



Life Saver Ministries
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Dear Life Savers,

“Good luck with that.” That’s what Cathie said, when I told her I was going to try the zip line at Attitash Mountain. “It’s the longest zip line east of The Rockies,” I replied. “Have fun,” she said. “It reaches speeds up to 65 MPH,” I said. “That’s very nice,” Cathie acknowledged. “You’re 200 feet in the air in some places,” I said. “Still not interested,” Cathie replied. “It’s on my bucket list,” I said. “I don’t have a bucket list, and if I did, that wouldn’t be on it,” Cathie responded. I took that to mean I was going alone.

We were on vacation in N. Conway last week, so it was a short ride to Attitash. I watched the Attitash instructional video online, so I knew how to start, slow down, and stop. I had also watched zip line videos of other locations that showed a leisurely glide through the woods. I figured that even though I *could* go up 65 MPH, I would go slower to extend the ride and enjoy the view.

I arrived at Attitash and, with about 10 other people, I went to the area where we were given a harness, a helmet, and instructions. The instructor said we needed to go full speed the entire way, because the line leveled off for the last part of the ride, and if we slowed down we could get stuck before we reached the end.

I didn’t know what would happen if I got stuck, but I didn’t want to find out. I certainly didn’t want to be stuck and have someone coming up behind me at 65 MPH who was told not to use their brake.

We took the chair lift to the top of the mountain and walked to where the zip line started. Standing on the platform, I could tell right away this wasn’t going to be a leisurely glide through the woods. There was a teenage girl with her father in our group. The girl kept saying she was afraid of heights and was going to either pass out or throw up. In an attempt to calm her fears, I said to her, “Don’t worry. It’s impossible to fall. You might pass out or throw up, but you won’t fall.” No, I didn’t really say the last part. I thought it, but I didn’t say it.

She went down before I did and it didn’t look like she was going too fast. In fact, she did seem to glide, although quickly. I breathed a little easier. What I didn’t take into consideration at the time was that she probably weighed 95 pounds, even with the equipment, and I was pretty close to the maximum weight limit for the zip line at 220 without equipment.

A nice young lady hooked my harness to the zip line and said, “OK, 3-2-1 GO.” I pulled down on the release, and I didn’t glide. I dropped almost straight down and kept picking up speed. As I left 65 MPH behind and reached what seemed like terminal velocity, I heard myself say, “Oh, My Goodness,” or something like that. I really don’t remember the exact words. It’s kind of a fog.

Being a photographer, I had a GoPro camera attached to my helmet. I was leaning my head and upper body to the right, so my arms and the harness wouldn’t be in the video. This made me twist to the left. I used my legs to try to compensate and ended up twisting left, then straight, then left again, then straight again.

At the bottom, there was an Attitash employee using the hand signals we learned, telling me when to slow down and when to stop. I apparently wasn’t slowing down enough, because his hand signals kept getting faster and more animated. Then he quickly moved out of the way. I did stop, but I guess I came in a little hot, because I used a lot more of the spring cushion things that absorb shock than other people did.

I’m ready to go again.

Just as on my very minor example of my trip to Attitash, things often don't go the way we think they will. Life has a way of throwing us curves.

That's true for everyone. It's certainly true for the young women who come to My Father's House. When they dreamed of having children, none of them thought they would become pregnant at such a young age. When they pictured their lives as young adults, none of them envisioned they would drop out of high school and end up alone with a baby and nowhere to live. When they imagined falling in love and life with their future husband, they didn't foresee the guy they trusted with their heart getting them pregnant and deserting them.

Fortunately, there are ways to hit curves out of the ballpark.

With help from caring people and hard work, the circumstances, disappointments, and poor decisions of life can be overcome. New goals can be set. New plans can be made. New dreams can be realized.

My Father's House is a place where these young women can evaluate their lives, take an honest look at their circumstances without being judged, and, with guidance, plot a new course for themselves and their children. Will things be easy for them? *No*. Will life still throw them curves? *Yes*. Will they be better prepared to handle whatever life throws at them? *Definitely*. The skills and Godly values they learn at My Father's House will form a firm foundation on which to build a new life for themselves and their children. We've seen it happen time and again.

Thank you for providing the financial support we need to help and guide these young families. We couldn't do it without you.



**Say Hello to the
Birthday Boy**
Jason just turned 1.
Happy Birthday
Little Guy.

In His service,

Kevin

Kevin Coffey