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Season of Transition

Sami Peterson

Today as I was driving down the road I found myself thinking about the reality of life and how that fits with the hope and joy of the season.

So here we are—another holy season has begun and with it all the hopes and prayers for a blessed time of celebration and thanksgiving with family and friends. Today as I was driving down the road I found myself thinking about the reality of life and how that fits with the hope and joy of the season. You see the last several months of my life, and our family's life, have been filled with some very significant transitions.

In May, William graduated from high school. As his Mom I felt a huge sigh of relief. He did it! - He graduated! – With a diploma no less! And now he would have the freedom to discover more of what God created him for! However, graduation was not filled with joy and excitement for Will. Instead he saw this major life transition as a significant loss – loss of contact with his friends from school, loss of routine that he had known for the last 15 years, and for the first time, from his perspective, loss of opportunity. His friends would be off to college and he would not be. He would be staying at home and attending FRCC.

“So, my being with you in the midst of your pain does not bring you joy?”

In June, Rob and Will went on a week-long trip with Christ in the Rockies. For a moment in time Rob's disability was pushed aside. He was able to express to Will how much he loves him and share with him the Truths that he has learned from his life as well as what he prays William will carry forward into his life. Seeds were planted in Will's heart that will be with him forever.

With that trip also came the realization that Rob needed to be with other people more each day. He was lonely here at home and missed visiting with others. So we started looking at what our options might be, and the dreaded words “nursing home” were mentioned.

In July, over the weekend of the Fourth, our dog Skip died. Skip had been with us for 15 years. He was Rob's constant companion at home each day. For me Skip's death symbolized the beginning of Rob's movement from our home. For weeks I cried when I came home to find no Skippy at the door. Rob and I continued our discussions about the possibility of him moving to a Nursing Home. I asked him how he thought it would be better, in addition to being with others? He said, “The food.” Ouch, I swallowed and said, “Well I can change what we are eating each day.” He went on to

say, “No, it's not that.” I brushed his answer aside and resolved to change our meals, and asked if there was anything else. He looked down and said, “Playing poker.” What?? I was completely confused, thinking: “Oh my, he doesn't like my cooking and now he's telling me we need to play more games. I said, “Well we can change that too, and the cooking...I....I'm really sorry. I had no idea you were this unhappy.” He interrupted me, glanced up, and with a familiar twinkle in his eye said, “I'm joking.” For a moment the Rob I knew was there – and then, as quickly as he had appeared, he was gone. He went on to say, “I just want to

Sami Peterson



be with more people.” It was a bittersweet moment of realization and I knew we needed to move forward. I was reminded of a quote I had stumbled across several years ago:

“True love is neither physical, nor romantic. True love is an acceptance of all that is, has been, will be, and will not be.”

In August, Rob and I celebrated 30 years of marriage. We went with his daughters to Grand Lake where we were married and spent the weekend in a cabin on the lake. We visited the log chapel we had our ceremony in (it overlooks the valley that Rob use to hunt in) and took a wonderful boat tour of Grand Lake. It was a great time – a forever memory. Ten days after our anniversary Rob moved into the nursing home.

I have to say this has been the hardest thing I have ever done. He moved in on a Friday – most of the day was a blur for me. Family and men from the Tuesday Morning group helped get everything there and into the right place. I remember coming home the second day sobbing because I didn’t think the staff would ever be able to care for him safely. Monday rolled around and my alarm went off – I hit the button and thought to myself, “I wish I could just will myself dead. I lay there for a few minutes hopelessly trying to do just that. And then I started praying for the strength to get through another day. I realized I could spend the day practicing futility or get up and be productive. Both had the same amount of pain but the latter had a higher success percentage – so I got up. Driving to the facility to see Rob the song “The Joy of the Lord is My Strength” popped into my

head. It was clicking along at a quick pace and seemed to emphasize the “jo – o – oy” part of each chorus. “Where on earth did this come from??? And why is it playing at such a quick and happy pace??? I certainly do not have anything to be joyful about! *Sudden silence*..... **“Really? So my being with you in the midst of your pain does not bring you joy?”** John 16:24 came to mind. **‘Until now you have not asked for anything in my name. Ask and you will receive, and your joy will be complete.’** What had I asked for that morning? Strength. Where am I to get that? Through my joy in the Lord. Oh no. My car came to a stop in front of the Nursing Home and my face fell into my hands. Jesus was with me. Nothing else mattered. I spent the next few minutes crying and resting in Christ, asking for and receiving forgiveness. As I looked up I realized all the doubts I had about Rob’s move were gone. When I walked into Rob’s room, he sprang out of his chair, smiling, and came rushing over to give me a hug, then he said in a very happy cheerful voice, “Hi, I’m so happy you are here.” I knew then that he would be OK.

Many more transitions have happened since then. I will share more with you all about those at a later date, but in the meantime as the season swirls on around us, remember Nehemiah 8:10 “Nehemiah said, **‘Go and enjoy choice food and sweet drinks, and send some to those who have nothing prepared. This day is holy to our Lord. Do not grieve, for the joy of the Lord is your strength.’**”

With joy, Sami

True love is neither physical, nor romantic. True love is an acceptance of all that is, has been, will be, and will not be.

Finding God All Across the Country

(or What I Did on My Summer Vacation)

Barb Duffner

Someone once told me that events like that are not just coincidences, but "God-incidences" - things that happen in such a way that it can only be God's hand at work.

This summer, I was privileged to be part of an amazing adventure. I drove a SAG (support and gear) vehicle for a cross-country bicycle trip, from the Pacific to the Atlantic via San Francisco, Denver, Chicago, and Washington DC. The ride was a fund—and awareness—raising event for Mercy Housing, which is an organization that provides low-income housing and works to transition folks out of homelessness, especially serving the disabled, elderly, and veterans. They also provide counseling and mental health services because those kinds of problems often accompany chronic homelessness. The organization was started 30 years ago by a group of nuns from the Sisters of Mercy who were then joined by nuns from several other orders. They now have offices and facilities all across the country and their headquarters are in Denver.

My brother, Greg, and a couple of his friends were the chief instigators of the trip. Greg had long dreamed of bicycling across the country, and the idea turned into reality when he and his riding buddies came up with a plan to do it as a fundraiser. Thus the MercyRiders were born. Four of the riders, Greg, Emil, Bill, and Jim, are from the Chicago area. Another rider, Mark, is from Indianapolis, and the last rider, Keith, is a British gentleman currently living in Zurich, Switzerland. We met him on Ride the Rockies the previous summer, and he jumped on board when he heard what we planned to do instead of Ride the Rockies 2013. Along the way, we also "adopted" a seventh rider – more on that later. The group wanted to do the entire trip, some 3800 miles, in 6 weeks. Whew! That was more miles per day than I wanted to do, so I decided to support the effort by driving one of the two SAG vehicles. Emil's wife, Michelle, was the other driver. More often than not, Michelle, along with their two

youngest boys, ages 11 and 14, drove the big van that carried all the camping gear, the major repair equipment, and spare parts. I usually drove the car that leapfrogged the riders along the route to provide water, energy bars, sandwiches, sunscreen, spare tires, etc... (I can say, without exaggeration, that I made more PBJ sandwiches this summer than I have the entire rest of my life!)

This was an experience that was both fun and challenging at the same time. It was incredibly uplifting, it was humbling, and it allowed me to see God at work each and every day in so many ways. Since then, many people have asked what my favorite part of the trip was, and I realized that I have probably given a different answer each time simply because there were so many wonderful moments that it's impossible to pick just one.

The daily search for our overnight spot was a source of both our deepest inspiration and our greatest stress. It gave me some inkling into how much time and energy it must take for a homeless family.

The people we met along the way were definitely high points. Our route took us through small towns, mostly by way of back roads, and at a slower pace than interstate driving affords. How wonderful to be able to see the country in this way! We got to see beautiful countryside, quaint rural towns, majestic mountains, rolling farmlands, and cross the mighty Mississippi. But it was the local people that made the biggest impression; we were blown away by the generosity of so many people that we encountered. When we would stop at a convenience store or gas station, folks would ask what we were doing or where we were going and it was amazing how many would pull out their wallets and donate right then and there when they heard our story. What a lesson to live life generously!

We were mostly camping along the way in order to keep costs down, and each day we had to find our home for the night.

Barb Duffner





That task often fell to Michelle, and I was truly in awe of her boldness and faith in approaching strangers at a campground, chamber of commerce, or church, telling them about our group, and asking for a discounted price, or if we might be allowed to camp in the city park, or in a church yard. As an introverted person, that's the kind of thing that turned my stomach in knots, yet I also felt convicted because I know that it is God's strength and not my own that I need to trust. Do I hide behind that "introverted" label; do I let it stand in the way of God using me to the fullest? It is something that I continue to ponder and pray over.

The daily search for our overnight spot was a source of both our deepest inspiration and our greatest stress. It gave me some inkling into how much time and energy it must take for a homeless family to find shelter. Here we were, with two vehicles at our disposal, having the ability to pay for a hotel, if necessary, or campground, if we could find one, and still, it often took a lot of driving around, many phone calls, and even a little bit of panic, before we found lodging. How much more difficult it must be (and how time consuming) when you may not have a vehicle, have very limited financial resources, and also must get your children to school, and go to work, or to search for a job. It gave me a greater ap-



At Lake Tahoe

preciation for how important it is that our church is a part of Faith Family Hospitality.

We were certainly on the receiving end of a great deal of hospitality this summer. In one town in Utah, we were trying to find out if we might be able to camp on the lawn of an LDS church. We were directed to ask the bishop who lived right across the street, so Keith and Greg went to inquire. Instead, Bishop Vern and his wife Janice invited us to stay in their home. (We joked that Keith's British accent was our secret weapon.) But really, imagine two sweaty bicyclists - complete strangers - coming to your door looking for shelter, and inviting 11 people to stay in your house! I asked myself what I would do in that situation. It was both inspiring and humbling. Later, in a little town in Iowa, Michelle went to the city park to see if we might camp there. She struck up a conversation with a young Hispanic man named Jose, who was pushing his two little boys on the swings. When she asked him if he knew whether it was OK to camp in the park or if there was a campground or motel nearby, he didn't know of any, but offered to let us "camp" in his apartment. He worked nights and his boys would be at a baby-sitter's home, so we could have the apartment to ourselves.

He didn't have much furniture, leaving plenty of space for us to spread out our sleeping bags. The one dresser he did have had an open Bible on it. Jose had very little, but willingly shared what he did have with us, truly an example of a Christ-like spirit. Again, I had to ask myself whether I could be so generous and trusting.

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Finding God All Across the Country (continued)

Barb Duffner

There were many God-incidences in the course of our trip—a few that really stand out. One was being invited to stay in Lake Tahoe with the mother of a work colleague of one of the riders. We were hesitant when we learned that Kate had very recently lost her husband, but her son assured us that she was looking forward to our visit and thought it would get her active again. When we arrived, we found that Kate's home was not just *in* Lake Tahoe, but a beautiful old home right *on* Lake Tahoe. She insisted on taking us out to dinner, and then afterwards announced that she thought that we really ought to stay an extra day. At that point, we were only about 4 days into the journey, but all the riders were feeling overwhelmed and suf-

fering from saddle sores, so with some hesitation, along with immense relief, we gratefully accepted. It gave everyone a chance to recover physically and mentally, and allowed us time to reorganize our van so that the gear could be loaded more efficiently. It also gave us an opportunity to spend time with Kate and hear fascinating stories about the life she and her husband shared. The extra day was an enormous blessing to us, and at the same time, Kate told us what a blessing it was to her to have us there to motivate her to reengage the world. Without a doubt, these were mutual blessings orchestrated by our heavenly Father.

Meeting up with our 7th rider was another "God-incidence," quite possibly my favorite. The day before we arrived at Kate's, as Michelle and I drove to catch up to the riders, we saw a woman riding alone pulling a trailer with her gear. We left one of our cards with a park ranger to give to her as she passed, just to let her know that she could call if she needed any help. Claire

contacted us while we were at Kate's. She too, was taking a recovery day off, and we made plans to meet up the following day. We found out that she was a 34-year-old teacher who was riding across the country to raise money for the World Pediatric Project, which provides life-saving surgeries and care to children in Central America and the Caribbean. When we met at the campground, Claire asked if she could join us at least through the deserts of Nevada and Utah, and if it would be possible for us to carry her trailer. She started by saying, "My parents would be very grateful if you would let me ride with you across the dessert," then added, "Who am I kidding? I would be very grateful."

Claire was a great addition to the group with her quick wit and positive outlook, and became a fast friend, staying with us for the remainder of the trip. When we came through the Chicago area, Claire's parents came down from Milwaukee to join all the other riders' families who gathered to greet the riders as they arrived. Claire's father hugged every sweaty, grungy rider, and with tears in his eyes, told us how Claire joining up with us was an answer to his and her mother's prayers.

There were even some funny God-incidences. On the day the group crossed the Colorado River just south of Lake Powell, the temperature was well over 100. Everyone took a break during the hottest part of the day, and one of the riders took his cycling shoes off, but, without thinking, left them in the sun. When he put them back on and tried to clip into his pedals, the soles separated from the rest of the shoe – the heat had melted the glue! A little duct tape allowed him to limp on to that day's



Iowa cornfield



destination, Delores, CO. Now, Delores is a very small town in the southwest part of the state, a little north of Mesa Verde; it had only one bike shop, and that bike shop had only 3 pairs of cycling shoes. One pair was the exact same model and size as the melted ones! What are the odds?

One of the things that I loved was gathering for a prayer circle each day before starting on the road. Arm in arm, occasionally even joined by our hosts or campground neighbors,

we would pray for whatever was on our hearts that day: for safety and endurance, for patience – our own and that of drivers on the roads, for families at home, for Piki, the little boy for whom Claire was raising funds, and for Mercy housing staff and residents.

While we were in Chicago, we had the opportunity to visit three Mercy facilities and ride from one to another with some of the residents and staff. It really made an impact on us to actually put a face on those whom this adventure was to benefit. At the first location, we started with our usual prayer circle, where at least a dozen of the residents joined in, and what prayer warriors some of these folks were. We felt so blessed to know that they had been praying for us since the beginning, and they were very excited to have us visit. Then everyone went out to cheer on the newly expanded group of riders as we pedaled off for the next location. The residents rode whatever bikes they had or could borrow, sometimes beat-up, ill-fitting mountain or city bikes, and yet they were happy to be able to ride with us for a day. I rode for a while with a man who had had two hip replacements, and was facing a third because one had been

recalled. When we got to our destination and he realized how far he had ridden, he wore a grin a mile wide because he'd never ridden that far before. He said that it was a good thing that he hadn't known at the beginning how far we were going, because he wouldn't have thought he could make it that far, and might not have started. We talked about how through God, we can do more than we can imagine, and I thought about our theme for the year: Accomplish. This man and our conversation provided

inspiration for me later on our day riding into Washington, DC. After six weeks of sitting in the car, I actually got to cycle this leg, but when the 75 mile ride turned into 90, I wasn't sure I could make it. I prayed, recalled that conversation, and was given the strength to keep going.

We even had some interesting and thought-provoking theological discussions along the way. One started as a trivia discussion among the riders – what's your favorite movie? One rider named "Groundhog Day" as his fav because it was a metaphor for his coming to Christ. For those who aren't familiar with the plot, Bill Murray plays Phil, a weatherman who gets stuck in a time loop in Punxsutawney, PA, on Groundhog Day. Every morning he wakes up to his alarm clock playing the same song and he has to repeat the same day over and over and over again. At first, he uses it as an excuse for bad behavior, because there are no consequences – he gets to start over the next day. Then, he becomes despondent and depressed, and tries to commit suicide, only to wake to the same old song the next day, which is just the same day all over again. Finally he takes the opportunity to transform himself, eventually becoming a



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At the start in San Francisco

Finding God All Across the Country (continued)

Barb Duffner

...three themes keep emerging: trusting God, generosity, and having both a spirit of service to others and grace to allow others to serve me.

local hero by the end of the day, but only after many reruns of the same day, taking a small step forward each time. Only then does he wake up, see the time on the alarm clock flip over, and realize that this time, it's playing a different song— finally a new day. Keith said that before he knew Christ, he was the “Phil” from the beginning of the movie, and even as he began his journey to Christ, for a long time he felt that he was just repeating the same old story over again, but not making any progress. Then one day, he felt as though he saw the clock slowly roll over, and he realized that he was different. It was finally a new day; he was the new, transformed “Phil.”

Another discussion came up on a day off in Bryce Canyon, Utah. As we hiked through the stunning canyon, we read one of the information placards describing the creation of the amazing colored layers in the rock formations in the canyon. Geologists believe that this area was once all an ancient sea and the rock here is made up of millions of layers of ancient marine life. We talked about how this related to Genesis 1:9-10, ‘And God said, “Let the water under the sky be gathered to one place, and let dry ground appear.” And it was so. God called the dry ground “land”...’ Is this exactly what scripture is describing here? Wow, I couldn't help but get chills.

At some point during the ride, someone said that they never felt closer to God or more patriotic than on this trip, and I completely agreed. We had seen both natural and man-made beauty, and had experienced so much grace along the way. It was exhilarating to reach the Atlantic Ocean in Rehoboth Beach. We had accomplished our goal, but knew that it could not have been done without God's strength and His protection with safe travel, good weather, and the many, many gracious people that he put in our path. As I've continued to process the whole experience, three themes keep emerging: trusting God, generosity, and having both a spirit of service to others

and the grace to allow others to serve me. I have been praying that I would continue to grow in these areas and not allow the excitement that built on the trip to fade.

To read blogs, see more pictures, or learn more about Mercy Housing, visit the MercyRiders.org website.



“ At the Finish!



Prayer Circle in Nevada



At the
US
Capitol

Faith and Technology

Jim Southard

When Pastor Bert recently asked me to lead a Sunday School discussion on this topic, I almost said no. How are faith and technology related? How can we evaluate what the Bible says about something that seemingly didn't happen until the last few years? But if our life is a gift from God and everything in it is spiritual, then they must be connected somehow, right? I ultimately said yes to Bert's request because I realized I wanted and needed to know the answers myself.

My faith is important to me. I love God, and my desire is to serve Him and glorify Him. I grew up in a Christian home as a pastor's son, accepted Christ at an early age, and live in a world that revolves around church community. But I'm also a tech geek, starting with a scientific curiosity that I inherited from my mom. I grew up taking things apart to see how they worked. I read electronics catalogs by flashlight at night when I was supposed to be sleeping. I blew things up, melted things down, shocked myself, burned myself, pretty much turned one corner of our basement into my personal laboratory. I took apart broken TV's to see how they worked, then used the parts to build other things. I built crystal radios, ham radios, digital clocks, pretty much anything electrical or electronic.

After high school I headed to North Carolina State University to get an electrical engineering degree. During my freshman year I spent nearly all non-study time (including Sundays) at the ham radio club room, talking on the radio until all hours of the night, mostly in Morse code. After that first year I decided I needed to get a life, which I think was the first time that I begin to realize that technology could get in the way of some things that I valued. I realized that I was empty, and that I needed community. That led to reconnecting with church, meeting Kim, and pretty much staying away from ham radio. After graduation, our wedding, and some wonderful experiences in our church college group, Kim and I moved to Colorado so I could work for Hewlett-Packard in engineering. (I also now have an

MBA from CSU and now work for HP in finance rather than engineering, but that's a different story for a different time.)

When PC's came along, it fueled in me a love for all things related to computers, about the only hobby that ever stuck around for long. I think I've learned and used every consumer Microsoft operating system from DOS through Windows 8.1. I've built or rebuilt over one hundred PC's, including several generations of the ten or so PC's used at our church. Today our home is computerized and connected to the hilt: two smartphones, two laptop computers, two tablet computers, a Kindle reader, three desktop PC's (one of which is a home-made DVR for TV recording), and lots of other stuff all networked together.

So I am experienced in the intersection of faith and technology, because I've lived my whole life at that intersection. But I never really thought much about it, other than maybe to note that some churches and Christian organizations seemed to use technology more effectively than others. Or maybe to note that technology seemed to be causing some interesting changes in society, not always good ones. So Bert's request started a process of discovery for me, leading to reading, prayer, contemplation, and a few conclusions.

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What is Technology?

In trying to describe technology, someone once said that anything invented before you were born is just normal stuff, anything invented between the time you were born and age 30 is wonderful and exciting and something you might make a career out of, and anything invented after you were age 30 is going to cause the destruction of society. While that's probably not a very appropriate way to view technology, I do think we tend to accept without question what we were born with, get excited about and embrace what comes along in our youth, and be more skeptical and discerning regarding what comes along in our adult-



Faith and Technology (continued)

Jim Southard

hood. I think this is part of the reason that youth are so susceptible to misuse or over-use of dysfunctional technology.

John Dyer, in his book *From the Garden to the City*, said that technology is "the human activity of using tools to transform God's creation for practical purposes." He also said that technology can encompass the tools themselves, the process for developing the tools (manufacturing), the knowledge it took to develop the process and the tools, and the way society uses the tools. That's probably a more solid definition of technology. So a shovel is just as much technology as a smartphone. When you look at technology in that context, the Bible says a lot more about technology than I realized.

Biblical Perspective on Technology

What does the Bible say about technology? Nothing of course about computers, or Twitter, or Facebook, or Ask.fm. But what about humans creatively using tools and knowledge for practical purposes, to make our lives easier or healthier or safer? Maybe a bit more than I realized.

I'll start with some basic conclusions that I reached just from the Genesis creation story:

- God is Creator.
- God created us in His image.
- We are created to create.
- It pleases God when we create things that glorify Him.

Even before the Fall, God designed the garden in such a way that it needed to be worked on. There was nothing wrong with the garden, but God didn't intend for it to stay the way that it was. We were created for dominion over the rest of creation, and commanded to subdue it. I don't think that means destroy it, but to control it for practical purposes. Create. Make and use tech-

nology. When we use our creative minds to create and use tools for practical purposes, we are reflecting God's image in us. Technology is (or at least can be) Spiritual.

But it seems that God blesses some creative ventures, but not all. Just because our creations reflect the image of God in us does not mean that He always likes the result.

Negative

The Tower of Babel, Genesis 11:4-9: [The people]: "Then they said, 'Come, let us build ourselves a city and a tower with its top in the heavens, and let us make a name for ourselves'.... [God's response] 'Come, let us go down and there confuse their language, so that they may not understand one another's speech.' So the Lord dispersed them from there over the face of all the earth, and they left off building the city."

Why did God confuse their language? In order to thwart their technological advances? I don't think it was so much a denouncement of technology as it was a denouncement of pride and arrogance. So even though we may have been created to

create, and the creation process and the things we create can reflect the values of our Creator, after the Fall not everything we create reflects those values. Our creations can both reflect the image of God and also represent a rebellion against Him and His

authority, as did the Tower of Babel.

No matter how creative our inventions may be, the right tools will never enable us to live independent from our Creator. Medicine may prolong life, but we will still die. Communication technologies may help us reach more people, but only a movement of God's Spirit can save them. Our greatest temptation with technology is to use it as a substitute for God, an idol, a way of meeting our needs apart from God.

No matter how creative our inventions may be, the right tools will never enable us to live independent from our Creator.

Major changes in technology always change the culture of society.

Positive

There are several examples in Scripture where God appears to use the technologies of the day to accomplish His will.

God didn't need the Ark to save Noah's family and the animals, but for some reason it pleased God that Noah would make it, and he gave him very specific instructions on how to do it in a way that was probably beyond the technology of that time. God sometimes calls us to employ technology for redemptive purposes.

The exodus from Egypt was supported by the Ten Commandments written on stone tablets, during what is believed to be the era in which writing first occurred.

The gifts of the Spirit can include creative skills. Exodus 31:1-5: "The Lord said to Moses, 'See, I have called by name Bezalel the son of Uri, son of Hur, of the tribe of Judah, and I have filled him with the Spirit of God, with ability and intelligence, with knowledge and all craftsmanship, to devise artistic designs, to work in gold, silver, and bronze, in cutting stones for setting, and in carving wood, to work in every craft.'" Nehemiah 2:18:18: "And I told them of the hand of my God that had been upon me for good, and also of the words that the king had spoken to me. And they said, 'Let us rise up and build.' So they strengthened their hands for the good work."

Many Old Testament laws were clearly designed to protect people from disease. While I may be stretching a bit, I'm convinced that if the medical technology of the day had allowed for better protection from disease or cure of disease, God's laws handed down to the Israelites would have included them as well. God wanted His people to use their knowledge and skills to stay well and healthy.

When Alexander the Great conquered most of the known world, everyone

in his kingdom had to learn Greek, the first time since Babel that there was a common language. Later the Romans built roads to connect every major city. Paul used both of those technologies to take the message of the Gospel to the Gentiles.

Call to discernment

But there are also some cautions and calls for discernment in the Bible.

2 John 12: "Though I have much to write to you, I would rather not use paper and ink. Instead I hope to come to you and talk face to face, so that our joy may be complete." But what did John do? He wrote them a letter anyway. He used the technology of the day, but he also expressed a value judgment on the technology he was using. Writing letters was OK, but it wasn't nearly as good as face to face.

1 Corinthians 10:23, 31 – "All things are lawful,' but not all things are helpful. 'All things are lawful,' but not all things build up.... So...whatever you do, do all to the glory of God."

Philippians 4:8 – "Finally, brothers, whatever is true, whatever is honorable, whatever is just, whatever is pure, whatever is lovely, whatever is commendable, if there is any excellence, if there is anything worthy of praise, think about these things."

Romans 12:2 – "Do not be conformed to this world, but be transformed by the renewal of your mind, that by testing you may discern what is the will of God, what is good and acceptable and perfect."

The Morality of Technology -- Is it Good, Bad, Neutral?

Major changes in technology always change the culture of society. For example, it used to be that in the summer folks in Texas would sit out on their porches drinking lemonade and talking to their neighbors, trying to stay cool. But then air conditioners came along and everyone moved inside.

The allure of technology is that the right tools will bring about a better world, but we don't always think about the unintended consequences.

Faith and Technology (continued)

Jim Southard

Great technology, but no more community. One small invention changed society in a major way. The allure of technology is that the right tools will bring about a better world, but we don't always think about the unintended consequences.

We should never underestimate the power of our flesh to find ways to use technology as a means of distraction from our need for God and community. Sex is one of the most powerful human experiences, both physically and emotionally, and pornographers have been at the forefront of trying to profit from every new communication technology. Pornography has never been more available than it is today. But the same computer that can be used to view pornography can be used to share medical knowledge, spread the Gospel, or lift the spirits of a friend.

I think I entered into this quest thinking that technology was morally neutral, not right or wrong in itself but only in how it was used. Technology philosophers (yes, they apparently exist) call that "Instrumentalism," i.e. technology is neutral, just an instrument of the person using it, can be used for good or evil (e.g. "guns don't kill people, people kill people"). There is also an opposite view called "Determinism" that holds that technology operates independently of human choices, and it is the primary basis of and reason for societal and cultural change. The implication is that technology is the root of much evil; and if we remove the technology, the problem will go away.

I think I've concluded that neither view is scripturally supported. John's decision to write letters even though he longed for face to face contact is a good example. He used letter writing because it furthered communication, even though he recognized that it was a poor substitute for personal relationships. For John, letter writing was not neutral but instead reflected some nega-

tive and dysfunctional values.

I don't think technology is morally neutral. The act of making things always embeds values and meaning of the creator into that creation. People are free to choose how they will use their tools, but the tools themselves are oriented toward particular uses that will emerge if enough people use them. Technology always reflects back the values and meaning assigned as it was created. John Dyer in *From the Garden to the City* said "Christians who live God-honoring lives in the digital world are those who can discern the tendencies built into all technology and then decide when those tendencies are in line with godly values, and when those tendencies are damaging to the soul."

I said earlier that I mostly dropped ham radio in college when I began to realize that it was damaging my relationships and human interaction. But the funny thing is that my mom and dad had warned me about that several years earlier, after they had actually gotten ham radio licenses themselves and begin to learn a bit about what it was like. I didn't understand the wisdom of their concern until much later, nor did I realize that they likely got interested in ham radio at least in part to understand and discern its values. Ham radio isn't such a big thing anymore, since newer technologies like the Internet make worldwide communication so much faster and easier. But like ham radio once did, the Internet and other newer technologies offer both amazing breakthroughs in communication while at the same time offering danger if misused or overused.

Technology always reflects back the values and meaning assigned as it was created.

Approaching Technology

So as Francis Schaeffer once asked, how then shall we live? Do we embrace technology, run from it, or somewhere in between? How do we decide what is OK and what isn't? Here are the things that I have concluded.

Know God personally. Our top priority is a close personal relationship with our Creator and Savior, and there is no technological substitute for that. It takes time, probably unplugged time, to further that relationship. There are a lot of distracting voices in the technological world that are trying to turn us away from God, and we must know the voice of the Shepherd in order to discern the good from the bad. We absolutely cannot make wise decisions about technology unless we are grounded in Him.

Learn and understand technology, rather than fear it or avoid it. It's especially important that we understand the technology our kids are using, as my parents did with ham radio. We need to be discerning (heart, soul, and mind) about the values that emerge from using it.

Establish rituals to replace things that you value but that technology has hidden. We need to deliberately set aside time to exercise in order to stay healthy, since unlike our hard-working ancestors most of us now sit in offices all day. In our mobile and connected world we may have to hold the dinner table or other family time sacred. We need to regularly meet face to face with friends even if we know their every move from Facebook. We may want to sit on our porch even when it's cooler inside. Technology may have seemingly replaced these things, but to the discerning they are still important.

Put boundaries on technology that becomes dysfunctional. Spending too much time online (or watching TV, or whatever) is a bit like eating too many meals at McDonalds. Neither is wrong in and of , but both are created with a value orientation that can be detrimental if taken to extreme. How to place appropriate boundaries on our kids' use of technology is a major challenge for parents, and it can become a battleground for conflict for which there are no easy answers. But I think the first step is appropriately discerning when and where use of technology is becoming dysfunctional.

Use technology to improve relationships in Christian community, not substitute for them. In the context of Christian community, technology can be used in positive ways to further community and improve personal relationships. But we need to be constantly on guard that we aren't using technology as a substitute for those relationships.

Recommended Resources

There are lots of good resources on this topic – way more than I realized – but below are a few of the most recent and most often cited. I read *From the Garden to the City* by John Dyer and the first couple of chapters of *Responsible Technology*, but in other reading I kept running into enough references to Tim Challies' book that I can recommend it even though I haven't personally read it.

From the Garden to the City by John Dyer, director of web development at Dallas Theological Seminary.

The Next Story: Life and Faith After the Digital Explosion by Tim Challies.

Responsible Technology by the Calvin Center for Christian Scholarship, ed. Stephen V. Monsma

Blog: Don't Eat the Fruit (<http://donteatthefruit.com>), also by John Dyer. Running commentary on the intersection of faith and technology. His blog site also contains an excellent bibliography of other resources on this topic.

Bible.com / YouVersion.com. The best online Bible app that I've ever used. All translations, numerous reading plans, all devices including mobile, all free. Sponsored by Life Church (lifechurch.tv), an Evangelical Covenant Church based in Oklahoma. There are lots of good applications out there, but this one rises to the top for me.

Life is What Happens When You're Making Plans

Luke & Krystal Langholz

...looking back at the last several years of our life, there seems to be almost nothing charming or inspirational about them. They were mostly very, very difficult. Beautiful in their own way...

There are a lot of nice, charming maxims about God's plans and our capacity to predict or control our future in this world, such as "Life is what happens when you're busy making plans" or "If you want to make God laugh, tell him your plans." This story, the story of Krystal's cancer and vocation and our marriage, might seem to come from this place—of charming, or cute, or inspirational. However, in looking back at the last several years of our life, there seems to be almost nothing charming or inspirational about them. They were mostly very, very difficult. Beautiful in their own way, but very, very difficult. Thus, in starting at the beginning, please understand that we are trying to tell this story as authentically and honestly as possible, without sugarcoating the reality of our all too human responses to adversity.

An International Calling

In the spring of 2009, Krystal was approaching the completion of her graduate studies at CSU and Luke enjoyed a steady, if not thoroughly engaging, job. We found that life in Fort Collins as a part of the university community and the ECC (Council Tree) body had served as a wonderful sort of incubator for our first years of marriage. And while we felt strongly that life on the Front Range suited us well, we also heard a call to step outside of ourselves, and our comfort zones, and experience just a little bit more life before settling down.

And so we began the process of applying to serve in the Peace Corps. Long story short, finding two placements for married volunteers is a complicated process, but by the end of the year we had accepted nominations to serve for two years in Eastern Europe. We are sure that many of you remember our excitement at the prospect of backpacking Europe as part of our service, and we ended 2009 eagerly awaiting final confirmation of our date of departure and exact placement and began to say our good-byes in preparation for our upcoming move.

An Inner-National Calling

"Life" showed up in January 2010, in

the form of an unexpected phone call asking Krystal to apply for a position as the director of a start-up nonprofit organization serving the Crow Creek Reservation in central South Dakota. Krystal's master's research had been with a similar organization on another reservation in South Dakota and her research had made its way to the folks looking to hire the first director of the fledgling Hunkpati Investments, a Native Community Development Financial Institution, doing development work in the poorest county in America (U.S. Census, 2000).

While we were still confident in our plans to head overseas, we had been waiting several impatient months to receive our final orders from the Peace Corps, and this seemed like the kind of opportunity you can't say no to. Besides, what were the chances Krystal would get the job?

Long story shorter: Krystal got the job, we reevaluated our calling with much prayer, discernment, and the counsel of many trusted friends, and determined that while the Peace Corps would have been an incredible opportunity, this presented an even greater opportunity to truly serve the poor and the powerless – in our own backyard. We changed our plans and looked to this next chapter as a period of similar missional calling.

A Just Plain Inner Calling

We had to set aside some other plans as well. We originally thought staying in the country might allow us to grow our family, but the stresses of Krystal's mission (70-hour work weeks, 60-mile commutes, frequent professional travel) quickly proved that to be an unreasonable goal for this time.

It was often difficult, but God is good – his plans to prosper us were revealed over time as we settled into new rhythms. Krystal turned out to be very good at her job, quickly finding a field where her spiritual gifts aligned with the world's need. Luke found work in the capitol city of Pierre, and set up his own pottery studio in our first house. We committed ourselves to a new church com-

Luke & Krystal Langholz



munity where we sang in the choir, Krystal was often asked to play cello, and Luke wound up on the church council. We built a community of dear friends from diverse and unlikely backgrounds in rural South Dakota.

There are plenty of stories of both trial and blessing from these years which we would gladly share another time, the long story shorter is: after three long years of hard work and dedication, Krystal was ready to leave her organization. We were thinking again about a family, and that would require a change of pace. Without Krystal's job, South Dakota didn't make sense for us, and we were ready to live someplace that felt more like home again. And finally, we were ready to fulfill some other dreams deferred: we sold our house, quit our jobs, moved all our belongings into storage in Fort Collins, and booked tickets to Madrid, where we would begin a multi-month backpacking excursion through Europe (one last hurrah!) and discern what happens next.

A Wrench in the Gears

Krystal began to comment on a pain in her neck, accompanied by some swelling, sometime around the end of March, but mostly dismissed it until the end of April. Packing up the house, loading the U-Haul, driving through the infamous May 1st Blizzard, unloading the U-Haul – the pain was aggravated, constant, and finally worthy of note. We returned to Pierre for one last week of work for Krystal, and after much urging from family and friends scheduled an appointment with a doctor. We both assumed that Krystal had pulled a muscle in the moving process and that a cortisone shot would get us on our way, backpacking through Europe. "That's no pulled muscle," said the P.A. "I don't know what it is, but I don't like it. You need to come back tomorrow for the full run of labs." So, we went back for full lab work-ups. Luke stayed home to finish up details for our trip (Departure T-Minus 5 days), still assuming that Krystal had some minor infection. An x-ray and CAT scan showed a

growth around Krystal's right lymph node, and by 1:45 PM, Luke had gotten a call from Krystal, in tears: "Please, get down here. I think they said cancer."

The next day, we were told to cancel our trip by a kindly surgeon who knows textbook lymphoma when he sees it, and who did the biopsy on Krystal's last day of work. He hopes he's wrong. He hopes we call him on Tuesday and the biopsy results show no cancer and we can yell at him for cancelling our trip for no reason. He hopes that we'll be mad at him for that. That would be good news. But we needed to cancel our trip.

With no house and no jobs, we drove to Arizona to live with Krystal's parents while we waited for test results to determine what kind of cancer Krystal had. We were somewhere in the Texas panhandle when our surgeon called with the biopsy results. Krystal was diagnosed with a Classical Hodgkin Lymphoma. This was good news and bad news. This was cancer, but it was a curable kind. This was cancer, but now we knew what we were fighting. This was cancer, but could now make plans.

When we got to Phoenix, we took care of all the necessities. We sought recommendations for oncologists. Had initial consults and sought second

opinions. We settled into routines, living with the in-laws. Luke got a job he enjoyed in the big city with a commute he could have lived without and Krystal began consulting for tribe's around the US.

We don't want to gloss over these months though. As anyone who has been through chemotherapy will tell you, there is nothing remotely glossy about it. Chemo is absolutely terrible, even if you're young, strong, and generally healthy (other than the whole cancer thing). Harder still is sitting next to other people going through treatment, hearing their stories and coming to love them for their courage, fight, and humor which you draw on over and over again to

It was often difficult, but God is good – his plans to prosper us were revealed over time as we settled into new rhythms.

Life Happens When You're Making Plans (continued)

Luke & Krystal Langholz

Our God is in the business of redeeming broken things. Our God is in the business of making beautiful things out of dirt. Our God is in the business of healing and helping and creating where there was only sickness and trial and nothingness.

help you through your bad days, all the while knowing they are going to die sooner than later.

But, five months later, to the day, on October 15, 2013, we sat in Krystal's oncologist's office to go over the results of a PET Scan, Krystal's first since completing four rounds of chemotherapy and we were told that she was in complete, clinical remission. Only weeks before, Krystal had been asked to interview for a job here in the Front Range, helping Native American communities throughout the United States. They told her that they were willing to wait for her as long as necessary to get healthy and that she had a job, her dream job, waiting for her in Colorado.

A point of theological clarity before moving forward: we in no way endorse the idea, even remotely, that cancer was just "a part of God's plan." Or that life brings trials because "God must have needed to teach you something." Or that cancer fits into a sort of bigger picture ascribed by God's working "in mysterious ways." Cancer is not even remotely "of God." It's of this broken world, it's the result of living life outside the Garden, and there is nothing remotely divine about it.

But: Our God is in the business of redeeming broken things. Our God is in the business of making beautiful things out of dirt. Our God is in the business of healing and helping and creating where there was only sickness and trial and nothingness. We see in retrospect how the plans we have made in our life have prepared us for something else entirely. By planning to join the Peace Corps, we prepared to leave our safe cocoon for years of service in a strange land, and so were able to freely take on a different challenge in South Dakota. By selling our house and preparing to go on a global journey, we were able to go on a different journey in seeking Krystal's health,

not alone, but alongside family and freed of so much "worldly" responsibility.

We'd love to tie this up with a nice Christmas bow – to summarize everything we've learned, but the fact of the matter is that we're still in the midst of this journey. We're still in the midst of arguing with our insurance company and hospital billers. We're still in the midst of moving into a new stage of life, learning all the quirks of buying an older home, searching for work (Luke) and acclimating to an exciting new job (Krystal). We're still (always) discerning the daily decisions that best serve our future and God's will for our lives.

When we were young, both of us were strongly drawn to Jeremiah 29:11: "*For I know the plans I have for you,*" declares the Lord, "*plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future.*" The verse seemed clear to us then—that God had a specific plan for our life that would mean that we were happy and healthy. However, when you think of the most prosperous individuals with some of the most interesting life journeys in the Bible (Abraham, Joseph), is clear that "prosperous" and "not harming" certainly do not translate into easy, clear life trajectories.

What we do know is that God has been faithful, and will continue to do so

What we do know is that God has been faithful, and will continue to do so. We see even in times of heartache and trial and frustration that we have been greatly blessed in so many ways. Among the first of those blessings we count the body of Christ who have walked alongside us in our first steps as a married couple, prayed with us through times of discernment, celebrated our joys and victories, and supported us through the trials of this life. And so, in celebration of that body, we are excited to be brought home to be part of the Covenant community once again, and look forward to hearing your stories as we share our lives together.

You Want us to go Where and do What?!?!?

Anita Rennells

That was my first reaction when God first whispered in my ear about moving from New Hampshire to Colorado to launch a ministry for homeless families and young adults. About 12 years ago I was driving to my work in Concord, New Hampshire. It is about a 45 minute drive with beautiful scenes of lakes, green mountains and tall, majestic pine trees. As I was driving I was thanking God for the privilege of living in such a beautiful state. My grateful attitude quickly soured as God whispered in my ear that I was to enjoy New Hampshire for just a short while more, because when we retired we were to move to Colorado and begin a ministry to help the homeless. Let me make it clear, I did not hear an audible voice, but at the same time I knew this was God speaking to me in a still, quiet voice. I was not at all happy with the thought of leaving New Hampshire and even more unhappy with the thought of moving out west to Colorado, because my husband and I had lived in New England all of our lives. We had friends and family all along the east coast from Maine to Florida that we did not want to leave. I quickly dismissed the idea and decided that I would keep this thought to myself so it would not gain validity. That is exactly what I did . . . for an entire year.

Even though I dismissed the idea, God did not. During that year, God continued to whisper in my ear and the thought never left me that we were to move to Colorado when we retired. Finally, I gave in, and as my husband, Ed, and I were enjoying a pancake breakfast at one of our favorite restaurants, I told Ed about my experience driving to work over a year ago. His reaction shocked me. He said, "I know". When I asked him how he knew, he responded that God had also told him that we should move to Colorado and begin a ministry to the homeless. Ed knew that I would be very upset about leaving New Hampshire, so Ed asked God to tell me about moving to Colorado and that is exactly what God did. In that little restaurant, over pancakes and coffee, we began to make plans to move to

Colorado to help the homeless families in Colorado.

Even though we had said yes to God, the process of pulling up roots and moving to Colorado was not an easy one. I still struggled with leaving my beloved state, New England and the east coast. I wish I could say that everything God asks us to do is easy and without difficulty, but it is not. Ed and I had lived in New England for 60 years and we loved it! We loved New Hampshire. We loved our home. We loved traveling all through New England to visit our friends and family. I had some very honest talks with God and told Him that it didn't make any sense at all for us to move all the way to Colorado when there were homeless families right in New England. Anytime I doubted or tried to change God's mind about moving to Colorado, I remembered that God had clearly told Ed and me the exact same thing: Move to Colorado and start a ministry to help homeless families and young adults. There was no room for bargaining, doubting or trying to change God's mind and so we moved forward. After much thought and prayer we decided to name the ministry "Soaring Wings Ministries" and chose Isaiah 40:28-31 as the verse for Soaring Wings Ministries. We also developed a mission statement which states, "Soaring Wings Ministries exists to create wholeness and an empowered future for homeless and hurting young adults through the love of Jesus". We decided on a motto which is "Hope in Action" and chose board members to help guide us through the process of launching Soaring Wings Ministries. We applied and received our tax exempt status through the IRS and the state of Colorado and became a legitimate non-profit agency. We began to fundraise and tell our friends and family about the vision that God had put on our hearts.

I retired from my job and God was working in my heart to move to Colorado. Even though I knew that I would miss New England terribly, I was getting excited about

I remembered that God had clearly told Ed and me the exact same thing: Move to Colorado and start a ministry to help homeless families and

Anita Rennells



You Want us to go Where and do What?!?!? (continued)

Anita Rennells

It was then, when we thought about the homeless families and the lives that they were living, that the cost of leaving New England did not seem so steep.

going and was ready to make the move so we could begin to truly develop Soaring Wings Ministries; however, my husband, Ed, was not as excited about moving. He was the director of an established social service agency in Concord, New Hampshire. He loved his job and was making a good salary. He was not ready to give that up and so we waited. I waited for three years after my retirement for Ed to be ready to move to Colorado. I reminded him that we were not getting any younger and kept asking him when he was going to retire, but his response was always the same: He just wasn't ready yet. Things quickly turned around when an emergency meeting was called on a Sunday afternoon at his work. Ed had worked for this agency for 30 years and never had a meeting been called on Sunday afternoon. Something was up. It turned out to be the most unusual meeting ever as it was announced that the agency would be closing down. Ed would officially retire in December of 2013.

With Ed's retirement the road was now clear for us to move to Colorado. Our plans to move to Colorado were no longer a dream, or someday, or when. It was now a reality and the time had come. We took a short vacation to catch our breath and then began the process of going through everything in our house to decide what we would take with us. We had yard sales, we contacted moving companies, we located storage units in Colorado, we contacted a realtor to sell our house and we said good-bye to friends and family all along the east coast. On August 27, 2013, we began our journey out west. I honestly don't know if I was excited or sad. I couldn't think about all that we were leaving behind in New England. It was just too painful. There would be no more trips to beautiful Cape Cod to visit our daughter, son-in-law and granddaughter. There would be no more trips to Connecticut to visit some of our very best friends of 40-plus years. There would be no more trips up the beautiful rocky coast of Maine to eat the best and freshest lobsters in the world and to visit Ed's sister and brother-in-law. There would be no more

train trips to New Jersey to visit my sister and nieces. There would be no more day trips to Fenway Park in Boston to watch the Red Sox play. There would be no more road trips to Florida down the east coast. There would be no more refreshing swims on hot summer days in the cool, clean waters of Lake Sunapee just down the road from our house. There would be no more church services with our loving church family. There would be no more afternoon visits with my sister who lived 4 miles away. So, what propelled us forward? What made us say yes to God's call to move to Colorado and help the homeless?

There were several things that made us say yes to God and kept us moving forward. Whenever we felt very sad about leaving New England we would think about the homeless families that God was calling us to help. It was then, when we thought about the homeless families and the lives that they were living, that the cost of leaving New England did not seem so steep. We had also been blessed with a "nice" life. We were a "nice" family with "nice" jobs, living in a "nice" house in a "nice" neighborhood. Our lives were "nice" but surely God expected and deserved more from our lives than just "nice". Over the years, when we thought about retirement, we pictured ourselves as full time RVers. We wanted to travel the country in a motorhome and enjoy the good life. According to the world's standards no one would have faulted us for this lifestyle, in fact, they would have said, "Good for you", "Enjoy yourselves" or "You've earned this", but we knew in our hearts that when we stood before God in heaven that He would not have been pleased if we spent our retirement money and time on just ourselves when He had a job for us to do in Colorado. We knew that God, as Lord and Savior of our lives, demanded and deserved all of our lives, all of our time and all of our money. We knew that God expected our lives to be a sacrifice to Him. Romans 12:1 encouraged us when we felt that moving to Colorado and starting Soaring Wings Ministries was more than we were capable of accom-

plishing. "Therefore, I urge you, brothers, in view of God's mercy, to offer your bodies as living sacrifices, holy and pleasing to God – this is your spiritual act of worship." We said yes to God and we said yes to offering our bodies as living sacrifices to our Lord and Savior. We were worshipping our Lord by leaving New Hampshire and moving to Colorado. We were putting our own desires aside to follow our Lord all the way to Colorado.

When we left New Hampshire on August 27, 2013, we were putting our trust completely in God. We left our house in the hands of our realtor as a buyer had not yet been found. We left New Hampshire not knowing where we would live in Colorado. We traveled cross country in our RV and arrived in Colorado mid-September without one single incident: not one flat tire, not one traffic jam, not one accident and not even one day of bad weather. Since arriving here in Colorado we have been living in our RV at a campground in Wellington. We have begun to put down roots, as best we could while living in an RV, by attending church at Council Tree Covenant Church and getting to know people in Larimer County. We found that Council Tree Covenant Church was actively involved in reaching out to the homeless in the community. We quickly became involved in serving meals at Catholic Charities and serving the homeless at the church through Faith Family Hospitality.

We also began the task of looking for a property that would be home for Soaring Wings Ministries. We found property to be so much more expensive here than in New Hampshire and wondered if we would ever find something that would serve the needs of Soaring Wings Ministries. The vision given to us by God for the ministry is to establish a temporary home for about 8 to 10 homeless families that is restful and healing. We knew through our careers as social workers that being homeless is a trauma. We want to provide the families with a place to heal from their trauma so

that they can then go out to become productive members of society. We were looking for a piece of property that would give us plenty of room while at the same time be close to schools, churches, jobs and resources. We thought that Wellington would be a great location for Soaring Wings Ministries and found a small, modular home on 40 acres that was in foreclosure. We made an offer on the house in mid-November and waited weeks for a reply to our offer. On December 2 we heard that our offer was accepted. Soaring Wings Ministries had a home!!!! We feel so blessed as we had enough money to pay cash for this property and Soaring Wings Ministries would begin without having a mortgage or any debt!!! What a huge blessing and a testimony to God's care and guidance!!

Through everything we can honestly say, without a doubt that God is trustworthy. In early November we received an offer on our house in New Hampshire. We accepted and closed on our house on December 2nd which is the exact same day that we heard that our offer on the property here in Colorado had been accepted. God is amazing. God is trustworthy. God deserves nothing less than our total commitment to Him. Yes, we still are homesick for our friends and family back in New Hampshire and all along the east coast. Yes, we still cringe when we see FROZEN lobsters for sale in the grocery stores and we still cheer for the Red Sox (Go Sox!) instead of the Colorado Rockies, but at the same time we know that we are right where God wants us to be and because of that we honestly would not want to be anyplace except here in Colorado.

We continue to move forward one step at a time. When the task ahead of us seems too large we remember that we serve an amazing God and know that He is trustworthy to guide us in the days ahead. We know that we cannot do this by ourselves, so we hope that you will come alongside us as God reaches out in love to hurting young adults and families through Soaring Wings Ministries.

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Have a reflection or story you'd like to share? Let's start by contacting the office.