

Kasilof Community Church

**Issue 22
April 2006**

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KCC Newsletter Spring 2006

My lovely bride and I have a playful disagreement about what season of the year is the most enjoyable. She prefers autumn, with all the colors, the crisp mornings and evenings, the smell of the air. She was born in late fall and married in the middle of autumn's brilliant display of foliage. Although I can't argue with any of her characterizations of why fall is such a wonderful time of year, I am a little more partial to spring. Perhaps it is because that is when I was born, but what I think about more is that it signifies the end of winter and the beginning of new life. Winter is when many animals go into long periods of sleep, many plants "hole-up," and in fact, many actually die. Ah, but after this long period of inactivity and death, spring finally comes with all the shoots of green poking through the ground. There are singing, colorful birds, and in Alaska, lots

and lots of daylight. What is your favorite season of the year? Is it that day or two between spring and fall that we call summer in Alaska? In a couple of weeks from now another "season" will be upon us that arguably is the most significant season of all. Of course you know that I am referring to Easter. For many it is the time of year to hunt for colorful eggs, or eat bunnies made of chocolate or yellow-painted marshmallows. To others, it means just one more reason to fill that plate as high and deep as possible with ham or turkey, potatoes and gravy, and your favorite pie. As you partake of all that accompanies this time of year, I trust that you will also contemplate why a man named Jesus came into the world. What is it about me that put Him on the cross? What is it about Him that prevented death from keeping Him in the grave?

Remembering God's Presence

The most significant work any of us can do is to pursue knowing God. Second in priority is to help others find him. This is true because to know Him is to love Him.

In his book, *In Search of the Invisible God*, Philip Yancey remembers C. S. Lewis's words that we are wiser to remind rather than instruct each other in these things. In our hearts we know God is there -- at times we forget.

On a recent Wednesday evening Bible study, our discussion raised the question of the presence of God when He remains unseen and apparently unknown to a thirsty heart. I was reminded of some of our sermons on the canonicity of Scripture.

Of the entire Old Testament, the book of Esther is the most contested because it does not conform to the general rules by which we discern the canon. The book does not claim prophetic authorship, the name of God is never mentioned and Esther becomes queen by a prideful, immoral king. How, we might ask, is God revealed in this book? Yet we clearly see God fulfilling at least two promises in the high drama of Esther. Both are evidences of His sovereign rule even though He remains invisible.

First, this book is the fulfillment of God's warning to the Jewish people in Deuteronomy 31:16-18. There, He told them that He would forsake them and hide His face from them if they did not resist idolatry. Of course, the nation repeatedly fell into idolatry. The exile during which the story of Esther occurs is the fulfillment of God's promise. In this case, the very absence of God vindicates the presence of His character. He has hidden Himself in order to keep His word.

But God had also promised to preserve the Jewish people and bless the earth through them. Esther's story is exciting and remarkable as we see her respond to Mordecai's challenge, "And who knows whether you have not attained royalty for such a time as this?" (4:14) God used this courageous girl to mercifully preserve His people so the nations of the earth could be blessed through Jesus Christ. Even in His "absence" the mercy of God is there.

How about us? Our current condition often leads us to groan outwardly but this is brief and temporary in light of our eternal destiny. Do we remember God's merciful presence through His invisible Holy Spirit when we experience loneliness of soul? At such times, we need to remind ourselves that God has spoken to us through His Son! He is present!

DON'T FORGET TO BOUNCE

Note: this is a repeat article from a couple of years ago; the advice is still good.

1. Spread sheets around foundation areas, or in trailers, or cars that are sitting and it keeps mice from entering your vehicle.
2. It takes the odor out of books and photo albums that don't get opened too often.
3. It repels mosquitoes. Tie a sheet of Bounce through a belt loop when outdoors during mosquito season.
4. Eliminate static electricity from your television (or computer) screen.
5. Since Bounce is designed to help eliminate static cling, wipe your television screen with a used sheet of Bounce to keep dust from resettling.
6. Dissolve soap scum from shower doors. Clean with a sheet of Bounce.
7. To freshen the air in your home - Place an individual sheet of Bounce in a drawer or hang in the closet.
8. Put Bounce sheet in vacuum cleaner.
9. Prevent thread from tangling. Run a threaded needle through a sheet of Bounce before beginning to sew.
10. Prevent musty suitcases. Place an individual sheet of Bounce inside empty luggage before storing.
11. To freshen the air in your car - Place a sheet of Bounce under the front seat.
12. Clean baked-on foods from a cooking pan. Put a sheet in a pan, fill with water, let sit overnight, and sponge clean. The anti-static agent apparently weakens the bond between the food and the pan.
13. Eliminate odors in wastebaskets. Place a sheet of Bounce at the bottom of the wastebasket.
14. Collect cat hair. Rubbing the area with a sheet of Bounce will magnetically attract all the loose hairs.
15. Eliminate static electricity from Venetian blinds. Wipe the blinds with a sheet of Bounce to prevent dust from resettling.
16. Wipe up sawdust from drilling or sand papering. A used sheet of Bounce will collect sawdust like a tack cloth.
17. Eliminate odors in dirty laundry. Place an individual sheet of Bounce at the bottom of a laundry bag or hamper.
18. Deodorize shoes or sneakers. Place a sheet of Bounce in your shoes or sneakers overnight.
19. Golfers put a Bounce sheet in their back pocket to keep the bees away.
20. Put a Bounce sheet in your sleeping bag and tent before folding ;storing them. It will keep them smelling fresh.

The Wife and the Furnace

I do wish folks would realize my wife is not perfect. At times I've seen her exhibit a bit of selfishness and once or twice even saw a pinch of pique rosy up her cheeks. For the most part, though, I'll agree; my life-mate is an amazing specimen.

I came home from work Monday, last, about 3:30. Getting off early, thankfully, I immediately joined Wifey in the bathroom, or what used to be a bathroom. She had mostly unsheeted the walls of a substance falsely called "rock" in anticipation of a remodeling project. I was chilled from work as snow had dumped on me repeatedly while cutting snow covered limbs off of trees; all part of running survey lines. Helping Judy, I raised dust a few minutes and then I mused, "It's kind of cold in here."

"That's funny," Judy said, "I turned the heat on a while ago."

Sudden shock swept over me when I realized the problem —a dry diesel tank. I intended to check the fuel the previous Friday, but temperatures well below zero reasoned it could wait a day. Saturday a blizzard had escaped from somewhere and ran sideways all over my place, chased by ten degree temperatures and rebellious winds. Sunday it had slipped my mind and now, Monday afternoon, the think tank came back to me —empty. A quick check of the thermometer on the front of the furnace confirmed a finite fire had extinguished itself in the boiler pit. I ordered fuel and found the delivery truck inclined for "later in the week." So I announced to wifey I would start the loader and move a tank into place to transfer fuel. Unfortunately, I only had number two diesel. My furnace was tuned to number one but could go on two. So I started my friend the Kobelco loader. Rather I hooked up battery chargers and then started it. I noticed the bucket, not the boom, was hooked up. In fact, the boom had been left in a snow bank, still equipped with the special extension I used in the last operation. I quickly decided to use the current configuration to reduce snow in my yard, etc. and to start the Michigan loader for the fuel transfer job.

That is, I started the Michigan as soon as I hooked a charger to it, too. Then I drove it out of a snow bank, where it has rested since October. The homemade boom on this loader is usually a dandy, with a handy extension. Except ice was in the works and a large hammer couldn't persuade the mechanism to move, despite repeated application and my own quiet self-mutterings about the order of things.

Since I couldn't use the extension, I got another idea. Why not insert a length of channel iron in the end of the boom. I had a nice 15 footer in my metal rack, and while the fit could have been snuggier, I figured it would work. Soon the rectangular, 140 gallon tank was dangling from the improvised extension. But as I backed up, a giant warning look flashed from the eyes of Judy. Before I could react, the channel iron bent down like an over-extended tape measure. The tank settled on the ground and the next thing I new, Wifee sprang to it like a cat.

The filter had broken off and she plugged the fountain of fuel with her finger. I bounced off the loader. "I'll get blocks!" I yelled and ran to my stash. Running back I reminded Judy, "I'm hurrying!" Then with a length of pipe I leveraged up one end of the tank and Judy stuck blocks under till the broken pipe was too high to leak. After running for tools I took off the broken bushing and reconfigured the hook up, eliminating the bushing. Anger at myself had began to bleed from my mouth. Which was all the more frustrating because Judy was being a perfect doll. "I'm sorry, Hon," she said, and began offering ideas to free the stubborn boom extension.

"I'll pull up to the dozer," I said. "Hook the chain to the boom and back up." This trick worked great, although Judy had to dig her hand into the snow to find the chain at one point. I winced a little at the thought of making her hand wet and cold. But we soon had the rectangular tank dangling above the furnace tank with fuel happily flowing between. Since Judy had fixed supper I told her to go in and eat. "Start the furnace in a few minutes; I'm going to clean up some snow while I have the Kobelco running." Off I went with relief. Everything is going to be OK now, I thought.



But I noticed my tire was low. So I pulled up to the house and turned on my air hose. Unfortunately, the hose which I had carefully wrapped up high had been bumped or something. A loop dipped down where snow had slid off the roof, trapping it. The snow had solidified into ice and a few minutes of massaging with a shovel was necessary. Finally I headed out the drive leaving a path in my wake. A new problem stared at me, though. We started the tank fuel project about 4:30. Now it was dark. And snowing. Nor does the defroster work so good. So, I was going, I just couldn't see where. The big mission was to clean the snow from around the mailbox. The delivery driver complains if it isn't kept in ship shape.

My lights work and so does my wiper, but without the defroster, I fought to see the whole time. On the way back in the drive I noticed the left ditch was getting close. I jerked the wheel right, which immediately pulled the whole machine in the left ditch. With no chains on, I was all kinds of stuck. I walked home and asked Judy for help. She was real sympathetic. Why she didn't say, "Moron!" I don't know.

So I grabbed the little hoe, which was nursing a flat front tire. I overcame that obstacle by lowering my front bucket and steering with the brakes. Judy drove the loader and we moved it about ten feet but I didn't have traction enough to reclaim it from the ditch. So I decided to go fetch the Michigan. But when we got to the house Judy said, "Why don't you use the grader?"

Only because I hadn't thought of it. We fired the grader up, which has chains and made short work of pulling the loader out. We each drove a rig home and I gave the road a once over with the grader while Judy shoveled in front of the garage. Then I went in, about 10 p.m., ready to relax.

That's when I smelled the furnace. It was choking on the number two, having sooted up from long use. I threw my hands in the air, got three electric heaters hooked up, shut off the furnace and went to bed. Judy had promised to help Jason's school with "class pictures" the next day. So she showered while there was still warm water and offered me more sympathy.

The next day I took the furnace apart, cleaned it for several hours, ending up as black as a chimney sweep. Judy picked up a new nozzle while in town. When she got home I put it on and we were back in the glow of a furnace. I thought of checking the fuel about ten times in the few days before this crisis. Was that the Holy Spirit? Or just a tinge of responsibility shining through? And why was Judy so sweet in these conditions? I'd like to say it was prayer and soaking in the Word but I know better. I do know kindness is a fruit of the Spirit, and I guess Wifee just has kindness like Sampson had strength.

An Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.
In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say
That still a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray.
A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.
And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound,
And curs of low degree.
This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad and bit the man.
Around from all the neighboring streets
The wondering neighbors ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.
The wound it seemed both sore and sad
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.
But soon a wonder came to light,
That showed the rogues they lied:
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

by Robert Goldsmith (1730-1774)

He was the son of a clergyman in Ireland. Submitted by BJ

RED SKELTON'S TIPS FOR A HAPPY MARRIAGE

1. Two times a week, we go to a nice restaurant, have a little beverage, good food and companionship. She goes on Tuesdays, I go on Fridays.
2. We also sleep in separate beds. Hers is in Calif. and mine is in Texas.
3. I take my wife everywhere....but she keeps finding her way back.
4. I asked my wife where she wanted to go for our anniversary. "Somewhere I haven't been in a long time!" she said. So I suggested the kitchen.
5. We always hold hands. If I let go, she shops.
6. She has an electric blender, electric toaster and electric bread maker. She said "There are too many gadgets and no place to sit down!" So I bought her an electric chair.
7. My wife told me the car wasn't running well because there was water in the carburetor. I asked where the car was; she told me "In the lake."
8. She got a mud pack and looked great for two days. Then the mud fell off.
9. She ran after the garbage truck, yelling "Am I too late for the garbage?" The driver said "No, jump in!"
10. I married Miss Right. I just didn't know her first name was Always.
12. I haven't spoken to my wife in 18 months. I don't like to interrupt her.
13. The last fight was my fault though. My wife asked, "What's on the TV?" I said, "Dust!"



COHOE'S RED SKELTON ON TRIVIA

by BJ

Question: What is the correct setting for the Last Supper?

Answer: And End Table.

Question: If the sun rises in the east, where does bread rise?

Answer: In the yeast.

Question: In fields without fences how can you count sheep?

Answer: Sleep with a rock for a pillow.

Question: There is a soft C and a hard C, is there a hard T?

Answer: Yes. It's called a cross.

Question: Where do children believe?

Answer: In their heart, same as adults, but they have the advantage. Their hearts are closer to their heads.

Question: If the grave was opened, and no body found,
Why wasn't a tracker, brought in with a hound?

Answer: Because none were needed, the trail was plain,
and leads right to Heaven, just follow the stain.

Joke submitted by Taylor MacRae

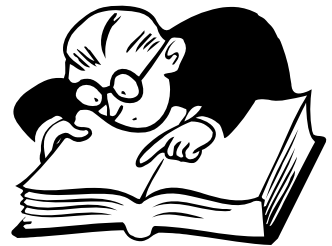
While attending church one day, an 11 year-old boy saw a list with the names of numerous people on it. As he was looking at all the names, the Pastor walked up to the boy to explain what it was that he was looking at. The Pastor asked the boy if he knew why the sign was there. The boy said no. The Pastor told the young boy that it was a list of people from their church who had died while in the service. The boy got really quiet and then responded...which service, the 9 a.m. service or the 11 a.m. service?

It's A Matter of Debate

About a week or so ago my wife informed me that she had signed me up for a Saturday of debate. Well now, I like a good word tussle about as much as the next guy, but this time I was to be a judge and it was to occur on the only day of the week that I can really call my own, a day to finish things that pile up all week long. Nevertheless, I lost this debate and went to the debate ready to debate any debater who might debate my judgment of his/her debate. It turned out to be a better experience than I thought it would. I have always strongly supported my daughter's pursuit of this discipline. Because of her propensity to express herself with multiple words, it came as no surprise to me that this mental forum appealed to her. However, because almost all of the competitions she had attended have taken place in Anchorage, I had never witnessed a debate event. Now, here I was judging one.

I walked into Skyview High school holding my pacifier (coffee cup) and was handed an envelope with judging forms in it. I was to be the judge of something called extemporaneous speaking. In a nutshell, the participants are handed an envelope with three pieces of paper in it, each one identifying a different subject. They get 20 minutes to prepare a talk on one the three subjects. Immediately afterwards, they walked into the room where I was waiting and began their dialogue. I judged them on 12 different categories, scoring each from 0 to 5 points. Some of the categories included use of logic to present their opinions, enunciation, posture, introduction, use of facts, overall effect, and so on. I rather enjoyed the experience as it brought back many memories of my college speech class, where kids would get so nervous standing in front of a group of about 100 that every once in a while one would just literally run out of the room in tears. Of course, there was one lad liked to wear bib-overalls with no shirt on with an old baseball hat as he delivered his glib monologue. He usually scored high marks for words, but often received less than glamorous scores for his glamour. Let's get back to the debate.

After I got done scoring my portion of the debate event, I headed off to one of the rooms where my daughter was participating in a different segment of debate. It is called cross-examination or policy debate, and consists of two teams of two, where one presents a "case" and the other team attempts to point out flaws, or negatives in the case. Each team carries in a box full of research and spreads it out on their table so as to be ready to reference material when needed. It is a back and forth battle of the minds and necessitates the ability to be able to think quickly on your feet and more importantly to be able to clearly and logically articulate the many thoughts swirling in your mind as you opponent tries to keep



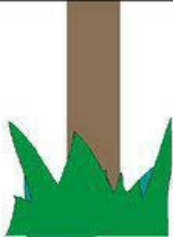
you flustered by presenting more negatives.

As I sat in the break room waiting for the second and third cross-examination round, I was taken back by the irony of what I had just witnessed. In the hallways of Skyview High School, there were three schools of debaters (Skyview, Nikiski, and Homer), but what was oddly lacking was the sense that this was a competition. There were next to no spectators, no concession stand, no cheerleaders, and an empty parking lot, all in an institution (a building) that has a primary directive, that being to educate. I harkened back to the days of my high school years and can still remember my football coach grabbing me by the face mask, drawing my nose to his, while telling me in no uncertain terms that the guy on the other side of the line had better be on his butt at the end of the next play or I would be part of the laundry crew by the end of the day. I also recalled standing on the baseball mound facing the number 4 hitter, reminding myself to start the curveball right at his chin, and then silently enjoying seeing him step out of the box as the rotation of the ball did its thing. Of course there were hours and hours on the hardwood floor where my team lost a heart-breaker in the Idaho state championship game my junior year only to win 3 games while losing 18 my senior year. Then it was on to college where baseball and golf took up every minute of my spare time.

Needless to say, my life has been filled with athletic competition, both as a player and a coach. I have deeply enjoyed these experiences. However, the irony that struck me was that I had just witnessed another form of competition and it was arguably of much more value than football, basketball, baseball, or golf and yet no-one was there to watch it, and there wasn't any money being directed to the program from the school district.

When my football coach told me to go out and knock no. 26 on his rear, it didn't take many IQ points to accomplish the task. How would I have responded if he had told me to identify 4 reasons why the 4th amendment of the U.S. constitution was being violated by the Patriot Act? When I watched these young people sparring back and forth in a spirited form of intellectual competition, it just struck me that this is what we should be preparing them to do in our high schools. I am not saying that everyone should be a debater, but I am asking the question, "Why do we spend over a million dollars in our school district for athletics, but when asked to support a debate team at Skyview, a squeak was uttered as \$250 was offered. Wow, wasn't that generous! I hope you athletes and parents of athletes don't hear me wrong. I strongly support all facets of high school athletics; I understand their importance as much as anyone. But, where is the balance? I challenge you to go spend an hour or two some day watching a debate event. Watch as these intellectual athletes use their minds. Cheer them on as you would the player who scores the touchdown, the basket, the goal, or the home-run. After all, as the saying goes, "the mind really is a terrible thing to waste."

It wasn't raining when
Noah built the ark.



This is a ch _ ch.
What is missing?



**NEW
CHURCH
SIGNS**

Where will you be
sitting in eternity?
Smoking or non-smoking?

*You are not too bad to come in.
You are not too good to stay out.*

GOING TO ISRAEL

found and submitted by Lynda Wandler

A Jewish businessman in Chicago sent his son to Israel for a year to absorb the culture. When the son returned, he said, "Papa, I had a great time in Israel. By the way, I converted to Christianity." "Oy vey," said the father. "What have I done?"

He took his problem to his best friend. "Ike," he said, "I sent my son to Israel, and he came home a Christian. What can I do?" "Funny you should ask," said Ike. "I too, sent my son to Israel, and he also came home a Christian.." Perhaps we should go see the rabbi.

So they did, and they explained their problem to the rabbi. "Funny you should ask," said the rabbi.. "I, too, sent my son to Israel, and he also came home a Christian. What is happening to our young people?"

And so they all prayed, telling the Lord about their sons. As they finished their prayer, a voice came from the heavens:

"Funny you should ask," said the voice. "I, too, sent my son to Israel...."

=====

The Plan

Storm clouds were brewing, stillness hung in the air,
That they were crucifying the Savior, they seemed unaware.
Their understanding was darkened, they chose to deny,
That this was the "Messiah," who was going to die.
He hung there in silence, no plea did He make,
He hung there and bled, it was for their sake.
Lightening flashed as the thunder resounded,
It was to all mankind that His love abounded.
He said, "It is finished," and He breathed His last,
Unaware were they, He was from eternity past.
All of a sudden the veil split apart,
This was God's plan, now He could dwell in our heart.

Lynda Wandler

KCC BAPTISMS

On March 19, 2006 and again on April 2, 2006 KCC enthusiastically baptized 7 individuals who had expressed a desire to publicly confess their faith in Jesus Christ by being baptized. Judah Aley, Noah Nelson, Chloe Nelson, ??? ???, and James McRae all stood before the congregation and made a public decree of their faith. Joining them was Ron Begins, who had earlier been baptized but apparently was in no shape to talk after taking a dive in 40⁰ water. We warmed the water up a bit for these baptisms. What a truly wonderful occasion it is to share with fellow believers in this blessed sacrament of the church.



James McRae takes hold of the microphone and boldly declares his faith in Jesus as???? ????? Listens.



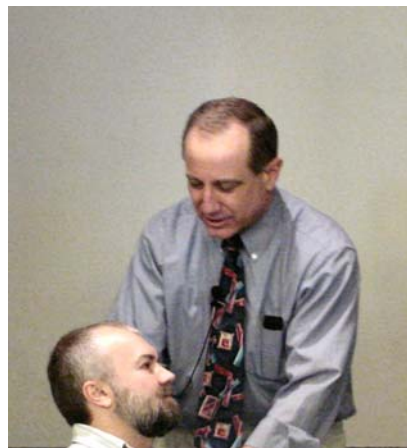
????? ?????? Tells the congregation why she wanted to be baptized.



Noah Nelson and Judah Aley wait their turn to speak.



[Clockwise from right] Perry Neel prepares for his immersion as Pastor Paul assists. Chloe Nelson listens to others share why they desired to be baptized. Melissa Bower explains that she is getting baptized because Jesus wants her to. Finally, Ron Begins tells everyone what it felt like to be baptized in ice water; well, actually he tells everyone how good it feels to be a believer in Christ. .



Hands - His Amazing Hands *found and submitted by Ruth Lawler*

Grandpa, some ninety plus years, sat feebly on the patio bench. He didn't move, just sat with his head down staring at his hands. When I sat down beside him he didn't acknowledge my presence and the longer I sat, I wondered if he was OK.

Finally, not really wanting to disturb him but wanting to check on him at the same time, I asked him if he was OK. He raised his head and looked at me and smiled.

"Yes, I'm fine, thank you for asking," he said in a clear strong voice.

"I didn't mean to disturb you, Grandpa, but you were just sitting here staring at your hands and I wanted to make sure you were OK," I explained to him.

"Have you ever looked at your hands?" he asked. "I mean really looked at your hands?" I slowly opened my hands and stared down at them. I turned them over, palms up and then palms down. No, I guess I had never really looked at my hands as I tried to figure out the point he was making.

Grandpa smiled and related this story:

"Stop and think for a moment about the hands you have, how they have served you well throughout your years. These hands, though wrinkled, shriveled and weak have been the tools I have used all my life to reach out and grab and embrace life. They braced and caught my fall when as a toddler I crashed upon the floor. They put food in my mouth and



clothes on my back. As a child my mother taught me to fold them in prayer. They tied my shoes and pulled on my boots.

They dried the tears of my children and caressed the love of my life.

They held my rifle and wiped my tears when I went off to war. They have been dirty, scraped and raw, swollen and bent.

They were uneasy and clumsy when I tried to hold my newborn son.

Decorated with my wedding band they showed the world that I was married and loved someone special. They wrote the letters home and trembled and shook when I buried my parents and spouse and walked my daughter down the aisle.

Yet, they were strong and sure when I dug my buddy out of a foxhole and lifted a plow off of my best friends foot. They have held children, consoled neighbors, and shook in fists of anger when I didn't understand. They have covered my face, combed my hair, and washed and cleansed the rest of my body. They have been sticky and wet, bent and broken, dried and raw. And to this day when not much of anything else of me works real well, these hands hold me up, lay me down, and again continue to fold in prayer. These hands are the mark of where I've been and the ruggedness of my life.

But more importantly it will be these hands that God will reach out and take when He leads me home. And with my hands He will lift me to His side and there I will use these hands to touch the face of Christ."

I will never look at my hands the same again. But I remember God reached out and took my Grandpa's hands and led him home.

When my hands are hurt or sore or when I stroke the face of my children and wife I thank Grandpa. I know he has been stroked and caressed and held by the hands of God. I, too, want to touch the face of God and feel His hands upon my face.

Kim Moore



ALIAS Gennie Jean

criminal record:
theft of most valuable
Racing horse, Kidnap of
5000 tons of chocolate
syrup.

Height - 4'3"

Weight - 43

Tato on bottom of right heel.

Usually found in one of two places.

Prison ~~and~~ the White House.

blue eyes actually

shifting eyes

Reward

5,000,000,000

In a cage



Leah Dubber

Alias

LEAH The Great



Criminal Record

Raiding the ice cream
International

✦
Playing hooky for 12
years



Height - 5'
Weight - 90 lbs
Large Scar on right cheek
Faint freckles ✦ freind Brace face.

Preferred to be captured
Alive

Offense

Freezing my
Sisters
in
the freezer



Liane E.
Miss BAD

Convicted
of murdering
155 people
innocent



Right
Thumb



Left

Thumb Reward -

\$9,999,999,99

WANTED:

Description:

Brown eyes
Brown hair

Weight: 365

Height: 18 ft. 6"

Age: 13

Last seen wearing

Blue jeans
Red top



**MOLLY DAVIS
ALIAS**

BRACE FACE

HEIGHT - 5'2

WEIGHT - 93 lb.

BIRTH - 5/23/75

CRIMINAL RECORD

WANTED

1,000,000

SARCASTIC
SHIFTY EYES

REWARD

DEAD OR ALIVE OR SICK
(ALIVE PREFERRED)

STATEMENT:

CATCH ME IF YOU CAN, I'M
THE GINGERBREAD MAN.

STEALING GIRLFRIENDS BOYFRIEND
ABUSED FRIENDS
RAIDING HERSHEY FACTORY
FORGING ABSENT & BUS NOTES
CHANGING REPORT CARD GRADES
MENTALLY & PHYSICALLY ABUSING BROTHERS

OFFENSE -

**KIDNAPPING HER
BROTHERS AND
DUMPING THEM OFF
IN SOUTH AFRICA
EXTREMELY DANGER**



NILILCHIK LADY WOLVERINES DO IT. AGAIN!

In the Spring 2005 issue of the KCC Newsletter there was an article on the lady Wolverines of Ninilchik High School. Part of that article read, “They have won the 2A girl’s state of Alaska basketball championship seven times (1996, 1997, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004), have been state runners up three times (1995, 1999, 2005), and have finished 3rd at state three times (1993, 1994, 1998).” Well, an edit to that article is already in order. Last month the lady Wolverines brought home their **eighth** state championship. This year’s squad included two KCC players, sisters Kjersten and Heidi Skold. Young ladies, we congratulate you and your team on another outstanding season.



Jeff Aley taking a photograph of a lunatic fan, in this case, the father of two Ninilchik Wolverines. Most of you know him as the calm and thoughtful, Eric Skjold.



Kjersten and Heidi take a break during the state championship game in Anchorage.

Kjersten Skjold on the floor waiting for the action to pick up again at the state championship game in Anchorage. Their opponent was the lady Angels from Bristol Bay.



He Will Baptise You in the Holy Spirit

Matthew 3:11 begins a subject reinforced by four gospels. Johnny B. says a great, worthy person is coming after him, and He will out-baptize the Jordon Dunker. The new-comer will Baptise with the Holy Spirit. Mark agrees in chapter 1 verse 8. So does Luke in 3:16. John, whose eloquence is unfathomable, confirms the promise of a savior who baptizes in the Holy Spirit. So the subject might be sort of important, emphasized by all four gospel authors.

If potent and important, when did it happen? Can we not read about the great baptism in the same gospels that promised the event? In John 7:37 we have a hint. On the last and greatest day of the Feast (which would be the final day of the Feast of Tabernacles, by the way) Jesus said "...Whoever believes in me, as the Scriptures has said, streams of living water will flow from within him." By this he meant the Spirit, whom those who believed were later to receive. Up to that time the Spirit had not been given since Jesus had not been glorified.

Aha! The promised baptism was waiting for Jesus to be "glorified." And when did that happen? At the resurrection, of course. Victors are always glorified AFTER the victory. So we can hurry our search to some point after the resurrection. Except, the gospel stories end shortly after the Jesus conquers death. In the short, post resurrection part of the gospels, the closest we come to a baptism of the Holy Spirit is John 20:22 where Jesus breathes on his disciples and says, "Receive the Holy Spirit." This sound more like a salvation experience than a fulfillment of the highly emphasized baptism.

So, did the four told promise fail? Of course not! Enter Acts 2. In verse 4 "All of them were filled with the Holy Spirit." So Johnny B was right. What a relief. But that brings up another question. Is salvation, the receiving of the Holy Spirit, different than baptism, the filling of the Holy Spirit?

The leaders of Kasilof Community Church have declared 2006 the Year of the Bible. I appreciate that. It beats the bell out of the Chinese Zodiac, which rings 2006 the Year of the Dog. Perhaps poking around in the Bible can be fulfilling? If a believer gets dunked as Johnny B recommended, might a second soaking wait somewhere in the Word?

Brent Johnson

What is Process over Product?

by Lydia Bower

Editor's note: the following article was posted as a blog on the ChoosingHome website. Please visit <http://www.choosinghome.com> for more information.

I was first introduced to the phrase Process over Product (PoP) by my brother. After reading Ecclesiastes, it became his definition for how to evaluate all of life. He sees Ecclesiastes as a book rooted in objective moral principles, a book about process and proper living, not achievements. At first, I didn't quite understand what he was saying. I needed some practical examples of how this looked in real life—particularly my life. Over the last few years, I have come to see just how important this concept is.

Process is defined as a series of actions or operations leading to an end. Different types of process include social, emotional, and creative process. Following a recipe is a good example of the more narrow formulaic process. Each step is carefully completed to ensure an exact result every time. Math and science usually fit into this category. There is natural process—how a plant grows and how a pre-born baby develops—the set patterns of life. When an apple seed is planted, an apple tree is naturally expected. Many factors are involved, but proper physical growth is generally a natural process. The type of process I am focusing on is the process of living—how to approach the situations of life. It includes thought process, rather than how-to nuts and bolts. Unlike formulaic process, life process differs for each person, as it is about unique individuals, relationships, and most importantly heart attitude. The Pharisees followed process, various cults have their process, but without accounting for humanity, these processes become ineffectual formulas.

PoP can be seen as living one day, one moment, at a time, making good choices, having the right attitude, seeking God for His will and direction, and not fretting over the future. PoP is sometimes synonymous with faith. Each day provides opportunity to practice process—not in major changes, but in the daily living of life in a purposeful, diligent, Godly way. Throughout a lifetime and afterward, the seeds that have been sown will bear their fruit. It is pointless to worry about what is to come.

One of my favorite quotes used to be, “The pain of regret is worse than the pain of discipline.” I appreciate what this quote is saying, but I was so focused on not having regrets

when my children were grown, that I was imagining the future (product) and looking back to the present, rather than trusting God's ways and knowing the future is in His hands (process).

A good way to examine the process of living is to pare the daily to-do list down to a few items, and to be fully present in their execution, rather than seeing how much can be accomplished by nightfall. Can we make it through the day without complaining? Are we able to speak only positive, uplifting words? Do we notice the special moments that don't have a measurable outcome? Do we ever just have fun? By declining to approach the day as a race, a sprint from point A to point B, and by living more deliberately, the rhythm of process can be grasped. Quality of life always trumps quantity of money, things and achievements. (Visit Holy Experience and read Ann's *February 28* post titled *Do the Next Thing*)

Here is a comment by Angela , a Choosing Home forum member:

Process over Products sounds a lot like what was continually before us while we were overseas. Every lesson we learned, every sermon & testimony we heard, all came back to the same thing. It is the small choices we make every day that have the impact. This was amazing to hear when we were in Papua New Guinea, surrounded by people who had made the big decision to be full time missionaries—sounds so admirable, but they were just as likely as the rest of us to fail in the discipline of maintaining a consistent dependence on God and surrender to Him. It is an encouragement to me to know that I don't have to accomplish big things. It is my conforming to Christ which glorifies God. Anything that comes out of my own strength misses the mark.

How is PoP seen in other aspects of life?

When playing basketball, my husband is careful to correct our son's stance and shooting position. Even though our son can make more points by hurling the ball at the basket, through learning the proper shooting position now, he will have greater success as he matures physically and athletically. Instead of "practice makes perfect," we say, "perfect practice makes perfect."

A good coach utilizes process through drills that enhance a player's skills and demonstrate how to play correctly. In baseball, this would mean emphasizing proper field technique over the play. Regular practice in process improves consistency and ensures more

uniform quality over time. Rather than reward a sloppy play that still gets an out, importance is placed on learning the skills that make for many future outs.

In music, PoP entails taking the time to learn the necessary skills. I began violin lessons this year, and my teacher spends half of the lesson on the mechanics of a proper bow hold and correct hand position. I am thankful that she pays careful attention to these details. Even though this seemingly slows my progress, I know it will make me a better musician.

In education, enjoying the process develops a love for future learning. Mastering the processes that generate correct answers creates independent learners. Building skills, diligence, a moral framework, and good habits will outlast the work produced in a classroom. Long after school is over and the papers are tossed, these things will be remembered.

PoP in the field of art means the teacher/student relationship is emphasized rather than the particular object being produced. Handing down traditional methods and technical knowledge is part of this process. PoP does not mean a loss of craftsmanship; integrity remains important to process. Yet, process is a combination of deliberate, finished art *and* human experience. Finally, it includes a relationship between the artist and the audience.

PoP makes room for non-traditional art forms, such as computer-generated digital art. Yet, it doesn't always create a marketable product. Some of the world's greatest artists didn't satisfy public taste, but created masterpieces that often weren't appreciated until after their time.

PoP is a much used phrase in architecture. There is no room for cutting corners in building. How great is a beautiful structure with a leaky roof and poor plumbing?

PoP can be seen in business and politics. Marketing depends on who and what the company is, along with a superior product. Price is not the only factor in competition. In tackling political problems, the rules of justice and morality must not be bent to solve a dilemma. In the long run, this "solution" only makes the situation worse. The end does not justify the means. PoP is also indispensable in diplomacy.

PoP helps fight procrastination. One foot in front of the other. Do the next thing. This is

especially helpful when dealing with writer's block. A book is written one page at a time, one stroke at a time. As writers, do we write because we love to write, we have a message to convey, and we want to understand ourselves and the world better, or do we write to create a specific product and satisfy a publisher? Product oriented writing leads to burn-out and unfulfilled boredom. Process leads to satisfaction over a lifetime.

PoP discourages plagiarism. Proper writing is not a one-time event. It calls for an outline, rough draft, and re-writes, making plagiarism more bother than benefit. Part of that process is crediting sources and linking where appropriate. Applying this to schooling, the greater benefit is that education is shown to be more than just passing a class and earning a degree.

Utilize PoP to avoid becoming overwhelmed when faced with the need to make changes. Improving eating habits, exercising regularly, and making a major move, all become manageable with process. The process of routines in housekeeping, rather than sporadic spurts of crisis cleaning, keeps a home well-maintained.

PoP challenges perfectionism. Through process both mistakes and learning occur. The process of reaching a decision can yield more benefits than the actual decision. Process makes allowances for different stages of development and different types of learners. Product judges results equally. PoP leads to an increase in independence and personal autonomy. PoP yields diversity. A focus on the product makes for cookie-cutter results.

PoP builds confidence and encourages freedom of expression and creativity. It thrives in an environment that allows for risk-taking and new directions, along with a respect for the creative individual. Rather than discouraging innovation, learning a process well can generate some of the best free-thinking. PoP leads to adaptability, important in a changing society with changing skill-sets. Life-long learners are able to adjust to a shifting world with shifting needs.

Contrary to popular thought, PoP does not mean points are awarded for following the right process yet coming to the wrong conclusion, as seen in some of the "new" math. It does not mean that only experience and emotion are valid and no absolutes exist. While the product should make the process both meaningful and worthwhile, a mastery of the process should lead to the correct conclusion. The product moves from the process. If the process is authentic then the product will be authentic.

While PoP is not about immediate results, it can still be goal-oriented. However, process requires openness to change and creativity. The process of living, trial and error, and regular decision making develops the goal. At times the process creates something entirely different (and maybe better) than our original intent. Our end vision may not be the right vision. If we continue to strive in that direction, we may miss our true purpose. No one can foresee what will happen in even the immediate future. There is no guarantee of a future. (Read Ann's lovely tribute to Missy.) Those who die young have not achieved the "product" they had in their minds. Their product was much different than what they had planned and imagined. In the end, it was their daily process that mattered.

Although PoP may be associated with postmodern thought, it originated long before our time, and is a concept that can be seen in the Bible:

"And beside this, giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; And to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness;" 2 Peter 1: 5, 6.

"Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," Matthew 6:34.

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," Galatians 6:7.

As I wrote this article, I thought a lot about my subject. I did some extra reading. I discussed this concept with several people, and then I sorted through my ideas by putting it in a readable form. I probably created an overly-long product that will be boring or skipped over by many readers. In that aspect, I may have failed in my process, as the goal of our site, ChoosingHome.com, is to bring encouragement and support to moms. However, my personal aim is to be authentic, and that means to authentically examine the ideas of importance to me. For this post, I had the time and space to utilize process, but that isn't generally the case when it comes to my blogging. PoP is not always practical. There are times when I need to just put out a product and be done with it. However, I believe the overall habits of living should be process oriented and we should examine carefully those that aren't to see if they are a valid part of our life.

Salem James Little

KASILOF, March 27, 2006, 5 p.m. – As many followers of the Iditarod know, I was pulled away from covering the race right after Jeff King won the 2006 Iditarod. My wife, Brandi, was in labor and I had to get home.

As disappointing as it was for me professionally to miss seeing the teams arrive in Nome, that paled to my dismay at being unable to witness the birth of my first son. He was born at 10:38 a.m. March 15 as I was flying back to Anchorage and about to hop a commuter flight down to Kenai for the 40-minute drive home.

While the race wound down, I received a steady stream of e-mails from Scotland to Australia and parts between, offering congratulations and asking if there was a name. The truth is, I had an idea back on day one when he was born, but it was a bit unusual and I wanted to sit on it about a week to make sure I wasn't just sleep deprived.

I haven't exactly been able to catch up on sleep, since we wake up every two to three hours all night to feed the little guy, but Brandi and I concluded that the name we chose actually fits.

So the little boy who shot out of his mother's womb four weeks early at our cabin in the bath tub while his poppa was in a 737 hurtling back to Kasilof, much too late, finally has a name. His first name is Salem. It is Hebrew for "peace," sharing linguistic parking space with the greeting Shalom, the name Solomon and the place, Jerusalem. The choice of names might seem highly questionable given his sudden and unorthodox arrival. But I'll tell you, both his momma, Brandi, and her brother, Chris, said there was total peace within this house during the late-night labor



and mid-morning birth. Even I felt at peace, realizing there was absolutely nothing I could do and no way to get home any faster than I was.

I had the name "Salem" pop into my head about a half hour into my flight out of Nome. The flight had been delayed about an hour and departed at 10 a.m. When I got in to Anchorage at noon, I borrowed another passenger's cell phone, called home and said I was getting close. Chris passed the phone to Brandi, who was sitting in an easy chair holding a swaddled baby in her arms. She said, "You're a father!" She'd given birth at 10:38 a.m., right about the time I'd been sitting in seat 16C staring at the headrest in front of me and suddenly thought of the name.

It's easy to scoff at the timing. After all, it's no surprise that "Salem" should come to mind. Salem was the name of one of Jeff King's strongest leaders. I believe he was from a litter of dogs named after state capitals, or cities. One of the main reasons I waited for days and let the name sink in while Brandi and I talked it over, was to make sure we weren't simply naming our child after a dog. Not an ordinary dog, to be sure; an admirable dog with immense heart and physical skill -- the 2006 golden harness winner on the championship team; but still, just a dog.

But that dog's name was just the starting point, and also a wonderful reminder of where we all were and what was going on when he was born. (For the record, Brandi's labor began just after King crossed the finish line). Again, the dog may have inspired the name, but it was the word's rich and ancient meaning that gave us the chills. As for his second name, James, it is my father's middle name and the first name of Brandi's father, and it seemed appropriate to hand it along to our firstborn.

I don't know much about children, and this one is pretty fresh off the vine, but I can say that he's a good eater, having gained 10 ounces already; he doesn't cry much unless he's got the hiccups and his belly hurts; he makes little chirping sounds in his sleep; and he naps with his fists clenched over his head. No, that isn't much of a resume, but give him some slack. He's only been alive for 11 days.

Brandi's recovering extremely well and now we're just loving him a lot and trying

The Art of Hypocrisy

An honest man was being tailgated by a stressed out woman on a busy boulevard. Suddenly, the light turned yellow, just in front of him. He did the right thing, stopping at the crosswalk, even though he could have beaten the red light by accelerating through the intersection. The tailgating woman hit the roof, and the horn, screaming in frustration as she missed her chance to get through the intersection, dropping her cell phone and makeup. As she was still in mid-rant, she heard a tap on her window and looked up into the face of a very serious police officer. The officer ordered her to exit her car with her hands up. He took her to the police station where she was searched, finger printed, photographed, and placed in a holding cell. After a couple of hours, a policeman approached the cell and opened the door. She was escorted back to the booking desk where the arresting officer was waiting with her personal effects. He said, "I'm very sorry for this mistake. You see, I pulled up behind your car while you were blowing your horn, flipping off the guy in front of you, and cussing a blue streak at him. "I noticed the 'Choose Life' license plate holder, the 'What Would Jesus Do' bumper sticker, the 'Follow Me to Sunday-School' bumper sticker, and the chrome-plated Christian Fish emblem on the trunk. Naturally... I assumed you had stolen the car."

