



# The Peacekeepers

Association for Ministry to Military Personnel Newsletter

May/June, 2013

## TIM'S SERVICE

by Tim "K9" Kunzweiler, President

The 2013 World and separate U.S.A. National Conferences are now a part of history. Thank you for your prayers and support ó aiding our preparation and execution. Specific to the World Conference the Peacekeepers were again blessed to have booth space in the World Peace Village in the Auditorium's lower chamber. Those of us who were able to work the booth (I slid in, when I could, between delegate-duty sessions) were very delighted to see so many familiar sustaining member faces (and to see the many ñre-ups, ñ as you extended your memberships and paid the dues that help keep the Association's ministry to the active duty members afloat).

The Association meeting was (as always) one of my favorite Conference events ó even though things were a bit rushed because of the tight business schedule this time around. Members brought in their own suppers and the Association supplied tea, lemonade and cake. Highlights: We voted for Vice President and Treasurer this cycle ó sustaining Curt Heaviland as V.P. (who got some laughs when he stated the fact that he'd be in his 90s when his new term ended!) and electing Walter French as our Treasurer. We wish to express our great appreciation to outgoing Treasurer, Steve Kellogg, and wish him the Lord's blessings in his newest World Church Assignment. In what I believe was a first, we had THREE Chaplains able to attend the Association meeting this year. Retiring Chaplain Scott Jobe attended (along with wife, Kim and son,



David) and current Chaplains Keith Russell and Seth Bryant did as well! We were pleased to honor Scott's many years of service to (and ministry in) the military by presenting him a small glass globe ó representational of the many lives he's touched. It was also a sincere honor to present our current Chaplains with copies of the Bible, as symbols of support from the Association. We hope to have the minutes available soon and will make a point of publishing them in an upcoming edition of the newsletter.

We believe the Association is capable of greater outreach than has been seen so far. The challenge may simply be in our reminding talented Association members to step up with both ó good ideas and commitments of time and effort. If you have the desire to support the Association please let us know about it. And as Curt always reminds, we appreciate current and past testimonies (military focused when possible) as articles for the newsletter. As a matter of fact, I wish to thank Jerry Pratt for his contribution of a multi-part submission we'll start in this edition.

I encourage your prayerful reflection on the issues that were dealt with at Conference (<http://www.cofchrist.org/wc2013/>) and to the Words of Counsel provided by our Prophet/President Steve Veazey (<http://www.cofchrist.org/presidency/041413wordsofCounsel/default.asp>). My personal prayer is that our Church's military members will be sustained and supported ó

**The Community of Christ Association for Ministry to Military Personnel is dedicated to bringing ministry to Community of Christ members serving on active duty world-wide.**

and that they will always also be seen and understood as representing the light of Christ to a world remaining in great need.

In Christ ó Victory! May God bless all Peacekeepers.

Tim öK9ö Kunzweiler, President.

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## Curt's Column

by Curt Heaviland

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World conference is over. I had occasion to man our booth. It was as good experience as usual. This time I believe that we received one of the better locations in the exhibit area. We were located at one of the entrances and close to the food service area.

From some of the responses I received from visitors, I believe that we are one of the best kept secrets of the church. On several occasions the individual stated that they were totally unaware that our service was provided and were happy to hear about it. One young man was quite excited as he was entering OCS in about a week after conference. If I remember correctly he was headed for Ft Bragg (but don't quote me). Being armor I have always felt sorry for those who were or are ground pounders. But I guess it takes different people for different jobs. In any event we want to wish him the very best. By the time this gets in the mail I will probably have his address.

Please do us a favor. This request is because of the U S Postal service. Due to the fact that many of you move fairly often we lose addresses because the post office will forward for a period of time and then return the mail with no explanation or new address. When you move please send us a postcard, e-mail or something so we don't lose track of you. If you enter back into civilian life please let us know that as well.



I sometimes get a little suspicious if I send a newsletter to the same address for several years. It's possible that you got a plush assignment and are fairly stable and for this I'm happy. However, if your active status changes, so does your standing in the association. Those of us who have served and are no longer on active duty are obligated to support the association with dues. We're not expensive,

just \$10.00 a year or less for multiple years. Sustaining members, be sure and look at your labels. The year your dues expire or have expired are listed on the label. I try to call your attention to the expiration with a yellow marker on the date. We run from April to April.

If any of you have an experience you would like to share with the rest of us put it in print and I'll see that it gets in the newsletter. As you can see we are starting a section called öWe'd like you to meetö . I'm asking people to write up something so we can get to know each other better. So far I've not had any negative responses ó so watch for it.

I'm looking forward to spring and the opportunity to get on my mower and do a little productive work. I don't do much anymore as old age is creeping, (did I say creeping) up on me. I find that I'm not nearly as agile as I used to be. I had the opportunity to serve sacrament at conference and I find I don't bend as well as I used to either. May the Lord bless and keep you safe from harm's way.

Curt

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## Kid's Stuff

by Mary Yocum

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Ian adds new words to his vocabulary every day it seems. He now says okay, thank you, good, drink, and of course his favorite ó no.

He can reach into the shelves near his playpen and dump out the wooden puzzles and books. He can also reach into the drawer above that and get to Grandpa's medicines ó don't worry we've already moved them.

He watches cartoons and kid's shows with Dominic, plays peek-a-boo with anything that will cover his eyes, smiles and laughs with strangers and laughs every time Uncle Shaun looks at him. He is so cheerful that when he does get fussy we wonder what's wrong.

When he went to the Doctor for his fifteen month immunizations he didn't even cry, just told the Dr. öno ó no ó noö after receiving three shots. When I tried to get him to do his öoh man pantomimeö with his hands on his head, he waited until the waitress was down the hall and around the

corner and then looked me in the eye, put his hands to his head and have me his ölittle stinkerö laugh to show me he wasn't about to perform tricks like a puppy.

I wonder what God would think if his people were that cheerful and obedient. Would he wonder if we are öonö something? I know I personally have difficulty staying up beat and contented. I always seem to have something to complain about.

Maybe I should take a lesson from my grandson.

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## Buttons and Zippers (Part 1 of 3) by Jerry Pratt (Sustaining Member)

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### *The Event*

Which do you prefer? I have one of each, thanks first to my Mom and Dad, and, secondly, to Doctor öG.ö Every one of us has a öbutton,ö belly button, that is. But now I have my very own özipper,ö even if it does wander slightly off the mid-line to the right. I asked Doctor G. about a discount for the deviation, but he didn't answer.

I was awakened abruptly about 4:00 AM on Halloween morning, Friday, 31 October 2008. I had a strong pain and heavy pressure in my chest. Well, Jerry, I thought, this is your day. It wasn't as if it were unexpected. Funny thing, on hospital rounds just a few weeks prior, I heard myself make the same statement several times to patients that I may be closer to this event than I realize!



It was about four years before that we were in Des Moines hovering around the hospital bed of our baby brother, Larry, almost three years younger than I am. Larry was about to have a heart valve replacement after several stents. Pretty scary business if you ask me.

On a very cold and snowy night a few days after New Year's Day 1999, our oldest brother, Vern, 79, blew out an aneurism after clearing his driveway with a snow blower. He had suffered a pretty severe heart attack about a year or so before he retired in the early 1980's.

Our oldest surviving brother, Bill, was at Larry's bedside too. About fifteen years ago, Bill, a

devout member of the Des Moines Barbershop Chorus, had driven a van load of other barber shoppers to a week-end competition in Omaha and back to Des Moines. Bill had felt ill the entire week-end with what he thought was...indigestion! It wasn't until they got back safely to Des Moines, that Bill informed his wife, Helen, that he öthoughtö he was having a heart attack, and he needed her to take him to the emergency room. By the time he came home from the hospital, he'd had a five-way heart by-pass procedure!

Our Dad had had several heart attacks and high blood pressure. He was always a big man, a heavy weight, strong as an ox. Dad died peacefully in his sleep on a Friday evening in July 1964. He was 71 years and six months old. We kids thought that he was an öoldö man.

Halloween 2008, in the midst of chest pain I thought about my Dad. öI am about the same age that Dad was when he died. Am I going to dieö? For the last several years my thoughts would occasionally wander back to Dad as my öthree-score and tenö clock ticked closer to the age of Dad's passing. It wasn't a morbid thing. It wasn't an obsession. I wasn't consumed with dread. It was just a flashback to that event in 1964. We thought that Dad was an old man! öMr. Pratt, having reached the age of 71 and one-half, how do you feel about aging nowö? öLord, I have a lot more things to do than dieö!

After relating my sordid family medical history, the cardiologist decided that she had heard enough and immediately she ordered a heart catheterization. Back in the emergency room afterward, Doctor G. came in with his nurse. öI can do you on Wednesday,ö he said! öThat sounds like an excellent idea,ö öLet's do it,ö I said, speaking in a manner as if we had just made plans to play golf on Wednesday. If you will excuse this frivolous atmosphere, there was no need for discussion, argument, or debate. Since that day several years before in Larry's hospital room, I knew that for me it would be only a matter of time. Jerry, your day has come!

The suspense was over. The relief from the dread of suspense was welcome, and I spent the next four days looking forward to getting this thing over with little or no anxiety. It helped a great deal to know that my dear wife, Joan, was at my side.

We made certain that some people who needed to know were notified, our kids, family, our congregational prayer list. Joan and several elders from our congregation administered to (anointed) me, as did my boss, Larry, our chief chaplain at the hospital. I think that by the time I reached the operating room, I was on every prayer list in the country. Who knows how many times my name went around the world!



Since I would be technically dead for several hours, I wondered if I would meet any one from the other side during that time. I thought about my late wife, Janice. What would that be like? Could I talk to her? I thought about Mom and Dad; my sisters, Janie and Barb, my brother Vern and our two oldest brothers who had died in infancy, whom I had never known. I must admit that I was greatly disappointed when nothing like that happened.

Joan kissed me good bye, and the nurse sent her out to wait. I was at complete peace as they wheeled me down the hallway to the operating room. That feeling of peace was due in part to some of my chaplain experience. Over time I had met quite a few people facing this same ordeal. I

had seen them both before and after the event. I had anointed many of them and prayed with them, reassuring each that all would go well. Post-operatively, I found many of them hugging their huge American Heart Association pillow. I was about to get a souvenir pillow of my own. I was also able to relate with full confidence my trust in the great advancements made in cardiovascular surgery over our lifetimes. For whatever good it might do, I always tried to inject a bit of humor into the situation. "A piece of cake," I imagined the doctor might say. "That's easy for you to say, Doctor, but I am the patient." But I have never heard those words ever spoken, trumping the only ace I held in my hand. When you consider in this age of specialization that this surgeon, who will be holding my life in his hands does several cases each week, in due time will become quite skilled at what he does. Technology allows me to be connected by tubes and wires to a huge pumping machine, that takes over the pumping and oxygenation functions of my heart, so that it can be stopped for a number of hours while the surgeon repairs it.

(Watch for further installments in coming months).

**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 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 also available on our Web site: <http://www.cofchristpeacekeepers.org/>

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