



The Peacekeepers

Association for Ministry to Military Personnel Newsletter

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TIM'S SERVICE

by Tim "K9" Kunzweiler, President

I didn't catch his name.

Sheila and I had been up in Toledo, Ohio recently. We were visiting our daughter, Rachel, for her birthday (and those anniversaries seem to come quicker with each passing year!). It was a frigid weekend though not at all unexpected for January in northern Ohio and we felt lucky to have warm clothes and shelter for our stay.

Sunday was our day to travel back to Dayton and we decided to visit a nearby pancake house for breakfast before going over to the Toledo University campus to say our goodbyes to Rachel.



The breakfast was good and filling. After paying we headed out the front door, which was held for us by a 20-something young man before he entered the restaurant himself. We thanked him for the courtesy and headed toward our car. While we were preparing to back out from our parking space I glanced up to notice the same young man crossing the parking lot, holding his baggy pants up by hand and stepping across piled snow to make his way toward the nearby busy roadway.

We watched him *beeline* to a fast-food restaurant across the street and I caught myself wondering if this unexpected sight might be telling us something significant about this fellow. I wondered aloud to Sheila whether he might be homeless and seeking a cheap meal or just some



warmth. We both decided we had the time to see whether he had any need we might attend to.

We drove across the road to the fast-food restaurant and I went inside to see if I could spot him. He was seated in the area closest to the parking lot and another man, maybe just a little older than me, was beginning to seat himself at the same table. I introduced myself to the two of them and inquired as to whether there was anything in his situation that I might help with. In short order I learned that the young man was between jobs and living at a nearby mission. The man now with him was going to provide him a meal and a ride back to the mission. Our person of interest was also in need of dry socks (and worried about catching the flu). Luckily a Sears store was open nearby and I was able to drive over and pick him up some socks. When I returned to the restaurant he accepted them gratefully.

For whatever reason, I didn't quite hear the reason for what happened next. I just know that the young man had finished his food and left the immediate vicinity. I now found myself alone with the man who had provided the food. His name was Jim and I learned he was a member of a nearby Protestant congregation that sought to provide ministry to the campus population. We exchanged information about our personal ministry efforts and he let me know that Rachel would be very welcome to visit that faith community and to find fellowship. I thanked



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.

him and, having to get on the way, headed back to our car not seeing the young man again. And, I hadn't caught his name.

I don't know what the future holds either for the young man, or for Jim. But I do know that, in the brief moments we spent together, we were linked as brothers in Christ. I'd felt I was the one on a mission. Now though, I wonder if maybe the young man was the one actually on a mission sent into my field of view so that several things could happen: I could do a small part in helping keep him warm, I could meet Jim who would provide information Rachel could use about a nearby Christian resource, and I could gain a reminder to share with you: (James 1:22, 27 New Living Translation (NLT)) ²² But don't just listen to God's word. You must do what it says ²⁷ Pure and genuine religion in the sight of God the Father means caring for orphans and widows in their distress and refusing to let the world corrupt you.

May you be successful in your missions.

In Christ ó Victory! May God bless all Peacekeepers.

Tim óK9ö Kunzweiler, President.

öWho knows,ö he asked, öbut it may be given to us, after this life, to meet again in the old quarters, to play chess and draughts, to get up soon to answer the morning roll call, to fall in at the tap of the drum for drill and dress parade, and again to hastily don our war gear while the monotonous patter of the long roll summons to battle? Who knows but again the old flags, ragged and torn, snapping in the wind, may face each other and flutter, pursuing and pursued, while the cries of victory fill a summer day? And after the battle, then the slain and wounded will arise, and all will be talking and laughter and cheers, and all will say: Did it not seem real? Was it not as in the old days?ö (from *The Civil War: a Narrative: Volume III. Red River to Appomattox* by Shelby Foote. New York: Vintage Books, 1986. p. 1048).

ó Pvt. Berry Benson, 1st South Carolina Rifles Regiment;
Berry Benson's Reminiscences of the Civil War,
S.W. Benson, editor, 1962

Kid's Stuff

by Mary Yocum



Our little guys gave us a joyful holiday season. Ian kept us laughing, as usual. I was going around his high-chair in a restaurant and decided to kiss him on the top of his head. He looked at Grandpa and shook his head as if to say, öwhat are we going to do with herö?

Ian tells me if he needs a diaper, especially if it smells. One day I had to visit the facilities as my Grandmother used to say. I had to bring Ian in the stall with me, and as I was gathering the toilet paper Ian began to sniff. öWhooeeö! he said. Grandma need a diaperö! That went over big with the family.

Their mother, Beth tries to edit herself, especially in traffic. She told a driver recently, öGrrr, thank youö! Ian said öthank youö in his growling Cookie Monster voice over and over again.

One of my favorite things is watching the two boys when we go to pick up Dominic from school. From the moment Dominic gets in the car until we pile into the house its one big screaming laugh fest. The car door opens and Ian yells öBubbaö! Dominic looks at Ian and yells öDuh.ö Ian answers with a scream and laugh. For the next ten minutes all I hear is Bubba, duh, scream and laugh ó over and over again. Even though my ears hurt and I sometimes get a headache, the air is filled with love and laughter. I can almost hear God laughing with them. What could be better?

Quote Corner

- ❖ Hatred is paralyzed in the presence of love.
ó from *Joshua and the Children* by Joseph E. Girzone
- ❖ There is very little motion sickness on a journey with God. ó *Homiletics*
- ❖ Let us leave sadness to the devil and his angels. As for us Christians, what can we be but rejoicing and glad? ó St. Francis of Assisi
- ❖ If you think you are too small to do a big thing, try doing small things in a big way.
ó Anonymous

God's Love Endures Forever

by Jane Gardner, High Priest Quorum president

O give thanks to the Lord, for he is good; for his steadfast love endures forever. Let the redeemed of the Lord say so
Psalm 107: 1 – 2

The psalmist directs us to voice experiences that convince us God's love endures forever. The children of Israel had been through tough times, but that was not an excuse to withhold praises and thanksgiving for God's presence and deliverance.

In our family, my mother's diagnosis of dementia and the deterioration of her memory have been difficult. Can anything about this situation merit praise to God? Three thoughts immediately come to mind. When in rare, lucid moments Mom can interact and participate with us ó Praise God! When Mom gets excited and ðplaysö with her 2-year-old grandchild, though she doesn't always remember his name ó Praise God! When Mom sings the hymns with energy and fervor (sometimes from memory) ó Praise God!

It is a matter of perspective. We are thankful for Mom's life as a disciple of Jesus. Even when she can't testify herself anymore ó those of us who have been blessed by her life testify that God's love was and continues to be present in her living. With faith we testify it is God's love that sustains us and offers hope for the days ahead.

Follow Christ By John Wight, senior president of seventy

...“Follow me, and I will make you fish for people.” Immediately they left their nets and followed him.

—Matthew 4:19–20

I love animals—tame and wild. I believe they are a real gift from God. Through the years, I have had several dogs and a couple of cats. These animals have taught me much. Some of their teaching relates to the life and ministry of Jesus. Some relates to Christ's calling and the expected behaviors of disciples. Let me explain.



Each of my dogs displayed great excitement on seeing me—wagging their tails, following me wherever I went, just happy to be with me. The cats, on the other hand, were aloof. Oh, they liked being around me, but on their terms, not mine.

If I called one of the dogs, it immediately would leave what it was doing and happily run to be with me. If I called one of the cats, however, it would look up and dismiss my call with a look that might have said, “No, I'm not ready to come to you right now. I'll let you know when I'm ready.”

According to Matthew 4, when Jesus called Peter, James, John, and Andrew, they “immediately” left everything—jobs, possessions, even family—to follow him. Christ challenges any follower of his to have a similar response to Jesus' invitation. If not literally to leave those possessions behind, to at least have a heart that causes them to want to follow Christ first, rather than on their own schedule or simply when it is convenient.

To put it another way, those who would follow Christ must be “canine” Christians rather than “feline” Christians. Which are you?

Rejoice in God's New

Creation By David Schaal, First Presidency

For I am about to create new heavens and a new earth; the former things shall not be remembered or come to mind. But be glad and rejoice forever in what I am creating...The wolf and the lamb shall feed together, the lion shall eat straw like the ox...

They shall not hurt or destroy on all my holy mountain, says the Lord.

—Isaiah 65:17–18, 25

It was a difficult month. Unpleasant circumstances that I could not control surrounded me, and the whirlwind of events and the demands of life seemed unrelenting. I know in times like this, it's easy to lose track of ourselves as we pour our lives into addressing what demands our attention. So, one morning, I decided to drive out into the country and just spend some time in the woods. As I did, I gradually felt my stress decrease, my breathing became deeper, and for the first time in several days I felt as though I was becoming myself again.

It's often been my experience to find renewal through immersing myself in God's creation. Whether it's the woods, a stream, my yard, or

walking in the city under the night sky, nature restores my soul. If I spend enough time in nature, God mends my spirit, calms my mind, and helps me find my bearings.



It's more than just nature's beauty that does this. In nature, everything is simply "being" what it's intended to be. Trees don't try to be squirrels, and clouds don't compete with the grass. I think that if we spend enough time immersed in settings

where creations simply "are" as they ought to be, it's possible for us to reacquaint ourselves with who God wants us to be. Nature strips away the facades of life.

I rejoice in God's new creation. This includes what God is creating in us as we make ourselves available to God. Sometimes that availability comes more readily when we surround ourselves by creatures living in peace. Creatures fulfilling their divine intent.

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