



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

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Dear Life Savers,

If you have been paying even a little bit of attention, you know we just had our annual comedy show fundraiser Big Laughs for Little Lives. It was a wonderful laugh filled night. Since a snow storm caused problems for last year's show, I was concerned that, if it snowed again this year, some comics might not be able to get to the show. Therefore, I was prepared to fill in. I did my homework (something I rarely did when I was in school) by watching a few comics on YouTube. What I learned was that jokes about a comic's family usually bring laughs. Here's a portion of the bit I had prepared.

Growing up, I was one of 4 children. I have 2 lovely sisters. I have 3 sisters, altogether. I'm kidding. I have 3 lovely sisters. Each of my lovely sisters is always trying to get me to say that she is my favorite. When any of them calls, she will say, "Hi, it's your favorite sister." To which I will reply, "Oh, hi," and then say the name of a *different* sister. Thank God for caller ID.

I'm not about to say I have a favorite sister. Mrs. Coffey didn't raise any fools. I *will* say this, with the proviso that it has absolutely no bearing on favorite sister status. Only one of my lovely sisters, Maureen, named her son Kevin. My two other lovely sisters, Kathi and Debbie, who each have two sons, named a son Douglas, after the "cute boy" that lived across the street when we were kids. I can almost forgive that, because they were sooo in looove with Doug. Given that, they each had another chance to get it right and blew it.

My lovely sister, Kathi, named her other son George. Who names a tiny baby George? Don't get me wrong. George is fine name for a grown man. Many upstanding men named George immediately come to mind: George Washington, George Harrison, George Jetson, George of the Jungle, to name a few; but when you first cast your eyes on your newborn baby boy, is the first name that comes to mind George? I think not. Any reasonable person would be more apt to look at a cute little baby and think *Kevin*.

One could use the same logic with my lovely sister, Debbie, although to a lesser extent. She named her non-Doug son Gregory. I don't know any of Gregorys (except Gregory Peck) who don't go by Greg. Naming a baby Greg is a reasonable thing to do. It still doesn't measure up to naming him Kevin, but I wasn't consulted.

Now, I'm a pretty nice guy. I think, if asked, most people would say, "Kevin? He's a pretty nice guy." I like animals. Actually, I'm not that fond of cats...or reptiles...I like dogs. I use my blinkah most of the time. I'll hold a door open for you, but only if you're close enough behind me that you don't feel obligated to run to catch it. There's a small window of acceptable distance for door holding. If I'm not in a hurry, I'll stop and let you pull into traffic, but I expect the wave. It's only right. I'll give my seat on a bus to a pregnant woman. Well, I would if there were busses where I live. You know, I do "pretty nice guy" stuff.

Seeing myself as a pretty nice guy, I don't know why anyone would like to see me get beaten up. Therefore, it confuses me that my lovely sister, Kathi, would program 2 of her young granddaughters, Kate and Molly, to do just that. Most grandmothers tell their grandchildren fun stories about what it was like in "the olden days." Kathi, on the other hand, has been telling these 2 beautiful little girls tales about how mean her brother was. These tales run the gamut from misinterpretation to gross exaggeration to total fabrication. These 2 sweet kids think I'm an ogre, and not the Shrek variety.

Now, these 2 beautiful children want to do me harm. They have their attack all planned out. Kate is going to get me in a headlock, and while I am incapacitated, Molly is going to give me noogies. I just hope Molly and Kate know what they are getting themselves into. I have a black belt in the ancient martial art of tickling, and I *will* defend myself.

This was a lot funnier in my head. I'm glad all the comics made it to the show.

The ideas we have in our head, whether a comedy bit or how we see our lives, rarely turn out the way we imagined. That's certainly true of the young women who come to My Father's House.

Most young girls have the idea in their head of becoming mothers, just not so young and not homeless.

Most young girls have the idea in their head of having a handsome boyfriend, but not one who gets them pregnant then leaves them.

Most young girls have the idea in their head of becoming a doctor or a teacher or a scientist, not dropping out of school and living on welfare or working at a minimum wage job.

Most young girls *never* have the idea in their head they would end up knocking on the door of a place where they had to ask strangers to take them and their baby in.

God never had the idea for these things to happen to these young women, either. That's why, 29 years ago, God put the idea in my head for Cathie and me to open My Father's House.

That's why God put the idea in *your* head to join with us, not only to open My Father's House, but to sustain it for all these years.

If I had actually filled in for one of the comics the other night, I'm sure I wouldn't have been given chance to do it again. But God is a God of second chances, and third chances, and fourth and fifth chances. My Father's House is a place of second chances.

We're not miracle workers, although My Father's House is a place where miracles happen. We're facilitators. We provide assistance and guidance, along with a whole lot of love, to these young women, so that they can put their lives on a track to make the thoughts they had when they were young girls happen and begin to realize their dreams.

Thank you for helping us help them.

In His service,

Kevin

Kevin Coffey

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