



NEW LIFE NEWS

The official newsletter for New Life Presbyterian Church • March 2008 • www.newlifelamesa.org

ADJUSTING TO LIFE IN THE KARAMOJA—AGAIN

by Sunshine Okken

Yes, we are all together in Karamoja again, as you know. I am very thankful that our family is able to be together full-time again. Even so, the move back here has required some adjustment. Including our furlough, we had an almost three year absence from Karamoja as a family. During that time the Lord was wonderful in providing a place to live in Mbale and a chance to get to know our Mbale station teammates better as well as the broader ex-patriot community (many American missionaries). Add to that the perks of convenient supermarkets, restaurants, etc. We were a bit spoiled there. Mbale is not like the much more rural Karamoja!

Yet, there are bright spots. In coming back to Karamoja we moved into the biggest house we have ever had. It has been fun for me to have more space and freedom to decorate the way I like and to have room for all our stuff. The kids have their own rooms, for now. David has a place to put his books, and we can even enjoy a large screened in front porch. The Lord has given us so much!

Yes, there are challenges being here - sacrifices we make. The biggest one is being so far away from our families (grandparents from grandkids). We miss our friends from home. I have to admit to missing a lot of the more silly things like "Prego" spaghetti sauce and Papa John's Pizza. Yup, that's right, now I have to make those things myself. We don't have a washing machine or dryer as those things are done by hand, and I have forgotten what it's like to blow dry my hair as our power system won't allow for such primping.

The main outings that we enjoy are when we leave our compound and go to the one next door for two weekly fellowship meetings and a rice, bean and cabbage lunch three times a week. My community life has changed quite a bit from Mbale, but I am thankful for my teammates and the community they provide.

In some ways my life is not so different than many of yours (okay, so you may not see flat topped Acacia trees, Mt. Kidam and an occasional shepherd boy herding cows, goats and sheep from your windows. I get up every day, take care of my kids (including home schooling Caleb now), and keep house. Though I feel at times like I've been "Betty Crocker" more than I ever thought possible, with the Lord's help and some planning, meals get on the table just fine. Being here I am continually reminded how faithful the Lord is in any and every circumstance. ☪



It is hard to love particular humans and not just humanity in general.

—Fyodor Dostoyevsky in The Brothers Karamzov

Did You Know? Who used to drink eight cokes a day?

NEW LIFE PCA—MOVING PEOPLE

by Guy Kemp

"Many are e-mailed, but few succumb to the temptation to participate."

The title describes the Run/Walk Fellowship Group that has been going on for about a year. It started when elder Kemp mentioned to some members that he and Carol ran around Bonita Golf Course on Saturday mornings and asked if they wanted to join in. The desire to be included on the e-mail list grew, and we decided to have a table at the small group fair.

After awhile someone suggested that the group run at different locations to provide variety and maybe encourage others to join. Each week's participants decide where the following Saturday run will be held. Additionally, new locations are scouted out and proposed. New location has to have bathrooms nearby and a clearly marked trail.

Lake Murray, Bonita Golf Course and Coronado Beach are the most popular locations. We tried running up/down Cowles Mountain once and decided to "never" do that again! Distances vary from three miles around the golf course to almost six at Lake Murray.

One of the more interesting and unusual aspects of the group has nothing to do with running, but concerns the creative excuses folks e-mail as to why they won't be able to show up. These fall into several categories:



1. The legitimate illness, injury, family responsibilities and out of town reasons.
 2. "It's too early, far away, long a distance, short a distance, cold, wet, dry, hot, windy, close to my in-laws."
 3. "You're/I'm too fast, slow, fat, thin, young, old, tired, uncompetitive."
 4. One of my personal favorites is: "When school is over, track season is over, water polo season is over, the Rapture occurs and I'm left behind, I get new running shoes, I lose 50 pounds, when the Cubs win the World Series."
 5. Another favorite that occurs rarely, but is entertaining is the reverse bribe, "If you will buy me a frozen yogurt, breakfast, coffee, a new bicycle, car, dog..."
- I guess we would describe ourselves as a fellowship/creative writing group with a running problem. For those who recognize their excuses above, your identity is safe. Please sign up for the e-mail and consider coming out and joining us at 7a.m. on Saturdays. Creative writing skills are valued; the ability to run well isn't too important. ☘

NEW PARSONAGE FOR PASTOR

Don't muzzle an ox while it is treading out the grain, and a workman is worthy of his wages. Remember these words if you think pastor's luxurious new 8-room multi-level house (*at right*) seems lavish or ostentatious to you. And Andrea gives more reasons for the investment... "we just love to entertain. And we can keep the covenant family growing". —CP



PRE-TRIBULATION ESCHATOLOGICAL BLUES

*Pre-tribulation rapture
Ecstasy un-captured.
Floating upwards in the skies
Earth, a shooter marble in disguise.
Fiction, so personified.*

I've got the Pre-Tribulation Eschatological Blues

*Drivers punching through the roof,
Pilots blasting off; they shook
Off bodies in the clouds
Seven year box seats theater crowds.
Tribulation, trepidation.*

I've got the Pre-Tribulation Eschatological Blues

*Preachers, psychic orators
End times prognosticators
Horoscope and tarot cards
Probing shining silver globes, "I'll charge."
Fantasy, fibology.*

I've got the Pre-Tribulation Eschatological Blues

*Preterists: pre, full, un, hyper, orthodox
Day of Judgement, crowing of the cock
Terms, prophecies and word plays
Prophecies fulfilled? Application today?
Literalism, hyperventilation.*

I've got the Pre-Tribulation Eschatological Blues

*Last days? End of the ages?
Too late? No pilgrimages?
Past or future tense inspired?
Looking ahead, looking behind-
Tribulation speculation.*

I've got the Pre-Tribulation Eschatological Blues ☘

By Diane Henderson (Written after hearing Pastor Tallman's sermon 1/6/08 "Is The End Near?" on Matthew 24:1-3)

JOSEPH RANDALL

by Joseph Randall

But far be it from me to boast except in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by which the world has been crucified to me, and I to the world. —Galatians 6:14

In my short time here at New Life, I have gotten to know many of you, and you all have been a great blessing to me. Thank you so much! I am able to enjoy your love and kindness to me because Jesus purchased you with His own blood. May my enjoying you all be a boasting in the cross.

God brought me to Himself my senior year in high school when I learned that I was a sinner and how Jesus is the only Savior for all people everywhere (John 14:6). It was then I first learned to start boasting only in the cross.

I went to college at the Naval Academy. There I learned about God's absolute supremacy over everything. I was introduced to John Piper (the most influential under-shepherd in my life), and God gave me a desire to know Him in a way I had never experienced before. My time in college, His opening of my eyes to embrace His absolute supremacy, being blessed by

the teaching of John Piper, and the desire to know God were all gifts Jesus bought for me at the cross. May my joy in them be a boasting in the cross.

I spent five years in the Navy as a Surface Warfare Officer. During those years I was assigned to two different Navy ships. Those were the hardest years of my life. God showed me how much I love the praise of man (like Jesus' disciples I struggle with wanting to be the greatest!), and He showed me how much I desperately need Him. I left the Navy more humbled and aware that all I really have a right to boast in, is the cross.

During my time in the Navy, I had the desire to preach God's Word, and this desire was confirmed by the elders of my local church. So, I began seminary training. I spent one year at Greenville Seminary, two years at the Bethlehem Institute, and now I'm at Westminster Seminary here in California to hopefully finish a master of divinity degree. It has been a privilege studying God's Word in these



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different schools, and Jesus purchased this privilege for me at the cross. May my thanks for these opportunities be a boasting in the cross.

I hope to serve Christ's Church someday by faithfully preaching His Word. Thank you, New Life for this wonderful opportunity to be an intern. May we grow together in our God-given, Christ-exalting desire to boast only in the cross. 🙏

PRAYER REQUEST

I have a prayer request. I will be leaving for India in a couple of weeks to meet my long, lost grandfather, who is very sick and who most of all needs to hear the gospel.

My mom's father left her family when she was nine years old, and she has never seen him since. Now in his elderly and sickly state, he has realized what he has done and has begged for forgiveness from his children. One of my mom's cousins, who is still in touch with him, called my mom to let her know that he had a stroke a while back. Now he has a brain tumor and is not doing well. All he is asking for are his children, and my mom is the only one he remembers since the others were so

much younger than she. My mom talked to him on the phone a couple of nights ago, which is phenomenal because she hasn't seen or spoken with him since he left, and he told her that he loved her and begged her to come visit. After talking to my mom about forgiveness and reconciliation, she decided that she wants to go see him, and she wants me to come too.

Please pray that God would soften his heart even now, and that His Word would penetrate a soul encumbered with culture and overwhelmed with



physical ailments. Pray that the Spirit would give us words to say and that the hope of the gospel would be soothing to a dying, old man. This is a wonderful opportunity for my mom and for me to grow in obedience in sharing the gospel, especially in an unfamiliar environment, unfamiliar to me anyway. I haven't been to India since I was two years old.

Thank you for your prayers in advance. I look forward to sharing with you how God has worked. 🙏

Trusting Him (with you)
Sherrene

The scope of who it is that God means to invite to the feast, you see, is not ours to define.

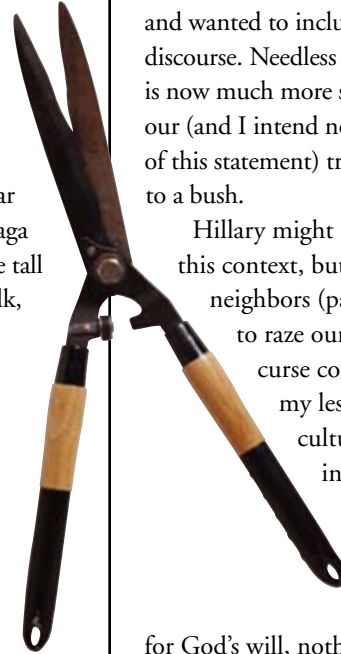
We are not put in charge of the guest list.—Don C. Skinner, A Passage through Sacred History

THE CURSE CONTINUES...IN APRIL...WITH FOOLS

by Thadd Davis

Mark 11:20-25 and the cursed fig tree seemed to have little relevance until a recent episode brought the withering element of a cursed tree into full bloom. Understand that we've been in our apartment for eight weeks, and the gentleman upstairs has (in a very friendly, but un-German way) gone out of his way to suggest the trimming of a tree that now is in our charge. After capitulating to the offer of his pruning shears, and trimming a few branches here and there, I thankfully returned the shears and asked what the German word for "shears" was, which he took as a desire to purchase my own shears. Assuming further trimming, he left an advertisement to the local garden store suggesting a purchase, which I did. The next Saturday, I decided again to try my hand at trimming a few branches here and there to allow for more sun and

a more "hedged" look. As I completed what I thought was my day's yard work, the next door neighbor appeared and mentioned his appreciation for the trim as it had been a seven year (no numerological significance) saga with the owner. As he told me the tall tale of what was now our beanstalk, another neighbor appeared as the expert on yard maintenance, proven by the fruit of his labor. Understanding the conversation, he walked over and motioned for a buzz cut for this "grossebaum" (which gives it's own double meaning in English and Deutsch). His explanation of the benefits to our yard and the overall landscape of the complex was interrupted by the gentleman upstairs who heard the conversation



and wanted to include his ladder in the discourse. Needless to say the beanstalk is now much more stalk than bean, and our (and I intend no further ownership of this statement) tree has been reduced to a bush.

Hillary might not have considered this context, but it took a few neighbors (part of the village) to raze our tree. So, the curse continues as I learn my lesson of our new culture and yardscaping in a German neighborhood.

Mark 11:24 reminds us that when we pray for God's will, nothing stands in His way, and even a tree can provide a door into our neighbors' lives, or maybe it is supposed to supply the wood....? ☛

GREETINGS FROM GRENADA

By Jeff Orr

A glad heart comes naturally here. Redemption is everywhere. The breeze carries off the smell of burning trash and brings the smell of the sea. The sun always shines, even when it rains. The sounds of barking dogs and weed-wacking are tempered by reggae and the sound of screaming child, which provides constant amusement because it comes from a bird.

Sitting at the beach all the time is cool, but it's not exactly a fulfilling existence. So Faith fills her time with other things. She volunteers at the SPCA clinic and the orphanage. She practices yoga with a group on campus (with a grain of salt). She is becoming a fine cook. And she plays the Cubans in softball. Our neighborhood has a team, and the Cuban embassy has a team. It's like 1983 all over again.

Organized sports is really a form of war. So I just surf. Surfing is also a form of war in San Diego, but there are more waves than surfers here. Other than that, I study constantly. We found some believers to meet with. The only thing the Sunday service has in common with New Life is that it professes Christianity. But we're trying not to be consumers about it. It's refreshing just to have fellowship, and encouraging to be among such a diverse group of God's children. We also go to a bible study during the week, which is always full of good discussions.

We miss you all immensely. Thank you for all of your prayers. The Lord hears, and He is good. ☛

