

Community of Christ

Association for Ministry to Military Personnel



The Peacekeepers

Newsletter

July – August, 2017

Music

by Ryan Pitt

"Lord, make us instruments of Your peace;
Where there is hatred let Your love increase.
Lord, make us instruments of Your peace;
Walls of pride and prejudice shall cease,
when we are Your instruments of peace."

—*Instruments of Your Peace* CCS #364

Music is one of my favorite hobbies. I listen to music while driving, working out, and even as I sit here typing this thought, I have my favorite station on 'Pandora' playing in the background. Music is soothing and helps me focus. But it's also complex. It's full of different key signatures and scales. Time signatures shift from song to song (and sometimes even in the middle of songs!). Sharps and flats become neutral, scales add I, IV, V chord progressions, and volume fluctuates even in the most elementary tunes (i.e. *John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt*). There are also moments of silence in music, even if they are for a beat or two. And that's just on paper! Then there are many sources of sound from various instruments. Woodwinds, brass, percussion, strings, etc. the list can go on and on! Each instrument creates their joyful expression. Music is full of diversity and differences; yet, it harmonizes and creates a beautiful piece of art. Unity found in diversity

Music is also challenging and uplifting. I've often heard *Community of Christ Sings* referred to as another source of scripture. That's difficult to dispute especially when songs encourage us to sing lyrics such as "Here I am, Lord!ö, öLord prepare me to be a sanctuary.ö or öAll are welcome in this



place.ö Similar to scripture, we are challenged to move beyond our comfort zones and into the realms of intentional community building.

My appreciation for music developed at a young age when I was encouraged (ahem...forced) to learn piano. I spent hours practicing. But that's where I began to understand how it all comes together and how one note can transform a choir; or how one moment of silence brings the whole song together. Therefore, music quickly became an outlet. Even now, when I am stressed or overly concerned, I listen to or play music. Music has moved beyond intentionally and into habitually. I find peace in the ministry of music.

Similar to others, after the events in Charlottesville, VA last weekend, I found myself in a complex place, both emotionally and spiritually. Feelings of sadness, anger, doubt, and confusion quickly dominated the rest of me. It's no secret hatred, pride, prejudice, corruption, privilege and racism exists. And I quickly became overwhelmed by this sudden reminder. Eventually, my mind flooded with questions í . Why did this happen? How will I respond? How will others respond? Will others understand my emotions? Am I alone?

As I was thinking about this, the song *Instruments of Your Peace* randomly popped into my head. The song has a very pretty melody and chord progression, but its lyrics are disruptive. They force you to think about what's going on in the world and stand firmly in the message of peace. Once more, the lyrics invite to engage in intentional relationship building. And in that moment, the

music spoke to me. It found me in my frustration and reminded me we are still called to be more. The world yearns for instruments of peace.

Just like music, it takes all of our differences to build God's Peaceable Kingdom. Songs would be boring if we only played E Flat all day in 4/4 time, right?! People WANT to hear [y]our music of Good News and hope. Share your {peace} of music generously with love, even if it's one note or a short rest í the smallest nuances transform the world.

Aging Soldier

by Curt Heaviland

It has been quite some time since it became necessary for me to contribute to the newsletter. Since the last publication I passed the age of 90. It didn't seem like such a big deal until a very short time later my memory began playing tricks on me.

My first encounter with memory loss was when I had to deliver some materials to my VFW post. I was the quartermaster and had been for several years. I gathered all the materials together and was on my way to the meeting when I realized I didn't remember how to get there. I took a wrong turn and traveled a good distance before I realized that something was wrong. I turned around and retraced my path until I recognized where I should have turned. I finally made it to the meeting. Thank goodness there have not been a lot of situations like this.

I do have to be aware that the memory is playing tricks on me and be careful. I know at times that I need to be aware of my problem and guard against it at all times. If I get disjointed here, then please forgive me.

I look forward to your comments and articles. I will continue to do all that I can but if any of you think that I have got out of the base line, be sure and let me know. Daily tasks seem to be more difficult and I run out of energy very quickly.

Now I have unloaded my problems to you, but I am not complaining. The Lord has blessed me with decent health and a great lady as a companion since Joyce died. While she is not of our church fellowship she holds Christ close to her. We have good times together and spend much time enjoying each other. If it wasn't for our time together life would be boring.

Please keep me in your prayers and if it wasn't for you life could be unpleasant at this time.

Curt Heaviland

Break Bread Together

by Rick Maup0in, Council of Twelve

Now on that same day two of them were going to a village called Emmaus, about seven miles from Jerusalem, and talking with each other about all these things that had happened. While they were talking and discussing, Jesus himself came near and went with them, but their eyes were kept from recognizing him.

—Luke 24: 13 – 16 NRSV

Sports analogies don't draw my attention, typically. However, the first scene of today's scripture, the two men walking down the road to Emmaus, always brings an analogy to my mind.

The team members practiced hard all season, working tirelessly to learn and complete all the plays well. They respected their coach and followed his guidance. This night they came into the game with a strong belief they would come home victorious. But the game was now over, and they were on the bus taking that long ride home.

It was an extra-long and miserable ride this night because of their defeat. The team could not understand what went wrong. Some may even have wondered if they should stay on the team or continue to play at all. However, after words of reassurance and support by the coach the next morning, the team began to turn its sights to the next game.

I wonder if these two walking on the road to Emmaus were feeling a little like those on the ride home after the game, hearts heavy with despair, feeling hopeless, defeated. And maybe their walk to Emmaus was an act of escaping. Going back to old ways, old habits, back to old comfort zones, back to the way it was "before Jesus."

Is that ever your reaction in difficult times? Do you retreat, pull-back to the familiar and comfortable, or hide from the world? Many of us spend time on our own Emmaus road. Maybe the danger is not so much going down that road periodically, but rather when we start living out our life on our Emmaus roads.

One of the most important lessons of the resurrection is to realize there is a God who wants to fold us in love if we choose resurrection over the road to Emmaus. There is hope when we recognize the Living Christ in our journey. But, because of the resurrection, it does not have to be our destination.

KID'S STUFF

by Mary Yocum

Dominic just started middle school, has braces and the raging hormones of a teenager. Ian just started Kindergarten. Our boys are sure growing up!



Ian talks nonstop about Jesus, the cross, and whether a particular cross (like the one in my living room) is a Jesus died on the cross, cross. Yes.

He also told us that bats are not terminal. Okay, I waited a beat and he added, "they fly around at night and sleep during the day." Of course, bats are nocturnal. How silly of me.

We took a week off in August to visit my sister in Wyoming. One of the kids favorite past times is swimming, or paddling around in water at least. We went to a hot spring swimming pool and Ian was finding it hard to remember not to run as he climbed the stairs, walked to the small slide, slid down and went back up the stairs.

"Ian" I finally said, "if you can't remember not to run we can't swim anymore. We'll have to leave."

That got his attention, from then on he would climb the steps take one foot and extend it, step slowly down, lift the other foot, slowly move it forward, í he looked like Tim Conway exaggerating a slow motion walk. And he continued to "slo-mo" until we left about an hour later.

This slow motion walk was the first thing he demonstrated to his Dad when we returned. "Dad, you can't run at the pool. You have to walk SLOW, like this."

Dominic is becoming a very fine speller, he almost never misses a spelling word. His mom and he were playing a spelling game with Google as the

"professional." Beth finally gave him a "hard" word, prestidigitations. She stumped him. He took out his phone to look up the spelling. "Give me a word that Google will actually recognize." I guess he didn't think it was fair to ask him a question too hard for his phone to answer.

Our daughter has been looking for a better job for about ten years now with very little luck. He has finally found a job which pays benefits, gives her holidays off, and doesn't make her drive from Independence to Columbia Missouri for a few dollars. It is also the first job she has had that she couldn't wear jeans to. She actually had to go out and buy dress slacks and skirts. Of course, we helped her with that. I find I like seeing her dress professionally. I've always known I have good looking children, but this just brings it home.

Both Shaun and Beth have September birthdays, Shaun will turn 40 and Beth 37. Now I feel old. I wasn't bothered by my own 50th birthday or even the 60th. I played a dirty trick on my Dad though. I called him on my 50th birthday and reminded him how old I was. That made him feel old. Now I know how he felt. My Grandmother Stubbart told me on my 49th birthday that I couldn't claim middle age until I turned 50. I think that had something to do with the fact that she was 104 and I was driving her to work at the time.

Quote Corner

- ❖ "I am the Lord" rings everywhere like the refrain of the heavens.
 ô Charles Williams in *He Came Down From Heaven*
- ❖ If you fear, cast all your fears on God; that anchor holds
 .ô Alfred Lord Tennyson
- ❖ I always told the Lord, "I trust you. I don't know where to go or what to do, but I expect you to lead me." And he always did.
 ô Harriet Tubman
- ❖ We must accept finite disappointment, but we must never lose infinite hope.
 ô Martin Luther King, Jr.

Calling for your updates and stories: Peacekeepers needs you to keep us updated with your newsletter delivery information and we highly desire information appropriate for the newsletter (stories, testimonies, updates to share with other members).

Available in an E-mail and a “snail mail” edition. Active-duty military members who join the association can receive either edition for free. Non-active-duty ~~members~~ sustaining+members receive either edition with a paid Association membership; those dues are **\$10.00/yr, due in April (multi-year discounts available)**. Archive newsletters are also available on our Web site: <http://www.cofchristpeacekeepers.org/>

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