



Life Saver Ministries
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Dear Life Savers,

I'm not what you would call a party guy. I'm especially not a party guy when I don't know anyone at the party. I don't mingle well. I also don't hear very well, especially in a group of people because of background noise. So, if I do try to mingle, I'm often guessing what people are saying to me, which can lead to inappropriate responses on my part. I'm okay with a small group of friends or with people I know pretty well, but if a gathering gets to be more than 8 or so people, or I know fewer than half of the people there, count me out.

To give you an example, I was once at a party that was thrown by a coworker from a place I used to work. I knew him and about 3 other people from work. All the rest of the people were my coworker's friends. That meant the ratio of people I knew to people I didn't know was *well below* half. I spent most of the evening sitting on the floor of his bedroom watching his cat have kittens in his closet, and I don't even like cats. (I don't want to hear from cat lovers about how lovable cats are. It's a free country. I can dislike cats and still be a nice guy.)

A couple of weeks ago, Cathie and I were invited to the 60th birthday party of the father of my son Micah's girlfriend. There was no way I was going to get out of this one. We're talking about likely future in-laws here. Don't get me wrong. I like Chris and Natalia. They are very nice, and I'm comfortable with them. We have been to their home and, they have been to our home, a number of times. Our times together have been quite enjoyable, but this was different. This was a party.

I knew Chris and Natalia. I knew Micah. I knew Micah's girlfriend, Anka. I did not know any of the 30 other guests, but they all knew each other. As an aside, Anka's name isn't really Anka. Her parents named her Anna (pronounced Anya, with a soft A), so some people know her as Anya, and some know her as Anka. I guess she didn't like being called Anya (which is what her parents call her). She was introduced to me as Anka (which is what Micah calls her). Anyway, that's neither here nor there.

It was a very nice party. The people seemed very nice. The food was very good. I was very uncomfortable. I stayed very much longer than I wanted to. I was very relieved when Cathie took my 20th hint that we had stayed long enough, and no one would be very upset that we had left.

The hour long drive home was fine, until I was getting off I-95 onto Rte. 2. As I got on the exit, a guy in a car with those annoyingly bright LED headlights got on my tail, with his high beams on. The exit ramp was dark. All I could see was the shadow of my truck and 2 blindingly glaring laser beams in my mirrors. I somehow made it around the ramp and onto Rte. 2 without going off the road.

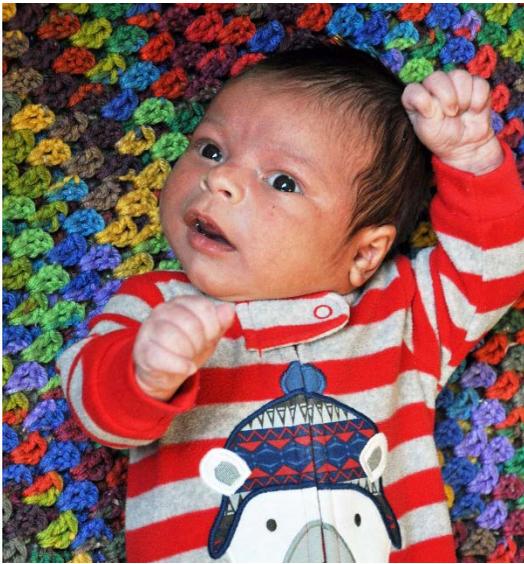
I stayed in the right-hand lane and deliberately drove below the speed limit, figuring laser beam guy would pass me and blind someone else. He didn't. I slowed down. He still didn't pass me. I slowed down some more. Nope, still there. I was now doing 30 in a 45 mph zone. He was still on my tail. I was getting really steamed.

We stopped at a red light, and I decided that when the light turned green, I would slowly creep up to 10 mph and stay there until he was forced to pass me. Then I would speed up, get on his tail, and see how he liked *my* high beams. I know the Bible says, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." But not *this* time. This time was mine.

The light turned green. I crept slowly forward. The guy took a right and was gone. Aaaaarrrrggghhhh! I wanted to find a place to turn around and find him, but knew that was unrealistic and probably unwise. Maybe I can hook up some rear facing spotlights, incase this ever happens again. What do you think?

A young mom moved in to My Father's House today, with her one-year-old son. I can only imagine how uncomfortable she must feel. She isn't going to a party where she doesn't know other guests. She is moving into a strange place, with people she doesn't know and a bunch of rules she's unfamiliar with. She doesn't have trouble communicating with people because her hearing isn't great. She is from Uganda and is still learning English. She isn't being annoyed by an inconsiderate person with their high beams on. This is a major life changing event for her and her son. She doesn't have anywhere else for them to go. We will try to make them both as comfortable here as we can. We do have a couple of African staff members, hopefully that will help.

It's easy to forget, while we busily engage in all the tasks that are necessary to get a new resident situated and oriented at My Father's House, just how difficult it is for these young women to move into a totally foreign environment, often with no outside support from family or friends. Please pray for our moms and their children, not only our new arrivals, but also those who have been at My Father's House for a while and are preparing themselves to face the challenges that await them when they move on.



This is Joseph. His mom moved into My Father's House just before Christmas, and Joseph was born on March 22nd. He was 20 ½ inches tall and weighed 8 lbs. 11 oz. He is a very happy boy.

Our **Annual Walk the Walk for Homeless Children** is coming up quickly. It's going to be held on **Saturday, June 9th at 10 AM** (Registration 9 AM) on the beautiful Merrimack River. Please join us for a lot of fun and raise funds to help the kids at My Father's House. You may even get to hit me with a pie. Go to www.mfhwalk.org for details.

Donations have been down for the first months of 2018, and we did not receive a grant we were hoping to get. Therefore, it's vitally important that this year's walk is a success. Please join us. Invite a few friends to walk and get sponsors with you. Maybe you can form a team of walkers from work or from your church. I look forward to seeing you there.



To benefit the children of My Father's House



**Saturday
June 9, 2018**
DCR's Sampas Pavilion
Pawtucket Blvd
Lowell, MA

You can make a difference in the life of a child.



For more information
www.mfhwalk.org

In His service,

Kevin
Kevin Coffey