



The Peacekeepers

Association for Ministry to Military Personnel Newsletter

July/August, 2013

TIM'S SERVICE

by Tim "K9" Kunzweiler, President

I don't fully comprehend what sustains the *life force* that is so evident within our vibrant plant world—though I'm typically awed by my being able to observe the effects of that force. That tendency of mine (to observe) has had me paying a couple years-worth of attention to a tree located in the walking park adjacent to Headquarters Air Force Materiel Command (I've probably mentioned my need for an occasional fresh-air walk in this grove, in connection with the factors encountered during most any "normal" work day). Well, I've been watching one particular tree ever since I'd first noticed it had been struck by lightning!

At first, the tree seemed to display tenacity and a will to survive. However, over the series of seasons since that bolt struck, I'd noticed that fewer and fewer branches seemed able to support leaves. Alas, by mid-summer of this year, the one branch that had continued to sustain life finally succumbed to the damage that I originally noticed as a wide swath of missing bark.

The sight of this tree—now naked, when it should have been clothed in glorious green—reminded of this scripture:

John 15:5-8 (NLT) ⁵ I am the vine; you are the branches. If you remain in me, and I in you, you will bear much fruit; apart from me you can do nothing. ⁶ If you do not remain in me, you are like a branch that is thrown away and withers; such branches are picked



up, thrown into the fire and burned. ⁷ If you remain in me and my words remain in you, ask whatever you wish, and it will be done for you. ⁸ This is to my Father's glory, that you bear much fruit, showing yourselves to be my disciples.

We're aware how, unlike for so many other vocations, the military calling can result in our being more *damage prone*. It's truly good that the military continues working hard to recognize, properly prevent and, when necessary, treat the damages rooted in exposure to armed conflict and repeated high-stress situations. Yet, for all the good such care may provide, I believe we are best attended to by *the Great Physician*, Jesus—our Lord, the figurative *vine*. No matter what we face, it's best to remain *in him*.

On the particular day that my walk's gaze informed me of the tree's demise, I plucked a small bit off one of its remaining branches—not to throw into a fire to be burned—but to retain as a good reminder of:

- a plant's life I'd paid attention to,
- your needs, as you continue to serve in harm's way and
- why we must all stay "in the vine."

In closing: I don't often address factors for the civilian employee side of the military but, since civilian employees of the U.S. military are currently

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.

enduring furlough (loss of workdays and decreases in pay), I'm asking for your special prayers:

- First, for the uniformed members who may have to pick up additional workloads in this time.
- Second, for the civilians themselves, who may face budget crunches (with the loss of pay) and who may also be struggling with feelings of helplessness in this situation.

As you can, please *present the face of Jesus* to one another in this time.

In Christ ó Victory! May God bless all Peacekeepers.

Tim öK9ö Kunzweiler, President.

Curt's Column

by Curt Heaviland

Where does time go? It seems like last week that I put together my column for the newsletter and here it is again and as far as I am concerned I'm late. I guess it is better late than never.

It is my fondest hope that your 4th of July was a very good one. While some of the people in the neighborhood set off fireworks there were very few of them. I'm always apprehensive because after the 4th I go into my backyard and see a dozen or two remains of bottle rockets. This year there were none. Whatever the reason I'm grateful.



Each day I thank the Lord that he has given me the privilege to live in this country. While I may not agree with everything that is taking place, I'm still very grateful.

Thank each one of you for service presently and as a veteran.

GOD BLESS,

Curt

Quote Corner

- ❖ Real generosity is doing something nice for someone who'll never find it out.
ó Frank A. Clark

- ❖ In prayer, it is better to have a heart without words than words without a heart.
ó John Bunyan
- ❖ People seldom become famous for what they say until after they are famous for what they've done.
ó Cullen Hightower
- ❖ Friendship is a single soul dwelling in two bodies.
ó Aristotle
- ❖ Make your life a mission ó not an intermission.
ó Arnold Glasgow
- ❖ It is difficult to steer a parked car, so get moving.
ó Henrietta Mears

Kid's Stuff

by Mary Yocum



Ian can now say ötwinkle, twinkleö and ötickle.ö He also tells his brother, öDom no, no,ö quite often. He seems to know when big brother is getting into trouble before Dominic does. Maybe that's just a part of being a little brother, I don't know.

I seem to remember telling my big brother not to do things before he got into trouble too. Of course, he got into trouble more than the rest of us put together .

Dominic had swim lessons ó he didn't pass though. I guess that means we'll have to sandwich in some more lessons after karate classes. Can't have him drowning though. Sometimes it's hard to believe how much love we have for those two grandsons of ours. There's just no limit to the love we feel. Can you imagine how much love God must feel for us? More than all the love that all God's children feel for all their children and grandchildren combined! And God loves each one of us more than all that!

Just think of how much love that equals! And then multiply that as much as you can imagine. Wow!

Just got back from running an errand. As I was leaving my husband, Don and seven year old grandson Dominic informed me that 18 month old Ian needed a new diaper. öHe really stinks Grandma,ö Dominic said. Of course I could have reminded them that Don could change diapers too ó but I didn't bother.

Clean and smelling fresh Ian settled down on the couch with Grandpa Don and big brother Dominic. All three of them zoned out on cartoons and enjoying their favorite Al Bundy couch potato pose ó I am sure you know the one. What a sight.

Buttons and Zippers (Part 2 of 3) by Jerry Pratt (Sustaining Member)

The great feeling of peace was more than tranquilizers and anesthetic working on my brain. I had felt this way all the time since Halloween. Undeniably, this was God's supreme peace, divine grace, and tender mercies that were going to see me through this. It was very cool as they wheeled me quickly to the operating room. I remember them transferring me to the operating table. Two very big men taped my arms down on the armrests. The room had an unreal science fiction look to it.

I got a brief look at the bypass machine that seemed to fill an entire wall. The nurse inserted an intravenous line in my right arm, and said, "I am giving you a tranquilizer through this line to help you rest." Then the lights went out!

The next thing that I knew I was waking up in my room that evening in Intensive Care. Joan, my son, Russ, and my daughter, Noelle, were there. Today was Noelle's birthday. Ken, Joan's son, had taken time off from his work to be there with his Mom. Tubes extended from tall poles delivering a variety of medicine into my body. I was thankful for the oxygen that cleared my head and helped make breathing easier. Several tubes still ran down my throat, so I couldn't talk. Several large tubes protruded from slits on each side of the chest below the ribs. I looked inside my gown at my chest, and there it was! I had my very own zipper! The thought occurred to me, since they had to stop and restart my heart, does that mean that I get a second birthday? And if I get a second birthday, does that mean that I have been reborn? Anita, my Filipina nurse, recognized me and said, "You are one of our chaplains!" I appreciated the recognition, not because of me and my present need, but for the recognition of the Chaplain Service in the hospital, and this bond that had been established with the Nursing Service. My two brothers were in the room as well. I felt so much better to see them and



recognize them. Both gave me big hugs, gently. It was quite crowded in the room, and it had been a very full day and still much care to be done. Kindly, every one expressed their thanksgiving, wished me well, and left for the day. I drifted off to sleep.

I dreamed the same incredible dream continuously those first two nights. I heard such unbelievable choral music all through my sleep. It seemed to be on an endless loop that played without interruption. I couldn't tell where it began or where it ended. I say that it was choral music. It was choral, but without words, a vocalese. Do I dare use the words, "incredible," and "unbelievable," one more time? I must. The music was so incredible and unbelievably beautiful, that I don't think that even the finest musicians could chart what I heard! I don't believe that anyone spoke to me in my dream, but I very clearly remember it being made known to me that what I had heard were all of the prayers being offered in my behalf. What assurance does a person need more than that?

Home and The Start of Recovery

At home we discovered one technical hurdle to be overcome. I found it difficult to try to sleep flat on my back unable to roll over. Rolling over, along with coughing and sneezing were going to be difficult and painful for awhile. My son-in-law, Kelly, solved that problem very quickly by constructing a platform that was attached to the bottom of the frame that raised my recliner about six inches. As I would stand in front of the recliner, the seat would strike me right behind the knee, so I could get in and out of the recliner entirely on my own. As most of my friends know, I am a pretty big guy, and it wouldn't take long to wear Joan out trying to get me up and back to bed several times each night. I spent about three weeks sleeping in that recliner until I felt that I had healed enough to be able to sleep in bed again. What a great relief that was.

Do you know what the healing process feels like? Until now, I hadn't paid much attention, but now I had all the time in the world to observe. Day-by-day I could see the edges of my "zipper" closing. All of the scars were mending nicely edges dry, clean, pretty pink. Whenever I would cough, I could distinctly feel the pain in my chest hurt less-and-less. It was so interesting that I started paying

closer attention. Yes, I was healing, and feeling better every day. Better, in fact, than I could remember feeling in my entire life. That sense of spiritual blessing and certainty of recovery that I felt even in the beginning of this episode, continued to grow daily.

I saw a visiting nurse and physical therapist three days each week for three weeks. The visits quickly became routine, and could have been rubber-stamped. "How are you feeling today?" "Just great!" "Pulse and blood pressure are good. Are you having any problems?" "Not a one!"

The exercises were pain free. I was feeling so good, and ornery, that if she asked me to do ten leg

lifts, I would try to do twenty. I had no trouble and no fear of going down and up stairs at any time. Before long, the nurse and the therapist were finished with me, so one month after surgery I started the first of thirty-six outpatient cardiac rehabilitation visits. One of my key objectives out of all of this has always been to fly again, to pilot a small airplane. In order to do that I still have to satisfy the Federal Aviation Agency that I am medically fit to fly.

(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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