
Community of Christ

The Peacekeepers



Association for Ministry to Military Newsletter

August, 2006

Curt's Column

Summer is passing rapidly. I know that some of you are where you wish it would pass even faster as the heat really gets going this time of year. We, here in Independence, are enjoying a peculiar summer. One week it is hot and the next week cools off and we can really enjoy the weather. Whatever takes place we can thank the Lord that we are able to enjoy it.

We are looking to World Conference next year. We have been thrown for a loop however. This conference there will not be any spaces for booths. This is the time that we catch up with lost people and are able to tell those who pass by about what we try to do. That is out the window. The only people we will be able to contact are those that we have addresses for. So this next conference will be a downer for us. We will still have the military banquet on Wednesday evening but again about the only ones we can contact are our current members.

In each issue I ask for articles or letters from you who are in the field. I know that there are things that are going on in your lives that are of interest. Even what you might consider to be everyday occurrences is news to us. Please sit down long enough to write us a letter and tell us what is taking place in your life.

My niece, at Ft. Jackson, is really having a hard time with the ARMY. It seems she received a stress fracture during basic training. From what she writes and tells me it does not sound like she is getting the proper treatment to get over it. I had the opportunity to discuss it with a doctor friend of mine and he does not agree with the treatment either. I guess the ARMY does things differently.



The last word I had from LTC Dale Cleland is that he is now retired from the ARMY but is still doing his thing at Ft. Leavenworth. We wish him the very best and hope he enjoys retirement.

Back to conference time. As I have stated before, I will no longer be a candidate for president of the Peacekeepers. I have enjoyed the opportunity to try and serve you all to the best of my ability and hope that it has been adequate and of some help to those of you who are away from the ZI and in remote locations of the world. Some might consider some of the bases in the US as remote locations of the world.

Let us hear from you. Mail me at 1228 S. Scott Ave, Independence, MO 64052-3818. We sure can use your letters.

Curt Heaviland

Visit to Minot, North Dakota by Steve McCrosson

There I was, standing on the wing of a B-52.

It had been a long time since I had been on a military base. This was a treat for an old retired warrant officer, to be treated like a general. I kinda liked it.

I had made what I thought was an innocent request. Months earlier I had contacted our chaplain, Chaplain Captain Scott Jobe, who was stationed at the air base in Minot, North Dakota, asking if I could come and visit him at his work site. As the chaplain endorser for the Community of Christ, I wanted to show our denomination's

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

support for the ministry that Scott was providing to the military.

I wanted this to be a friendly, simple visit, where I could attend some of the activities that the chaplains participate in and provide some ministry to Scott's family. Kim Jobe, Scott's wife, was as much a part of the ministry as Scott was, and together they made a great team.

Of course the military had different plans. Scott had announced my visit to his command. Now the Protocol Office was involved. I was now a visiting official, and there would have to be "an itinerary."

Scott was gracious enough to pick me up at the airport and taxi me around during my visit. It was a good thing, because Scott was going to wear me out. He had a whirlwind visit planned where I would get to see the variety of services the chaplains provide and still visit our local Community of Christ congregation.

What a variety. Sunday was filled: first with a traditional worship service, then a gospel worship service, and then a contemporary service. We were on a roll. I don't remember when I experienced this many types of worship, especially all in one day. Then, we went on to our local Community of Christ congregation for more wonderful fellowship. I was humbled by the diversity that Scott experienced every day.

Monday was a completely different story: no worship, but briefings, tours, office calls, and then more tours. I have always been amazed at the dedication to service that military members express in their jobs. Here I saw no exception. They were proud of their work and just as proud to show off a little. Those military members, I am sure just like you, were responsible for property worth more than the total wealth of some small countries.

As most of you know, receiving a coin is a very special occasion. During the office call with the Wing Commander I was given the Wing Coin. It was beautiful, but gruesome. It expressed the power that can be launched by the aircraft of the wing, the B-52. It was a skull with wings. Scott had given me a Chaplain's Coin earlier. The meaning of the Chaplain's Coin now became clearer. The

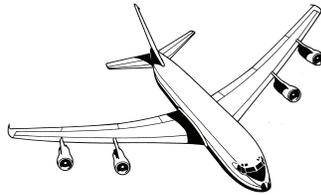
chaplains had taken the skull and placed a halo above it. They are the "visible reminder of the Almighty" in the business of the military.

As events of the day evolved, I eventually found myself in the maintenance building where specialists perform scheduled upkeep to make sure the B-52 aircraft are always ready for mission. I rounded a corner, following my guide up a set of stairs leading to the scaffolding placed beside the aircraft. It raised us several stories where we finally stepped out on the wing of a monstrous airplane.

My guide turned to me and jokingly said, "I hope you're not afraid of heights," to which I thought to myself, "great time to offer concern." But, there I was, standing on the wing of an awesome, deadly, machine.

Deep inside, every military person understands the power that can be unleashed by the devices they use and support. They find it critical to have people like Scott Jobe serving beside them to offer counsel and connection with the Divine, not only to the military member, but also to the families caught up in military life.

Although this visit took me to see our chaplain, it served to remind me that each of you have important jobs. Thank you for serving in whatever enterprise you have chosen to maintain our freedom. My prayers are with you. God bless you and keep you safe.



A visit to Kirtland Temple by Tim Kunzweiler



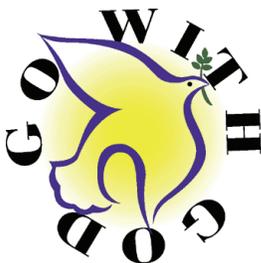
Ah – Spring – and time with family. Both are precious things (especially time with family – as military members can well attest to). The weekend of April 7th the family and I took a little time off (Spring Break for the kids and "anniversary of my mother's labor" for me) and headed up toward Cleveland to visit this historic Church site. We caught a little rain on the way up from Dayton, Friday, but otherwise enjoyed a peaceful evening in our nearby hotel. Now, you may understand how April, in

northern Ohio, is probably not the time to pack for “only” one season, but we were pleased to find that the next day’s temperatures only required light jackets. In fact, we awoke to sunny skies and, after a breakfast supplied in the hotel lobby, drove the short distance over to the Temple Visitor’s Center.

The tour of Kirtland Temple (maintained by the Community of Christ) was, frankly, awe-inspiring. As I considered the size and character of the building, the era it was constructed in, and the stories of what transpired in those days, a testimony of faith was clearly evident to me. The Saints did not simply create a “church building;” they truly created a “house of worship” and purpose. And, what’s more, even as the Church has grown – and moved beyond some of its earlier understandings – we can still connect with the spirit of those generations of Saints that pursued the Gospel before our own time. Kirtland Temple remains a house of worship. Indeed, it continues to draw visitors from quite a variety of religious traditions and a number of combined faith worship experiences have been shared in the Temple in recent years.

As you may recall from history, for a time, the Church largely moved away from Kirtland. That too provides a testimony – like for the Israelites who wondered, while in a strange land, whether God was with them – or was left behind. Saints who wear the uniform of service: When you are far from home and loved ones, it is good to remember that the Lord is with us always; His Spirit is not tied to a building, and “a temple” could easily be viewed as the sanctuary you make – within yourself – for the Lord’s Spirit. Worship where you are. Your light can be a beacon to someone else seeking the Lord.

And May God Bless All Peacekeepers.



God: From Major to Mystery by Susan Skoor

As a child, my understanding of God was strongly influenced by my love for my father, Major Charles A. Waugh of the United States Air Force. Oh, I knew God wasn’t six feet three inches, with curly black hair and a handsome smile. But in other ways, God was just like Daddy: strong, all knowing, all wise, all loving, and a firm disciplinarian. At the age of five, I came home from Sunday School proudly bearing a drawing I had done of Baby Moses in the bulrushes. In the sky overhead was a dark object that looked remarkably like a B-57 silhouette. When questioned, I explained the obvious. “That’s my Daddy in his airplane, in case God needs some help watching over Baby Moses.” God walked in Daddy’s shadow; and I learned about God’s grace, forgiveness, love and protection, at my Daddy’s knee.



As an adult I allowed my father to be real and fully human. By then, my thirsty mind demanded more answers about the nature of God than anyone could satisfy. I graduated from worshipping my father—a common and somewhat innocent idolatry—to worshipping an intellectual precept, a far more dangerous idolatry. An encounter with a mind far more sophisticated and cynical than my own destroyed my intellectual beliefs. Painfully, with the help of my husband and God’s grace, I rebuilt my faith. I learned that doubt is not the antithesis of faith, but only faith in other forms. The depth of doubt is the measure of faith, and the pain of struggle merely proves how important God is in life.

Today, I don't have all the answers, but I have faith. I'm proud to belong to a church that believes in the worth of all persons and in the existence of a God large enough to offer grace and mercy to all. God creates and loves each person, each culture, each nation, beyond boundaries of ideology and

religion. The Mystery who is God gives me new life, and sustains my spirit through all things. In God I place my total trust, and in no other—not even my beloved Dad in his B-57. Somehow, I'm sure he understands.

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: <http://www.cofchristpeacekeepers.org/>

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