



Life Saver Ministries
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Dear Life Savers,

As I was lying in bed the other night, trying unsuccessfully to fall asleep, I saw a flash of light in a corner of the bedroom where there shouldn't be a flash of light. I almost woke Cathie to tell her about the flash of light, because, as I mentioned, it was in a corner of the room where there shouldn't be a flash of light, but decided waking her wasn't a great idea, for a number of reasons.

I live near railroad tracks. Much to my delight, I have always lived close enough to railroad tracks to hear train sounds. I love the mournful wail of a train whistle and the low rumble of its steel wheels as it travels along its lonely journey. I do miss the clackety-clack of the wheels as they crossed over joints in the tracks, before they started welding the tracks together, though. I even enjoy how an extremely heavy train makes the house shake.

When I heard the sound of a train on that sleepless night, I started picturing angles and trajectories in my head. Cathie's dresser has a three-panel mirror and sits in the corner of the room where I saw the flash of light. The angle of one of the mirrors, relative to my side of the bed, reflects a path from across the room, through the bedroom door, across the entry, through the dining room, across the family room, through the family room window, across my side yard, and through the woods. With the leaves off the trees, there is a direct line-of-sight to the railroad tracks.

The fraction of a second where the headlight of the approaching diesel locomotive lined up perfectly with that trajectory was the flash of light I saw while sleep evaded me. Mystery solved.

At our house, you can hear the train whistle from a long way off, as it approaches railroad crossings on its way to our house. Tooot – Toot Toot – Toooooooot. When our grandchildren come over, and they hear the whistle, they run up the hill in our back yard (with Cathie and me following more slowly) to wave, say, "Hi, Choo-choo," and watch the train go by through the woods. (Brian doesn't say "Hi, Choo-choo" any more. He just turned 8 and would be embarrassed if he thought I told people he still said that. Ashley, age 3, and I still say it, though.)

I can tell where the train is, by the direction and loudness of the whistle. So, I will tell the kids, "The choo-choo is crossing Town Farm Road, down by the fire station. We still have time to play before it gets here." Or "The chooch is crossing the road by the candy store and will be here in a few minutes. Let's wait for it." This never seems to get old. It doesn't get old for my grandchildren. It doesn't get old for me, either. I doubt the engineer sees us waving. It doesn't matter.

These are the things that life-long memories are made of. My kids have memories of the train from when they were little. I have memories of trains from my childhood in Arlington and at my grandparents' home in N. Westchester, CT. I'm sure my grandson, Brian, will always remember standing with me by the tracks at the beach in Forge Village watching the last ever circus train from Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus go by, carrying lions and tigers and elephants and trapeze artists and clowns, on their farewell tour.

I'm pretty sure the engineer of the train on my sleepless night had no idea he had shined the headlight of his engine along a convoluted path into my eyes. I'm also pretty sure he has no idea, as he and the other engineers on other trains perform their jobs, day to day, that they are creating lifelong memories for my family, and for many other families who have lived near railroad tracks through the years.

The same train tracks that run behind my house also run past My Father's House, so I get to hear the whistle from my penthouse office. (It's really the attic, but calling it the penthouse gives my ego a boost.) Jackiee, one of our My Father's House graduates, and her son, Cam, dropped by yesterday. Cam was wearing an Avengers Babies t-shirt and wanted to show us his first loose tooth. Jackiee, who is now an LPN, was telling us how much work studying for her RN degree is.

I can picture Cam, many years from now, saying to his grandchildren, "See that big yellow house? My mom and I lived there when I was a baby. Mom always said she never would have been a nurse if it wasn't for that big old house. I don't remember living there, but I remember visiting with my mom. My mom told me stories about a guy in that house who, when he heard a train whistle, would scoop me or one of the other kids up and walk down the street so we could watch the train go by."

Yeah, that conversation is in my imagination. Cam's only 5½ and doesn't have any grandchildren. Although, the bringing kids to see the train part is true. The part about Jackiee saying she would never have become a nurse if it wasn't for My Father's House is also true.

You'll have to grant me a little poetic license here. I'm going to try to compare you to train engineers. Just as train engineers don't realize how they are impacting generations of families who live near train tracks, by just doing *their* job, you don't realize how much *you* are impacting generations of families who live at My Father's House, by doing *your* job.

What's your job? The job that Jesus gave to Peter (and, by extension, gave to all of us) in John chapter 21, after he asked Peter if he loved him. "Take care of my lambs."

You don't fully see the impact your generosity has on the lambs God sends to the door of My Father's House. I will try to do a better job of sharing the victories, large and small, of our moms and children, so you can more fully see just how much *you* doing *your* job helps these young families. I'll try to do that, while still respecting their privacy, through our Facebook page, [facebook.com/mfhouse](https://www.facebook.com/mfhouse), and these letters.

I want you to know how thankful I am for all of you, not only during this season of Thanksgiving, but all year long. Without you, My Father's House could not exist. I'm not *pretty* sure of that. I'm *totally* sure. Thank you.

I wish I could thank each of you every time you send a gift. I don't have the ability to do that. There are so many of you. Please know that every gift, no matter what size, is vitally important to this ministry and a wonderful blessing to us.

The end of the year is quickly approaching, and we still have a deficit of \$54,310. Please pray about how you can help us have all our bills paid by year end. If we end to 2018 with a deficit, I don't know how we will get through 2019.



*Happy Thanksgiving
From all of us at
My Father's House*

In His service,

Kevin
Kevin Coffey