
Community of Christ

The Peacekeepers



Association for Ministry to Military Newsletter

December, 2004

Curt's Column

November has passed and we are looking forward to the time in which we celebrate Christ's birth. Joyce and I are in Arizona where it is supposed to be warm. Well, I guess it is compared with some of the other places in the world. As I sit here to write this column it is raining. I should have known better because on Thursday I had the truck washed. It happens every time.

Before we left Independence, Ken Robinson, a member of our congregation, spoke to the priesthood. His subject was "A disciple's generous response." He pointed out that the church is in need of funds to carry out the work to which we have been commissioned. He suggested that there are many places in the world that are ready to receive what we have to offer as a church but we are unable to do so because of funds.

As I grew up, we were taught the financial law and how and when to tithe. With the advent of A Disciple's Generous Response, it appears that we have not caught the concept that was intended. While it is true all gifts to the needy etc., are part of tithing the main thrust should be to our local congregations and the World church. The World Church cannot function without the membership supporting its activities. Because of the reduction in tithes coming in to the church the support staff at Headquarters has had to be reduced. I am not familiar with all the things that are being done but any reduction, in my way of thinking, is unacceptable.

Grant McMurray, in one of his last appeals in the Herald also touched upon this need and the call to the membership to look at their finances and see if it isn't possible to redirect some of our discretionary funds toward the needs of the church and its mission. This is something that each one of us needs to do because Christ's work needs to be accomplished.

Perhaps each one of us should wear black armbands because of the resignation of Grant McMurray as our President and Prophet. It came as a profound shock to me as the letter of his resignation was read at prayer

service. I have had many occasions to cross paths with Grant because of my position with the Ministry to



Military Personnel. I have always found him supportive of our needs and our position. Only once did I publish an article that he called me down on. It was because of the fact that he had to look at our position in light of the world rather than just our United States. It has been my practice to submit an article to him before publication if there is any doubt in my mind about its impact on the church worldwide. The response has always been rapid and in most cases affirmative. I for one am going to miss the opportunity to dialog with him.

There is no doubt in my mind that the church is in good hands with Ken Robinson and Peter Judd. Joyce and I have the opportunity to see Pat and Ken in our congregation when we are at home and he is not out of town. We revel in that opportunity. When Peter and Chris Judd were at winter reunion a couple of years back we had the chance to get to know both of them much better. I related to Peter an incident that had happened between us some 20 years earlier and his response was so genuine. Through this medium I want to wish both Peter and Ken God's blessing upon them and the tremendous task before them. We give our support to them and also wish Grant God's blessing.



**The Community of Christ Association for Ministry to Military Personnel
is dedicated to bringing ministry to military members on active duty throughout the world.**

Excerpt from a Romanian Newspaper

We rarely get a chance to see another country's editorial about the USA. Read this excerpt from a Romanian Newspaper. The article was written by Mr. Cornel Nistorescu and published under the title "C"ntarea Americii, meaning "Ode To America" September 24, 2002, in the Romanian newspaper Evenimentul zilei ("The Daily Event" or "News of the Day").



An Ode to America

Why are Americans so united? They would not resemble one another even if you painted them all one color! They speak all the languages of the world and form an astonishing mixture of civilizations and religious beliefs. Still, the American tragedy turned three hundred million people into a hand put on the heart.

Nobody rushed to accuse the White House, the army, and the secret services that they are only a bunch of losers. Nobody rushed to empty their bank accounts. Nobody rushed out onto the streets nearby to gape about. The Americans volunteered to donate blood and to give a helping hand.

After the first moments of panic, they raised their flag over the smoking ruins, putting on T-shirts, caps and ties with the colors of the national flag. They place flags on buildings and cars as if in every place and on every car a government official or the president was passing.

On every occasion, they started singing their traditional song "God Bless America"! I watched the live broadcast, and rerun after rerun for hours, listening to the story of the guy who went down one hundred floors with a woman in a wheelchair without knowing who she was, or of the Californian hockey player, who gave his life fighting with the terrorists and prevented the plane from hitting a target that could have killed other hundreds or thousands of people.

How on earth were they able to respond united as one human being? Imperceptibly, with every word and musical note, the memory of some turned into a modern myth of tragic heroes. And with every phone call, millions, and millions of dollars we put in a collection aimed at rewarding not a man or a family, but a spirit, which no money can buy.

What on earth can unite the Americans in such a way? Their land? Their galloping history? Their economic power? Money? I tried for hours to find an answer, humming songs and murmuring phrases with the risk of sounding commonplace.

I thought things over, but I reached only one conclusion...only freedom can work such miracles.



Sand & Stone

A story tells that two friends were walking through the desert. During some point of the journey they had an argument, and one friend slapped the other one in the face. The one who got slapped was hurt, but without saying anything, wrote in the sand "TODAY MY BEST FRIEND SLAPPED ME IN THE FACE." They kept on walking until they found an oasis, where they decided to take a bath. The one who had been slapped got stuck in the mire and started drowning but the friend saved him.

After he recovered from the near drowning, he wrote on a stone: "TODAY MY BEST FRIEND SAVED MY LIFE." The friend who had slapped and saved his best friend asked him, "After I hurt you, you wrote in the sand and now, you write on a stone, why?" The other friend replied "When someone hurts us we should write it down in sand where winds of forgiveness can erase it away. But, when someone does something good for us, we must engrave it in stone where no wind can ever erase it." **LEARN TO WRITE YOUR HURTS IN THE SAND AND TO CARVE YOUR BENEFITS IN STONE.**

Grandma's Apron

The principle use of Grandma's apron was to protect the dress underneath, but along with that, it served as a holder for removing hot pans from the oven;

It was wonderful for drying children's tears, and on occasion was even used for cleaning out dirty ears.

From the chicken-coop the apron was used for carrying eggs, fussy chicks, and sometimes half-hatched eggs to be finished in the warming oven.



When company came those aprons were ideal hiding places for shy kids; And when the weather was cold, Grandma wrapped it around her arms.

Those big old aprons wiped many a perspiring brow, bent over the hot wood stove.

Chips and kindling wood were brought into the kitchen in that apron.

From the garden, it carried all sorts of vegetables.

After the peas had been shelled it carried out the hulls.

In the fall the apron was used to bring in apples that had fallen from the trees.

When unexpected company drove up the road, it was surprising how much furniture that old apron could dust in a matter of seconds.

When dinner was ready, Grandma walked out onto the porch, waved her apron, and the men know it was time to come in from the fields to dinner.

It will be a long time before someone invents something that will replace that "old-time apron" that served so many purposes.

DR. Cure

Doctor Bloomfield, who was known for miraculous cures for arthritis, had a waiting room full of people when a little old lady, completely bent over in half, shuffled in slowly, leaning on her cane.

When her turn came, she went into the doctor's office, and amazingly, emerged within 5 minutes walking completely erect with her head held high.

A woman in the waiting room who had seen all this, walked up to the little old lady and said, "It's a miracle! You walked in bent in half and now you're walking erect. What did that doctor do?"

"Gave me a longer cane."

Folks, sometimes the solution is too obvious, so we ignore it!



Everyone!

You are thought of often – and fondly. Distance may separate us, but we carry a continuing Love for you that stays fresh. Thanks go to the ones whose dedicated efforts minister to our military members worldwide.

May God Bless You All this Christmas 2004 and throughout 2005.

Tim Kunzweiler

VP Community of Christ Ministry to Military Personnel

On the afternoon of 21 November, 2004, a few members of the Beavercreek Congregation, Community of Christ, assisted the Dayton Gospel Mission by serving a supper meal to some other members of the Body of Christ. Sheila and I enjoyed this additional opportunity to "walk the walk," exercising our faith-through action – in those few hours. The day also provided a poignant reminder (today is Thanksgiving as I write) of the many blessings we enjoy.

The Gospel Mission terms itself "A Ministry to the Inner City" and, in their ministry, the Mission works to "balance the Spiritual and the Material." That's worth thinking about, while we might like to dwell purely on the spiritual aspects, no Christian can deny that life is a physical thing and the stomach can have a significant impact in reminding us of our mortality. Imagine the challenges that face people who simply wonder where their next meal might come from. How can they dwell fully on spiritual things when the physical reality of hunger hangs over their heads? There are a variety of ways that the Body of Christ can provide spirit-filled ministry and the Gospel Mission bridges a significant gap in that effort.

On the day we "volunteered for duty" we got to meet 124 more of God's children. Some who attended the evening service (what I consider a reasonable prerequisite for also being able to partake in the meal),

were probably homeless. Many, however, probably had homes – and probably even jobs. Their challenge may simply be to "make all the ends meet." The nourishing meal, provided by the Mission, might allow them to apply a meager level of income toward other necessities.

Local restaurants and food providers have been generous in providing many of the items that the Mission is able to serve. Besides the staples there was even dessert. It was my good fortune to "man the dessert station." As each person came down the line, I would greet them and ask if I could get them a particular dessert. As I watched each person come by, it struck me how the activity – of being able to "select" a dessert – when one is otherwise "lucky" just to have enough to eat in a day – might have a significant impact on a person who might, otherwise, feel they have little control over their current situation. The variety to choose from was actually quite good and it was very interesting to think about why particular items were chosen. Pumpkin pie usually went quickly (a good memory of better time?); cookies were a big draw (easy to carry away so there would be something to eat later); some people seemed to appreciate "pretty" desserts (maybe they were a welcome contrast to what might be an otherwise drab environment for them; and some people just wanted "anything chocolate" (comfort food?).

There are many ways to minister – wherever we are on the Old, Old, Path. I was humbled to have this reminder – through ministry – of the worth of all our brothers and sisters. I am even more
lay, as we give thanks to the Lord for all our
blessings. And I am reminded of the great
debt we owe to those men and women, wearing the
uniform today, who may be struggling with many
physical trials – including facing combat – and so are
less able to pay the desired level of attention to the
spiritual side of life. Lord: bless them, as they continue
to bless many, through their vital mode of service.



What love is all about?

It was a busy morning, approximately 8:30 am, when an elderly gentleman, in his 80's, arrived to have stitches removed from his thumb. He stated that he was in a hurry as he had an appointment at 9:00 am. I took his vital signs and had him take a seat, knowing it would be over an hour before someone would be able to see him. I saw him looking at his watch and decided, since I was not busy with another patient, I would evaluate his wound.

On exam it was well healed so I talked to one of the doctors, got the needed supplies to remove his sutures and redress his wound. While taking care of his wound, we began to engage in conversation. I asked him if he had a doctor's appointment this morning, as he was in

such a hurry. The gentleman told me no, that he needed to go to the nursing home to eat breakfast with his wife.

I then inquired as to her health. He told me that she had been there for a while and that she was a victim of Alzheimer Disease. As we talked, and I finished dressing his wound, I asked is she would be worried if he was a bit late. He replied that she no longer knew who he was, that she had not recognized him in five years now. I was surprised, and asked him "And you still go every morning, even though she doesn't know who you are?" He smiled as he patted my hand and said "She doesn't know me, but I still know who she is."

I had to hold back tears as he left, I had goose bumps on my arm, and thought, "That is the kind of love I want in my life."

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

Post Christmas?



What to do after Christmas. There are few "holidays" of special note, it seems. Especially when compared to the Christmas season.

May I suggest that you keep a few things about Christmas and re-read/replay them as best you can.

Anyone know who Carbine Williams was?

He was a hill person, Appalachia, I believe, in the early 1900's (Model T Ford Days). He got into trouble and was put into prison after a "Revenuer" from the ATFB was killed while raiding Carbine Williams family still.

He was not able to keep out of trouble in prison. Spent a lot of time in the "Hot Box," weeks at a time,



He kept from going insane by remembering the good times and things of his life. He also rebuilt, designed and did things he might have been doing at home, were it not for where he was.

One of the things that he designed was what became known as the Army's M1 Carbine. This was a major improvement over all prior rifles. I used them with little problem. Point I am trying to make?

Pray often. Keep good thoughts and memories in your mind most of the time. Stay alert and Keep Smiling. The person you smile at, may be the person who saves you, someday.

—Bruce Sargent
Your Humblest friend who smiles a lot.

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 receive either edition with a paid membership, **\$10.00, due in April**. The newsletter is also available on our Web site: www.geocities.com/CofChristPeacekeepers/

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