



# Kasilof Community Church

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# KCC Newsletter Winter 2004

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**Luke 2:8-11** <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.*

I am quite confident that these verses from Scripture are some of the most cherished in all of the Bible. What a wonderful story they depict. Just think what it would be like if God had not recorded His word for us to ponder and cherish.

Not too long ago I was reading through some of my old journals. I was surprised to find out how much I had forgotten about some of the events of the past 10 to 20 years. I believe that some day

these journals will be valued by my family as they are reminded of special events in our past.

A few years ago I thought that a church Newsletter would provide a wonderful avenue for many to share their stories, poems, recipes, successes, failures ..... you get the point. To some degree, this has happened. The Newsletter also serves as a history book of our church, at least for whatever period of time it hangs around. Some day, it too will be more cherished than it is now (that shouldn't be too hard) as we look back and recall some of the events that helped shape what we will become in the future. Won't you think about contributing to the Newsletter? Many years from now someone will find one of these stashed in an old shoebox in the back of their closet and they will be ministered to by what you wrote. The spelling, grammar or sentence structure won't matter, but the name at the end of the piece will. What a wonderful Christmas present that would be.

## From the Pastor's PC

Joseph and Mary played a special role in God's plan for Jesus' earthly family. Perhaps nothing is more important than their selfless submission in raising a child that in some ways would never be their own. Joseph, for certain, must have lived with some sense of knowing Jesus was not his son. (I am not drawn to this subject because of our own family. Rather, I am impressed with the unimaginably horrible consequences that broken families are bringing upon our children).

An unusually perceptive article by Mary Eberstadt of the Hoover Institution traces the phenomenal successes of adolescent popular music to the emotional pain teenagers suffer when a home disintegrates. While parents and critics of this music rightly are concerned about what violent, suicidal, abusive and sexually exploitive lyrics do to children, Eberstadt suggests another question is what these songs tell us about children. She forcefully documents that this music captures the ears of adolescents because it reflects the experience of children and the anger they feel when their family breaks. More simply put, this awful music has a market because it tells the truth about our condition. And perhaps nothing is more painful and generates more anger and rebellion in our youth than the story of absent fathers.



That is why I am drawn to consider Joseph and his willingness to be a father to a child not his own. The reason he did this was not some sort of blind submission to the angel. Rather, the angel shared with him that this child, Jesus, would save people from their sins. Resolving the horrible problems of our culture must include at least two steps.

First, there must be acceptance of forgiveness of sins and then willingness to be personally transformed by the truth of Jesus death and resurrection. Without our Lord's cleansing and power, lost people are without any hope. We must proclaim this truth.

Second, there must be more individuals who are willing to do unusual things like becoming family to those who are not their own. We must learn what the New Testament means when it says, in Christ, we are members of one another. Hopefully, this is a journey we will embark upon together over the following year.

For His Glory,  
Pastor Paul

*If Then*

If we have to have a winter  
or Christmas can not come,  
then make the mercury bitter  
with snow for everyone.

If we have to have a chimney  
for Santa, dear, to find,  
then throw on wood aplenty  
the smoke will be his sign.

If we have to have forgiveness  
to climb up Heaven's Hill,  
then take that baby Jesus  
and fly there on His will.

If we have to have tomorrow  
to see a dove that soars,  
then send her like an arrow  
and still these stupid wars.

*Christmas Time*

When Time began  
in Bethlehem  
then Joseph cut the cord.  
A baby gasped!  
B.C. had past  
and we —had a brand new Lord!

On watch that night  
the Lord of Light  
reset the Time on earth  
and ever since  
those strange events  
we measure from this birth.

But pray what do  
we measure to  
and when will Time stand still?  
'Twas Jesus' walk  
that beat the clock  
by crossing Calvry's Hill.

*By Brent Johnson*

## **KCC & OPERATION CHRISTMAS CHILD**

After viewing a videotape about Operation Christmas Child, which was a powerful depiction of youngsters from throughout the world opening small shoeboxes filled with crayons, candy, toys, and a wide variety of other items, it should have come to no surprise then to see such strong support of the program by the KCC congregation. The shoeboxes were brought to the alter on Sunday, November 21, for a dedication before being shipped to Russia for Operation Christmas Child 2004. One estimate had the number of boxes at 117. We are left now to imagine the faces of the young boys and girls in Russia opening these boxes and perhaps wondering about the people that gave with no incentive other than love for their “neighbor.” Kind of reminds you of someone else who gave a “shoebox” to us. Inside this free gift is eternal life.



## **2004 CHILI COOK-OFF**

This year's Annual Chili Cook-Off, hosted by New Life Christian Fellowship, was quite a success, and the chili's were all so delicious! Of course, I'm a bit of a glutton (especially when I'm pregnant, which is more often than not), so I highly enjoyed my time sampling all of the pots. I had to vote for my daughter's, of course, but before you cry nepotism, it really was pretty good.

Shane Blakelee climbed a mountain to shoot the sheep that was the staple of his chili, so we suppose he deserved the grand prize and the apron. Lynn Nelson, former chili champion, didn't even show up this year. Some excuse about her husband being gone and her having to handle five children all by herself... Hmm... I think she was afraid of Marj Wiley's yummy vegetarian chili, personally... Roxan Matthewson entered a chili for the first time, and all I could say was if that was her FIRST attempt at chili, I want to come to her house for dinner more often! Mmmm... Bree Little brought some whole wheat corn bread that made a wonderful side dish, and whoever brought all the desserts...well, thank you. This sugar addict had her fill of them, despite all her knowledge about how bad sugar is for the human body. There were so many more delicious dishes (and sweet cooks to go with them!) but my memory is failing me as to who made what...all I know is that I went home with a VERY full stomach!



It's always nice to gather with the folks at New Life and catch up, and we so appreciate their always-friendly invitation to the folks at KCC. So many areas have church groups who snub each other regularly, or are threatened by the others existence. I am personally thankful that we have such a warm relationship with New Life, and that we can respect each other's differences and appreciate each other's strengths.

And now, I need to put on my running shoes. (Because as soon as a certain Lynn Nelson reads this article, she's going to be gunning for my head)!

Your Faithful Food Reporter,  
Molly Aley

## Mary Shannon Darling Wins 2004 SONG OF THE YEAR CONTEST

“Shannon Darling's, "All His Dreams" was awarded the top prize at the Song of the Year concert on Saturday, November 13 at the Sydney Laurence Auditorium in Anchorage” (<http://songoftheyear.org/>)

For the past nine years, the Alaska Public Radio Network has hosted a competition for Alaskan artists, providing them with an opportunity to share their own music with the rest of the state. In general it works like this. You pay an entry fee and submit your song(s) under one of 15 different categories. This year, a panel of 25 judges individually scored each song on preset criteria. From this, a winner in each category was announced. Then the category winners were re-judged, from which the top 5 songs were chosen. These five songs were then ranked by still a different set of judges, including some music industry folks in the lower 48.



Shannon was announced the winner of the country category and Kelsey Shields was chosen as the winner of the youth category. It was the first time either had entered this contest. Moreover, Shannon's song was also scored as one of the top 5 entered in the contest. All category winners were asked to come perform at the Sydney Laurence Auditorium in Anchorage. This performance had nothing to do with the final judging, it was simply for the public to enjoy these wonderfully talented musicians.

This year marked the first time that members of the public could vote for the “people's choice” award. They did this by listening to the top five songs (see the website above to listen to them yourself, although it is too late to vote) and then voted for their favorite. The People's Choice award went to **Sarah Hanson's "Kitchen Song."**

Both Shannon and Kelsey performed their winning category songs live on stage at the Sydney Laurence theatre. Singing harmony on Kelsey's song was Katie Darling. Both Katie and Kelsey sang harmony on Shannon's song and Vickie Tinker played mandolin. At the end of the evening the top five artists were brought out on the stage and the sealed envelope was opened announcing the winner. When the MC said Shannon's name the audience roared their approval. It was a very exciting evening for everyone.

## A Compilation of Thought from Brent Johnson

### Little Range for Riders

Jesus said I was either  
for Him or against Him.  
—May as well unsaddle my fence horse.

### Three Kings of Christmas

Jesus  
Family  
and Friends.  
Those above  
want your presence  
more than your presents.

### Mistletoe & Folly

Those that charge Christmas  
have the holidays  
in the bank.  
And the thankful bank  
has the carefree shopper  
on that account.

### The Writer Throws a Twist

A little surprise  
in literature  
comes from expecting  
something  
but getting a baby.

### It Turns Out This Way

Plants lean  
toward the sun  
from whence they get their food.  
Why do I  
also turn toward my food  
and lose my lean?

### Sate your Nature

A walk in the woods  
or a sail in the sea.  
And the Keeper of the cup  
sends you a sip.

### Like Lightning (but not as bright)

People want disciplined lives  
but appetites  
are a shorter route to satisfaction.

### The Drive-In

There was a Swede  
who loved to speed  
for quickening his drive.  
But it never pays  
when the roads are glazed  
and I can tell you why.

Swede took a turn  
right through the berm  
into the village store.  
He opened his eyes  
to such demise  
and a madman at his door!

Cap'n Brent  
wish'n  
you & yours a  
Merry  
Christmas



## SKYVIEW HIGH SCHOOL VARSITY WRESTLING

Day	Date	Place	Opponent	Time
Friday	11/5/2004	Away	Soldotna	5:00PM
Sat	11/13/2004	Away	Homer Rumble	TBA
<b>Thurs</b>	<b>11/18/2004</b>	<b>Home</b>	<b>Quad-W.Valley,Kenai, Sohi</b>	<b>TBA</b>
Fri	11/19/2004	Away	North/South @ Sohi	TBA
Sat	11/20/2004	Away	North/South @ Sohi	TBA
<b>Tues</b>	<b>11/23/2004</b>	<b>Home</b>	<b>Homer</b>	<b>TBA</b>
<b>Wed</b>	<b>11/24/2004</b>	<b>Home</b>	<b>Nikiski</b>	<b>5:30PM</b>
Fri	12/3/2004	Away	Region III Duals- Colony	TBA
Sat	12/4/2004	Away	Region III Duals- Colony	TBA
<b>Thurs</b>	<b>12/9/2004</b>	<b>Home</b>	<b>Soldotna</b>	<b>5:00PM</b>
Fri	12/10/2004	Away	Homer Invite	TBA
Sat	12/11/2004	Away	Homer Invite	TBA
Fri	12/17/2004	Away	West High	TBA
Sat	12/18/2004	Away	West High	TBA
Fri	1/7/2005	Away	Kenai Duals	TBA
Sat	1/8/2005	Away	Kenai Duals	TBA
Sat	1/15/2005	Away	Dimond jv/Service Tour.	TBA
<b>Sat</b>	<b>1/22/2005</b>	<b>Home</b>	<b>Skyview Invite</b>	<b>TBA</b>
Fri	1/28/2005	Away	Regions @ Homer	TBA
Sat	1/29/2005	Away	Regions @ Homer	TBA
Fri	2/4/2005	Away	State @ Chugiak	TBA
Sat	2/5/2005	Away	State @ Chugiak	TBA



## NINILCHIK HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS VARSITY BASKETBALL

Day	Date	Place	Opponent	Time
Thurs	12/16/2004	Away	CIAA Classic	TBA
Fri	12/17/2004	Away	CIAA Classic	TBA
Sat	12/18/2004	Away	CIAA Classic	TBA
<b>Fri</b>	<b>1/7/2005</b>	<b>Home</b>	<b>Lumen Christian</b>	<b>5:00 PM</b>
<b>Tue</b>	<b>1/11/2005</b>	<b>Home</b>	<b>Nikolaevsk</b>	<b>4:00 PM</b>
Fri	1/14/2005	Away	Seldovia	TBA
Sat	1/15/2005	Away	Seldovia	TBA
Thurs	1/20/2005	Away	Cordova Tournament	TBA
Fri	1/21/2005	Away	Cordova Tournament	TBA
Sat	1/22/2005	Away	Cordova Tournament	TBA
Sat	2/5/2005	Away	Lumen Christian	2:00 PM
<b>Thurs</b>	<b>2/10/2005</b>	<b>Home</b>	<b>Ninilchik Tournament</b>	<b>TBA</b>
<b>Fri</b>	<b>2/11/2005</b>	<b>Home</b>	<b>Ninilchik Tournament</b>	<b>TBA</b>
<b>Sat</b>	<b>2/12/2005</b>	<b>Home</b>	<b>Ninilchik Tournament</b>	<b>TBA</b>
<b>Sat</b>	<b>2/19/2005</b>	<b>Home</b>	<b>Cook Inlet Academy</b>	<b>5:00 PM</b>
Tues	2/22/2005	Away	Nikolaevsk	4:00 PM
Thurs	2/24/2005	Away	Tok Tournament	TBA
Fri	2/25/2005	Away	Tok Tournament	TBA
Sat	2/26/2005	Away	Tok Tournament	TBA
Wed	3/9/2005	Away	Regional Tournament	TBA
Thurs	3/10/2005	Away	Regional Tournament	TBA
Fri	3/11/2005	Away	Regional Tournament	TBA
Sat	3/12/2005	Away	Regional Tournament	TBA
Wed-Sat	3/23-25/2005	Away	State Tournament	TBA

## SKYVIEW HIGH SCHOOL BOYS VARSITY BASKETBALL

Day	Date	Place	Opponent	Time
Thurs	12/16/2004	Away	Joe Floyd- Kodiak	TBA
Fri	12/17/2004	Away	Joe Floyd- Kodiak	TBA
Sat	12/18/2004	Away	Joe Floyd- Kodiak	TBA
Thurs	1/6/2005	Away	So-Hi Tip-Off	TBA
Fri	1/7/2005	Away	So-Hi Tip-Off	TBA
Sat	1/8/2005	Away	So-Hi Tip-Off	TBA
Thurs	1/13/2005	Away	Nikiski Classic	TBA
Fri	1/14/2005	Away	Nikiski Classic	TBA
Sat	1/15/2005	Away	Nikiski Classic	TBA
<b>Fri</b>	<b>1/21/2005</b>	<b>Home</b>	<b>Soldotna</b>	<b>7:30PM</b>
Sat	1/22/2005	Away	Homer	6:45PM
<b>Sat</b>	<b>1/29/2005</b>	<b>Home</b>	<b>Seward</b>	<b>6:30PM</b>
<b>Fri</b>	<b>2/4/2005</b>	<b>Home</b>	<b>Kenai Central High</b>	<b>7:30PM</b>
<b>Sat</b>	<b>2/5/2005</b>	<b>Home</b>	<b>Valdez</b>	<b>5:30PM</b>
Fri	2/11/2005	Away	Grace Christian	7:30PM
Sat	2/12/2005	Away	Wasilla	6:00PM
<b>Fri</b>	<b>2/18/2005</b>	<b>Home</b>	<b>Palmer High School</b>	<b>7:30PM</b>
<b>Sat</b>	<b>2/19/2005</b>	<b>Home</b>	<b>Colony</b>	<b>5:30PM</b>
<b>Tues</b>	<b>2/22/2005</b>	<b>Home</b>	<b>Scrim/ Boys Bristol Bay</b>	<b>TBA</b>
<b>Fri</b>	<b>2/25/2005</b>	<b>Home</b>	<b>Homer</b>	<b>7:30PM</b>
Fri	3/4/2005	Away	Kenai Central High	7:30PM
Fri	3/11/2005	Away	Soldotna	8:00PM
Thurs	3/17/2005	Away	Regions @ Sohi	TBA
Fri	3/18/2005	Away	Regions @ Sohi	TBA
Sat	3/19/2005	Away	Regions @ Sohi	TBA
Thurs	3/31/2005	Away	State @ Sullivan	TBA
Fri	4/1/2005	Away	State @ Sullivan	TBA
Sat	4/2/2005	Away	State @ Sullivan	TBA

<b>SKYVIEW HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS VARSITY BASKETBALL</b>				
Day	Date	Place	Opponent	Time
Thurs	12/16/2004	Away	Joe Floyd- Kodiak	TBA
Fri	12/17/2004	Away	Joe Floyd- Kodiak	TBA
Sat	12/18/2004	Away	Joe Floyd- Kodiak	TBA
<b>Thurs</b>	<b>1/6/2005</b>	<b>Home</b>	<b>Peninsula Challenge</b>	<b>TBA</b>
<b>Fri</b>	<b>1/7/2005</b>	<b>Home</b>	<b>Peninsula Challenge</b>	<b>TBA</b>
<b>Sat</b>	<b>1/8/2005</b>	<b>Home</b>	<b>Peninsula Challenge</b>	<b>TBA</b>
Thurs	1/13/2005	Away	Nikiski Classic	TBA
Fri	1/14/2005	Away	Nikiski Classic	TBA
Sat	1/15/2005	Away	Nikiski Classic	TBA
<b>Fri</b>	<b>1/21/2005</b>	<b>Home</b>	<b>Soldotna</b>	<b>6:00PM</b>
Sat	1/22/2005	Away	Homer	5:00PM
<b>Sat</b>	<b>1/29/2005</b>	<b>Home</b>	<b>Seward</b>	<b>4:00PM</b>
<b>Fri</b>	<b>2/4/2005</b>	<b>Home</b>	<b>Kenai central high</b>	<b>6:00PM</b>
<b>Sat</b>	<b>2/5/2005</b>	<b>Home</b>	<b>Valdez</b>	<b>4:00PM</b>
Fri	2/11/2005	Away	Grace Christian	6:00PM
Sat	2/12/2005	Away	Wasilla	4:30PM
<b>Fri</b>	<b>2/18/2005</b>	<b>Home</b>	<b>Palmer High School</b>	<b>6:00PM</b>
<b>Sat</b>	<b>2/19/2005</b>	<b>Home</b>	<b>Colony</b>	<b>4:00PM</b>
<b>Tue</b>	<b>2/22/2005</b>	<b>Home</b>	<b>Scrim-Girls Bristol Bay</b>	<b>TBA</b>
<b>Fri</b>	<b>2/25/2005</b>	<b>Home</b>	<b>Homer</b>	<b>6:00PM</b>
Fri	3/4/2005	Away	Kenai central high	6:00PM
Fri	3/11/2005	Away	Soldotna	6:30PM
Thurs	3/17/2005	Away	Regions @ Sohi	TBA
Fri	3/18/2005	Away	Regions @ Sohi	TBA
Sat	3/19/2005	Away	Regions @ Sohi	TBA
Thurs	3/31/2005	Away	State @ Sullivan	TBA
Fri	4/1/2005	Away	State @ Sullivan	TBA
Sat	4/2/2005	Away	State @ Sullivan	TBA

## A REAL LIFE LESSON IN VOCABULARY

Frugal: characterized by or reflecting economy in the use of resources!!!!!!

Cheap:

**1 a** : purchasable below the going price or the real value **b** : charging or obtainable at a low price **c** : depreciated in value (as by currency inflation) <*cheap* dollars>

**2** : gained with little effort <a *cheap* victory>

**3 a** : of inferior quality or worth : **TAWDRY**, **SLEAZY** **b** : contemptible because of lack of any fine, lofty, or redeeming qualities **c** : **STINGY**

**4 a** : yielding small satisfaction **b** : paying or able to pay less than going prices

**5 of money** : obtainable at a low rate of interest

There comes a point in every child's life when they begin to understand that there are different words that can be used to express similar concepts. When they are young, for example, they don't mind you holding their ankles as they reach to the bottom of the dumpster to grab that nearly new item. "Why," you ask, "would anyone throw away a perfectly good plastic garbage can when all it will take to fix it is half a tube of silicone caulk?" Those kind of people are just not **frugal** you explain to them. "Bud Dad, don't you remember the color on mom's face when you set that old toaster on her counter last week." She said you were just being **cheap**. "No son, mom just confused that word with **frugality**, sit back and let me explain." "Please Dad, I'll clean the toilet when I get home or I'll pick up all those rocks that you plowed into our "yard" when mom wasn't looking, just not another story about being **frugal!**"

It was about 1977 when I sent my first application to the Dept. of Fish and Game seeking employment with the great state of Alaska. I was attending the University of Idaho and I had met two guys from Ketchikan who were wonderful advocates for the state. Moreover, my roommate's best friend commercially fished salmon and halibut every year with his Uncle from Sitka and the money that was falling out of his pocket opened my eyes to the riches that Alaska should provide. Even though my applications were stamped "non-resident" and sent back, it did not lessen my desire for life up north. So, in 1981, when my new bride's father who lived in a place called Kas-i-lof, invited us up, I was ready for action. But, first we had to decide how we were going to get all of our world's belongings up there. That's when my **frugal** mind went to work. I would get a trailer to put our Honda car on so I could pull it with a newly acquired used Chevy van and once I got to Alaska, I could sell the trailer and van for 3 times what we paid for them and we'd be

ahead of the game. Well, a few days later I spotted a trailer sitting in some guy's hay field just taking up precious room from the crops. The farmer said, "you want that old piece of junk, it's yours." I took it back to our shop and began welding on pieces of scrap iron. Before long, it looked just like something from the Beverly Hillbilly's (no insult intended to my mom whose name is Beverly). In the middle of the process Lea came by for an inspection and as I pulled off my welding helmet, she had the audacity to say, "I didn't know you knew how to weld, you aren't just being **cheap** are you?" After finishing my creation I decided that I had better take the trailer for a test drive, so I ran the little Honda up on the new planks (old barn boards) and heard a few squeaks and groans, but it was nothing that a couple more welds wouldn't take care of. However, the original tires were a little weather checked, so I decided I would splurge for a spare, so up to the local service station I went. When I inquired about any good deals on tires I was directed to a pile out behind the station and soon came back with my pick from the litter. "How much," I asked. "Well," he said, if you'll go get the other three that match that one, you can have them all for \$5." Wow, 4 tires for \$5, now that's was a deal, even for retreads. Can't get much more **frugal** than that. I was sure that would make Lea happy.

A few days later we said goodbye to our families and were headed "North, to Alaska." It was the end of March in northern Idaho and it was a balmy 60 degrees outside. I noticed on a big hill somewhere near Edmonton, Alberta that the van wasn't running quite as smoothly as she had earlier in the day, but I chalked it up to the stiff headwinds we were encountering. It was somewhere around Dawson Creek where I got concerned enough to pull the air cleaner cover and saw what looked like a glacier coming out of the top of the carburetor. "Pat, if you weren't so **cheap** you would have bought a real van and we wouldn't be dealing with things like this." Well, who would have guessed that temps would be below zero just a day and a half from home. It didn't take the service station attendant very long to diagnose that he didn't have the parts to fix the problem, but he was willing to sell me all the "heat" he had on his shelves. Wow, I sure hoped that things weren't that expensive in Alaska. Down the road we went. It was kind of like a honeymoon until a terrible noise started coming out from behind the radio, but thankfully it soon stopped. The next noise that surfaced wouldn't stop though because it was Lea saying that the other noise that had stopped was the heater fan. Well, I had a solution to that problem, we stopped at Whitehorse and bought a handful of propane canisters and hooked them up to a little torch I had brought along and this kept the front windshield almost defrosted. Outside of Whitehorse, we discovered the true meaning of "frost-heaves." By about the third one, the van and trailer actually got airborne at the same time. I scraped my side window and looked into the mirror to see that the thumping sound I was hearing was two flat tires on the trailer. Apparently a couple of welds had

given way, allowing the fenderwells to make contact with the tires. A couple planks were also missing. Good thing I had those spares – my **frugality** was going to save us a lot this time. It didn't take too long to get the raggedy weather-checked flat tires off and the retreads on, even in windy temperatures that were by now well below zero. "Would you hold the torch for me honey, my hands are kind of numb." We made it to about Haine's Junction, when I saw something black land on the hood, so I stopped to take a look and lo and behold it was then that I learned how retread tires are made. Did you know they just take an old tire and glue on some "new" rubber over them? Well, being **frugal**, really was saving us now, because I had to take off those two tires and put on the last two in our stash. When I crawled back into the van Lea wasn't there. I got out and found her unhooking the Honda car from the trailer. "Honey, what are you doing I asked her?" She replied, "if you want to stay married to me, get this car off this ..... whatever you call it ..... and let me get warm." Honda cars don't weigh very much, but I sure was surprised to see those tires go from a 45<sup>0</sup> angle to the trailer back to straight up and down when the car rolled off. As Lea drove off into the sunset, saying something about meeting me in Anchorage whenever I got there, I thought I heard a flock of chickadees ..... "**cheap, cheap, cheap, cheap, cheap.**" When we got to Anchorage, it didn't cost me very much to have Lea's Uncle dispose of the trailer.

Skipping ahead in time a couple of decades, which means I am going to have to forego dozens of illustrations of what it means to be **frugal**, is an instance where I found another good deal on a set of tires for one of our rice-rocket-Subarus over at Johnson's tires. By the way, this is the Johnson's tire shop that is located on south Coho loop, not the one in Soldotna. The proprietor of this tire shop knows a thing or two about **frugality**, so I was happy to leave his place of business with two lovely tires for our flaming green Subaru. It just so happened at the time that Lea was hauling our broken-boned son down to Homer for a doctors visit. Speaking of being **frugal**, these doctors have a thing or two to learn about this discipline. Anyway, Lea and Kaleb got a few miles south of Anchor Point when the car behind them started honking and flashing their lights. It seems that there was a wall of flames shooting out behind the Subaru and this time it wasn't because Lea was driving like John Evanson. I guess the tires I had put on the rear did not match the size of the ones on the front, which is no problem for a front wheel drive vehicle, but on an all-wheel drive Subaru, it wasn't the right thing to do. The rear transmission had gotten so hot it had caught on fire and actually burned until all the gear oil was gone. A nice passerby gave my family a lift to Homer where my bride kindly called and asked if I could get my **cheap** behind down there to pick them up. I reminded her of some of the things she had said to me at the altar and asked if she really meant them. Let me remind you honey of the definition of love:

Love:

- 1 (a) strong affection for another arising out of kinship or personal ties (**Nope**)  
(b) attraction based on sexual desire : affection and tenderness felt by lovers (**ha, not for months**)  
(c) affection based on admiration, benevolence, or common interests (**if you bring one more thing home from the dumpsters then you can go live there**)
  - 2 warm attachment, enthusiasm, or devotion (**does a cold shoulder count as an enthusiasm or devotion**)
  - 3 (a) the object of admiration (**true if viewed through a 7-power scope**)  
(b) a beloved person (**depends on what names they are referred to by**)
- 8** : a score of zero (as in tennis) (**Getting closer now**)

I guess I could share a few more instances of what it means to be **frugal**, but my space here is limited so I will just provide bullet statements:

- \* The time the Blue Subaru lost its clutch on the pass coming home from Anchorage
- \* The time the vet told Lea that whoever fixed her male cat sure did a good job
- \* The time that the green Datsun lost its clutch around Happy Valley
- \* The time I pulled home a dead white car from Johnson's tire lot to have a spare to work on our brown car that was almost dead. The white car still lives with us.
- \* The time I pulled home a dead Subaru to replace the other Subarus when they died. The brown Subaru still lives with us too.
- \* The time I made Kaleb stand in front of Safeway's handing out puppies and then when Kelsey was born he asked if we could give her away at Safeway's too.
- \* The five times I went to Johnson's tire shop and "borrowed" his trailer to haul home dead vehicles

You know, teaching your children valuable lessons in life can sometimes "cost" you in many different ways. But, I am quite sure that when my children have children they are going to want to teach them all about this important virtue their Dad calls **frugality**.

## TEXAS FOLKLORE

A guy from Texas passed away and left his entire estate to his beloved widow, but she can't touch it 'til she's 14.

=====

How can you tell if a Texas redneck is married? There's dried tobacco juice on both sides of his pickup truck.

=====

Did you hear that they have raised the minimum drinking age in Texas to 32? It seems they want to keep alcohol out of the high schools.

=====

What do they call reruns of "Hee Haw" in Texas? Documentaries.

=====

Where was the toothbrush invented? Texas. If it had been invented anywhere else, it would have been called a teeth brush.

=====

A Texas State trooper pulls over a pickup on I-64 and says to the driver, "Got any I.D.?" and the driver replies "Bout wut?"

=====

Did you hear about the \$3 million Texas State Lottery? The winner gets \$3.00 a year for a million years.

=====

The governor's mansion in Texas burned down! Yep. Pert near took out the whole trailer park. The library was a total loss, too. Both books -- poof! up in flames, and they hadn't even finished coloring one of them.

=====

A new law was recently passed in Texas . . . When a couple gets divorced they are still cousins.

=====

At the scene of the accident a trooper asked the Texas driver what gear he was in at the moment of impact. He replied, "tractor hat and camouflage hunting outfit"

=====

Folks in Texas now go to movies in groups of 18. They were told "17 and under are not admitted."

=====

A Texas man spoke frantically into the phone, 'my wife is pregnant and her contractions are only 2 minutes apart!' "Is this her first child?", the doctor asked. "No, Silly!" the man shouted, "This is her husband"



## Book Reviewer Number 2

*Onward, Chrispy Shoulders!* by Mary Haakenson Perry (160 pages \$12.95) is a biography about the authors brother, Jim Haakenson. This book will put you through your paces as you read of a Christian couple and their experiences with a Down's Syndrome child.

After several years and much effort at parenting, the Haakenson's take their child to see a state-side specialist. Doctor Special spends an afternoon with the toddler and sums up, "My advice to you is, put him into one of these institutions and forget you ever had him. Go home, have a couple more babies, and move on with your lives."

This is not a "how to" book written by other struggling Christians. This is not even a "how great God moves in far away jungly places" account written by folks who can't make much happen here. This is an adventure in reality by hard working Christians from right down the road, at Anchor Point. And it has the hard-to-come-by Brent Johnson stamp of approval.

### Memories

by Brent Johnson

While memories are valuable  
their thoughts are not infallible.  
For minds are made of many mirrors  
that warp and fade through strain of  
years.

I would it were we kept account  
with words on stone like Moses' Mount.  
Then every action of the past  
would have a chance to truly last!

# HURRY, HURRY

by Ruth Lawler

Holidays, especially Christmas, are lots of fun, and lots of work. People who object to Christmas to the point where they are "offended" if anyone even mentions it, have a problem. They need to get a life. Good grief, I'm offended every time I turn on the TV. But that's easy to deal with. I don't turn it on. If I didn't like Christmas I'd tune it out too, but I'd never be so prejudiced as to deny the holiday to everyone else.

Which brings me to the hustle and bustle of Christmas. I love it, but it occupies a month or more of my schedule. I tend to get in a hurry and make mistakes. Murphy's law steps in. When I think I've finished sending out all my cards, each new card that arrives seems to come from someone I've skipped. Big deal, I'm not even embarrassed any more when I have to send a card after Christmas. (Age does that for you.)

One year in the early seventies, I hastily packed a heavy box to send to my brother's family in Indiana. It went well, until I got to the post office. As I lifted the box out of my car, the bottom fell out! Can't even blame age for that one.

But I did learn something from my mistakes, and I'm sure that learning is the best way to avoid future mishaps. This particular year there were lots of spaces between the

packages in my box, so I stuffed newspapers between them. Since the post office was closing shortly, I didn't take the time to crumple each individual sheet. Naturally, I wound up with a heavy load of about a dozen Anchorage papers in the box and they didn't even fill in the cracks. Yes, haste makes waste; I had to start all over again and crumple the papers, (only one paper when done right), to stop the things in the box from rattling around and annoying the postal service.

Let's apply that principle to life. We don't like it when life happens while we're making other plans. We don't like to be crumpled by adversity, we prefer smooth sailing in our lives. But someone needs to fill in the cracks, someone needs to tend to those who are rattling around in life without a purpose or a guide. Jesus wants that someone to be us, His children. All of our experiences are molding us into the person Christ wants us to be. Yes, even and especially the bad experiences. It's our very own attitude that makes or breaks us. So learn from life, share your insights and your sorrows with someone else in the same boat. Share Jesus, He works.

## The Pastor and the Birds

There once was a man named George Thomas, a Pastor in a small New England town. One Easter Sunday morning he came to the church carrying a rusty, bent, old bird cage, and set it by the pulpit. Eyebrows were raised and, as if in response, Pastor Thomas began to speak...

"I was walking through town yesterday when I saw a young boy coming toward me swinging this bird cage. On the bottom of the cage were three little wild birds, shivering with cold and fright. I stopped the lad and asked, "What you got there, son?"

"Just some old birds," came the reply.

"What are you gonna do with them?" I asked.

"Take 'em home and have fun with 'em," he answered. "I'm gonna tease 'em and pull out their feathers to make 'em fight. I'm gonna have a real good time."

"But you'll get tired of those birds sooner or later. What will you do?"

"Oh, I got some cats," said the little boy. "They like birds. I'll take 'em to them."

The Pastor was silent for a moment. "How much do you want for those birds, son?"

"Huh?? !!! Why, you don't want them birds, mister. They're just plain old field birds. They don't sing. They ain't even pretty!"

"How much?" the Pastor asked again.

The boy sized up the Pastor as if he were crazy and said, "\$10?"

The Pastor reached in his pocket and took out a ten dollar bill. He placed it in the boy's hand. In a flash, the boy was gone. The Pastor picked up the cage and gently carried it to the end of the alley where there was a tree and a grassy spot. Setting the cage down, he opened the door, and by softly tapping the bars persuaded the birds out, setting them free.

Well, that explained the empty bird cage on the pulpit, and then the pastor began to tell this story.

One day Satan and Jesus were having a conversation. Satan had just come from the Garden of Eden, and he was gloating and boasting. "Yes, sir, I just caught the world full of people down there. Set me a trap, used bait I knew they couldn't resist. Got 'em all!"

"What are you going to do with them?" Jesus asked.

Satan replied, "Oh, I'm gonna have fun! I'm gonna teach them how to marry and divorce each other, how to hate and abuse each other, how to drink and smoke and curse. I'm gonna teach them how to invent guns and bombs and kill each other. I'm really gonna have fun!"

"And what will you do when you get done with them?" Jesus asked.

"Oh, I'll kill 'em," Satan glared proudly.

"How much do you want for them?" Jesus asked.

"Oh, you don't want those people. They ain't no good. Why, you'll take them and they'll just hate you. They'll spit on you, curse you and kill you. You don't want those people!!"

"How much? He asked again.

Satan looked at Jesus and sneered, "All your blood, tears and your life."

Jesus said, "DONE!" Then He paid the price.

The Pastor picked up the cage he opened the door and he walked from the pulpit.

**[found and submitted by Darlene Rozak]**

## NORTH TO ALASKA, MATTOX STYLE

On August 16<sup>th</sup> in the late of the day,  
5 vehicles loaded down like Santa's Sleigh.  
North to Kasilof, Alaska with prayers, tears, and cares.  
3200 hundred miles away up there.  
Rod in his red truck, Mom in her van,  
Wanting to get there as fast as they can.  
Christy in her little white Subaru car  
Not wanting to go. Especially that far.  
With Reed by her side so she wouldn't be alone  
To help her and guide her so she wouldn't roam.  
Grandpa in the middle and on the go  
Asking "Why oh why are we all going so slow?"  
Russ following in the blue GMC at the rear  
Taking it easy and having no fear.  
Ben and Allyssa rode with whom ever they pleased,  
It helped them not to be afraid and put them at ease.  
We slept in our vehicles that very first night.  
We slept uncomfortably hard until the morning light.  
Off to Calgary is where we went  
A half a day in that big city we spent.  
Some where some how to our dismay and surprise  
The Caravan Lost Christy right before our eyes.  
The Monte Police were really caring and nice,  
They brought her back to us without thinking twice.  
On to Alberta Beach on to Dawson Creek, with Grandpa's brakes on fire!  
There we were stuck in Fort St John with Rod's red truck's flat tire.  
We fixed the tire and the brakes the very next day.  
Then with a good breakfast we were on our way.  
On to Fort Nelson, on to Liard Hot Springs and past Waston Lake,

When Mom and Christy looked back, where was Russ? For goodness sake!

There was only one plan of action and one of recourse

Reed led Christy, the little ones along with Mom, in a heartfelt prayer, at Whitehorse.

With God's peace and assurance mom was now able to function.

That's when she called Aunt Tracy, who said the men were Haines Junction.

“Make them stay put!” Mom said as she shouted with glee!

“Oh Thank You God!” Reed and Christy said, “for hearing our plea!”

We regrouped and made Beaver Creek our next place of rest,

Only one more day ahead of us, this was going to be a real test.

We made it to the Alaskan border with our hearts full of desire.

That's when we noticed that Christy's foot got ran over by a tire.

Russ bandaged her foot said it would be fine.

Her foot would heal in two or three day's time.

Away we went putting Canada behind and Anchorage ahead,

Rod's blue truck decided it had enough and tried to go dead.

With only six hundred more miles and every hour or so,

The GMC blue truck had to have water to make it go.

We made it to Anchorage with God's Hands and Grace

Where we ate and fueled then we got back in the race.

Driving 20 hours and only one hour and a half-left to our destination.

We pulled over and slept two more at a rest stop station.

We arrived to our new place safe and somewhat sound,

Even our black Lab Lucky, was a happy hound.

After we slept, unloaded, and ate

Grandpa and Reed said, “The fishing just can't wait!”

Now our tale has been told and our poem is done

Merry Christmas and God bless you all, everyone.

We forgot tell you something important! There is a small glitch,

Our oldest son Tucker and his girl Amy got themselves hitched!



## Old Echo-Skull Asks

Why is it that evolution  
eliminates the need for God in creation  
and yet is no help at all  
in cremation?

Why is it that wine  
is good for the heart  
when it is obviously  
so bad for the head?

Why is it that poverty  
is a major cause of conflict in marriage  
and yet divorce  
is highest among the wealthy?

Why is it that birds  
fly by lifting  
and yet airplanes lift  
by flying?

Why does groundless depression  
sag some people  
while blind opulence  
carries others?

What is make-up made of?

If animals have evolved  
according to efficient adaptivity,  
why do moose grow horns?

If the sun makes wind by heating air,  
and if the air heats best over land  
why are winds strongest at sea?

Why is it that people once thought  
the earth was flat  
when the sun and moon  
were easily observed as round?

Why is it that evolution

takes a million years  
to grow wings  
needed in an instant?

Why is it that Christians  
are afraid of education  
but educators  
don't fear Christians?

Where is the turkey's belly-button?

Why is it that children  
can't hear when called  
but parents can't  
recall what they heard?

If the earth is mostly molten hot  
why is my garage so cold?

If we recycle a bicycle  
will it become a four-wheeler?

Why is it that we should drink  
before we get thirsty,  
But we must quit eating  
while still hungry?

Why is it that politicians  
have health benefits  
while the people  
have spaghetti benefits?

Why is it that a spiral  
makes a football fly  
but going into a spin  
makes an airplane crash?

Why is it that yesterday  
can be so long ago  
but tomorrow  
is never far away?

*by Brent Johnson*

## The Best Present

Of course Christmas isn't about presents, except the gift of eternal life. Never-the-less, American tradition makes something of a gift exchange and I've unpapered a present or two on a yearly basis. Recently I wondered, what was the best present I ever got? After thinking for several minutes I realized the answer was fairly easy. I can only remember half a dozen presents. That's right, after exchanging presents numerous momentous, I can only readily remember six or ten.

Now don't read this as a complaint! I've gotten some great tools and I'm a tool hound. Two memorial problems have occurred, however. First, my birthday falls, like Christmas, in the winter, and my memory is tangled between the two. Second, since I am a coveter of tools, I often just go out and buy my own-self a tool gift. The efficiency is to be admired. And then there is the confusion with my brother.

Jerry has a tender spot for tools too, so I always buy him one for Christmas. I usually try to make his tool a worthy item since Jerry buys gifts for my wife and children and me. He never married so I have only to get the one gift for him. Then I borrow it.

Back to the best. It was skis my Dad bought for me when I was a freshman. Note, that gift didn't come out of the blue; as though he secretly knew it was the perfect thing. "Pleeease! Can I have the downhill skis?" I begged. With importunity and perpetuity. You see, the wrestling coach was going to Mt. Alyeska with his family over Christmas break. Kids were welcome to ride along. A big dormitory in Girdwood offered a cheap sleep and all I needed was skis.

My family had the "cross country" kind but, people in the know informed me they wouldn't work on a mountain. So I begged. Dad was reluctant to spend the \$100 necessary for such a waste but before time expired, I had the present. And off I went on a wonderful adventure.

The first thing I did was break the skis. Well, ski, really. About an hour into my initial lift ticket (which was only for the rope tows at the base of the mountain) I skied from a packed area into what might have been powder. Except the powder had, apparently, been rained on. A thick crust created some significant surface tension. The tips of my skis,



however, went under the crust because the transition point was abrupt, allowing maybe eight inches of soft snow below the hardtop. Inertia carried my body forward but the crust stopped my ankles. I probably didn't have the release on my Salmon Bindings set right and so we had the broken ski.

My mind is really poor here. I can't "see" the break anymore. I would think the ski should have been ruined because of damage to the metal edges and plastic bottom. The cheap skis were wood and I remember that substance was fractured. My heart was as broken as the ski. Circumstances looked for a moment like I would be a long term bench warmer on this trip. Then Coach, or someone (I don't remember who) suggested glue. Epoxy held half the homestead together so I knew this had potential. Somewhere I fetched a package of the afore mentioned elixir, lifted up the pop machine in the hotel lobby and put the glued ski directly under. Better clamping components exist not even in a laboratory.

The next day that ski was like new. And for the next few years. It carried me to some of the absolute funnest times I can remember. If I hadn't started with that gift, who knows if I ever would have skied? Nor do I know why descending a mountain on twin foot-sleds was so enjoyable? I just know it was.

Adventure went arm-in-arm with me every trip to the slopes. I wish I had kept a journal but I do remember one remarkable excitement that the ski present propelled me toward. This happened after four winters with the paradisaical present, when Judy and I began dating. Since I loved to ski and loved Judy, naturally, I took her to ski. Homesteaders don't have opportunity to practice downhill skiing too much and Judy had never been on anything but "cross-country" skis. So we spent an hour on the rope tows.

I don't know that her progress was up to par but the mountain was right beside me. And beckoning. Through these jaded eyes I decided we should relocate class. "I think you're ready for the mountain," I grinned.

She just looked her pretty self back at me and said, "OK?"

So we got into a long line at the chair lift. "This is easy," I let her know. "The chair just comes up behind and we sit on it." As though to emphasize the ease, something happened that I'd never seen before—or since. Our turn to get on the chair was approaching when

a couple of men positioned themselves for the ride. As the chair whisked them away, one man fell out. As he fell, his skis fouled on the ground and came off. He, however, grabbed for the chair and came up with the back of the safety bar. Normally, after sane people are seated, they pull this “safety bar” down in front of them. It serves to keep sitters in the sky.

“Aiiii! Help!! Ahhh! Stopp!” wailed the desperately dislodged chair-man.

So we had a hollering man hanging from the back of a chair with skis dangling from safety straps while the whole mess went on up the mountain. I thought Alyeska personnel would stop the lift, put it in reverse, and back the fellow to safety. They stopped the lift and ran around in confusion.

Then I imagined the operators would grab a high ladder and help the man. He hollered. Sprigs of silver hair and a slightly lined face revealed that the hang-rider should have practiced this maneuver when he was younger. Now the lift coordinators stood under the man in bewilderment. Something about the body language above made it obvious that a long wait wasn’t pending. Finally the brains of the lift crew found a girl. A slender woman, really. She climbed on a man’s shoulders and was just able to get the safety straps loose. The skis fell away. Then the rescuers stood clear. The man let go. He landed in a heap but was lifted to his feet by guys in orange coats with black “plus” signs. These orange-clad individuals are the medically trained Ski Patrol. They walked off with the drowsy man under his own steam, apparently unhurt.

Maybe a little unnerving for my girl friend, but she managed to plant her fanny on the chair in fine fashion and we rode to the top. All the rigamarole was entertaining but, I was itching to ski. Judy had learned to “snowplow” and began to use this technique to slowly descend a narrow trail which leads to “the bowl.” The bowl is a wide, gently sloping area where I hoped she could open up and learn to “parallel,” a method of holding skis together while contorting the body in twists that control speed and direction.



A second chair lift started just below the bowl and carried high adventurers to the “upper

mountain.” From there skiers descended via several directions, one of which cross-hatched the trail we were taking. Downhill experts, called “hot-doggers,” sometimes ski the face of the mountain where our trail now traversed. And of course, the funnest way to ski (for the young) is on the fringe of control. That means traveling so fast as to be nearly out of control. When done properly, a skier temporarily loses control but regains it every so often as to avoid falling or hitting something.

SMACK! A hot-dogger flew off the embankment above and directly into Judy. He was air-borne when he left the upper edge and thus at a dismal steering disadvantage. Flicking his skis to the side to avoid impaling my sweetheart brought his upper body and her shoulder together in a quickness that made the NFL look like puppy league. He then catapulted over the lower edge, gaining contact with the ground perhaps 30 feet lee-ward, but, in no position to gain dignity. Instantly the hot-dogger transfigured into a wind-whipped white cloud from which occasionally appeared skies, poles and body parts. Eventually he slid to a stop a couple hundred feet away, with, apparently, no long term damage done.

Judy had long term damage. The bruises healed fast enough but in the space of two hours, and while under my sole tutelage, she had learned to hate skiing. There was nothing for it. Making it off the mountain took more than an hour and that was the last time she set foot on downhill skis. I went a few times later with friends, but, I could see my heart was out of it. With Judy sworn off the slopes my desire declined as well.

Later I took our kids a few times. I thought they would be caught up in the experience like I was. Not so. They put skiing in a category of take-it-or leave-it. And, in fact, all have left it, though, some might reason that the price of lift tickets are a steep detriment to any but the well heeled. Coming from the abusive poverty of my home, none of our children have yet healed satisfactorily.

In spite of the brevity of my ski career, the positive adventures were such that those skis are remembered as my best present ever. Easily outdistancing shirts, a jacket, and tools; which are, all, great presents.

*submitted by Coho Brent*

In the Winter 2002 issue of the KCC Newsletter, we published the picture on the bottom left of this page and asked you to identify who it was. Many of you were unable to do so until the name Greg Corner was provided. At the bottom right is a picture of Greg taken this past August at the annual Dept. of Fish and Game picnic. At this year's picnic Greg was honored for his years of service as he announced that he was retiring.

By now most all of you know that Greg Corner died at home a couple of weeks ago. He had been waiting to sell his home so he could move back to California to spend some time with his mom and brother. I first met Greg in 1983 when he came to work for ADF&G. I had grown up as an avid duck hunter so I was impressed by Greg's tenacity when it came to the ability to sit in a blind or trudge through muddy river-banks for hours on end. At Greg's memorial service, held at KCC, many people stood up to speak of Greg's kindness, his quiet demeanor, his devotion to family, but most important of all, of his trust and reliance upon God. Greg was not the kind of person who you necessarily remembered by being the most noticeable, but rather by his quiet steadfastness. There is much many of us could learn from his attitude.

Greg, we are going to miss you. May you enjoy your stay in Eternity.

