

## Kasilof Community Church

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# KCC Newsletter Winter 2003

## Luke 1: 4-20 (NKJV)

<sup>4</sup>Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, to the city of David, which is called Bethlehem, because he was of the house and lineage of David, <sup>5</sup>to be registered with Mary, his betrothed wife, who was with child. <sup>6</sup>So it was, that while they were there, the days were completed for her to be delivered. <sup>7</sup>And she brought forth her firstborn Son, and wrapped Him in swaddling cloths, and laid Him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.

<sup>8</sup>Now there were in the same country shepherds living out in the fields, keeping watch over their flock by night. <sup>9</sup>And behold, an angel of the Lord stood before them, and the glory of the Lord shone around them, and they were greatly afraid. <sup>10</sup>Then the angel said to them, “Do not be afraid, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which will be to all people.

<sup>11</sup>For there is born to you this day in the city of David a Savior, who is Christ the Lord. <sup>12</sup>And this *will be* the sign to you: You will find a Babe wrapped in swaddling cloths,

lying in a manger.”

<sup>13</sup>And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying:

<sup>14</sup> “Glory to God in the highest,  
And on earth peace, goodwill  
toward men!”

<sup>15</sup>So it was, when the angels had gone away from them into heaven, that the shepherds said to one another, “Let us now go to Bethlehem and see this thing that has come to pass, which the Lord has made known to us.” <sup>16</sup>And they came with haste and found Mary and Joseph, and the Babe lying in a manger. <sup>17</sup>Now when they had seen *Him*, they made widely known the saying which was told them concerning this Child. <sup>18</sup>And all those who heard *it* marveled at those things which were told them by the shepherds. <sup>19</sup>But Mary kept all these things and pondered *them* in her heart. <sup>20</sup>Then the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told them.

**Merry Christmas Everyone!**

## The "W" in Christmas

Last December, I vowed to make Christmas a calm and peaceful experience.

I had cut back on nonessential obligations - extensive card writing, endless baking, decorating, and even overspending.

Yet still, I found myself exhausted, unable to appreciate the precious family moments, and of course, the true meaning of Christmas.

My son, Nicholas, was in kindergarten that year.

It was an exciting season for a six year old.

For weeks, he'd been memorizing songs for his school's "Winter Pageant."

I didn't have the heart to tell him I'd be working the night of the production.

Unwilling to miss his shining moment, I spoke with his teacher.

She assured me there'd be a dress rehearsal the morning of the presentation.

All parents unable to attend that evening were welcome to come then.

Fortunately, Nicholas seemed happy with the compromise.

So, the morning of the dress rehearsal, I filed in ten minutes early, found a spot on the cafeteria floor and sat down. Around the room, I saw several other parents quietly scampering to their seats. As I waited, the students were led into the room. Each class, accompanied by their teacher, sat cross-legged on the floor. Then, each group, one by one, rose to perform their song.

Because the public school system had long stopped referring to the holiday as "Christmas," I didn't expect anything other than fun, commercial entertainment - songs of reindeer, Santa Claus, snowflakes and good cheer. So, when my son's class rose to sing, "Christmas Love," I was slightly taken aback by its bold title.

Nicholas was aglow, as were all of his classmates, adorned in fuzzy mittens, red

sweaters, and bright snowcaps upon their heads.

Those in the front row- center stage - held up large letters, one by one, to spell out the title of the song.

As the class would sing "C is for Christmas," a child would hold up the letter C.

Then, "H is for Happy," and on and on, until each child holding up his portion had presented the complete message, "Christmas Love."

The performance was going smoothly, until suddenly, we noticed her; a small, quiet, girl in the front row holding the letter "M" upside down - totally unaware her letter "M" appeared as a "W".

The audience of 1st through 6th graders snickered at this little one's mistake. But she had no idea they were laughing at her, so she stood tall, proudly holding her "W".

Although many teachers tried to shush the children, the laughter continued until the last letter was raised, and we all saw it together. A hush came over the audience and eyes began to widen.

In that instant, we understood the reason we were there, why we celebrated the holiday in the first place, why even in the chaos, there was a purpose for our festivities.

For when the last letter was held high, the message read loud and clear:

"C H R I S T W A S L O V E"

And,

I believe,

He still is.

Author unknown

*submitted by Dave & Robbie Horne*

**Merry Christmas Poem for Moms**  
(found and submitted by Valerie Lewis)

Twas the night before Christmas, when all thru the abode  
Only one creature was stirring, & she was cleaning the commode.

The children were finally sleeping, all snug in their beds,  
While visions of N-64 & Barbie, flipped through their heads.

The dad was snoring in front of the TV,  
With a half-constructed bicycle propped on his knee.

So only the mom heard the reindeer hooves clatter, which made her sigh,  
"Now what is the matter?"

With toilet bowl brush still clutched in her hand,  
She descended the stairs, & saw the old man.

He was covered with ashes & soot, which fell with a shrug,  
"Oh great," muttered the mom, "Now I have to clean the rug."

"Ho Ho Ho!" cried Santa, "I'm glad you're awake."  
"Your gift was especially difficult to make."

"Thanks, Santa, but all I want is time alone."

"Exactly!" he chuckled, "So, I've made you a clone."

"A clone?" she muttered, "What good is that?"  
"Run along, Santa, I've no time for chit chat."

Then out walked the clone - The mother's twin, same hair, same eyes, same double chin.  
"She'll cook, she'll dust, she'll mop every mess.  
You'll relax, take it easy, watch The Young & The Restless."

"Fantastic!" the mom cheered. "My dream has come true!"  
"I'll shop, I'll read, I'll sleep a night through!"

From the room above, the youngest did fret.  
"Mommy?! Come quickly, I'm scared & I'm wet."  
The clone replied, "I'm coming, sweetheart."

"Hey," the mom smiled, "She sure knows her part."

The clone changed the small one & hummed her a tune, as she bundled the child in a  
blanket cocoon.

"You're the best mommy ever. I really love you."  
The clone smiled & sighed, "And I love you, too."

The mom frowned & said, "Sorry, Santa, no deal.  
That's my child's LOVE she is trying to steal."

Smiling wisely Santa said, "To me it is clear, only one loving mother is needed here."

The mom kissed her child & tucked her in bed. "Thank You, Santa, for clearing my head.  
I sometimes forget, it won't be very long, when they'll be too old for my  
cradle & song."

The clock on the mantle began to chime. Santa whispered to the clone, "It works every  
time." With the clone by his side Santa said "Goodnight. Merry Christmas, dear Mom,  
You will be all right."

Sometimes we need reminding of what life is all about. Especially at times during the  
Holiday season, when all we seem to do is clean and bake and shop and and and and and  
and and.... You get the picture, I'm sure. So stop for a moment and hug that little one so  
special, whether he/she is 2 months or 22 years, or even older than that. For they are the  
Gift that God gave us in life...and what a gift to be treasured, far above any other!

May the real meaning of Christmas be with you all this year.

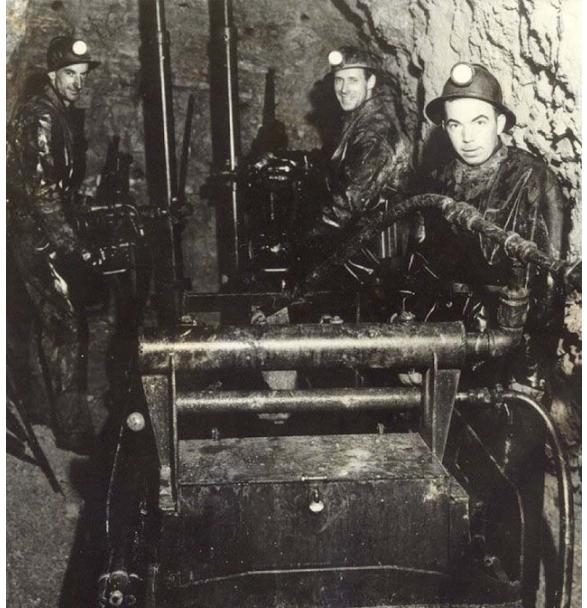
MERRY CHRISTMAS

JESUS LOVES YOU

## Filling Stations, Mongoose, Outhouses, and Laughter

There are some definite advantages to growing up in small-town America. For instance, all a young boy really needed was enough energy to push the pedals on his Schwinn Stingray bicycle and he could make it from one corner of *his* town to the other in just a few minutes. It was the detours though that really made each trip so memorable.

In 1955, my Dad (far right in picture) was working in an underground silver mine in Northern Idaho. Our home at the time was located near the mine and was occupied by four children (one of my sisters had died earlier from spinal meningitis). Due to a family genetic disposition to play with matches (see an earlier edition of the KCC Newsletter), a couple of my sisters had the misfortune to accidentally start a fire in one of the house closets. All occupants escaped unharmed, but everything my family owned at the time, pictures, clothes, money, and all, went up with the house. This tragic incident forced my family to move to town and not too long after I came into the world. As the saying goes, nothing was ever the same after that.



A few years later (I was 4 yrs old), my Dad died from complications of a brain aneurysm, which left my mom with a family that had now grown to six kids to raise on her own. She eventually went to school to become a nurse, an occupation she stayed in until her retirement. The down side to her nursing job was that it was in a town 25 miles away, and in order to be home with her kids as much as possible, she chose to work the swing shift and eventually the night shift. The reality of this situation was that everyone in the community knew everyone else and this provided my mom with a certain amount

of comfort in knowing that I could call on just about anyone in town if I needed help with something. However, from my standpoint, my needs were few and could be met by having enough hotdogs in the refrigerator, enough bb's for my Daisy, enough worms for my fishing outings, and enough air in my bike tires so I could cruise the town.

Highway 200 runs right through the middle of Clark Fork, Idaho. This narrow highway is traveled by many as it takes you around Lake Pend Oreille, the second largest natural fresh water lake west of the Mississippi and is also provides traveler with a very scenic adventure. My house was located only a block away from this thoroughfare and only about three blocks from Wally's Texaco and five blocks from Hays' Chevron station. These were pretty popular stops, as they allowed me to check out what was happening with the likes of Jack Siple's most recent hunting outing or to visit with one of the other town dignitaries, perhaps Al Schindler or Vera Prater. Mind you now, most people only frequented one of these filling stations. You either were a Texaco loyalist or a Chevron supporter. Luckily for me, my bike didn't need petroleum fuel, so I could give my candy bar and 16-ounce bottled Pepsi business to both.

One day, while taking my highway 200 cruise through town, I was instinctively drawn to Wally's Texaco. Wally was standing at one end of a small box while a small crowd of terrorists (tourists) crowded around him listening very attentively to what he was saying. The box was divided into two sections - one end was totally enclosed in wood while the other was made of wire mesh. There was a hole in the wood section that allowed whatever lived in there to pass from the wire section back into the wood box. I swerved off the highway and jumped off my bike, which kept gliding along unmanned until it crashed into the side of the service station. No one even bothered to look up as Wally was beginning to get quite animated in his description about what an animal called a mongoose eats and how it behaved. At this point in my life, I was unsure of what a mongoose was as I hadn't yet read Rudyard Kipling's short story,



“*Rikki Tikki Tavi.*” Had I known how ferocious these snake-eaters could be, I would have felt a whole lot more comfortable packing my Daisy protector. Back to the story. Sticking out of the hole between the two sections of this mongoose cage was a very bushy tale. Wally’s description of this fascinating creature was starting to become hypnotic. I can still hear his voice and see him kneeling there on one knee bending over the cage while trying to coax the mongoose out into the open. He kept reminding everyone to move slowly and to be quiet; yet, at the same time he encouraged us all to get as close as possible so we could get a really good look when the mongoose finally came out. He was tapping the side of the box, trying to coax the furry beast out into the open. You know, in retrospect, I should have seen it coming, but I didn’t. Wally had us all staring so hard at that bushy tale, each one wanting to see this foreign creature so badly, that we didn’t see his hand reach down and lift the rasp that was holding the lid down on top of the box. He just kept saying, “Come on out mongoose, come on out.” Then his voice got a little more excited as he exclaimed, “Get ready, everyone, I think he’s coming, oh yeah, he’s just about to come out.” That’s when Wally would throw the lid open (it was hinged) and as it slapped down over the top of the wire cage, the furry tail that was attached to the wooden lid would fly into the faces of all the observers. This was my first lesson in what it meant to literally have the @\$% scared out of you. You should have seen the faces on the half-dozen tourists standing around that box. This also was the first time that I learned that men could scream, not shout, but scream like a baby. I am embarrassed to imagine what my face must have looked like too. Let me say this though, just like an electrical shock that is used to jump-start a heart that has stopped beating, was the sound that got us all breathing again – and that sound was Wally’s laughter. Remember, this was the 1960’s - it’s hard for me to think that you could get away with that caper today. But, Wally was able to do it in a manner that had people laughing at themselves and not wanting to sue him or the Texaco Corporation.

From that point on, my daily patrols of Clark Fork always had me checking in on Wally to see if he needed any help. You know, Scripture says, “Two *are* better than one, because they have a good reward for their labor” (Eccl 4:9). The way I figured it, Wally’s



performance would only be enhanced with the help of a good supporting actor. Plus, I knew which end of the mongoose I wanted to stay away from.

About three football fields north of Wally's Texaco was Bob Hays' Chevron, home of the "Snappy Lube." I remember sitting on a stool one day in Bob's (Hasey's) station when a car pulled in for fuel. Odd enough, these were the days when the owner of the station dressed in the company colors and went out and pumped your fuel, washed your windows, and actually knew what he was doing when he checked under the hood. I was making quick work of my bottle of Pepsi when I looked out the window to see Hasey pointing rather excitedly to a small wooden building located in a lot across the highway. The lady that was getting fuel was staring intently at the building, observant of a large plume of smoke boiling out of the roof. I watched her check for traffic and then run across the highway in her high-heels, not stopping at the smoking building, but running right up to the back door of a nearby house. Hasey came back into the station and opened the till and deposited the money inside and then sat down using every ounce of energy he could muster to stop the ear to ear grin that was fighting its way to his face. You see, Hasey had sent this lady to the owner of the smoking building, who just happened to be a very close friend of his, with very specific instructions about what was happening. In reality, Hasey's friend was in the process of smoking up a batch of kokanee, but when this caring lady got him to come to the door, all he got was an earful of, "Mister, your outhouse is on fire, your outhouse is on fire." One look across the street at Hays' Chevron and he knew from the shop full of grins that he was on *Candid Camera*.

One of the lessons I learned from these days of my youth is that laughter feels a whole lot better than not laughing. Some of you might adeptly point out that yes, laughter is good, but not when it is at the expense of others. You are right, I am not here to say that the incidences I have relayed are the standards by which we all should be behaving, but, I am here to say that we all need to be able to laugh at ourselves or to laugh with our friends, however we do it, we need to laugh. It really is good medicine.

### *Holiday Table*

A setting of silver  
And guests of gold.  
A shine of fine china  
In our humble abode.

An angel in apron  
And children in glee.  
Aroma of Heaven  
Is all around me.

### *Putting Pie in its Place*

Lemon for dropping and corn for popping;  
but what can pie be for ?

Pie, on that score, is not before;  
it beckons to always be seconds.

### *Creative Cooking*

If the recipe is right  
then a cook just might  
open the oven wide.  
And with a lovely tan  
the Gingerbread Man  
will smile from deep inside.

by Brent Johnson

## **The Holy Alphabet** *submitted by the Housers*

**A**lthough things are not perfect

**B**ecause of trial or pain

**C**ontinue in thanksgiving

**D**o not begin to blame

**E**ven when the times are hard

**F**ierce winds are bound to blow

**G**od is forever able

**H**old on to what you know

**I**magine life without His love

**J**oy would cease to be

**K**eep thanking Him for all the things

**L**ove imparts to thee

**M**ove out of "Camp Complaining"

**N**o weapon that is known

**O**n earth can yield the power

**P**raise can do alone

**Q**uit looking at the future

**R**edeem the time at hand

**S**tart every day with worship

**T**o "thank" is a command

**U**ntil we see Him coming

**V**ictorious in the sky

**W**e'll run the race with gratitude

**X**alting God most high

**Y**es, there'll be good times and yes some  
will be bad, but...

**Z**ion waits in glory...where none are ever  
sad!

"I AM Too blessed to be stressed!" The  
shortest distance between a problem and a  
solution is the distance between your knees  
and the floor.

The one who kneels to the Lord can stand  
up to anything. Love and peace be with you  
forever, Amen.

### **Salmon--Grilled (submitted by Mary Hutchison)**

Marinate salmon fillets (refrigerated) with:

Equal parts of sesame oil and soy sauce overnight or up to 2 days.

Make sure meat is able to absorb liquid.

Use a marinating dish or turn fish a few times a day.

Grill with skin side to grill.

When fish flakes, it's done

or I look for white particles accumulating so as not to overcook it.

Try to cook thin and thicker pieces separately.

When taking from the grill,

use pancake turner and leave skin on grill if you prefer.

Garnish with fresh lemon and parsley.

### **Angel Food Dessert (submitted by Valerie Lewis)**

3 ounce pkg. orange jello

1 cup boiling water

1 pint orange sherbert

1 medium container cool whip

1 large can mandarin oranges, drained

1 angel food cake, torn into chunks

Dissolve jello in hot water, and let set until partially thickened.

Stir in remaining ingredients. Pour over chunks of cake in

9 x 13" dessert pan. Refrigerate to set.

## *BLT for : Bad Laughter Taste ?*

After a few years of marriage I decided to try cooking. Just once. For Mother's Day I made bacon, lettuce and tomato sandwiches. Okay, so you experts wouldn't consider that "cooking," but I am chefverly handicapped. I haven't advanced past the first grade level in the area of culinary arts.

So anyway, on that fateful day, I did the whole thing - all - by - myself. Even with an entre' of corn on the cob. My baby, who was in fact already a mother, smiled in her twinkly eyed fashion, "This is great, hon!"

Fifteen minutes later she barfed.

Now, after 28 years of happy marriage, I have what I call, "One-limited kitchen experience."

## KCC Classified Ads

For Sale: 10 acres on North Cohoe Loop. Call Bob or Sharon Knowlton at 262-2783 or email at **rsknowlton@acsalaska.net**.

For Sale: Used flute \$275, good condition. Music stand \$15. 262-7937 or **nchouser@gci.net**

For Sale: 4 studded 16" tires for \$50. 2 Danforth 40 lb. anchors for \$50/each. A 140 lb. set of lifting weights with 2 bars and a bench for \$75. Call Rozak's at 262-7172.

Wanted: I am looking for a small dresser and a sewing machine. Email me (Roxane Mathewson) at **bester@alaska.net**

Wanted: I am looking for a Warren Wiersbe With the Word Bible and Commentary. Email: **randlyn@gci.net** or call Lynda Wandler at 260-3519.

For Sale: Firewood, split and delivered for \$85/cord. This is good, beetle-killed, dry spruce; call 262-2415 or email **shields@alaska.net**.

For Sale: Rain coats & pants. Brand new by Rainfair. Flame retardant type. These were in HEA stock. Sizes small, medium, large, x- large, & 2x- large. \$20 each. A "set" is \$40.  
**262-4763**

For Sale: Aluminum fuel tank from semi. \$40 **262-4763**

For Sale: 500 gallon tank \$150 **262-4763**

For Sale: Various tanks larger than 1,000 gal. Prices starting at \$200. **262-4763**

For Sale: 20' foam core fiberglass skiff built about 1976. \$500 **262-4763**

For Sale: 17' Fiberform boat. \$300 **262-4763**

For Sale: 1988 Case 480 backhoe/loader. 4WD, 1200 hours. Previous owner was the federal government. Came from Oregon this year. \$22,000 **262-4763**

For Sale: 1984 Chevy box van. 6.2 engine. 77,000 miles. Previous owner was the federal government. Came from Texas in the fall of 2001. \$3,900 **262-4763**

For Sale: 10 KW gasoline generator. Previous owner City of Kenai. low hours. \$750  
**262-4763**

For Sale: Fiberglass cellular glass insulation. 4" x 18" x 24". 50¢ each. **262-4763**

For Sale: Semi truck rims. good for fire pits, jack stands, and holding tires. California style and standard style. \$6 each. **262-4763**

For Sale: Semi brake drums. good for dumb-bells and even limited use for more intelligent people. \$7 **262-4763**

For Sale: One blue Suburban rear seat. \$150. **262-4763**

For Sale: 1977 GMC 3/4 ton PU truck (to see picture click **here**); HNDBLT '78' 454; 750 holly carb; Balanced Drive Line; 350 Turbo with shift kit; Steelhead bumper \$5,500 Firm. Call **260-3042** or email: blakes@acsalaska.net

Piano Lessons: Starting September 9, 2003 until the end of April, 2004, Anika Ellis will be available to teach 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> level (ages 5-10) piano students. A ½ hour lesson is \$12, not including books. Lessons will be given at the church. Contact Anika Ellis at P.O. Box 277, Kasilof, or call **283-3846**.

For Rent: 2 bedroom apartment (duplex) with a heated garage. Utilities paid with only electricity (HEA) paid by the tenant. Monthly rent is \$700 with a \$700 security deposit. The duplex has been freshly painted and also has new vinyl. Small children are not encouraged because this apartment is on the second story. Showings may be arranged. Please contact Mark & Sandy Gower.

Wanted: land 30 to 40 acres of high ground w/ view, lake or creek. Would consider larger parcels. Mary 262-4260

For Sale: pickup topper--fair condition \$40. Junk 76 Toyota car with running engine/transmission \$100. An identical car is available for a small price. Mary 262-4260

## Dear Friends:

A couple months ago, I had the unique privilege of accompanying my family to Mel Gibson's studio to see a private screening of his film, *The Passion*. Many of you have probably heard about this portrayal of the last 12 hours in the earthly life of Jesus Christ. I can say that *The Passion* is the most beautiful, profound, accurate, disturbing, realistic, and bloody depiction of this story that I have ever seen! It is truly amazing, and it left all of us speechless for a few minutes when it was over.

Mr. Gibson entered the room during the last ten minutes of the screening, and stayed for an hour to discuss the content and to answer questions. He's hoping that my dad and Focus on the Family will help promote it, and my dad has (without question!) agreed to do so.

Mr. Gibson expressed a concern about his position in the entertainment industry, and said that this film will affect his status from here on. When asked why he made the movie, he said that he had no choice in the matter--he felt called to the assignment, and he was determined to carry it out. Questions had been raised as to whether he can find a distributor.

Asked about it at the screening, Mr. Gibson said confidently, "Oh, I'll find a distributor!"

*The Passion* should not be labeled a religious film, or something to be shown only in churches. Compared with examples of recent Christian films, like *Left Behind*, *The Passion* is a work of high art and great storytelling. The rough cut I saw contained graphic scenes, including the seemingly endless scourging of Jesus. The crucifixion scene is long, bloody and painful to watch. It's very disturbing, but it's also moving at the same time. While I was taking all of this in, I was thinking, "Christ did this for ME, and he would have gone through it if I was the only one in all the world, and the same goes for each person who has ever lived!"

To those in the Jewish community who worry that the film, which is scheduled for release next Easter season ('04), might contain anti-Semitic elements, or encourage people to persecute Jews, fear not. The film does not indict Jews for the death of Jesus. It is faithful to the New testament account. Also, Mr. Gibson, a devout Roman Catholic, does not elevate Mary beyond what Scripture says of her, which will broaden the film's



appeal to Protestants.

The dialogue is in Aramaic and Latin. English subtitles are provided, and they are very helpful in following the story line. A decision about using them in the final version has not been made. My family and I tried to persuade Mr. Gibson to leave the subtitles in, and my dad pointed out that those who are unbelievers (or those who are weak in their understanding) will have no idea of what's going on in the flashback scenes of Jesus' life without subtitles.

In *The Passion*, few liberties are taken with the Gospel account, and the extra dialogue added helps round out the characters without damaging historical or Biblical accuracy.

Satan is cleverly played as an asexual being who at first seems to be an observer in the Garden of Gethsemane (and other scenes), but then becomes a snake slithering between the character's feet and attempting to wrap itself around the arm of the prostrate and praying Jesus.

The film is an intense two hours. It uses unknown actors, which keeps the focus on the message. By the end of the film (a unique portrayal of the Resurrection), the viewer is exhausted!

Thirteen years ago, actor Mickey Rooney wrote an editorial for *Variety* in which he said, "The onscreen depiction of religion is less than flattering, and, as a Christian, I pray the era of denigrating religion on screen comes to a screeching halt. And soon." His prayer has been answered in *The Passion*. It is a soul-stirring film that deserves wide distribution and viewing.

Its message is not just for Christians, but for everyone. I hope you all will support Mel Gibson's bold and courageous effort to portray the sacrifice that our Lord made for us. Pass this email on, if you feel led, and be sure to see *The Passion* when it comes out. Yes, it is a disturbing film, but every person should see this realistic depiction of what

Christ did for them!

Blessings to you,  
Danae Dobson

## God's Will

*Submitted by the McGarry's*

What is the shortest chapter in the Bible? (Answer - Psalms 117)

What is the longest chapter in the Bible? (Answer - Psalm 119)

Which chapter is in the center of the Bible? (Answer - Psalms 118)

Fact: There are 594 chapters before Psalm 118

Fact: There are 594 chapters after Psalms 118

Add these numbers up and you get 1188

What is the center verse in the Bible? (Answer - Psalms 118:8)

Does this verse say something significant about God's perfect will for our lives?

The next time someone says they would like to find God's perfect will for their lives and they want to be in the center of His will, just send them to the center of His Word!

Psalms 118:8 (NKJV)

"It is better to trust in the LORD than to put confidence in man."

Now isn't that odd how this worked out (or was God in the center of It)?