



Life Saver Ministries
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Dear Life Savers,

I used to be a stripper. No, not that kind of stripper. I was a stripper in a print shop. A stripper's job is to mount lithographic negatives on masking sheets and cut out areas of the masking sheets that are to be exposed to the printing plate. Sounds exciting, doesn't it?

I've had a lot of jobs in my day. My first jobs were in agriculture. I cleaned horse stalls, although since I didn't get paid for that, I guess that was a chore and not a job. My first paying job was picking strawberries when I was about 10 years old. I think I got 10 cents per little basket. It was really hot work. I lasted one day. When I was 11, I talked a farmer into letting me work with the teenagers he hired to load bales of hay onto his truck and then into his barn. I lasted one day on that job, too. I made 8 bucks.

The next summer, I decided caddying was the job for me. My dad knew the caddy master (that's the guy who matches caddies with golfers) at Belmont Country Club. He agreed to give me a try. I rode my bike to the country club early every morning and waited to be called. Being the smallest caddy (some of these guys were professional caddies, the rest were teenagers), I was usually chosen last. I got \$3 for each bag I carried for 9 holes. On a good day, I carried 2 bags for 18 holes and netted 12 bucks.

Summers during high school, I worked doing maintenance at the Arlington Housing Authority. I painted apartments, a lot of apartments, picked up litter with an idiot stick (a broom handle with a nail on one end), replaced broken lids on in-ground garbage pails, and fixed broken stuff. Whenever there was a broken window, which happened a lot because there were kids everywhere, I would be sent to replace the broken panes. I would open the window from the inside, sit on the window sill with the upper half of my body outside and my legs inside, and use an electric iron to soften the window putty so I could get the broken glass out. Then I'd put in a new piece of glass and re-glaze the window. I don't think this was the OSHA approved method, especially on second floor windows. I made \$1.75 an hour.

While in college, I had a bunch of jobs. I worked at a hoity toity art gallery on Newbury Street. Sounds high class – I repaired frames. I mounted dump-truck bodies on trucks. Not by hand. Those things are heavy. I sold pots and pans door-to-door. Well, I went door-to-door trying to sell pots and pans. I don't remember actually selling many. I sold toys at Jordan Marsh Basement.

I drove a cab in Cambridge and Boston. This was way before Uber. I went to Harvard. Not as a student, I went there because I had a job as a pot scrubber at the freshman dining hall. I delivered soda to stores for the Cott Bottling Company. It's Cott to be good. I schlepped furniture for a moving company. I was a dishwasher and ice cream scooper at Friendly's.

To round out my college work career: I worked in a machine shop. That was kind of cool, but the work was very repetitive. I was a night watchman at a factory in Cambridge that manufactured fire hoses. If you've ever seen an old movie where a guard walks around a dark, spooky factory with a flashlight and a time clock, going from key station to key station, that was me. I also worked as a wheelbarrow man on a paving crew. Summers during my college years were spent working for the state highway planning department. One of the things I did there was code street maps of Boston and surrounding areas for the police departments to use for computer guidance of patrol cars, a prelude to GPS.

After college, I was a commercial photographer and alarm contractor for 20 years, until God called me to start this ministry. In order to pay the bills as Cathie and I were trying to get the ministry up and running, I sold toilets and water heaters at Somerville Lumber, gave out samples at a supermarket, delivered blood, installed pay phones and more alarms, did landscaping, hung wallpaper, and drove a school bus for special needs kids.

No wonder I'm so tired.

The reason I have been rambling on about jobs is because in last month's letter I talked about how your doing your job of taking care of God's lambs enabled us at My Father's House to do the job he gave us. This got me thinking about all the jobs I had leading up to hearing God's call.

When God called me to start this ministry, I had no idea how to do it. I had no idea how to pay for it. I wasn't some great man of God waiting to hear how God was going to use me to accomplish wondrous things. I was just a guy, doing a job. I had liked some of these jobs and disliked or downright hated others. I had excelled at a few, did okay at a lot, and got fired from a few others.

A few years ago, a pastor asked me to tell my story at his church. He told me he wanted to point out to his congregation that God uses average people to do his work. He picked the right guy. I'm about as average a guy as you can find.

There are many ways an average person can do God's work. You don't have to quit your job and go into full-time ministry. You can help out at the nursery or another area at your church. You can volunteer at a food pantry or shelter. Even helping your neighbor shovel their driveway is doing God's work. Jesus said, "...whatever you did for one of the least of these brothers and sisters of mine, you did for me."

Here at My Father's House, we have been blessed by an abundance of people doing God's work. Even before My Father's House was a reality, we had families who opened their hearts and their homes to take in and care for our girls and babies as shepherding homes. Then there were the people who volunteered so many hours over 4 years to renovate this old building, turning it into a beautiful home for the hundreds of young women and children God has brought to our door.

Through the years, we have had wonderful staff members to watch over and guide our young families and awesome volunteers, who have freely given of their time in so many ways. Then, there are those of you who have faithfully and oh so generously given financial gifts to enable us to pay the bills and keep the doors of My Father's House open.

Every one of you have been a vital part of this work of God. Thank you.

Last month I told you we had a deficit of \$54,310. Thanks to a grant of \$10,000, a wonderful woman who rang our bell and wrote a check for another \$10,000, and a lot of very generous people, we cut that deficit at the end of the year to \$178.90. Praise God and thank you everyone who helped us wipe out that huge deficit.

January through March are usually the leanest months of the year for donations, so we can fall behind very quickly. Please keep that in mind as you think of us.

We were recently given a very nice car. We, in turn, gave it to one of our residents. This is Kiki sitting in her new car. This car has greatly increased Kiki's independence and ability to care for herself and her daughter, Isabella. Now, she can seek new job opportunities at companies she couldn't get to using public transportation. Also, when it's time for her to leave My Father's House, she will have a wider range of housing options and pre-school options for Bella. Drive carefully, Kiki.



In His service,

Kevin
Kevin Coffey