



Life Saver Ministries  
83 Middlesex Street  
N. Chelmsford, MA 01863  
(978) 251-8191

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Dear Life Savers,

I live in the woods. No, I don't live in rural New Hampshire or Vermont, and I'm not miles away from my nearest neighbor, but if you look out any window in my house you will be looking at trees...lots of trees.

There are advantages and disadvantages to living in the woods. I guess that's true for anywhere you live. I love the privacy of not seeing my neighbors, except in the winter when all the leaves are off the trees. Don't get me wrong. I like my neighbors. They are very nice people, and they're not really ugly or anything. I just enjoy the privacy.

I enjoy the wildlife that live in the woods around our house. It's not unusual to see deer walking through our yard, or turkeys. We have a woodchuck living under our shed. No, I don't know how much wood a woodchuck could chuck if a woodchuck could chuck wood. I asked him, but he just rolled his eyes and lumbered back under the shed. Chuck shares accommodations with chipmunks and a rabbit. Although the rabbit may not actually live there. He might just be using the space as a handy place to hide when he spots me.

There is a pack of coyotes in the area. I've never actually seen them, but I can hear them yipping and howling at night. I have seen a fisher cat and beavers down by the wetland just beyond our property, and we have Jurassic size turtles shamble up from there to bury eggs. We had a porcupine and a couple of owls in the trees last year. I haven't seen them this year, though. Then there are the birds of every color – every type from hummingbirds to hawks. I also have a woodpecker that insists on pecking holes in my house.

There are also disadvantages to living in the woods. I don't see much sky, unless I look straight up, so I don't see stunning sunsets or rainbows, at least not from home. In the fall, all those trees turn beautiful colors, but then drop their leaves, lots and lots of leaves, in my yard. Lots...and...lots...of...leaves.

The main disadvantage is that nature is constantly trying to reclaim my yard. I swear, the trees not only have their offspring sprout all over my lawn, they throw large branches about, willy-nilly. I threaten them with my chainsaw every time I have to cut up these large branches, but it doesn't seem to deter them.

That's not the worst part, though. The worst part is their insidious gradual creeping encroachment all around my yard. Every time I turn my back, my yard is a little bit smaller. I had to get an industrial strength weed-whacker to try to keep up with it, the kind with wheels that you walk behind. I love that thing. Arr, arr, arr.

I think if I left my house for a year, I would have to beat my way back to it with a machete, like in the old Tarzan movies. I can picture driving down my road and seeing my house covered with vines, a tree growing up through the roof, monkeys swinging from branch to branch. I don't know where the monkeys would have come from, but still.

I don't even try to have a nice weedless lawn anymore. All I can hope for is that it's more or less green. Crabgrass and clover are one thing, well actually 2 things. I don't worry about crabgrass and clover. I can't even guess at some of the things growing in my lawn. The other day, Cathie and I were walking across the front yard. Cathie stopped and said, "What's that?" I looked down and saw a 3-foot-wide circle of some kind of leafy weed I'd never seen before. I said, "I don't know, but I'm pretty sure it wasn't there yesterday."

I guess I *could* have an almost perfect lawn, but with grandkids running, jumping, and rolling in it, I don't want to spread weed killers and other chemicals on it. I'd rather raise healthy kids than a healthy lawn.

Life is like a house in the woods. It's full of wondrous things for us to experience, explore, and share. It can also be a place where it's difficult to see the sky, and it feels as though the world is pressing in on us from all sides. You need the right tools and the knowledge of how to properly use them in order to experience the wonderful things God has for you. This is especially true if you are a teenage girl with a young child.

That's where My Father's House comes in for the precious kids, both the moms and their children, that God brings to our door. We are a last resort for these kids. They have run out of family and friends to help them. The world, with all of its pressures and responsibilities, is closing in on them. They want to see sunsets and rainbows, but they don't have the tools or experience to make it happen.

Our job is first to give them a home where they can catch their breath and know they and their children are safe, cared for, and cared about. Only then can they start to look at the world, not as a frightening place of hopelessness, but as an amazing setting where their goals and dreams can be realized. At that point, we can start working with them to gain the knowledge, confidence in themselves, and tools to reach those goals and dreams.

It's never easy. Our young moms have a lot of work ahead of them, both while at My Father's House and after they move out into the world. They are going to need industrial strength tools and determination. Some will give up, but most will accept the challenge, eventually if not immediately. Our love and prayers go with every one of them.

People often say to Cathie and me, "Thank you for everything you do for these young families." We say the thanks belongs to God, our dedicated staff and volunteers, and the wonderful people who so generously support us financially and in prayer. You are My Father's House. The thanks belongs to you.

My Father's House is a true miracle. So many people have worked together to make this miracle happen. Some have been with us since the beginning. Some have moved on to serve the Lord in other ways. Some have joined us very recently. Every one of you has been here at exactly the right time and in exactly the right capacity to allow this ministry to change the lives of so many young women and children. Thank you all.

We have been getting a lot of phone calls from young women who are interested in coming to My Father's House. It looks like it's going to be a busy summer.



This is 10 month old Jason. He is the sweetest little guy. Whenever Jason sees me, he walks or crawls over to me as quickly as he can and reaches out to have me pick him up. Then he gives me a big hug and buries his head in my shoulder.

Next, Jason grabs for my glasses with one hand, and, as I'm protecting my glasses, he uses his other hand to either stick his fingers in my mouth or rip off my ear.

I love this kid.

We use Market Basket Gift Cards for food shopping. This saves us from spending our limited cash and is convenient for our staff. We are very low on cards. If you can help by sending us one or two, we would appreciate it.



In His service,  
*Kevin*  
Kevin Coffey