

A MAN OF GOD

This coming Sunday is Father's Day, a day to appreciate our dads, the heads of our families, when things are working as they should. Unfortunately, more often than not, things are not working as they should, and there are no dads in the household, or serial "baby daddies" passing through, so that the role of a good father has been distorted beyond recognition.

That's a kind of negative statement to open a commentary, isn't it? I read it and admonish myself that I should start with something more positive and inspiring. OK, I'll try again.

I was extremely fortunate or blessed by God to be given the gift of a great father, a man who became infected by God's Holy Spirit when he was in his thirties. He was young enough to be able to lead his family toward a relationship with God.

The change in his life was dramatic – a complete 180° turn about, from the fast track of a successful high-profile business career, to the much lower profile of a seminary student and church pastor. An additional benefit was that he became an involved Dad to us kids, not the absentee father consumed by success.

But God didn't allow him to play church or to be contained by religious doctrine and ritual. Instead, God kept bugging him to focus his life on God as he knew Him through Jesus Christ, by the Holy Spirit. God let him know that there was to be NOTHING in the way of their relationship, and nothing to stand in the way of the path that God chose for him.

That's how ultimately we ended up running stores: God led him, and the others of us who travelled along with him, to serve people in a non-religious way. We threw all the assets we had among us, most of which belonged to my folks, into a pot, turned them over to God via our little church corporation, and set up the store as a for-profit (hahaha-haha), tax-paying subsidiary so that none of us could get rich or benefit from the growth of the business.

In our darkening world and in the American culture's descent into moral confusion and degeneracy, my dad's life and leadership were a light to many, and especially to me. Why did I get so lucky? Thank you, Father! My earthly father was such an example of a good father, pointing to You, the real Father of all. Wow!

Linda Gommel



Gommel

O MY GOD! WHO IS THIS ME?!!

(Historically, perhaps, called "soul")
By Ernie Gommel

O MY GOD!
WHO IS THIS "ME" – THIS "I" – ? --

So intimately a part of this bag of bones I call my body, -- and yet somehow completely separate, having an existence of my own!

WHO IS THIS "I", THIS "ME", oblivious to infinite time past, who suddenly appeared at this particular time and place, from the seed of human mother and father, -- like the billions of others, and yet the "I" and "me" unique – one of a kind!

Yes, out of infinity of space and time I came. That did not trouble me.

I guess I did not know.

Out of infinity of time and space I came to live – to be aware of "me" -- of things, space and time – to live for an instant in the forever of eternity!

O GOD, WHO IS THIS "ME"? -- pleased, troubled, victorious, defeated, believing, doubting – unique! --

blind to the future, except for faith, hoping there is more to life than this bag of bones this painful struggle which somehow I love so much that I will do almost anything to survive!

O GOD! WHO IS THIS "ME" ---?

A unique, accidental blip pressed between infinite past and the forever future? --

Or a choice by You --

A child brought to life by You to live for You and for eternity in Your Kingdom, -- or (even in the nicest way) to be indifferent, or to turn away -- or play games -- or rebel -- or die?

O GOD!

WHO IS THIS "ME"?

Who is this "ME" writing this?

And who is this "ME" watching the "ME" writing this?

And who is the "ME" who is aware of all this?

O GOD, I BELIEVE!

Help my unbelief!

Written 1980's. Revised 11/27/2006

OTHER DADS

From the Web.

Mark Alexander, who writes at The Patriot Post, described his dad at the time of his death in 2015:

Dad was known to his friends by his nickname "Hardrock," and he is remembered and admired most not for his considerable accomplishments but for his depth of character and love of people. His friends were lifelong and nationwide. He was never idle and always an encourager. He was an eternal optimist, and he lived for the next sunrise. . . .

I will remember my father best for his genuine love and infectious optimism, but it took me a few years to fully understand my old man. When recalling my early trials with him, I'm reminded of an observation attributed to Mark Twain on fatherhood: "When I was a boy of 14, my father was so ignorant I could hardly stand to have the old man around. But when I got to be 21, I was astonished at how much the old man had learned in seven years."

★★★★★



Mark Alexander's father standing second from the left.

Lloyd Marcus, from American Thinker:

The day before Dad died, my four siblings and I gathered around his bed, told him we loved him, told him he did a great job raising us, and told him we would be okay. It

was awesome.

We laughed a lot sharing personal experiences with Dad. My brother Jerry said when he was 13, he began walking with the popular

black-dude swagger of the day. Dad asked, "What's wrong with your leg?" Jerry said, "I'm a man." Dad replied, "A man pays his own way. As long as you are living under my roof, you are not a man." . . .

In Dad's day, manliness was encouraged. Dad liked

John Wayne, Hopalong Cassidy, and Roy Rogers. Today, little boys are drugged for behaving like boys. Kindergarten thru college males are being transformed into metrosexual wimps. Public schools are erasing gender lines and encouraging transgenderism as early as pre-k. SOGI (Sexual Orientation and Gender Identity) laws require elementary teachers not to address students as boys and girls.

We are moving towards a fatherless America. Tragically,

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baby-daddies are becoming the new normal.

★★★★★

Howard Galganov, another of my heroes, writes of his dad at Galganov.com. He also was blessed with a strong and good father.

My parents were financially poor and family rich. Both of them served in uniform during WWII. My dad was a highly decorated soldier who fought throughout Europe, starting with the invasion of Sicily. He was wounded several times during the war, including being wounded at the Battle of Monte Cassino, where he fought on nonetheless. He saw action in Italy, France, the Netherlands . . . Belgium and Germany. . . MY

CANADIAN BORN DAD . . . Born from Russian Immigrant Parents, along with three of his Brothers, Signed up as soon as they could after the September Declaration

of War in 1939, to do their DUTY and Fight the Nazis with everything they could muster. I grew-up in the 1950's surrounded by HEROES, men and women, who also

served their country in the Massive World War II Effort . . . that stopped EVIL in its TRACKS.

★★★★★

ON THE LIGHTER SIDE

From the Web.

Son: For \$20, I'll be good.

Dad: Oh, yeah?

When I was your age, I was good for nothing.



SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

L.V. School Board Meeting

Thursday, June 14, starts at 5:30PM.
At the Alternative Education Center,
8560 Aliento Rd up Highway 18.

Household Hazardous Waste & E-Waste Collection

SATURDAY, June 23, 9A to Noon. Free disposal of household hazardous waste (Antifreeze, Batteries, Motor Oil & Oil Filters, latex paint only, medical needles, fluorescents, and all electronic wastes.) Behind LV Fire Station, 33269 Old Woman Springs Road. For info call 1-800-OILY CAT.