

newsletter



When I first went to college I worked in a smorgasbord-type restaurant. It was “all you can eat” so we served a lot of food.

My popularity on campus increased quite a bit because of this job. Sometimes at the end of the evening there would be fresh homemade rolls and some of our special batter dipped fried chicken left over. What better place is there to get rid of those kinds of left-overs than one’s own college dorm? When clean-up was all done and everything ready for the next day I would sack up the left over fried chicken and rolls and take them back to the dorm.

When I would arrive it would usually be after 11:00pm and all was fairly quiet. I’d barely get my door unlocked when the guys would start showing up. The room instantly turned into a civilized feed lot. What was it that let the guys know there was food? The smell of good ole fried chicken and baked rolls drifting down the halls was the only announcement the guys needed. The smell was the introduction of the taste they were expecting and they weren’t disappointed.

It is said that one’s reputation arrives before they do and stays long after they leave. The Bible says “Do not let any unwholesome talk come out of your mouths, but only what is helpful for building others up according to their needs, that it may benefit those who listen.” I think everybody likes somebody who encourages and builds others up. Right words at the right time can change a person’s day and outlook on life. The Scriptures say, “Let your conversation be always full of grace, seasoned with salt, so that you may know how to answer everyone.”

We’ve all heard the saying that a picture is worth a thousand words. How about one’s actions? Actions speak louder than words, right? The Bible reminds us of this when it says, “Whatever happens, conduct yourselves in a manner worthy of the gospel.” Actions under control speak volumes to those who are watching. Make no mistake about it, our kids most likely will not do what we say, but do what we do.

Like the smell of fried chicken and fresh baked rolls, we are the introduction to Jesus for people. Our integrity, language, attitudes, actions and reactions tell the watching world around us what’s inside of us. Make it Jesus.

In His Grip,
Pastor Tim

May the words of my mouth
and the meditation
of my heart be
pleasing to
you, O Lord,
my rock and
my redeemer.

- Psalm 19:14 (NLT)





Walk to a Lifeline

For we **walk**
by **Faith** and
Not by **Sight**.

11 Cor. 5:7



Back to Basics

Glenn Koster August 2018

It is hard to believe, but we have already hit that magical part of the summer where it seems every other aisle in Walmart is dedicated to back-to-school sales, including everything from stationery to clothing and all things in between. For students this means that the end is near as they will soon return to school where they will rejoin friends. For teachers this means the beginning is approaching, where they will spend long hours correcting papers, attending an array of meetings, and teaching students things they often are not interested in learning. For parents, it will mean quietness will once again rule the home with kids in school or studying.

For the church, the start of school also brings about changes. Vacation Bible Schools are finished; and the supplies packed away for another year. Summer camps are now but a memory. It is now time to crank up the after school programs, resurrect Sunday School classes, and resume traditional schedules.

But what should it bring for the average Christian, you know – the guy in the pew? Let's take a look.

The fall, marked by the start of school, provides an excellent opportunity to once again get involved in learning about God. Think about it. The kids go back to school to learn. Why don't we use the opportunity to start learning as well? We can begin to read the Bible anew, perhaps in a different version than we are used to in order to gain greater insight. We can join a Bible study group (or if one isn't available to our liking, start one). We can return to Sunday School. If there isn't a class for our age group, we can start one.

But it doesn't have to end with just increasing our knowledge of God through reading, Sunday School, and Bible study groups. One of the other benefits of going back to school is the socializing that kids get to do with their close friends. With a decided decrease in neighborhood schools, many of these friendships have been dormant over the summer months. The same holds true in the church. We get so busy with things to do that we let our friendships lapse with fellow Christians. Get involved with a small group (or start one). Invite people over for a time of fellowship – you know, the new people in church (just like the new kids in school). Make the fall a time of renewed fellowship.

One of the other unique things about the start of school is the resumption of sporting events and music activities. Have you ever considered how much these kids put into excelling in these activities? It takes a lot of practice. The result is a chance to showcase those talents in concerts and contests with other schools. What would happen if we began to actually practice our faith and then put it on display in the community? We could turn the community upside down (especially when we allow God to have both control and the glory).

What are you waiting for? School's about to begin!



Gabriel “Gabo” Garcia Marquez was a Colombian novelist who is quoted to say, “What matters in life is not what happens to you, but what you remember and how you remember it. Ann Voskamp, my favorite author as you well know, takes it a bit further with, “What matters in your life is not so much what happens to you but what you happen to remember—and how that will influence how your life happens.”



Just A Thought

How We Remember

By
Cindy
Hogan

A while back my sisters and I were texting our reviews of a provocative book we had all listened to about a girl growing up with Mormon parents and an overpowering, horrible father (whom I’ve diagnosed from my armchair as bi-polar or personality-disordered) who was also a radical survivalist. He apparently believed, as do all tyrants, that the best method of control was to keep those beneath him (his family members) poor and ignorant. It was the kind of book that makes me frustrated and rant-prone. More than once, innocent bystanders were witness to me hollering, with ear buds inserted, “No! Run, don’t go back! What are you thinking?!”; etc. There was probably reference to this on Facebook somewhere.

So, imagine my shock when my sister said she found parallels to *our* family, and how things *our* Dad said about religion were gold and irrefutable. Let me tell you I was slack-jawed, trying to determine if my texts had been hijacked by terrorists. What family did *she* grown up in? *My* memories are primarily idyllic and hilarious, amongst the ridiculous and stupid when I think back to my childhood and beyond. And Dad? Yep, his Biblical instruction was gold to me, I guess. Wasn’t it supposed to be?

As you can imagine, my response was totally mature and Godly, as all of you know me to be: “What crappy childhood memories you must have!” I replied. “Are you off your meds again?” See? I can always be counted on to search the Scriptures for sound rebukes and soul-feeding responses to my family members. Obviously, I listened to my Dad’s golden religious teachings. Ah, well. And for the record, to my knowledge my sister isn’t, nor never has been medicated with the psychotropic drugs I was maliciously accusing her of. Nor is it any of my business.

My other sister, peace-keeper that she is, simply responded with an exoneration of silly-sweet memories including chasing each other out of the house (I was probably the one they were chasing) following disputes about whose turn it was to wash dishes; and being envious of my banana seat bike. Well, I must say, it was a pretty awesome bike, but I’d have enjoyed it more if I had known she was jealous.

So if Marquez and Voskamp are correct, and what we happen to remember influences how our lives happen, we need to be rather intentional about what gets tucked into our psyches. I am convinced that what we experience—all off it—can be molded into something good. Incredible, even. I even think the bad, the traumatic, the regrettable, the horrible, can make the something good richer and fuller. It all depends on who we trust to do the actual molding.

Personally speaking, when I have taken over the wheel (I’m talking pottery, here), I turned out a sleep-deprived, vindictive, stressed-out, arrogant, and unlovable product. Let me also confess that I mostly always take the wheel at first. Don’t ask me why, it’s just a knee-jerk response with me for some reason.

But when I take my experiences and simply release them to a Savior who happens to specialize in turning trash into treasures, I turn out a calm, joyful, generous, and attractive product. Not to mix metaphors, but I do tend to practice catch and release quite frequently as well, and while it keeps me busy, it is just as non-productive as fishermen who do the same. God is patient with me, however, and eventually, He does a good work in me.

As I write this piece, many of my family and friends are going through some bad, traumatic, regrettable, and horrible happenings in their lives. Sharing these events and situations with them has been heart-wrenching. Oh, but wait... sharing these events has also given me a front-row seat in witnessing God’s molding of their lives. I can’t say in one that He is changing the situation, but beloved, is He ever changing the lives of those who are giving their happenings over to Him. It truly makes me weep. And, I know I shouldn’t be surprised, but I am, over and over.

“Being confident of this, that He who began a good work in you will carry it on to completion until the day of Christ Jesus.”

Philippians 1:6

Bicycle, Bicycle

By Laine Alex Moore



Do I seem athletic to you?

You might be surprised. I have had a long-term interest in cycling and have enjoyed little forays into the sport. Early on, back in the days when I had my old rusty ten speed, I found that I have endurance. I'm in for the long haul ... and I believe that translates to other areas of my life, too. I do not easily give up.

So while I would never expect to win a race, I have participated in several long-distance cycling events, in the 20- to 45-mile range. It's an amazing feeling to complete the ride and know you have accomplished something! I recall one tour where another rider pulled up next to me and pointed out that my bike, which would no longer shift gears, was causing me extra labor to accomplish the same goal. Well, you know what? I crossed the finish line same as he did and I didn't have the benefit of a modern bicycle! There's an extra accomplishment in itself!

It was a big day back in 1992 when I was able to use a bonus from work to purchase a red 21-speed hybrid bicycle — with a mountain bike frame and racing tires. I have put a lot of miles on this bike!

My biggest achievement was Seattle's MS 150, a two day venture to benefit the National Multiple Sclerosis Society. My friend, Laura, and I raised funds to participate and we trained for several months beforehand.

I remember the morning the tour began — such excitement in the air! There were over 900 riders and it was a beautiful sight. We rode 80 miles the first day with SAG stops every 10 miles or so to eat, drink or have repairs to our bikes. I recall eating cold baked potatoes but even that tasted great when I was that hungry! The terrain that first day was fairly flat, just cruising through the countryside.

As one of the last to arrive at the overnight stop, I was disappointed to miss the free massages! But the atmosphere was lively, with people setting up tents that had thankfully been transported there for us. Calypso music played and a wonderful spaghetti dinner was served. They had something I had never seen before — mobile showers housed in trailers pulled by semi trucks. I was impressed! And very thankful. All I wanted to do was shower and sleep, never mind that it was only 8:00! I had so much trouble sleeping due to leg cramps but somehow was refreshed enough to ride 75 miles the next day.

We were awakened to the blaring lyrics of Queen: "Bicycle, bicycle, bicycle ... I want to ride my bicycle, I want to ride my bike. I want to ride my bicycle, I want to ride it where I like ..."

And we were off again! This day was completely different as it involved crossing Deception Pass. Yes, we were in the mountains and it was grueling. Many people would walk their bikes up a steep incline, then get back on and continue riding. But I made up my mind I would ride every inch of the 150-plus miles. If I couldn't make it up a hill, I rode back down to the bottom and started again, until I made it to the top.

I would like to think of that as a metaphor for the way I've been approaching my life ...

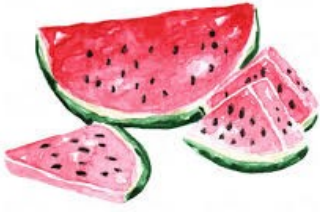
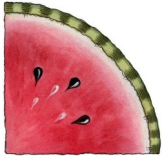

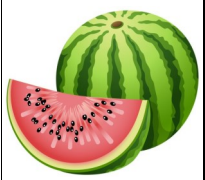
After several hours, cyclists were deciding they'd had enough and began taking the SAG wagon to the finish line. I was so glad for the invention of padded cycling shorts! After almost 12 hours of riding, I was nearing the ferry that would take me to the finish line. The problem was the cut-off time for finishing; if you were unable to complete the tour by 6:00, you had to take the ride back. I refused and kept going.

Of the 900 riders, I was the *last* to cross the finish line ... but I did it. I did it!

I am thankful for this experience because it's an accomplishment of my own that I can hold onto always. Something I once started and completed. Something memorable.



August 2018

<i>Sun</i>	<i>Mon</i>	<i>Tue</i>	<i>Wed</i>	<i>Thu</i>	<i>Fri</i>	<i>Sat</i>
				2	3	4
5 9:45 Common Ground 1:00 LIFE Outreach	6	7 Prayer Group 9:30 am.	8 Ted & Karen Fager Virginia Osgood	9	10 	11
12 9:45 Common Ground 1:00 LIFE Outreach	13	14 Prayer Group 9:30 am.	15	16	17	18
19 9:45 Common Ground 1:00 LIFE Outreach	20 	21 Prayer Group 9:30 Council Meeting 6:30pm Terry White	22	23 <i>I am the Way, the Truth and the Life. No one comes to the Father except by Me.</i> John 14:6		25
26 9:45 Common Ground 1:00 LIFE Outreach	27	28 Prayer Group 9:30	29	30 Pattie Belden	31	

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I was surprised to learn that second graders at a nearby school are using mechanical pencils. Whatever happened to those jumbo pencils for little hands?

Mechanical pencils ... my (Laine's) dad called them eversharps. But I realized I've never heard anybody else call them that so I googled the term today and here's what I found:

Eversharp was a company that was a pioneer maker of mechanical pencils. Their design was patented in 1913 and by 1921, had sold over 12 million. The company remained prosperous until the late 1950s, when the Parker Pen Company acquired Eversharp and within a few years production ended.

The earliest sample of a mechanical pencil dates back to 1791, when it was found aboard the wreckage of the HMS Pandora, which had sunk that year. The first patent was introduced in 1822 and this was a pencil with a lead-propelling mechanism.

There is an intriguing blog dedicated to the history of mechanical pencils, known as "The Leadhead's Pencil Blog." To check it out, go to: <https://leadheadpencils.blogspot.com/>

