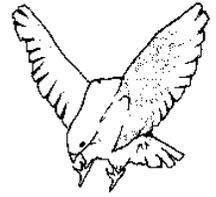


Community of Christ

Association for Ministry to Military Personnel



# The Peacekeepers

Newsletter

September/October 2015

## TIM'S SERVICE

by Tim "K9" Kunzweiler, President

Ron Keeps Me Mindful of God Things.

It was a couple years ago that I first met Ron. It was one of those chance encounters. I was driving past the nearby *Big Box* discount store and spotted a man walking away from it ó not quite on the sidewalk, and at a brisk pace. He was garbed for a variety of weather conditions ó though not necessarily the type we were experiencing that day (rain). His hair was white and longish, pushed under a floppy hat; his eyeglasses were thick. He was headed somewhere but ill ó equipped for a long walk, given the variety of bags he was carrying. I felt impressed to get him out of the rain. The rest of our time together would be a matter of discovery.

Ron, it turned out, was hurrying to catch a distant bus which, I soon understood, he was dependent upon. I soon surmised why. Frankly, Ron has some disabilities and was likely living with a form of high functioning autism. He was quite articulate though. In fact his speech was laced with details of all sorts, covering a momentary thought about shopping and then stringing amazingly between local geography and the history of the place he grew up. I was going to drop him at the target bus stop but realized from his ever-streaming conversation how the wait there would be long and the bus would only be taking him to an intermediate spot to catch another bus. That next spot was a grocery store and, for me, was but a short drive. I offered to get Ron there and he accepted with more



of the matter-of-fact commentary I was quickly growing accustomed to.

Upon our arrival at the store parking lot I wished Ron well as he quickly regrouped his bags, opened the truck's door, using a paper-towel carefully positioned between the handle and his hand, and stepped toward the store without much of a glance anywhere except directly in front of him. Our visit was over quite as quickly as it had begun.

I'd just met one of God's children and was blessed to offer a quiet prayer for his continuing safety as he headed into the store ó and then to points unknown to me.



Transition to 16 Sep 2015. Sheila and I had been out to eat a light supper but had routed to a nearby retail store to pick up some home supplies before heading back to our own *casa*. It was nearly 9:00 PM and I was turning into a side street off the main drag when I spied a man walking ó not quite on the sidewalk. He was carrying bags and (yes) had thick glasses and a floppy hat. I told Sheila I thought I knew who this was and suggested we needed to check to see if he needed a ride. After a bit of shouting I caught this man's attention and determined it was indeed Ron again (I was amazed with myself for even remembering his name after so much time had passed!). Ron answered my question about needing a ride by sprinting around to the back door of the truck and piling his bags right in, a stream of conversation already starting.

During this drive, now into an adjacent town, Sheila and I both enjoyed chatting with Ron as he and I recalled details about the first time we'd first met. Ron was every bit the same, transitioning his monologue between those details, his enjoyment of the current weather, his frustration with the coming cold, and his providing directions to the fast food place where we could drop him off. It was on this trip that we determined Ron actually lived in a special housing unit near downtown Dayton, quite a distance away from Centerville/Washington Township. We're not even a Dayton suburb. Ron appears to have quite a range of travel under his bus-riding belt!

Why had we been traveling where and when we were tonight? We had thought it was only because we were hungry and then wanted to pick some things up. Why had I looked close enough, in the dim light, at a pedestrian I'd only met once before and one who lived NOWHERE near where we both chanced to intersect a second time? What is the relationship that now exists? I conjecture: It's a "God Thing." Frankly, in this life, the "whys" may simply remain mysteries and our second meeting may be one of those things we'll simply have to call "at least coincidence" (thank you E. Boyce Rogers for that quote). All I can say with certainty is that Ron had someone recognize and care for him in what was becoming a late hour. Ron was carried to a location that was well lit and well-traveled. Ron, Sheila and I acknowledged and accepted one another each in our own way. Maybe Ron will have a testimony to share in his own unique way. I know I've been blessed to tell you about Ron.

What's a "God Thing"? Sometimes it's connecting and doing whatever we can, just because a still small voice encourages us to.

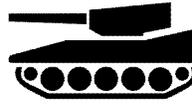
In Christ I Victory! May God bless all  
Peacekeepers.  
Tim K9 Kunzweiler, President.

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## Tanks, by Curt Heaviland

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Recently I submitted an article entitled "Why me." I suggested in the article that I had two more occasions that I would relate. Here is the first one.



In the year 1949 I was commissioned a 2<sup>nd</sup> Lt in the army and sent to Ft Knox, Kentucky for my basic training. One of the first things we had to learn was how to drive a tank. The vehicle that we had to learn on was the M4 Sherman Tank. It had played a very important role in WWII and was being replaced by the M26 Patton Tank.

The Sherman tank had an 800 horse powered V 12 engine and we as drivers had to know the gear shift procedures as well as the use of the steering laterals that were used on a bull dozer. After a complete inspection and indoctrination we were assigned to a tank as a member of the crew of five. The crew was composed of a tank commander, gunner, loader, driver and assistant driver. My first assignment was that of a driver. After becoming familiar with the driver's compartment we were instructed by the tank commander to move out. The commander at this time was a member of the Armor School and usually a Non Commissioned Officer.

I was given orders to move out by the tank commander and directed in the path we were to take. The area in which we were operating, for the most part, was open fields but there were areas of woods which consisted mainly of young growth. There were some of the trees which had died and were rotting. I enjoyed the opportunity and it was soon time for me to move to the second position in the tank, the assistant driver and did my tour at this point. As the time progressed I was to move to the gunner position. I did not look forward to this as I was completely enclosed by the tank.

We changed our positions and were given orders by the commander to "move out." We headed across one of the open fields and were moving down a hillside with a growth of trees, some of which had begun to decay. As we moved through the wooded area our tank hit some of the trees and knocked them over. Nearing the end of the wooded area our tank hit a tree with the right tread. It broke the top of the tree which had begun to rot. The portion which was broken came down and hit the assistant driver on top of his head. He was riding with an open hatch in order to see well. The remnant which hit him killed him instantly.

I had only been out of the position just a few minutes. It did not dawn on me at the time, but I have since had time to look back over the incident. I have to ask the question "why not me?" I hope that since the Lord saw fit to keep me around that I have fulfilled His requirements for me or at least been of some use to Him.

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## Kid's Stuff

by Mary Yocum

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Well, we've been having fun around here. Beth, our daughter is training to be a school bus driver in Kansas City. She was originally told she would have two weeks of unpaid training. It turns out the training lasts 4 or 5 weeks. To add insult to injury she went to get in her car after the first day of training and stepped into a storm drain, twisting her ankle. So no training for a week.

We've been scurrying around driving her to the Dr., getting her food, watching the kids and adjusting our schedules. As a mother I'm very proud of my daughter and her two boys. As an aging individual I'm tired! But God is still in heaven and while things might be crazy, he's still holding everything in his hand. Maybe He's juggling too.

Ian still keeps us in stitches. The other day Beth asked him what he wanted for lunch. He replied, "want shiny food." "Shiny food?" she questioned. "Yes," he said, "you know, steak, rice, ab agoon í ."

She started repeating what he'd said, "steak, rice, when does he get steak with rice? Steak restaurants give potatoes with steak í Oh! She asked Ian, "do mean Chinese food?"

"Yes, steak, rice and í" Beth finished for him, "crab ragoon."

We've been out several times now for "shiny food." The waiters and hostess tease Ian about having shiny milk, shiny rice and so forth. He just grins and eats away.

We took Dominic to his Karate class recently and Ian was tired of playing with the same old car and book. He very nicely asked a little boy there if



he could play with some of his toys. (They packed a back pack full of toys). One of the toys was a "transformer" car. You lift the hood on the car and pull the back tires apart and it becomes a robot. I had seen them before so thought nothing of it.

Soon after the boy left with his toys, Ian started curling up on the floor and then jerking slowly to his feet. I couldn't figure out what he was doing so I asked him.

"I'm a transformer ó see, I'm a car ó and he curled up on the floor. Now I'm a transformer robot ó and he slowly jerked to a standing position.

If you have seen any of the transformer movies, they flip themselves from one position to the other with jerky movements. Just like Ian did.

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## Quote Corner

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- ❖ The gifts and talents you have been given do not belong to you. You have them on loan ó in trust ó to make what you can of them for the betterment of humanity.  
ó Gary Moore, in "Spiritual Investments,"  
*Forbes*, December 28, 1998
- ❖ In the cathedral at Cologne, Germany, there is a statue of Jesus with his head bowed upon his chest. Visitors discover that there is only one way to truly see the face of the Master. One must kneel and look upward.
- ❖ The truth that matters is not what we feel, but the fact that God loves us whatever we feel, and God's energies are always tending toward our health and well being.  
ó Leslie Weatherhead
- ❖ "Ain't no man can avoid being average; but ain't nobody got to be common."  
ó Satchel Paige, famous baseball pitcher
- ❖ If it weren't for the last minute, a lot of things wouldn't get done.  
ó Michael S. Traylor
- ❖ Laughter is to life what salt is to the egg.  
ó Helen Valentine
- ❖ Doing the tough things today prepares us for the big things tomorrow. ó Zig Ziglar

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**Calling for your updates and stories:** Peacekeepers needs you to keep us updated with your newsletter delivery information and we highly desire information appropriate for the newsletter (stories, testimonies, updates to share with other members).

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

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