

## Kasilof Community Church

Issue 2,  
March 2001

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# Spring Newsletter 2001

We survived!! Well, kind of. The first issue of the Newsletter made it to the presses, and into most of your hands, but not without a few glitches. Ah, but if it had been perfect, then there wouldn't be room for improvements—right?

I would have to say that the Newsletter is still in its infancy as far as trying to find out what it will eventually become. You could say we're still trying to find ourselves. Ok, call the counselor, we need help. When we decide who we want to be, we'll let you know.

In the first issue, we published an article on the history of the church. Hopefully, many of you found this both entertaining as well as informative. In this issue, we attempt to bring you up to speed on our missionary program. Many of you are new (within the past five years) to Kasilof Community Church and perhaps you don't really know

how our missionary program got to where it is today. It is our intent that you gain some knowledge about this very important ministry of KCC.

This is also a good time to remind all of you that this is KCC's Newsletter, which means it will go nowhere without your input. You may not think you have anything to share, but I might take issue with that. You all have a testimony of how Jesus has brought you to the point in your life where you find yourself this very day. In 2 Corinthians we are reminded that God has comforted us in our afflictions so that we might provide the same comfort to others experiencing hard times (*my paraphrase*). You'll never know how your experiences may provide comfort to others unless you tell them about it. I hope you'll seriously consider this open invitation to share with all of us.

## From the Pastor's "PC"

A few have quizzed me recently about what the Bible says regarding corporate prayer. In other words, aren't we just as effective praying by ourselves? And didn't Jesus teach that when we pray, we should go into our closets to do so? Some have asked me to write up my response and I thought this would be a good place to share it.

Now let me say that I think there are some important reasons to pray alone. At times we have a burden that cannot be shared with anyone but God. Other times we are isolated and cannot meet with others to pray. The Bible also teaches us to "pray without ceasing" and this would be impossible to do if we always had to gather together to pray.

Jesus' instruction to pray in our closets (Matthew 6:5,6) actually addresses the way that hypocrites pray. We should not take his words as a prohibition against public or corporate prayer. Rather, *the motive of our hearts as we pray* is Jesus' concern in this passage. He amplifies this point with the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican in Luke 18:9-14. Both men were praying in the temple and were apparently observable, indicating their prayers were likely public. The humble prayer of the Publican was honored while that of the Pharisee was not.

As Jesus taught on the nature of the church (literally "assembly") in Matthew 18:15-20, he makes some very potent

statements on the prayer power of gathered believers. "Truly I say to you, whatever you bind on earth shall have been bound in heaven; and whatever you loose on earth shall have been loosed in heaven. "Again I say to you, that if two of you agree on earth about anything that they may ask, it shall be done for them by My Father who is in heaven. "For where two or three have gathered together in My name, I am there in their midst." Clearly, Jesus was teaching of the power of gathered, praying believers in this passage.



In the early church, therefore, corporate prayer was practiced at times of great expectancy or great need. Two significant incidents are recorded in Acts 1:12-14 and 12:1-17. The first is the account of those who were praying when the Holy Spirit gave birth to the Church at Pentecost – an incredibly important occasion! The second refers to the miraculous saving

of Peter from Herod's executioners. Here the Scriptures say, "prayer for him was being made fervently by the church to God." (v.5), and "he went to the house . . . where many were gathered together and were praying." (v.12)

Prayer is powerful when we are alone. It may be even more powerful when we are willing to prioritize our lives and make time to gather and pray.

For His Glory,  
Pastor Paul

## ***PULPIT HUMOR***



A new Preacher came to his first church, a little old country church. The first Sunday, only one person showed up for the morning service, a little old man in bib-over-alls. The Preacher said to the man, "Brother, your seem to be the only one to show up this morning, should I preach or what?" The little old man replied, "Well Sir, I ain't no preacher, I'm just an old farmer, but if I had a truck load of hay, and I went to the pasture and only one cow showed up, I'd feed that cow!" The Preacher, inspired by these words of wisdom, began to preach like he never had before, he preached every thing he had learned or heard and then began to make up stuff, finally after 2-hours, he finished. He looked to the little old man and said, "Well brother, what did you think of my first sermon here?" The little old man replied, "Well Sir, I ain't no preacher, I'm just a little old farmer, but if I had a truck load of hay and I went to the pasture and only one cow showed up, I wouldn't dump the whole load on him!"

A preacher was completing a temperance sermon: with great expression he said, "If I had all the beer in the world, I'd take it and throw it into the river." With even greater emphasis he said, "And if I had all the wine in the world, I'd take it and throw it into the river."

And then finally, he said, "And if I had all the whiskey in the world, I'd take it and throw it into the river."

He sat down. The song leader then stood very cautiously and announced with a smile, "For our closing song, let us sing Hymn # 365: "Shall We Gather at the River."

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The preacher was wired for sound with a lapel mike, and as he preached, he moved briskly about the platform, jerking the mike cord as he went.

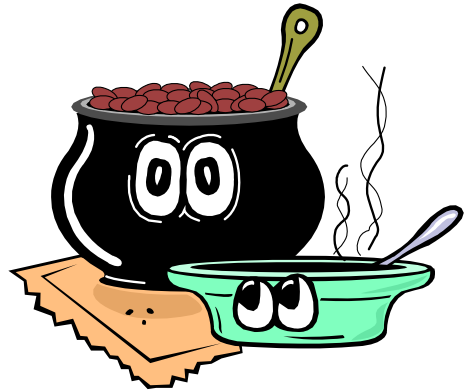
Then he moved to one side, getting wound up in the cord and nearly tripping before jerking it again. After several circles and jerks, a little girl in the third pew leaned toward her mother and whispered, "If he gets loose, will he hurt us?"

## *FROM DEB'S KITCHEN*

### Rhubarb Butter Jam

8 cups rhubarb puree  
6 cups sugar  
2 tsp allspice  
2 tsp cloves  
3 tsp cinnamon

To make the rhubarb puree I place the rhubarb in a large pan with about an inch of water in the pan. Boil and cook the rhubarb till mushy. You may find you have to add a little more water till the rhubarb is fully cooked. You just dont want to add too much water. Then I place the rhubarb in a food processor and puree it. Place back in pan and add the rest of the ingredients and boil all for 20 minutes. Place in jars and do a hot water bath for 10 min. We really like spices so we go heavy on the amount of spices that is called for in recipe. Enjoy. Kids love it!



Debbie Pearson

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**SUSIE BYRNE**



**NEEDS YOUR HELP**

**IF YOU CAN HELP IN ANY WAY  
WITH CHILDREN'S CHURCH,**

# RESURRECTION COOKIES

Read the whole recipe before beginning...Try to do this together the Saturday night before Easter Sunday

## You'll need:

Bible  
Wooden Spoon  
Ziplock baggie  
Tape

## Ingredients:

1 cup whole pecans  
3 egg whites  
1 cup sugar  
1 tsp. vinegar  
Pinch salt

Preheat oven to 300 degrees. Place pecans in a zipper baggie and let the children beat them with the wooden spoon to break into small pieces.

Explain that after Jesus was arrested, He was beaten by the Roman Soldiers.

Read John 19:1-3

Let children smell the vinegar. Put 1 tsp. into mixing bowl. Explain that when Jesus was thirst on the cross, he was given vinegar to drink.

Read John 19:28-30

Add egg whites to vinegar. Eggs represent life. Explain that Jesus gave His life to give us life.

Read John 10:10-11

Sprinkle a little salt into child's hand. Let them taste it and brush the rest into the bowl Explain that this represents the salty tears shed by Jesus' followers, and the bitterness of our own sin.

Read Luke 23:27

So far the ingredients aren't very appetizing. Add 1 cup sugar. Explain that the sweetest part of the story is that Jesus died because He loves us. He wants us to know and belong to him.

Read Psalm 34:8 and John 3:16

Beat with a mixer on high speed for 11-15 minutes until stiff peaks are formed. Explain that the color white represents the purity in God's eyes of those whose sins have been cleansed by Jesus.

Read Isaiah 1:18 and John 3:13

Fold in the broken nuts. Drop by tsp. onto waxed paper-covered cookie sheet. Explain that each mound represents the rocky tomb where Jesus' body was laid.

Read Matthew 27:65-66

Put cookie sheet in the oven. Close the door and turn the oven OFF. Give each child a piece of tape and seal the oven door. Explain that Jesus' tomb was sealed

Read John 16:20 and 22

GO TO BED! Explain that they may feel sad to leave the cookies in the oven overnight. Jesus' followers were in despair when the tomb was sealed.

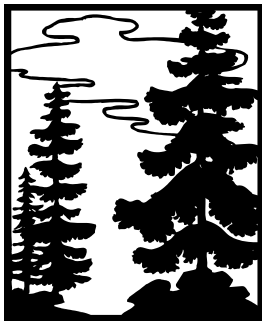
Read John 16: 20 and 22

On Resurrection morning, open the oven and give everyone a cookie! Notice the cracked surface and take a bite. The cookies are hollow! On the first Resurrection Day, Jesus' followers were amazed to find the tomb open and empty.

Read Matthew 28:1-9

**HE HAS RISEN! HALLELUJAH!**

## *Wet Bees, Hot Fires, and Caring Mothers*

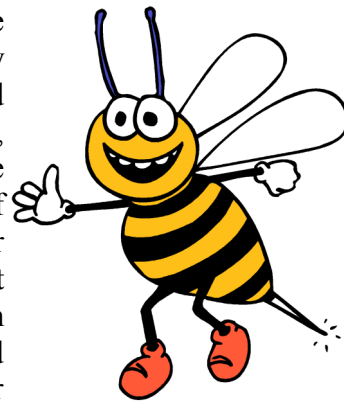


An important component of any frontiersman's arsenal is his favorite gun. To a 12 year-old lad intent on protecting his family and bagging ferocious wild game, the weapon of choice could be none other than a Daisy, lever-action BB gun. Oh yes, this was a belonging to be admired, one you were so proud of that you permanently identified it as yours by wood burning your name into the stock. You see, Gilligan had his island, but this young man went nowhere without his Daisy BB gun.

When the school bell rang for the last time that year, signifying the start of summer break, there was joy unspeakable in the life of a few boys who roamed the valley of Clark Fork. A mad dash was made for home, perhaps pausing for 30 seconds or so to make a triple-decker bologna sandwich, and then it was out the door and off to Mosquito Creek with your trusty Daisy in hand. Oh man, this was living. Out in that large field meandered a creek and numerous ponds that were full of wild animals that needed taming. You know the ones I'm talking about, tree-frogs, toads, bullfrogs, water-skipper, cows, and honey-bees. These were the type of savage beasts that could threaten your family's very existence, and the only chance you stood was to even up the odds with your trusty Daisy. If you think I speak in jest, then consider the time I let my guard down and paid the price.

To understand your enemy, you must take special care to learn all you can about where they live. For the most part, those dastardly honey-bees could always be found lurking around one of the billions of dandelions that had taken up residence in my yard. These were the type of dandelions that were capable of spontaneous growth, meaning that you could mow your lawn one day and have twice as many dandelions the next day. It nearly caused a young lad to go insane. Nevertheless, one day while contemplating how I might rid my lawn of these pesky yellow flowers, the thought came to mind that it was the honey-bees fault. If I could only stop them from pollinating the dandelions, they all might die and I wouldn't have to mow the lawn everyday. Yes, these were the early thoughts of an Alaskan biologist. While leaning up against our woodshed one day, during one of those spells of intense thinking (some call it daydreaming), one of those buzzy little honey-bees had the audacity to land right at my feet and dive deep into the yellow petals of a rather large dandelion. That was more that I could take. Not wanting to waste a precious BB, and not wanting this double-daring honey-bee get away with mocking me, before I knew what I was doing, down came my trunks and one local hon-

ey-bee began to get a warm shower. The sheepish smirk that started in one corner of my mouth soon became a broad ear-to-ear grin. This was good stuff and I was rather proud of myself. That smile must have grown so large that my eyesight became affected, because I didn't see that honey-bee shake himself off and come looking for his attacker. I may not have seen him, but I sure as heck felt him. He hit dead center and I was in desperate need of 911, or in other words, I needed to find my Mom. "You what!" she said. "He what!!!" she gasped. I'll keep the next couple minutes of what happened to myself, but suffice it to say, it was a rather humbling experience. All you really need to know is that this story has remained the subject of many light moments in my family for more than 30 years now. You can be assured though that a lot of honey-bees ended up paying the price for that infamous day.



I eventually recovered from my attack and it wasn't long before two friends and I decided to head out for a day of exploring. Across the field we went, where we crossed the small bridge over Mosquito Creek, stopping to contemplate whether or not we should go back home and grab our fishing rods, outfitted with Zebco 202 reels. No, not today, we had Antelope Mountain to conquer. At the base of this 4,500 foot monster we sat down and began to plan our attack. While deliberating about what kind of birds we would concentrate on that day, we noticed a rock outcrop nearby. We fired off a few BB's at the cracks in the rock face, when one of us got the bright idea to use a new kind of ammunition. Out came some of the stick matches we had brought along, because previous experimentation had already shown that these matches fit perfectly in the barrel of our Daisy's. So, we took aim at the outcrop, fired, and were really amused at the loud pop the match heads made as they contacted the rock. Before long, we were shooting and reloading with stick matches as fast as we could. In between the giggling and shooting, we finally noticed another popping sound. Apparently one of the matches had glanced off the rocks and ended up in some nearby brush. We had a fire on our hands and the hot summer day and mild breeze that was blowing were perfect ingredients for a major forest fire. We quickly assessed the situation, took off our t-shirts, and initiated a futile attempt at fighting the fire. I'm not really sure how the decision was made, but panic had a lot to do with the outcome, and before you knew it we were on the fly. It was approximately a mile back to Clark Fork, and about half way there, we turned to look back at the mountain, and what we saw was very scary indeed. A large cloud of smoke had

taken up residence right above our crime scene. Oh man, did we run then. As we neared the outskirts of town, we heard the famous fire whistle that blew anytime the volunteer fire department was called into action. Before we even made it to our respective houses, the fire-truck was on its way. While pausing to watch it drive up the hill, a white pickup truck stopped and Mr. White rolled down his window.

“You boys been up on the hill today?” he asked as he looked up at the big cloud of billowing smoke. We all looked at each other and weakly responded, “N-n-n-o, not us.” Mr. White, who would one day become U.S. Representative White, asked again, “You sure you lads weren’t up there on Antelope mountain today?” We all kind of looked at the ground, kicked a rock or two and mumbled, “Nope.” As he drove off, we took a quick look at each other and each headed for our respective homes. The worst case of the stomach flu never hurt as much as my stomach did at that moment.

Sometimes your covers just can’t hide everything you think they can. I crawled into bed and dove hard and deep, hoping those blankets could hide the events of that day. They didn’t. I knew that when my mom got home from work (my mom was a widow taking care of six children), I was going to need my best game face on to keep this from her. I now know that God equipped Mothers with a kind of x-ray vision that enables them to take one look at you and know everything that has ever happened in your entire life. When I slipped out of my bedroom, my mom eyeballed me and said, “Pat, what did you do!” Oh man, did the tears shoot out of my eyes. “You what!” she said. “They had to do what!!” she repeated. “You told Mr. White what!!!” she gasped.



It’s a good thing I didn’t have any hair in those days (back then being a skinhead was not a derogatory thing) because when my mom reached for my ears to drag me to the car that pain was bad enough. “Where are we going?” I sheepishly asked. “Well, young man,” she replied, “you, have some people you need to speak to.” I knew where Mr. White lived and I did not cherish the thought of seeing him again, as long as I lived. But my mother was having none of it. Up to his door we marched and the doorbell brought Mr. White way sooner than I expected. He filled the whole doorway and my mom greeted him and informed him that I had a few things I would like to say. As scared as I was of Mr. White, I was even more



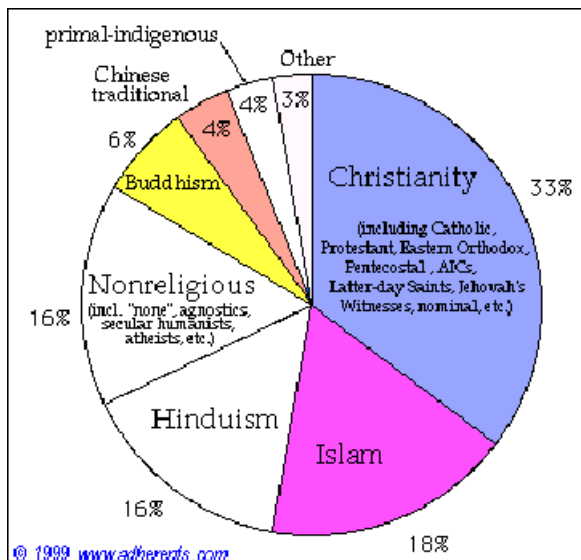
scared of the look my mother gave me. You see, the land that we had been on that day belonged to Mr. White, so he had every reason to wonder what had happened. The fire department had saved our skins by limiting the fire to approximately ½ acre. The apology I offered that day to Mr. White would have been entirely futile if that small fire had not been quickly attended to. Considering the dry conditions of the forest, it is entirely conceivable that the entire northern part of the state could have went up in flames. But, all I cared about at that moment was trying to stop crying and getting back to the car so I could get back to hiding in my bed. However, my mother had other ideas. We had another stop to make and this time it was the head ranger of the State Forest Service. I didn't know that they had responded to the fire too and it was state lands that abutted Mr. White's. The second apology wasn't any easier than the first, but finally it was over, or so I thought.

The seriousness of our delinquent actions merited more than just an apology. A few days later a juvenile court was convened. This turned out to be an event that I would never forget because of what I witnessed that day. The judge asked us boys to retell what happened on the day of the fire, so we began our recollection of the events. When we got to the part about shooting the matches, one of the boy's father stood up and said that his son had not been a part of the match shooting. I remember looking at him and wondering how he could say that. All three of us had equally participated in the activities and all three were equally to blame. Later, when the judge made his decision about our sentence, this boy's father again denied his son's guilt and further stated that his son would not participate in the community service ordered by the judge. My mother saw things a little differently and the posters I made to display in local businesses promoted more than a few jokes by my siblings, which were soon forgotten. But, I could not so easily shake off the events of that day. When my friend's father stood before that judge and lied for him, I believe that a course for his son's life was laid out before him. I'm not saying that he was obligated to that path, but I know it definitely had an impact on me. You know, I wasn't very happy with my mother the day she led me by the back of my neck to apologize to Mr. White and then to the head Ranger of the forest service. I'm also not going to tell you that I fully understood the implications back then either. But, as I look back on all these events, I am reminded that the Gospel of Luke speaks about two criminals being crucified on either side of Jesus. Both deserved to be there, but only one admitted to his sin and he was told by Jesus, "Truly I say to you, today you shall be with Me in Paradise." We all have choices about what to do when we behave poorly. We can attempt to deny it or we can drag ourselves by the ear to the door of forgiveness, where our Savior is waiting. What say you?

## *Kasilof Community Church Missions Ministry*

As of March 1, 2001 the world's population was estimated to be 6.2 billion people. The following pie graph provides an estimate of the proportion of these people that adhere to a particular belief system. Using these figures, one can then estimate

state, and world level. This approach to missions remains a focus of the church to this very day, as evidenced by our most recent decision to add Miss Peggy Dancy to the list of missionaries that we financially support.



The following series of articles, penned by different members of the KCC congregation, is intended to inform all of us about the different missions that KCC currently supports. We hope that this information will help make you more effective prayer partners for these very important ministries. Praying for our missionaries and their ministries is positively the most important facet of our support. This is not to say that financial support is not important, it is, but prayer is the most powerful weapon against the adversary that we have. Recall in Acts 12 when Herod had Peter arrested and had intended to do him harm we read:

that nearly 4.2 billion people, or 67% of the population of the earth, do not know Jesus Christ as their Savior. This is a very disheartening statistic indeed.

Since its inception, KCC has strongly believed that the great commission means to reach out to all people, from our neighbors across the street to our neighbors throughout the world. We have always been a church that was mission-minded. More importantly, we have backed up this philosophy by supporting missions, at the local,

**Acts 12:5 (NKJV)** Peter was therefore kept in prison, but constant prayer was offered to God for him by the church.

You all know the rest of this story. Peter was delivered by an angel of the Lord and he went on to have a very powerful ministry.

As you read about the following missionaries supported by KCC, please remember to pray for them and their families.

## **Leah Dubber: Croatia**

**Submitted by Sally, Anne, Dave, & Robbie**

Our dear sister Leah is doing so well in Croatia. Of course, we definitely are pleased that she is healthy in body, but what makes us smile and rejoice the most is how well she is in spirit. The Lord is really renewing her mind. She is drawing closer to God and He, in turn, is making His abode with her. Among other changes, Leah is now a five point Calvinist and is trying to convert her sisters. Leah reports that she is having an incredible time digging in the Word and facing challenging situations with boldness. Yes, she even finds the time to email her sisters with much needed advice and wise counsel. She is a constant source of encouragement...and reproof, when the need arises.

Leah is currently located in a small town outside of the Croatian capital of Zagreb. She is serving the Lord through the Southern Baptist Mission Board. She was doing some office for a while. Now she is...actually, we're not completely sure what she is doing. She has recently changed jobs. However, we are certain it is furthering the gospel.

If you would like to stay updated on Leah's current condition, or find out what she is really up to, please contact her two sisters, Sally and Anne Dubber at [shdubber@hotmail.com](mailto:shdubber@hotmail.com), and we will get you on her mailing list. She sends out monthly newsletters that provide many of the nitty gritty details. Here are some highlights from one of her recent emails.

Leah writes:

One rainy night I went to my friend Vida's birthday party. It was my first time to drive in Zagreb

alone. Zagreb is a city of 1 million people, the largest in Croatia. Vida asked if she and I could go pick up another of her friends who was coming to the party. I said sure and off we went, Vida giving directions. At one point she told me to make a U-turn. I asked if she was sure, being naturally wary of u-turns, and she said yes. So I did as she told and the next thing a police car was behind me pulling me over! He asked for my passport and registration papers and then asked me to get out of the car. In the pouring rain I stood next to his police car while he sat inside writing up the ticket. He originally told me I'd have to go to the court the next day to find out what the fine would be and pay it. I went through the whole spiel about being all alone in Croatia and not knowing where the court house was. He finally relented and only fined me the equivalent of \$15! Vida was very apologetic but after it was over I just told her I had a great story and really it didn't cost me very much money at all! We got her friend and went back to the party.

Croatians have never experienced the taste of a marshmallow. They have heard about them but have never actually seen or touched or tasted one. Meezie Hermansen sent me s'more fixings for Christmas this year and I have been able to use such a simple thing as trying "a real American s'more" as an opportunity to invite friends over. While I roast the marshmallow over the burner with a fork, my guests usually ooh and aahh over the "raw" marshmallow they're trying. The soft, spongy consistency is a marvel to them. Then the reaction they have when they taste a real s'more is hilarious! They are a bit too sweet for most Croatian palates, but the novelty of trying something so American (and so unavailable here in Croatia) is very fun. Afterwards we usually sit and talk in my living room or in the kitchen. S'mores can actually be a springboard into a conversation about the Lord!

**The Barkmans -  
submitted by Dave Horne**

Jacob Barkman was born the fifth child of six to a Kansas school-teacher and his wife. He spent his childhood near the town of Elkhart where he attended high school and then proceeded on to Denver Baptist College for an A.A. degree in Biblical Studies. One more year of technical school and he was ready for the move to Alaska in 1986 where he married Jennifer in August of the same year. They now have two children, Lucas twelve and Kaitlyn eight, and are on the "approved" list anxiously awaiting the phone call notifying them that their anticipated adoption will proceed soon.

Jacob worked for Alaska Oil Sales while in Alaska and is remembered by many of us in Kasilof as the smiling face who trudged through snow dragging the fuel hose to our thirsty tanks in the middle of the winter. He always had a smile and a kind word of encouragement no matter what the weather or conditions. He, "had the distinct feeling that God had something more for us", and was led to Wycliffe Bible Translators in Waxhaw, NC where he is involved with with construction and maintenance responsibili-

ties for JAARS. JAARS provides equipment, training, and high quality technical services through qualified personnel in field locations. I think it is significant that Jacob signs his newsletters "In His Grip". This indicates his willingness to go wherever he is led. We can all be inspired by the steadfastness of the Barkmans through the fund-raising and training times in their ministry. They certainly demonstrated perseverance and patience, after stepping out in faith and leaving their established Alaskan lifestyle. The transition times also involved dealing with some serious family illness. Confident that they know exactly what the Lord wants them to do they are still wondering where. They are currently working at Wycliff headquarters here in the United States but are uncertain about the location where they will begin their long-term service.

The Barkman's appreciate our support and would like to request special prayer concerning God's guidance for their future service. They have expressed a closeness and affinity for rural Alaskan missionaries so another trip north may be in their future.

## **Wayne and Elena Leman: missionaries to the Cheyenne submitted by Steve and Trudy Webb**

**Wayne was born in Seward and lived his early life in Ninilchik, the eldest son of Nick and Marion Leman.**

**He decided to pursue language studies because of his early exposure to the, (older), bilingual community of Ninilchik; - (Russian-English).**

**He attended undergraduate school at Kansas University; where he met his wife Elena. Elena was born of missionary parents in Mexico City. They married in 1972.**

**Later, through Wycliffe he began studies in the Bible translation of untranslated languages.**

**In 1975 Wayne was called by Wycliffe to Montana to work with the Cheyenne tribe in the translation of the Bible to their**

**language.**

**Wayne and Elena have four children; (two sets of twins), who are now grown and married. Karen and Esther were born in 1976; Deborah and James in 1978.**

## PEGGY DANCY: Wycliffe Missionary in Mozambique

*Submitted by Anne Letzring*

Peggy Dancy has always been a "missionary" but I'll start off with the day she graduated from Bob Jones Bible College and ventured off to the Alaska Mission Field. She has not stopped or looked back since!! In 1967 she was offered a teaching job in Alaska and off she went with not much money, a jar of peanut butter, a loaf of bread and two girlfriends. Drove straight through and says she made it to Alaska in three days from Chicago!

I first met Peggy Dancy at Kasilof Community Church about twenty three years ago. She transferred to Tustumena Elementary School after spending nine years teaching and ministering in the Tyonek village Mission Field.

Peggy immediately became a soul sister, I knew I wanted to be around this believer. I admired her energy and love for the Lord. I also appreciated the witness she exhibited to everyone she met. She loves the Lord and everyone around her for any length of time is soon introduced to her friend and Savior Jesus Christ and told of His gift of salvation.

As a first grade teacher at Tustumena, Peggy displayed excellent work ethics. She was the only teacher in Tustumena school who made it a point to visit every student's home and family. Many families still remember Peggy's dedication and witness through her job. I remember visiting

her classroom at Christmas and being surprised that she taught the Christmas Story to her students. Why not? Peggy answered, "its the true meaning of Christmas". This was her way of wading into deep waters...."I have to cross the river don't I" and off she went. God always seemed to part the waters for her and so she continued teaching school and her beliefs until God called her to another mission field.

As a member of Kasilof Community Church, Peggy exhibited her love for Children by ministering as Sunday School Superintendent, teaching Sunday School, Vacation Bible School, as well as playing the piano, singing, writing and/or directing many if the children's programs, or just simply cleaning the church. We all appreciated the way Peggy worked and ministered among our body of believers and community in Kasilof.

It wasn't all work - it was also a lot of fun having Peggy as part of our church family. I fondly remember the fun times we had....like the summer of the practical jokes. Thinking of some of our antics still brings a chuckle!....like when we filled her car completely full of wadded up newspapers, (her summer job was delivering newspapers). Or when "someone" put jello in her shower head! Or when "Peggy mentioned she had never been short sheeted" went home one night and you guessed it !!

All the work and play became a part of our lives it seemed it would last forever... I still remember Peggy's announcement that God told her to retire from this mission field and go to another mission field and teach. I was astounded mostly because I didn't want my dear friend to leave Me! Plus, I reasoned, this mission field still had a lot of work that needed doing! Peggy in providing information for this article writes "I can still remember the look on your face when I told you! You, my folks and sisters were my best critics during that time, it helped me through all the ramifications to realize it definitely was the Lord moving me in that direction". And God had called and with heavy hearts, we helped her sell all of her possessions, her house, I even was her power of attorney while culminating the deal because God called and she left before her house was sold. She gave some of her things to the church family to keep for her future. Packed up her mementos and shipped them to Wycliffe for safekeeping and off she went. But this time when Peggy went on a missionary journey, we all went with her, praying and sharing her needs and struggles.

AND the struggles began in earnest!...learning the language, living in a different culture, no water, no electricity, and traveling among the various missionary families teaching. God told her to go ... but He didn't say there wouldn't be struggles and challenges along the way. It took Peggy longer than she anticipated to learn the language. Not because she didn't work very hard at it... Not because we didn't uphold her in prayer. We all were diligent to do what the Lord asked.. but just because!

There also were the times the Africans broke into her home ...once when she was home sleeping!! The war dangers, floods, sickness and even just having rice for every meal but.... God said go and she is satisfied and happy to be where He desires her to be.

The missionaries in Mozambique are very fortunate to have our friend and co-worker Peggy teaching and ministering to their children. Of course being - Peggy she also goes the extra mile and is teaching English to adults, helping to educate African Nationals to learn more about God in order to teach their own people, teaching Sunday school and demonstrating God's Love to all who will see or hear!

We all are involved with Africa because we are through Peggy a part of this new mission field. Even though we have to stay home and miss the adventures we still are praying for those believers she is nurturing and for the believers God will reach through her and the other missionaries. We also are praying for her strength, health and material needs and we are encouraging her and even supporting her desire to educate Nationals by sending money to help! This makes Peggy's ministry easier...and it makes it a joy for me to share a little about our mission and missionary in Africa.

## Kenn & Lesa Stark

Ken & Lesa Stark are serving with InterAct Ministries in Calgary, Alberta. They spent a number of years in England before transferring to Calgary a few years ago. They have a heart to see that the Muslim people hear the truth about a Savior who loves them so much He died for them. It has been a difficult culture to break through, but the Starks have chosen the route of developing relationships with people and acting upon opportunities to share when they occur. However, the best opportunity to share is live amongst these people as friends. This has been Kenn and Lesa's m.o.

Here are some excerpts from emails sent by the Starks to their support churches.

We pray you had a wonderful Christmas and new year in our Lord Jesus Christ. We had a good time as a family and visiting friends. The Christmas drama presentation went well and was well received. The old folks especially liked the kids being sheep, crawling about the floor and baaing!

Kenna came home for only 2 weeks as she has transferred to Cedarville University and had orientation the 2 Jan. and classes the next day.

It was nice to have Amber home for Christmas this year (last year she spent it in Russia). We missed having Tammy and Rob here but they are hoping to come for a visit in the spring or summer. They are still pursuing an associate pastorate somewhere in the US. Continue to pray with them for the place the Lord would have them be. Amber is volunteering in the children's ward at the hospital once a week and is really enjoying that.

Kenn and I celebrated our 26th anniversary this last week and went to Banff for a couple of days. It was nice! He leaves tomorrow to go to Oregon for InterAct's Lead 2001 conference.

There were only 15 for the last joint prayer meeting for Muslims during the month of Ramadan, but considering it was so close to Christmas and a snowy night, that's not too bad! We have received another request for a Gospel of Luke from the mailing we did and 2 negative responses which also got a letter in response! We will start calling some of the people who received the letter this next week to see what they thought of it. Pray for this ministry. We hope to have another letter out in time for Easter with more addresses included. Pray for all the preparation for that.

Thanks so much for your faithful prayers and support for us and the ministry among Muslims in Canada.

In Christ,

Kenn and Lesa

Kenn and Lesa Stark  
520 Whitehill Pl. NE  
Calgary, AB  
T1Y 3G8  
(403)590-2830  
Canada

InterAct Ministries  
202, 110 11th Ave. SW  
Calgary, AB  
T2R 0B8  
Canada



# SOLID ROCK BIBLE CAMP

Any time a church body is committed to supporting missions, the potential for some conflict arises. Should they support ministries that reach out to the local community or should the focus be on peoples where the Bible has rarely or never been read or seen. These challenges are even magnified when the church body is a Community Church, which is often comprised of a very rich, composite of previous church attendance. At KCC, the approach has been to support local, US, and international missionaries. It is a wonderful blend of support.

On the local level, we are proud and privileged to be able to support Solid Rock Bible Camp. For the past 43 years, Solid Rock has been dedicated to providing well-balanced camping programs with a spiritual emphasis through Bible teaching. Solid Rock is owned and operated by Solid Rock Ministries, Inc., a non-profit corporation governed by a board of directors.

Staffed by qualified personnel, Solid Rock provides facilities include dining service for 200, private cabins and rooms with 160 beds. The lakeside lodge comfortably seats 250 guests while their private conference



rooms are perfect for smaller gatherings.

A fully equipped lakefront offers swimming, a

125-foot waterslide,

the Blob,

water-

skiing,

kneeboarding,

canoeing,

funyaking,

or simply a quiet waterside retreat.

The Wagon Train facilities include a waterfront, four covered wagons (36 beds),

horsemanship training and facilities.

Trained horsemanship staff offer campers guided wilderness trail rides in groups of eight.

Solid Rock is located three miles east of Soldotna, Alaska, on the Sterling Highway.

Presently, Solid Rock is directed by Ted and Valerie McKenney. KCC was led to help support Ted and Val in their efforts at Solid Rock as well as providing an additional stipend for the camp. Ted and Valerie bring a wealth of camp ministry experience to Solid Rock and their dedication has not gone unnoticed. Moreover, their family has grown up at the camp and are very active in serving the Lord in various ministries. We all should be proud and thankful that we can be a part of supporting Solid Rock Bible Camp.



## DAN AND SALLY WAGNER

Dan and Sally Wagner currently live in Anchorage and are affiliated with **Beyond Borders** as well as actively involved with **Samaritan's Purse** ministries. Prior to that, Dan and Sally spent a few years at Port Alsworth on Lake Clark where they headed a ministry that brought Russian kids to Alaska to live for a year at a time. This ministry, aptly named **Russia House**, even reached out to Mexican kids in a cross cultural exchange between Russia and Mexico. What an exciting ministry it was. KCC feels very privileged indeed to be able to support Dan & Sally in the Lord's work with Beyond Borders. Below is just a little bit about Beyond Borders and Samaritan's Purse.

Our world is divided by many borders-- political, economic, cultural, racial, to name only a few. These borders often prevent us from loving our neighbors on the other side of the divide.

Jesus in his earthly ministry repeatedly crossed the lines and borders society had erected. He showed compassion to a despised Samaritan woman and dined with Zacheus, a hated tax collector and representative of Roman domination. Everywhere Jesus went, he crossed the margins of respectability and tolerance of his society. Poor people, prostitutes, heretics, diseased and unclean people--he loved them all and saw in them the image of God.

**Beyond Borders** is an spin-off of the Evangelical Association for the Promotion of Education, a ministry created by Tony Campolo, a well-known Christian speaker and author. Founded in 1993, Beyond Borders works to bring together rich and poor for their mutual liberation. **Beyond Borders** seeks to follow Jesus Christ by building bridges of sharing and understanding across the great divisions of our day. We do this to foster justice and peace and because we believe that the unique image of God in humanity is best seen in the mosaic of our diversity.

Our mission is to work for justice and peace out of devotion to Christ by fostering sharing and understanding across cultural and economic borders. We do this to make real the reconciliation and liberation that Christ proclaimed for our world.

**Samaritan's Purse** is a nondenominational evangelical Christian organization providing spiritual and physical aid to hurting people around the world. Since 1970, Samaritan's Purse has helped meet needs of people who are victims of war, poverty, natural disasters, disease, and famine with the purpose of sharing God's love through His son, Jesus Christ.

The organization serves the church worldwide to promote the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

## TIM AND BARB WOODS

Tim and Barb Woods are currently serving the Lord through an organization named Sports Outreach Institute in Ometepec, Mexico. Prior to moving to Ometepec, they had served in Columbia and then Mexico City.

Sports Outreach Institute, Inc. is a non-denominational Christian agency supported by a variety of churches and individuals. It is chartered in the Commonwealth of Virginia and is a nonprofit organization. The fundamental purpose of Sports Outreach Institute, Inc. is to identify and train committed Christian leadership in the effective use and understanding of sports ministry.

Sports ministry, simply defined, is any program or strategy that uses sports as a vehicle to fulfill Christ's command to go into all the world and make disciples of all nations. It is using sports to evangelize and disciple with the emphasis on making disciples.

From large-scale events to one-on-one programs; sports outreach provides seminars for youth leaders and training courses for university students. Sports outreach also provides assistance and grants to orphanages, schools, the physically disabled and churches in need. Finally, crisis management training and other programs to deal with the specialized needs of traumatized children are also offered.

Tim and Barb were called to the mission field in 1982 to the country of Uruguay (where their first child was born). They served with World Gospel Crusades throughout South America, including Paraguay, Chile, and Columbia, before joining Sports Outreach in Mexico City.



This picture of the Woods' is a little outdated as their oldest child, Nathan, is now 16 or 17. Their other children are Joshua (~15 yrs old), Andrew (11), and Susanna (5).

The Woods' can be reached at:  
Pedro Ascencio PTE. #17  
Ometepec, Gro. C.P. 41700 Mexido

email: [sportsoutreach@juno.com](mailto:sportsoutreach@juno.com)

## Coho Man

*By Fat Pat*

He calls Coho home and the weapon of choice is his pen, I count it a privilege to call him my friend. He has a talent to form letters, words, and then thought, and when he shares them it's as if you've been taught.

However, sometimes you must listen very, very close, because the moral, it comes in such a small dose. But it's not difficult to stay on the track, you see, coho man never talks smack.

Oh, sometimes you might question his expertise, for this Coho man thinks he is obese. But how can one's middle ever grow great when so busy chasing auctions in the lower forty-eight.

Occasionally this noble laureate one cannot reach, it is then you will find him at the Clam Gulch beach. For when not using his pen, he has only one wish, and that is to harvest those Cook Inlet fish.

To watch such a sight is much for the eye, because Coho man, wow can he fly. If one of his nets is not keeping the pace, no problem, it's removed from such place.

But oh I am wandering from the topic of note, and that is to expound on the words that are wrote. For when I hear Coho man share his thoughtful insights, It is then that I think that things are alright.

It was first from a pew that I remember most how Coho man's words began reaching the host. For the eyes cannot lie, they speak without sound, and that is so evident when one looks around.

Once he sang his words, oh some they did gasp, for it was unclear, was that his throat or a wrasp. But it was not long before the tears were for real, because Coho man's words were starting to heal.

Our graduates we honor on a day full of light, with quilts hanging high and smiles shining bright. Then steps forward Coho man, all ears turn to hear, it is the gift of his pen they so long to be near.

He addresses each one with words that feel good, a message of cheer, most easily understood. And it is then that I look into the eyes of each face, for Coho man has again blessed this place.

So before I bid my parting adieu, I know that my words have said nothing new. For many of you have had the same vision, we all know Coho man's words are really his mission.

So, if you have been touched by a thought from his pen, as so many at KCC really have been. Let us praise God for Him having sent, this man from Coho land, we call him Brent.



## *Light Afflictions*

Lord, as time passes and I grow older and my memory starts to fade,  
Let it somewhere within me know, on your foundation my life was stayed.  
When the light in my eyes begin to dim and shadows are all I see,  
May I be content to know in this place you are walking with me.

If I no longer hear a sound made upon my ear,  
May I know in the silent hours you are drawing near,  
If my body fails me and on my bed I'm laid,  
Let me not forget your suffering and the price you paid.

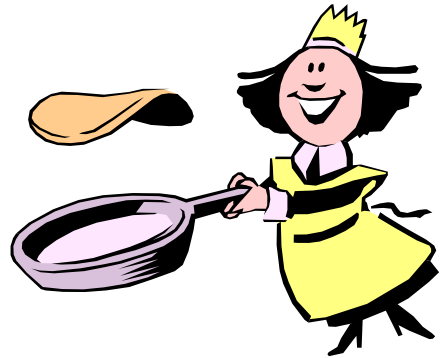
So if darkness should engulf me and silence be my tomb,  
Let your word be etched upon my heart,  
For I know you're coming soon.

Lynda Wandler

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## **CHURCH HUMOR**

A mother was preparing pancakes for her sons, Kevin, 5 and Ryan, 3. The boys began to argue over who would get the first pancake. Their mother saw the opportunity for a moral lesson. "If Jesus were sitting here, He would say, 'Let my brother have the first pancake. I can wait.'" Kevin turned to his younger brother and said, "Ryan, you be Jesus!"

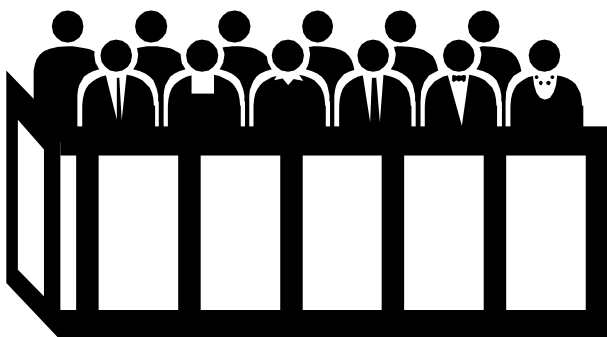


A mother was teaching her three year old daughter The Lord's Prayer. For several evenings at bedtime, she repeated it after her mother. One night she said she was ready to solo. The mother listened with pride, as she carefully enunciated each word right up to the end. "And lead us not into temptation," she prayed, "but deliver us some e-mail, Amen".

## SURE FIRE WAY TO AVOID JURY DUTY

by Dale Dolifka

For as long as anyone could remember, Miss Eula Mae Vickery had taught Junior High Sunday School at Shiloh Baptist Church. Many of Miss Vickerys' students had returned over the years to become fine outstanding citizens of Shiloh. Although in her late seventies, one day Miss Vickery found herself called for jury duty in a highly



publicized murder trial. Miss Vickery was not the least bit pleased with this turn of events since it interfered with her various quilting and gardening club activities.

Miss Vickery was called as juror number seven and questioning of her began to see if she would be a fair and impartial juror. The prosecuting attorney questioned her first. He approached her and asked, "Miss Vickery, do you know me?" She responded, "Why, yes, I do know you Mr. Williams. I've known you since you were a young boy and, in fact, I had you in Sunday School. Quite frankly, Mr. Williams, you've been a big disappointment to me. You lie, you cheat on your wife, you manipulate people, and talk about them behind their backs. You think you are a rising big shot lawyer when you haven't the brains to realize that you will never amount to anything more than a 2-bit paper pusher. Yes, I know you!"

The prosecuting attorney was greatly stunned by her response. Not knowing what else to do, he pointed across the room and asked, "Miss Vickery, do you know the defense attorney?" She immediately responded, "Why, yes, I do. I've known Mr. Bradley since he was a youngster. I use to babysit him for his parents and I had him in Sunday School with you. And he, too, has been a real disappointment to me. He is lazy, bigoted, and he has a drinking problem. The man can't build a normal relationship with anyone and his law practice is the shoddiest in the state of Mississippi. Yes, I know him!"

At this point, the judge rapped the boisterous court room to silence and called both attorneys to the bench. In a very quiet voice, he said with a menace beyond description, "If either of you ask her if she knows me, you will be jailed for contempt! I had her in Sunday School too!"

Miss Vickery was quickly excused from jury duty.

## DUCK HUNTING IN NEBRASKA!

Submitted by Dale Dolifka

A big city Omaha lawyer went duck hunting in rural Nebraska on the Platte River. He shot and dropped a bird, but it fell into a farmers field on the other side of the fence.

As the lawyer climbed over the fence, an elderly farmer drove up on his tractor and asked him what he was doing. The litigator responded, "I shot a duck and it fell in this field, and now I am going in to retrieve it."

Now, the old farmer replied, "This is my property, and you are not coming over here." The indignant lawyer said, "I am one of the best trial lawyers in the United States and, if you don't let me get my duck, I'll sue you and take everything you have."

The old farmer smiled back and said, "Apparently, you do not know how we do things in Nebraska. We settle small disagreements like this with the Nebraska 3-kick rule.

The lawyer asked, "What is the Nebraska 3-kick rule?"

The old farmer replied, "Well, first I kick you three times, and then you kick me three times, and so on, back and forth until someone gives up."

The attorney quickly thought about the proposed contest and decided that he could easily take out the old codger. He agreed to abide by the local custom.

The old farmer slowly climbed down from the tractor and walked up to the city fellow. His first kick planted the toe of his work boot into the lawyer's shin, and dropped him to his knees. His second kick nearly wiped the nose off his face. The lawyer was flat on his belly when the farmer's kick on the back nearly caused him to give up. The lawyer summoned every bit of his will as he managed to get back on his feet, and said "Okay, you ole coot, now it's my turn." The old farmer smiled wisely, and said "Naw, I give up, you can have the duck!!"



## **Tried and True (for Oscar And Sami)**

There was a man, of Sterling an',  
he rode the bleary blue.  
To rise and fall, in the northern squall,  
on the ship, *Tried and True*.

No better lad, could be had,  
for sailing these winds of spate.  
Way quick of wit, he never quit,  
in a sea that heaved with hate.

On the darkest run, he was next to none,  
and crank at the wheel.  
He'd bring her back, on the leeward tack,  
to clear the shoals of Sheol.

His lady stayed, at home and prayed,  
for safety and for speed.  
When wonder wants, the absence haunts,  
and love is a matter of need.

He had a child to miss, her daddy's kiss,  
and hope he'd come today.  
It was a blur, for mom and her,  
when daddy was away.

There carries a quarrel, the sea immoral,  
for a ship and her freight.  
It'll raise in rage, to the ugly stage,  
and beat with the fist of fate.

*Tried and True*, was built like few,  
in the yards of Isaac Walter.  
Tight as a drum, with pitch and gum,  
she stood like Gibraltar.

The winds abated, and just waited,  
for a dark and rainy night.  
Then God they'd screech, for the rocky beach,  
and push with all their might.

Speak of spray, to their dismay,  
the crew clung for fear.  
And how on earth, could that be the surf,  
that boomed in their ear ?

The mis'n mast, splintered past,  
any hope of repair.  
Soaked to the skin, and chilled within,  
the crew sank in despair.

Yet in that spiller, stood at the tiller,  
the man of Sterling steel.  
Who made a course, with the shore divorce,  
and brought that ship to heel.

The storm wet a curse, and blew yet worse,  
but the danger was behind.  
Where rocks near shore, lurk to gore,  
and the gravel of the beaches grind.

The wind wailed, as the sky paled,  
to find our friends afloat.  
Their laughter roared, as they poured,  
whiskey down their throat.

What a ship, they would quip,  
that can ride a hurricane.  
With praises swirling, the man of Sterling,  
who steered in the dark and rain.

Then crept in calms, to the harbor alms,  
our ship the *Tried and True*.  
How did they escape, that leeward cape?  
No one ever knew.

For it isn't the skill, of men that will,  
save from the Devil's snare.  
But a mother's devotion, far from ocean,  
that offered up the prayer!

***By Father Brent***



# Somersault from the Catapult

(By Brent Johnson)

There was a cool cat,  
named Perteeterious Pat,  
a man of standing in our neighborhood.  
He sought to help out,  
everyone about,  
and to share all the talents that he could.



Now a man  
from Carny,  
went to help  
Saint Arnie,  
above the  
River there on  
Palace-side.  
Good-hearted  
Pat too,  
was part of

that crew, that went up the wall, or at least  
they tried.

They worked like the wind,  
which twirled and spun,  
the versatile pro's displayed their talents.  
My Goodness the glamour,  
of Pat and his hammer,  
but whatever does he do for balance?

For he topped a ladder,  
that dropped the matter,  
and catapulted poor Pat on his head.  
Everyone was afraid,  
the way that he laid,  
that this time his spirit had up and fled!

Yet I'm telling you,  
the Lord pulled him through,  
and denied that sordid Grim intruder.  
If in future instance,  
Pat offers assistance,  
don't let him away from your computer!

**off the mark** by Mark Parisi  
www.offthemark.com



**Every 10,000 miles, Fred gets his  
feet rotated!**

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

# Skyview Wrestling

*By Brent Johnson*

Kasilof Community Church had 5 students on the prestigious Skyview High School Wrestling Team this year. As a Freshman, Joel Morse gained valuable experience. His brother, Nate, is a Junior and wrestled real well this season. Wrestling varsity in the Grace Christian Invitational, Nate notched a 1st place finish. Then he wrapped up his season by placing 3rd in "Regions". Another Junior, Mark Rozak, was off to a promising start but was sidelined with a shoulder injury. Carey Johnson is a senior who wrestled on the varsity team and placed 3rd in "Regions". Carey caught the weight loss bug that seems to frequent the wrestling room. He dieted from over 200 lbs. to a feisty 170 lbs. Even after the season Carey has kept the lower weight. Melina Hutchison is also a senior who wrestled varsity. She combined hard work and natural ability to set records in wrestling. Melina is undoubtedly the most talented girl to ever compete in high school wrestling in the state of Alaska. She took first in the Region

Tournament and was the first girl in State history to accomplish that. Then Melina finished 3rd in the State Tournament. That too was an historic high for a female wrestler.

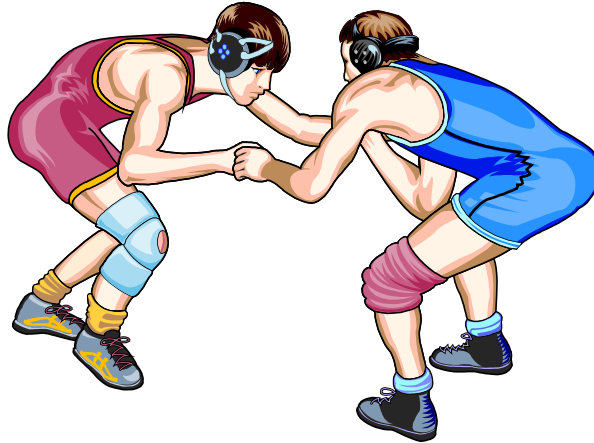
The Skyview Panthers shredded their opponents all season. They were undefeated in every meet or tournament all season long and won the State title by an enormous margin. It was an honor for each of

the kids to be involved with such a successful program. Coach Gardner led Skyview to state titles in '97 and '99 also.

After the state tournament, several of the better wrestlers went to Nevada with Coach Gardner to

compete in a National Tournament. Nate Morse broke his arm competing in that tournament. The break was so serious that it required several hours of surgery and at this time the doctors have forbidden Nate to wrestle or play football in the future.

To sum up the season; there were a couple onerous injuries, there was a lot of dedication and discipline, and there was the sweet taste of success.



## **PLANNING FOR REALIGNMENT**

by Dale Dolifka

New changes are in the wind at ASHAA regarding possible realignment of Alaska's high school sports programs. If these provisions are approved, they will not commence until the fall of 2002. At this juncture, the following is a possible overview of things to come. Most likely, Kodiak will choose to play AAAA so it can remain aligned with its long time adversaries in the valley. Also, Grace Christian and Anchorage Christian show strong interest in playing AAA.

<b>AAAA 751+</b>	<b>AAA 301-750</b>	<b>AA 101-300</b>
<b>Total Schools 13</b>	<b>Total Schools 12</b>	<b>Total Schools 22</b>
Bartlett 1877	Homer 555	ACS 170
Chugiak 2044	Kenai 525	Barrow 284
Colony 1031	Ketchikan 656	Bethel 264
Dimond 2138	Kodiak 720	Cordova 125
East 1973	Sitka 484	Craig 109
Juneau 1771	Skyview 599	Delta 208
Lathrop 1495	Soldotna 572	Dillingham 155
North Pole 1044	Eielson 352	Glennallen 143
Palmer 977	Houston 348	Grace 182
Service 2340	Mt. Edgecumbe 329	Haines 138
Wasilla 1091	Nikiski 325	Heritage 130
West Anchorage 1691	Seward 296	Hooper 115
West Valley 1222		Howard 145
		Kotzebue 180
		Metlakatla 118
		Monroe 130
		Nome 185
		Petersburg 211
		Su-Valley 164
		Unalaska 111
		Valdez 239
		Wrangell 153

### **A 5-100**

Total schools 92

***EXPLANATION OF GOD***  
***Submitted by Larry & Val Lewis***

This story was written by an 8 year old, Danny Dutton of Chula Vista, CA, for his third grade homework assignment. The assignment was to explain God. I wonder if any of us could do as well???

"One of God's main jobs is making people. He makes them to replace the ones that die, so there will be enough people to take care of things on earth. He doesn't make grown-ups, just babies. I think because they are smaller and easier to make. That way He doesn't have to take up His valuable time teaching them to talk and walk. He can just leave that to mothers and fathers."

"God's second most important job is listening to prayers. An awful lot of this goes on, since some people, like preachers and things, pray at times beside bedtime. God doesn't have time to listen to the radio or TV because of this. Because He hears everything, there must be a terrible lot of noise in His ears, unless He has thought of a way to turn it off."

"God sees everything and hears everything and is everywhere which keeps Him pretty busy. So you shouldn't go wasting His time by going over your Mom and Dad's head asking for something they said you couldn't have."

"Atheists are people who don't believe in God. I don't think there are any in Chula Vista. At least there aren't any who come to our church."

Jesus is God's Son. He used to do all the hard work like walking on water and performing miracles and trying to teach the people who didn't want to learn about God. They finally got tired of Him preaching to them and they crucified Him. But He was good and kind, like His Father and He told His Father that they didn't know what they were doing and to forgive them and God said O.K."

"His Dad [God) appreciated everything that He had done and all His hard work on earth so He told Him He didn't have to go out on the road anymore. He could stay in heaven. So He did. And now He helps His Dad out by listening to prayers and seeing things which are important for God to take care of and which ones He can take care of Himself without having to bother God. Like a secretary, only more important."

"You can pray anytime you want and they are sure to help you because they got it worked out so one of them is on duty all the time."

"You should always go to church on Sunday because it makes God happy, and if there's anybody you want to make happy, it's God. Don't skip church or do something you think will be more fun like going to the beach. This is wrong. And besides the sun doesn't come out at the beach until noon anyway."

"If you don't believe in God, besides being an atheist, you will be very lonely, because your parents can't go everywhere with you, like to camp, but God can. It is good to know He's around you when you're scared in the dark or when you can't swim and you get thrown into real deep water by big kids."

"But...you shouldn't just always think of what God can do for you. I figure God put me here and He can take me back anytime He pleases. And . . . . .that's why I believe in God." If you believe in God pass this on

God bless

### WORD PLAY

The longest word you can spell without repeating a letter is  
uncopyrightable.

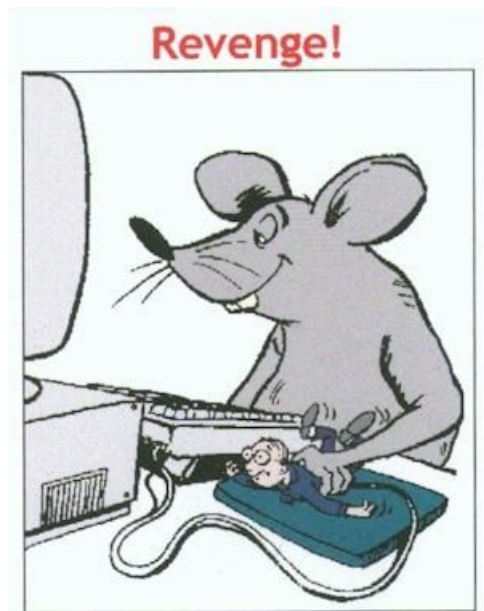
The longest word with just one vowel is  
strengths.

The only English word with a triple letter is  
goddessship.

The word with the longest definition in most dictionaries is  
set.

The shortest -ology (study of) word is  
oology (the study of eggs).

Of  
is the only word in which an "f" is pronounced like a "v".



## SELDOVIA DISTRICT TIDE TABLES

<b>May-01</b>									
Date	Day	HIGH TIDES				LOW TIDES			
		<u>A.M.</u>		<u>P.M.</u>		<u>A.M.</u>		<u>P.M.</u>	
		Time	Feet	Time	Feet	Time	Feet	Time	Feet
1	Tue	9:24	14.6	10:59	15.0	3:26	5.7	4:11	1.2
2	Wed	10:54	14.8	-----	-----	4:53	4.6	5:24	0.8
3	Thu	0:01a	16.3	12:11p	15.9	6:04	2.6	6:24	0.1
4	Fri	0:51a	17.9	1:12	17.2	7:01	0.4	7:14	-0.4
5	Sat	1:34	19.2	2:04	18.3	7:48	-1.5	7:59	-0.6
6	Sun	2:13	20.3	2:50	19.0	8:31	-3.0	7:40	-0.5
7	Mon	2:50	20.8	3:34	19.3	9:12	-3.8	9:20	0.0
8	Tue	3:26	20.9	4:16	19.0	9:51	-4.0	9:59	0.8
9	Wed	4:01	20.4	4:57	18.3	10:29	-3.5	10:38	1.9
10	Thu	4:36	19.4	5:38	17.3	11:07	-2.5	11:17	3.1
11	Fri	5:12	18.1	6:22	16.0	11:46	-1.2	11:58	4.5
12	Sat	5:50	16.6	7:10	14.7	-----	-----	12:27p	0.3
13	Sun	6:32	15.1	0:44a	5.7	0:44a	5.7	1:14	1.8
14	Mon	7:24	13.6	1:40	6.8	1:40	6.8	2:11	3.1
15	Tue	8:33	12.5	2:52	7.3	2:52	7.3	3:21	4.0
16	Wed	9:56	12.1	4:18	6.9	4:18	6.9	4:34	4.2
17	Thu	11:15	12.5	-----	-----	5:30	5.7	5:34	3.9
18	Fri	0:08a	14.7	12:19p	13.5	6:22	4.1	6:22	3.5
19	Sat	0:44a	15.9	1:09	14.7	7:03	2.4	7:03	2.9
20	Sun	1:18	17.1	1:53	16.0	7:40	0.6	7:41	2.4
21	Mon	1:51	18.2	2:35	17.1	8:16	-1.0	8:19	2.0
22	Tue	2:25	19.2	3:16	17.8	8:53	-2.4	8:58	1.8
23	Wed	3:00	19.9	3:57	18.2	9:31	-3.4	9:38	1.9
24	Thu	3:38	20.2	4:41	18.2	10:11	-4.0	10:19	2.1
25	Fri	4:08	20.1	5:27	17.8	10:53	-4.0	11:04	2.6
26	Sat	5:02	19.4	6:16	17.1	11:39	-3.4	11:45	3.3
27	Sun	5:51	18.4	7:11	16.4	-----	-----	12:30p	-2.5
28	Mon	6:48	17.0	8:12	15.9	0:50a	3.9	1:27	-1.3
29	Tue	7:56	15.6	9:18	15.8	1:57	4.3	2:31	-0.1
30	Wed	9:15	14.7	10:23	16.2	3:15	4.2	3:41	4.1
31	Thu	10:38	14.5	11:22	16.9	4:34	3.1	4:49	3.1

## SELDOVIA DISTRICT TIDE TABLES

<b>JUNE 2001</b>									
Date	Day	HIGH TIDES				LOW TIDES			
		<u>A.M.</u>		<u>P.M.</u>		<u>A.M.</u>		<u>P.M.</u>	
		Time	Feet	Time	Feet	Time	Feet	Time	Feet
1	Fri	11:54	15.0	-----	-----	5:44	1.6	5:51	1.5
2	Sat	0:15a	17.9	12:58p	15.8	6:41	-0.1	6:45	1.6
3	Sun	1:01	18.7	1:52	16.7	7:30	-1.6	7:32	1.7
4	Mon	1:43	19.3	2:39	17.3	8:14	-2.7	8:16	1.8
5	Tue	2:22	19.6	3:23	17.7	8:54	-3.2	8:58	2.1
6	Wed	2:59	19.6	4:03	17.7	9:33	-3.3	9:38	2.4
7	Thu	3:36	19.3	4:43	17.5	10:10	-3.0	10:17	3.0
8	Fri	4:12	18.6	5:23	16.9	10:47	-2.3	10:57	3.7
9	Sat	4:50	17.8	6:03	16.2	11:25	-1.4	11:38	4.4
10	Sun	5:29	16.7	6:46	15.4	-----	-----	12:04p	-0.2
11	Mon	6:11	15.5	7:31	14.7	0:22a	5.2	12:45p	1.0
12	Tue	6:59	14.2	8:21	14.2	1:12	5.8	1:30	2.2
13	Wed	7:55	13.1	9:13	14.0	2:10	6.2	2:21	3.3
14	Thu	9:03	12.3	10:06	14.2	3:17	6.1	3:19	4.1
15	Fri	10:18	12.2	10:56	14.8	4:28	5.4	4:21	4.6
16	Sat	11:30	12.7	11:42	15.7	5:29	4.1	5:20	4.6
17	Sun	-----	-----	12:32p	13.7	6:20	2.4	6:13	4.4
18	Mon	0:26a	16.8	1:26	14.9	7:05	0.6	7:02	3.9
19	Tue	1:08	17.9	2:13	16.2	7:48	-1.2	7:49	3.3
20	Wed	1:51	19.0	2:59	17.2	8:30	-2.8	8:34	2.8
21	Thu	2:34	20.0	3:44	18.0	9:12	-4.0	9:19	2.3
22	Fri	3:19	20.5	4:29	18.5	9:56	-4.7	10:06	2.0
23	Sat	4:06	20.6	5:16	18.6	10:41	-4.9	10:54	1.9
24	Sun	4:54	20.2	6:04	18.4	11:28	-4.4	11:45	2.1
25	Mon	5:46	19.2	6:54	18.0	-----	-----	12:17	-3.4
26	Tue	6:43	17.8	7:47	17.6	0:41a	2.4	1:09	-2.0
27	Wed	7:46	16.3	8:43	17.2	1:43	2.6	2:06	-0.3
28	Thu	8:57	14.9	9:42	17.0	2:52	2.7	3:07	1.3
29	Fri	10:16	14.2	10:41	17.1	4:07	2.2	4:12	2.5
30	Sat	11:35	14.1	11:37	17.3	5:19	1.4	5:17	3.4

## SELDOVIA DISTRICT TIDE TABLES

<b>JULY 2001</b>									
Date	Day	HIGH TIDES				LOW TIDES			
		<u>A.M.</u>		<u>P.M.</u>		<u>A.M.</u>		<u>P.M.</u>	
		Time	Feet	Time	Feet	Time	Feet	Time	Feet
1	Sun	----	----	12:45p	14.7	6:21	0.3	6:18	3.8
2	Mon	0:30a	17.7	1:43	15.5	7:14	-0.7	7:11	3.8
3	Tue	1:17	18.0	2:32	16.2	8:00	-1.5	7:58	3.7
4	Wed	2:00	18.3	3:14	16.8	8:41	-2.0	8:41	3.5
5	Thu	2:40	18.6	3:52	17.1	9:18	-2.2	9:22	3.4
6	Fri	3:19	18.6	4:28	17.3	9:54	-2.2	10:01	3.4
7	Sat	3:56	18.4	5:03	17.2	10:29	-1.9	10:39	3.5
8	Sun	4:33	18.0	5:39	16.9	11:04	-1.4	11:18	3.8
9	Mon	5:11	17.3	6:14	16.5	11:39	-0.6	11:57	4.2
10	Tue	5:51	16.4	6:51	16.0	----	----	12:14p	0.5
11	Wed	6:33	15.3	7:29	15.5	0:40a	4.6	12:51p	1.6
12	Thu	7:20	14.1	8:09	15.1	1:26	5.0	1:31	2.9
13	Fri	8:17	13.1	8:55	15.0	2:20	5.2	2:18	4.1
14	Sat	9:26	12.4	9:46	15.1	3:22	4.9	3:15	5.2
15	Sun	10:43	12.4	10:42	15.5	4:31	4.2	4:22	5.8
16	Mon	11:59	13.1	11:39	16.4	5:36	2.8	5:29	5.8
17	Tue	----	----	1:03	14.3	6:33	1.1	6:31	5.2
18	Wed	0:35a	17.6	1:56	15.8	7:24	-0.8	7:26	4.2
19	Thu	1:28	18.9	2:44	17.2	8:11	-2.6	8:17	3.1
20	Fri	2:18	20.2	3:29	18.5	8:57	-4.1	9:06	2.0
21	Sat	3:08	21.1	4:13	19.4	9:42	-5.0	9:54	1.1
22	Sun	3:57	21.5	4:57	19.9	10:27	-5.3	10:42	0.5
23	Mon	4:46	21.3	5:41	20.0	11:12	-4.8	11:31	0.3
24	Tue	5:37	20.3	6:26	19.7	11:57	-3.5	----	----
25	Wed	6:30	18.8	7:13	19.1	0:23a	0.6	12:45	-1.8
26	Thu	7:28	17.0	8:03	18.3	1:19	1.1	1:35	0.3
27	Fri	8:34	15.2	8:57	17.4	2:22	1.7	2:31	2.5
28	Sat	9:51	14.0	9:57	16.6	3:33	2.1	3:35	4.3
29	Sun	11:17	13.6	11:02	16.3	4:50	2.0	4:47	5.4
30	Mon	----	----	12:36p	14.0	6:02	1.5	5:57	5.7
31	Tue	0:05a	16.4	1:37	14.9	7:01	0.7	6:58	5.4



# SELDOVIA DISTRICT TIDE TABLES

<b>AUGUST 2001</b>									
Date	Day	HIGH TIDES				LOW TIDES			
		<u>A.M.</u>		<u>P.M.</u>		<u>A.M.</u>		<u>P.M.</u>	
		Time	Feet	Time	Feet	Time	Feet	Time	Feet
1	Wed	1:01	16.8	2:24	15.8	7:49	0.0	7:47	4.9
2	Thu	1:48	17.4	3:02	16.6	8:29	-0.6	8:29	4.2
3	Fri	2:29	18.0	3:35	17.2	9:04	-1.1	9:07	3.5
4	Sat	3:06	18.5	4:06	17.7	9:36	-1.4	9:43	3.0
5	Sun	3:42	18.8	4:36	18.0	10:08	-1.4	10:19	2.7
6	Mon	4:17	18.8	5:06	18.0	10:39	-1.1	10:54	2.7
7	Tue	4:53	18.3	5:36	17.8	11:10	-0.4	11:29	2.8
8	Wed	5:29	17.6	6:07	17.4	11:41	0.5	-----	-----
9	Thu	6:07	16.5	6:38	16.9	0:05a	3.2	12:14p	1.8
10	Fri	6:49	15.2	7:12	16.4	0:45a	3.6	12:49p	3.1
11	Sat	7:38	14.0	7:52	15.8	1:29	4.0	1:30	4.6
12	Sun	8:43	12.9	8:44	15.4	2:25	4.3	2:23	5.9
13	Mon	10:06	12.4	9:50	15.4	3:36	4.1	3:35	6.9
14	Tue	11:34	13.0	11:04	16.0	4:56	3.2	4:58	6.9
15	Wed	-----	-----	12:46p	14.4	6:07	1.6	6:11	6.0
16	Thu	0:14a	17.3	1:41	16.1	7:05	-0.3	7:12	4.4
17	Fri	1:14	18.9	2:27	17.9	7:55	-2.3	8:04	2.6
18	Sat	2:08	20.5	3:09	19.5	8:41	-3.8	8:53	0.9
19	Sun	2:59	21.8	3:50	20.7	9:24	-4.7	9:39	-0.5
20	Mon	3:47	22.3	4:31	21.4	10:07	-4.8	10:25	-1.3
21	Tue	4:35	22.1	5:11	21.6	10:50	-4.1	11:12	-1.5
22	Wed	5:23	21.1	5:52	21.1	11:32	-2.7	-----	-----
23	Thu	6:13	19.5	6:34	20.1	0:00a	-1.0	12:16p	-0.7
24	Fri	7:07	17.5	7:20	18.7	0:50a	-0.1	1:02	1.7
25	Sat	8:08	15.5	8:10	17.1	1:47	1.2	1:55	4.0
26	Sun	9:25	13.9	9:12	15.8	2:54	2.5	2:59	6.0
27	Mon	10:59	13.4	10:27	15.0	4:16	3.2	4:21	7.1
28	Tue	12:26p	13.9	11:47	15.1	5:42	3.0	5:46	7.1
29	Wed	-----	-----	1:26	14.9	6:47	2.3	6:51	6.3
30	Thu	0:51a	15.8	2:07	16.0	7:34	1.4	7:38	5.2
31	Fri	1:38	16.8	2:40	16.9	8:11	0.6	8:16	4.0



**Concentrate on the four dots in the middle  
Of the picture for about 30 seconds.**

**Then close your eyes and tilt your head back.**

**Keep them closed . . . . You will see a circle of light,  
Continue looking at the circle . . . .**

**WHAT DO YOU SEE?**

## ***Winter Scene***

The whales gliding swiftly  
through the water,  
The snow's sparkly glare,  
The seals on the snow banks surrounding  
The crisp glacier air.



Calm serenity all around,  
Beauty beyond compare,  
Lumps of ice bobbing up and down,  
And that mystic glacier air

Observing the scene,  
Marveling in awe,  
The magnificent beauty  
Not a flaw.

The whales, the seals, the snow, the ice,  
Demolishes all despair,  
A place of wonder and wisdom so bright,  
And the fresh, calm, glacier air.

***By Kelsey Shields***

## **Dear Brent and Judy:**

(a letter from Moritz, the exchange student  
who lived with Brent and Judy last year)

I am already a few month back here in Germany. And I must say I like my home, but sometimes I am missing Alaska. We do not have so many animals or so much nature and after school everybody is running home ! I am really missing the school teams.

But I am living in town. Here I can ride my bike to school and to the next store, if I want so. I have much more possibilities! Last month I made my drivers licence . Now I can drive, too. But I don't really need a car!

I started to write for a local newspaper. So I get some money and it is fun ,too! Next weekend we have meeting for all returned exchange students in Colonge, I hope I am going to meet some people I know.

I hope you have a good time!

Bye  
Moritz

## **A Wonderful Lesson**

submitted by Neil and Cindy Houser

An Untitled Story Read on Air by Phil Foley, Host of Tabernacle Presbyterian Church's Good News From the Tabernacle Program on 12/6/00

After a few of the usual Sunday evening hymns, the church's pastor slowly stood up, walked over the pulpit and, before he gave his sermon for the evening, briefly introduced a guest minister who was in the service that evening. In the introduction, the pastor told the congregation that the guest minister was one of his dearest childhood friends and that he wanted him to have a few moments to greet the church and share whatever he felt would be appropriate for the service.

With that, an elderly man stepped up to the pulpit and began to speak, "A father, his son, and a friend of his son were sailing off the Pacific Coast," he began, "when a fast approaching storm blocked any attempt to get back to shore. The waves were so high, that even though the father was an experienced sailor, he



could not keep the boat upright, and the three were swept into the ocean as the boat capsized. "The old man hesitated for a moment, making eye contact with two teenagers who were, for the first time since the service began, looking somewhat interested in the story. The aged minister continued with his story, "Grabbing a rescue line, the father had to make the most excruciating decision of his life: to which boy he would throw the other end of the lifeline. He only had seconds to make the decision. The father knew that his son was a Christian, and

he also knew that his son's friend was not. The agony of his decision could not be matched by the torrent of the waves. As the father yelled out, 'I love you, son!' he threw out the lifeline to the "son's friend. By the time the father had pulled the friend back to the capsized boat, his son had disappeared beneath the raging swells into the black of night. His body was never recovered."

By this time, the two teenagers were sitting up straight in the pew, anxiously waiting for the next words to come out of the old minister's mouth. "The father," he continued, "knew his son would step into eternity with Jesus, and he could not bear the thought of his son's friend stepping into an eternity without Jesus. Therefore, he sacrificed his son to save the son's friend. How great is the love of God that He could do the same for us. Our heavenly Father sacrificed His only begotten Son that we could be saved. I urge you to accept His offer to rescue you and take hold of the life line."

With that, the old man turned and sat back down in his chair as silence filled the room. The pastor again walked slowly to the pulpit and delivered a brief sermon with an invitation at the end. However, no one responded to the appeal. Within minutes after the service, the two teenagers were at the old man's side. "That was a nice story," politely said one of the boys, "but I don't think it was very realistic for a father to give up his only son's life in hopes that the other boy would become a Christian."

Well, you've got a point there," the old man replied, glancing down at his worn Bible. Sorrow began to overtake the old man's smiling face as he once again looked up at the boys and said, "It sure isn't very realistic, is it? But I'm here today to tell you that I understand more than most the pain God must have felt to give up His only Son. For you see, I'm the man who lost his son to the ocean that day, and my son's friend that I chose to save is your pastor."

A wonderful lesson

## **PAYING MORTGAGE EARLY MAY BEAT INVESTING**

by Dale Dolifka

Q: I have a new 30-year, fixed-rate mortgage that I would like to pay off early. Is it true I can pay it in just 23 years merely by making one extra payment a year? What if every year I increased the extra payment?

A: One extra payment a year would, indeed, rid you of the mortgage in 23 years. If you had a 30-year, \$100,000 mortgage with today's average rate of 8 percent, monthly payments would be about \$734. Pay an extra \$61 a month and you'll be rid of the loan in 23 years. With an extra \$100 a month, the loan would be paid off in just over 20 years.

## **KENAI PENINSULA SCHOOL DISTRICT HAPPENINGS YEARS OF UNREST: 1970-71**

by Dale Dolifka

America saw a great deal of unrest during the late 60's and early 70's. The KPBSD did also. But the unrest did not involve the youth movement as much as it did the rapid change of board members, administrators, and philosophy in education within the school district.

Superintendent Ernie Presher resigned in January, 1970, and Walt Ward became the interim superintendent, and completed the school year. Walt Hartenberger, the change agent, assumed the position in June, 1970, and held the post until March 15, 1971, when he was reassigned to "district needs assessment." Back to the helm came Walt Ward, who again filled the position until Jack Hayward came on Board in July, 1971.

In August, 1970, major budget problems confronted the district. Working relations with the Borough Assembly were shaky at best. Superintendent Hartenberger recommended that school not open that fall if the assembly would not appropriate necessary funds. The assembly took him at his word and held the funds until the last minute! School board and assembly elections during this time were "mud-slingers" to say the least.

# FROM THE PAST . . . . . 1977



Without using any “life lines,” can you guess who this might be

## FINAL THOUGHTS

Doing anything for the first time can often be a harrowing ordeal. I can speak from the platform of experience now as I have to confess that publishing a church newsletter fits well into that category. However, because I have long loved writing as a form of communication, as many of you have, it is also an endeavor of enjoyment. I think what I most appreciate about writing is that it is accompanied by an eraser.

Another thing I thoroughly enjoy is the game of golf, but I don't understand why. It has been while playing golf that I have experienced some of the most frustrating times of my life. It's really kind of silly when you visualize it: a grown man whacking a little white ball down a beautifully manicured fairway, oh I forget this is Alaska, I mean down a beautiful fairway carpeted with dead grass and moose tracks. But, If I were to watch a video of my reaction to some of my errant shots, I'm sure I would quit the game immediately. You see, I have a rare talent that not many people possess, that is, I can make a golf ball behave just like a boom-a-rang. In golf-

ing lingo, it's called a mean slice, but my friends soon came to calling my drives by another name - banana ball. You know, life can kind of be like the game of golf. We all step up to the tee-box each morning when we arise to face a new day. Often times we start out just like we would with a tee shot on a par 5. We think about the challenges of the new day the same way we admire the layout of a challenging golf hole. It all starts out so promising. Desiring to get

a good start, we pull out our trusty driver. We take a nice, long, smooth backswing and let her rip. So often the words are barely off our lips (like the ball off the club-head) when we realize we have hit another boom-a-rang shot and our words come back to bite us. Take it from me who has big welts on his head from those words. James 3:6 (TLB) says, "And the tongue is a flame of fire. It is full of wickedness, and poisons every part of the body. And the tongue is set on fire by hell itself and can turn our whole lives into a blazing flame of destruction and disaster." Today, weigh your words carefully— avoid having to yell, "FORE!"

