Mom and the rest of my family, since we were in Colorado and they were in Illinois.

But that shirt helped. I smiled, remembering that Mother had worn it when she was pregnant, 15 years earlier. That Christmas, mindful of the warm feelings the shirt had given me, I patched one elbow, wrapped it in holiday paper and sent it to Mom. When Mom wrote to thank me for her "real" gifts, she said the yellow shirt was lovely. She never mentioned it again.

The next year, my husband, daughter and I stopped at Mom and Dad's to pick up some furniture. Days later, when we uncrated the kitchen table, I noticed something yellow taped to its bottom. The shirt!

And so the pattern was set.

On our next visit home, I secretly placed the shirt under Mom and Dad's mattress. I don't know how long it took for her to find it, but almost two years passed before I discovered it under the base of our living-room floor lamp. The yellow shirt was just what I needed

now while refinishing furniture. The walnut stains added character.

In 1975 my husband and I divorced. With my three children, I prepared to move back to Illinois. As I packed, a deep depression overtook me. I wondered if I could make it on my own. I wondered if I would find a job.

I paged through the Bible, looking for comfort. In Ephesians, I read, "So use every piece of God's armor to resist the enemy whenever he attacks, and when it is all over, you will be standing up."

I tried to picture myself wearing God's armor, but all I saw was the stained yellow shirt. Slowly, it dawned on me. Wasn't my mother's love a piece of God's armor? My courage was renewed.

Unpacking in our new home, I knew I had to get the shirt back to Mother. The next time I visited her, I tucked it in her bottom dresser drawer.

Meanwhile, I found a good job at a radio station. A year later I discovered the yellow shirt hidden in a rag bag in my cleaning closet. Something new had been added. Embroidered in bright green across the breast pocket were the words "I BELONG TO PAT."

Not to be outdone, I got out my own embroidery materials and added an apostrophe and seven more letters. Now the shirt proudly proclaimed, "I BELONG TO PAT'S MOTHER." But I didn't stop there. I zig-zagged all the frayed seams, then had a friend mail the shirt in a fancy box to Mom from Arlington, VA. We enclosed an official looking letter from "The Institute for the Destitute," announcing that she was the recipient of an award for good deeds. I would have given anything to see Mom's face when she opened the box. But, of course, she never mentioned it.

Two years later, in 1978, I remarried. The day of our wedding, Harold and I put our car in a friend's garage to avoid practical jokers. After the wedding, while my husband drove us to our honeymoon suite, I reached for a pillow in the car to rest my head. It felt lumpy. I unzipped the case and found, wrapped in wedding paper, the yellow shirt. Inside a pocket was a note: "Read John 14:27-29. I love you both, Mother." That night I paged through the Bible in a hotel room and found the verses:

"I am leaving you with a gift: peace of mind and heart. And the peace I give isn't fragile like the peace the world gives. So don't be troubled or afraid. Remember what I told you:

I am going away, but I will come back to you again. If you really love me, you will be very happy for me, for now I can go to the Father, who is greater than I am. I have told you these things before they happen so that when they do, you will believe in me."

The shirt was Mother's final gift. She had known for three months that she had terminal Lou Gehrig's disease. Mother died the following year at age 57.

I was tempted to send the yellow shirt with her to her grave. But I'm glad I didn't, because it is a vivid reminder of the love-filled game she and I played for 16 years. Besides, my older daughter is in college now, majoring in art. And every art student needs a baggy yellow shirt with big pockets.

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ONE. Give people more than they expect and do it cheerfully.

TWO Marry a man/woman you love to talk to. As you get older, their conversational skills will be as Important as any other.

THREE. Don't believe all you hear, spend all you have or sleep all you want.

FOUR. When you say, "I love you," mean it.

FIVE. When you say, "I'm sorry," look the person in the eye.

SIX. Be engaged at least six months before you get married.

SEVEN. Believe in love at first sight.

EIGHT. Never laugh at anyone's dreams. People who don't have dreams don't have much.

NINE. Love deeply and passionately. You might get hurt but it's the only way to live life completely.

TEN. In disagreements, fight fairly. No name calling.

ELEVEN. Don't judge people by their relatives **TWELVE.** Talk slowly but think quickly.

THIRTEEN. When someone asks you a question you don't want to answer, smile and ask, "Why do you want to know?"

FOURTEEN. Remember that great love and great achievements involve great risk.

FIFTEEN. Say "bless you" when you hear someone sneeze.

SIXTEEN. When you lose, don't lose the lesson

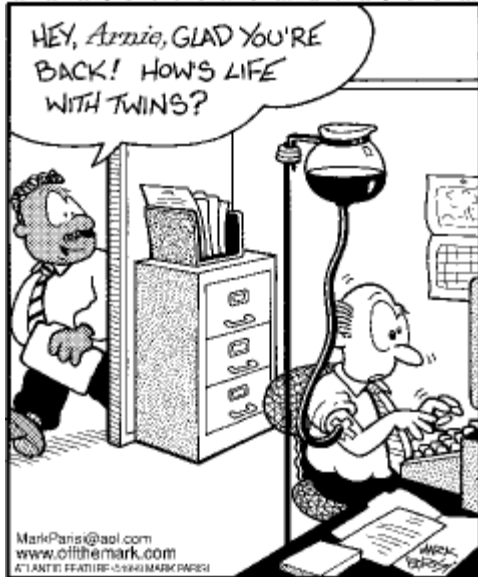
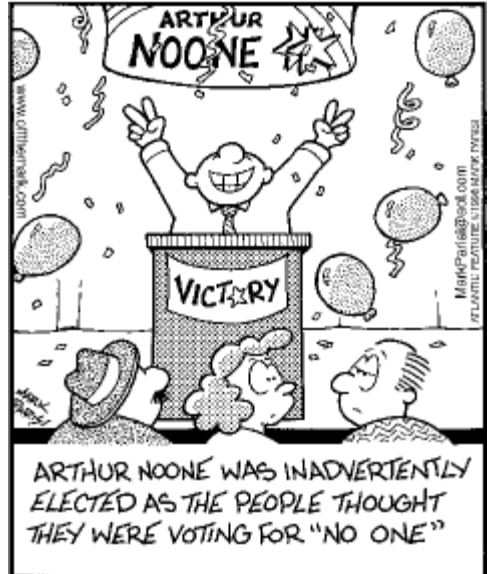
SEVENTEEN. Remember the three R's: Respect for self; Respect for others; and Responsibility for all your actions.

EIGHTEEN. Don't let a little dispute injure a great friendship.

NINETEEN. When you realize you've made a mistake, take immediate steps to correct it.

TWENTY Smile when picking up the phone. The caller will hear it in your voice.

TWENTY-ONE. Spend some time alone.



Cartoon by Mark Parisi posted with special permission. For many more "off the mark" cartoons, please visit Mark's site at: www.offthemark.com"

Submitted to the KCC Newsletter by a WOMAN

The Guys' Rules. At last a guy has taken the time to write this all down. Finally, the guys' side of the story. We always hear "the rules" from the female side. Now here are the rules from the male side. These are our rules! Please note... these are all numbered "1" ON PURPOSE!

1. Learn to work the toilet seat. You're a big girl. If it's up, put it down. We need it up, you need it down. You don't hear us complaining about you leaving it down.
1. Sunday sports. It's like the full moon or the changing of the tides. Let it be.
1. Shopping is NOT a sport. And no, we are never going to think of it that way.
1. Crying is blackmail.
1. Ask for what you want. Let us be clear on this one: Subtle hints do not work! Strong hints do not work! Obvious hints do not work! Just say it!
1. Yes and No are perfectly acceptable answers to almost every question.
1. Come to us with a problem only if you want help solving it. That's what we do. Sympathy is what your girlfriends are for.
1. A headache that lasts for 17 months is a problem. See a doctor.
1. Anything we said 6 months ago is inadmissible in an argument. In fact, all comments become null and void after 7 days.
1. If you won't dress like the Victoria's Secret girls, don't expect us to act like soap opera guys.
1. If you think you're fat, you probably are. Don't ask us.
1. If something we said can be interpreted two ways and one of the ways makes you sad or angry, we meant the other one.

1. You can either ask us to do something or tell us how you want it done. Not both. If you already know best how to do it, just do it yourself.
1. Whenever possible, please say whatever you have to say during commercials.
1. Christopher Columbus did not need directions and neither do we.
1. ALL men see in only 16 colors, like Windows default settings. Peach, for example, is a fruit, not a color. Pumpkin is also a fruit. We have no idea what mauve is.
1. If it itches, it will be scratched. We do that.
1. If we ask what is wrong and you say "nothing", we will act like nothing's wrong. We know you are lying, but it is just not worth the hassle.
1. If you ask a question you don't want an answer to, expect an answer you don't want to hear.
1. When we have to go somewhere, absolutely anything you wear is fine...Really.
1. Don't ask us what we're thinking about unless you are prepared to discuss such topics as baseball, the shotgun formation, or monster trucks.
1. You have enough clothes.
1. You have too many shoes.
1. I am in shape. Round is a shape.
1. Thank you for reading this. Yes, I know, I have to sleep on the couch tonight; but did you know men really don't mind that? It's like camping.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT??.

During the waning years of the depression in a small Idaho community, I used to stop by Mr. Miller's roadside stand for farm fresh produce as the season made it available. Food and money were still extremely scarce and bartering was used extensively.

One day Mr. Miller was bagging some early potatoes for me. I noticed a small boy, delicate of bone and feature, ragged but clean, hungrily appraising a basket of freshly picked green peas.

I paid for my potatoes but was also drawn to the display of fresh green peas. I am a pushover for creamed peas and new potatoes. Pondering the peas, I couldn't help overhearing the conversation between Mr. Miller and the ragged boy next to me.

"Hello Barry, how are you today?"

"H'lo, Mr. Miller. Fine, thank ya. Jus' admirin' them peas ... sure look good."

"They are good, Barry. How's your Ma?"

"Fine. Gittin' stronger alla' time."

"Good. Anything I can help you with?"

"No, Sir. Jus' admirin' them peas."

"Would you like to take some home?"

"No, Sir. Got nuthin' to pay for 'em with."

"Well, what have you to trade me for some of those peas?"

"All I got's my prize marble here."

"Is that right? Let me see it."

"Here 'tis. She's a dandy."

"I can see that. Hmmmmm, only thing is this one is blue and I sort of go for red. Do you have a red one like this at home?"

"Not zackley ... but almost."

"Tell you what. Take this sack of peas home with you and next trip this way let me look at that red marble."

"Sure will. Thanks Mr. Miller."

Mrs. Miller, who had been standing nearby, came over to help me. With a smile she said, "There are two other boys like him in our community, all three are in very poor

circumstances. Jim just loves to bargain with them for peas, apples, tomatoes, or whatever. When they come back with their red marbles, and they always do, he decides he doesn't like red after all and he sends them home with a bag of produce for a green marble or an orange one, perhaps."

I left the stand smiling to myself, impressed with this man. A short time later I moved to Colorado but I never forgot the story of this man, the boys, and their bartering.

Several years went by, each more rapid than the previous one. Just recently I had the occasion to visit some old friends in that Idaho community and while I was there I learned that Mr. Miller had died. They were having his viewing that evening and knowing my friends wanted to go, I agreed to accompany them.

Upon arrival at the mortuary we fell into line to meet the relatives of the deceased and to offer whatever words of comfort we could. Ahead of us in line were three young men. One was in an army uniform and the other two wore nice haircuts, dark suits and white shirts .. all very professional looking.

They approached Mrs. Miller, standing composed and smiling by her husband's casket. Each of the young men hugged her, kissed her on the cheek, spoke briefly with her and moved on to the casket. Her misty light blue eyes followed them as, one by one, each young man stopped briefly and placed his own warm hand over the cold pale hand in the casket. Each left the mortuary awkwardly, wiping his eyes.

Our turn came to meet Mrs. Miller. I told her who I was and mentioned the story she had told me about the marbles. With her eyes glistening, she took my hand and led me to the casket. "Those three young men who just left were the boys I told you about. They just told me how they appreciated the things Jim "traded" them. Now, at last, when Jim could not change his mind about color or size ... they came to pay their debt."

"We've never had a great deal of the wealth of this world," she confided, "but right now, Jim would consider himself the richest man in Idaho."

With loving gentleness she lifted the lifeless fingers of her deceased husband. Resting underneath were three exquisitely shined red marbles.

Moral: We will not be remembered by our words, but by our kind deeds.

Reminder Strips

I've often thought it would be a very interesting Newsletter if the entire contents were dedicated to the trials and travails of how many of us transplants got to Alaska. My story, however, would take up half the issue so that particular idea will have to wait for another day. Until then, you'll just have to settle for a recount of another bizarre traveling adventure and yes, it's all true, no need to protect anyone but me.

The background to this story involves my wonderful bride pulling a fast one on me and switching the name on an airline ticket that had as its destination the left side of America. She was supposed to fly south to help Kaleb learn the difference between a college chick and writing a college check, but being the benevolent person she is, she thought I might enjoy accomplishing this task (and learning myself) while at the same time taking a few extra days to visit my mom and extended family.

The morning of departure day started out like many trips do. We were 15 minutes late getting out the door and still had three stops to make in Slowdotna before scurrying to Anchorage. Well, we got to about Tustumena school when I remembered that the big cooler of frozen halibut and salmon filets I planned on sharing with relatives was still sitting on our kitchen room floor. Not to worry though, Lea was driving and I have never seen a "crooked" dirt road that she couldn't navigate at speeds approaching 3-digits. Kelsey was in the back seat screaming, "Mrs. Wheeler is going to kill me for being late." "That's all right honey," I say, "just give her a piece of frozen halibut and tell her to chill." With the fish finally packed into the trunk and Kelsey deposited at the empty front door of Skyview High School, we were ready to make up some lost time. Right!. I sat in the car for more than a half-hour while my bride made a quick trip into the local hospital just to drop off a CD to Shannon. Of course there was also the required stop at McDonalds for a power breakfast. By the time we finally made it to the top of the pass I decided to take a little nap and chew my sausage mcmuffin cud. With the seat back and the tunes up high I was just about to nod off when I was treated to a

harmony of sounds coming from the drivers side of our rocket-propelled Subaru. My lovely bride was complementing other drivers on their form while at the same time reminding me that reminder strips really do remind you that you shouldn't attempt to



sleep while Momma Mario is driving. “You slow-poke!” – thump-thump-thump-thump-thump-thump – “come on Grandpa, step on it” thump-thump-thump-thump-thump-thump. My bride had turned into a lunatic and was enjoying every minute of it. When I asked what the problem was, she just turned the music up another notch and told me to hang on. The rationale for this behavior was that we were now late for my doctor's appointment that had been

scheduled more than 10 hours before my plane was scheduled to fly south. “You wouldn't want to be late for your flight now, would you dear?”

After visiting with the doctor and getting permission to fly (in an airplane) to America, lunatic and I decided to go sit down and have a nice lunch together. I took the opportunity to have a couple very large soft-drinks while I helped my bride eat most of her meal too. The time was about 2:00 pm and we decided to go over to the airport and assess whether or not I could fly out any sooner than 9:00 p.m. We left all the luggage in the rice-rocket and made our way to the Alaska Airlines counter and found out that there was a possibility that I could make it out on the 3:00 p.m. flight if I could check in immediately. We OJ'd our way out to the parking lot, picking up a hand-cart on the way so I could haul the cooler full of fish and over-stuffed suitcase back to the check-in counter. We sprinted out to the car and back into the airport where I encountered a moving set of stairs. Not to worry, there was an elevator nearby. I pressed the up button and rode her up one floor (only option) and stepped out into the upstairs parking garage. Back into the elevator and down I went; I found another elevator, chose the only option (up) and wound up in the baggage claim floor. Off to another elevator I went,

but by this time Lea wasn't having as much fun as she should have (perhaps because she wasn't driving). She said she would meet me wherever I ended up. It took a couple more elevator rides before I somehow wound up at the ticket counter. By this time the agent was kind of doubtful that I would make the flight, but she told me to give it a try. I quickly kissed my bride goodbye as I headed for the security check-in. "Take those tennis shoes off sir," the man says. I told him that probably was not a good idea. "Off with the shoes he says," so off they came and down he went. I warned him. Anyway, I made it through security with nothing more than the aroma of smelling salts and then sprinted on to my departure gate. I told the clerk there that I was flying "stand-by." She told me to go "stand by" and she would let me know. After all the normal passengers were boarded, they called out the names of Smith, Jones, and Ozykwescenski to come get their stand-by boarding passes. The clerk looked up at me fidgeting by the gate and grinned. After she called my name, she never quit grinning. Perhaps she was just a friendly sort. Anyway, I grabbed my boarding pass and ran to the plane and luckily found an empty seat by a window. I made Mr. and Mrs. Passenger stand up and wait in the aisle while I fell into my seat. Ah, at last, no more reminder strips. It was a few minutes later that the stewardess showed up with some lady pointing at me saying, "that's him, he's in my seat." Mr. Shields, can't you read, your boarding pass has a seat number on it. "I'm sorry," I said and made the kind folks get up again while I went looking for seat 7E. I saw it coming about 10 rows away, but I kept hoping "No, this can't be happening to me." It was. Seat 7E was the middle seat between two of the largest human beings I have ever seen, one female, one male. I could hear the clerk at the check-in counter laughing a little louder. I slid in between these two folks and got as comfortable as I could because I was not moving for the next 3.5 hours. After the plane got into the air, I heard a noise that made me think something was wrong with one of the engines. It was at that time that I realized that seat 7F, sitting next to the window, was having no problem getting



comfortable as he was dead asleep and snoring as loud as our dog Bear. When he would inhale the covers over the windows would come down. When he exhaled the over-head compartment doors would burst open. There I sat, rubbing elbow to elbow, thigh to thigh, shoulder to shoulder, knee to knee with a snoring giant and his evil twin sister. I could still hear the clerk laughing as the pilot told us we were flying over the Copper River delta. Did I mention I had two huge cokes for lunch? Have you ever had to go really bad and not be able to even wriggle in your seat? Three and a half hours is a long time.

The kind folks at Alaska Airlines in Anchorage had informed me that once I got to Seattle I would have to retrieve my luggage and recheck it at the ticket counter due to the fact that I wanted to fly stand-by to Spokane. They had flights at 9:00, 10:00, and 11:00 p.m, which would mean I wouldn't have to wait in the airport all night until my scheduled flight at 6:30 a.m. the next morning. After landing, I said good riddance (I mean goodbye) to my large friends and beat-feet for the baggage carousel. I bought one of those carts to haul my goods and believe it or not my luggage showed up. Of course, there were some more of those moving stairs I had to negotiate, which meant more elevator woes. This time I was a little more adept at going up and down and I finally found my way to the Alaska Airlines ticket counter. It was now 8:15 pm local time and I entered my confirmation code into the computer and it balked. I did it again and it said that people like me would have to check in manually. The lady at the ticket counter told me that she couldn't write me a ticket to go stand-by because my scheduled flight was on Friday and I wanted to fly stand-by on Thursday. She did tell me though to go check in at the special service counter. I turned around and looked at this long line of people I thought were waiting to get tickets to the Oprah show and saw the sign, "Special Service Counter." At 9:00 p.m. I made it to the counter and said I wanted to fly stand-by. She took my confirmation code and looked up the fare restrictions. She said that it would take a pocketful of extra cash to fly stand-by on Thursday instead of Friday. I told her to look up the fare and asked her if it was true I had paid twice their current special they had going. "Yes you did," she said and you will have to pay more to fly on Thursday even though our planes are less than half full for those flights. Oh well, what's 9.5

hours in an airport. It can't be that bad can it? She told me where I could find a good Starbucks restaurant so I headed for it and ordered a large latte (I'm a slow learner when it comes to large drinks).

I had my laptop, a backpack carry on, a large cooler of fish, and a large suitcase to keep me company. There should be no problem taking a nap and watching all of these items in a crowded airport. Oh yes, have you ever navigated a load like this into a crowded men's bathroom bumping into numerous strangers as they stand at a urinal; moral—don't drink large drinks). I sat down in a quiet corner table of the restaurant and started musing over the day's events, knowing I could still hear laughter back in Anchorage. I fired up my laptop and decided I would listen to a couple songs that Kelsey had



recorded before nodding off. I got to about the end of the first verse when I was treated to a sound that was way too familiar - it couldn't be - how did they get reminder strips in the airport, more importantly, how did Lea get the flame-burning Subaru in there? I looked up and saw a sign that read, "Construction." Peering in from one of the windows near the work site was one of the biggest jack-hammers I had ever seen. It was then that I took a closer look because I could see a couple of eyes peering at me from over the top of a concrete wall. After staring for a few minutes, I slowly made out the image of a

dust-covered face. Only then was I able to detect a large grin on this face, one that had a strangely familiar hue to it. It finally dawned on me, the face that was staring back at me looked eerily like brother John Evanson. It was going to be a very, very long night indeed.



This letter is from Sammy. Most of you know that we have been supporting Sammy since he was a very small boy. The Sunday School class started this ministry (I think it was Peggy Dancy). Sammy is now a young adult & he is going to computer schooling. He is an only child of his family & World Vision said this is very unusual. Because he is an only child we are supporting him through this part of his education so he can help support his family. He has written a very nice letter of thanks to our church & I wanted to share it. Thanks, Sharon

Greeting you in the name of our Lord Savior Jesus Christ.

First of all I thank our Almighty for giving me the time to write to you and for all that He has done for me. Secondly, I thank you for all the love and care that you have given from the beginning till today.

Today, I thank you especially for what you have done for me by making my dream come to reality. Today I am able to pursue my future studies and career by your love and help. I thank God and I thank you from the core of my heart. I have received the special gift that you have sent for me, out of which I got myself admitted in IGNOU and enables me to buy all my books and studying materials. My admission cost was RS 3000 (three thousand) and my books and studying materials cost was about 1900 (one thousand nine hundred). I have no words to express my thankfulness and gratitude to you but only pray that the Lord will continue to bless you in everything you do and in every way. Lastly, but not the least please pray me also so that I might be able to attain what I am aiming for and to work for Him. I will be also praying for you all. Once again I thank you for everything that you have done for me.



Please give my warm wishes and regards to all the family members. Till then may the Almighty God be with you and bless you always.

How Does God Know?

By Ruth Lawler

As a child I pondered many things, but two of the most frustrating were, where does the universe end, and how does God know what I'm going to do before I do it? Now the first question required some very deep pondering; an impossible kind of thought that was much too deep for my finite mind. So I quit thinking about it. The second question hung on until I was an adult and a mom in my thirties. Of course I knew and everyone told me that God knows everything because He is God. Fine. But who do you know that can even begin to understand the mind of God? Not me. What I wanted was some tangible insight as to how, physically, God could know which cookie I would take before I took it. I finally found that explanation, that revelation I could relate to, in a book.

Suppose you were standing on the street watching a parade. You would be seeing that part of the parade that is the present, and it's passing right in front of you. The beginning of the parade, already gone by, is like the past. We remember some of it, but certainly not all of it. The end of the parade, yet to come, is hidden from us. We have to wait for it to arrive before we can see what it holds. It is the future, and it is a mystery to us because it is out of our sight.

But where is God?

Certainly God is higher than we are. If we imagine God as being in a 10 story building, we can know that from His vantage point He see the whole parade at once, past, present and future all at the same time. Time? With God there is no time. He made time for us. We are in time and He is in eternity. Our vision and knowledge are both limited, but God is limitless. He knows what we are going to do because He is God and because He made us. True. But He also knows which cookie I am going to take because He saw me take it.

As I was standing in my 'present', God looked back down the street at my 'future' and saw everything I was going to do. In like manner He can look up the street at my 'past' and see Everything I did. Absolutely nothing is hidden from God. He is a permanent record of everything that ever was. Praise God!