

FATHER!

Were you fortunate enough to have a good or great Dad in your growing-up years? One who was involved in your life, who set a good example by his own life, who taught you right and wrong and appropriately applied the Board of Education when Mom didn't want to? If so, count your blessings!

As I read that first paragraph back to myself, I am amazed at how quaint and outdated it seems. Where does such a Dad like that exist anymore? The old-fashioned image of a traditional strong family is often conveyed

by references to "Leave It to Beaver" or "Ozzie and Harriet", or "Father Knows Best" (Gasp! How sexist!), TV shows from the 50's and 60's, in which there were present the biological mothers and fathers of the kids, married (!) to each other, and Dad was the clear, wise head of the family. (And that image applied to any race or color.) Wow! How far we have fallen!

Personally I consider myself LUCKY (or blessed) for growing up in one of those traditional families, complete with the failings, crises, and issues that plague any healthy family. Most importantly, I had a strong father who, as I watched, changed from a man committed to excellence, integrity and doing things RIGHT, to that same man, but one committed to following GOD at whatever cost to his ambitions or desires in this world.

My dad (known to most as "Gommel") began life learning construction and carpentry from my General Contractor Grandpa Gommel, who included "the kid" and as is often the case with father/son work relationships, subjected him to greater discipline and criticism than the other guys on the job. After being solidly grounded in Grandpa's practicality, creative problem solv-

ing, and the above-mentioned rock-solid integrity, Gommel studied civil engineering, graduating from Cal Berkeley in 1942 with a B.S. degree in engineering. (No, "B.S." here stands for Bachelor of Science, not that other odiferous word in your warped minds!)

Since this was WWII, Gommel tried to enlist in the Navy Seabees and then the Army, but

between poor vision and his "essential" service in the steel pipe manufacturing industry, he was kept out of the military and ordered to continue with the pipe manufacturing, which was necessary for the war effort.

After the war, Gommel climbed the ladder of worldly success in the steel industry.

When I was a small child, our family was living in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, where Gommel designed, built and ran another pipe manufacturing plant. But God had other ideas in mind for him, and snatched him out of that life. When he became a Believer, he turned his whole life over to God's direction, which led to seminary in Indianapolis, Indiana.

He graduated Summa Cum Laude and served in churches for five years when he came to believe that he didn't belong in a church. In the mainline churches, there was resistance to the calling to serve God with your whole heart, wherever that would lead.

So a small group of people began to meet in our house. After a year of this, the group decided Gommel should go to Arrowhead Springs in San Bernardino, to work at Campus Crusade for Christ. He found the same resistance to doing WHATEVER God leads in the "conservative" side of churchianity, so it was back to the idea of house church, with about 30 people joining with them in Reche Canyon, near Colton, CA.

That group of Believers has met together ever since, with different compositions at differ-

ent times. However, there was one more big change coming for Gommel: rather than being just a minister doing churchy things, God had him become a storekeeper, doing unchurchy things. The focus was no less on doing God's thing, and he continued preaching and leading the group and running the stores as a mission of service in obedience to God's direction. That began in 1967 and continues to the present day.

My dad was a great earthly father, which is so important in helping us relate to our Father in Heaven. Each Father's Day, I think about the gift God gave me of such a great dad, a best friend, a sometimes annoying yet inspirational boss. And as a bonus, he pointed us all to the ultimate Father.

It is for discipline that you have to endure. God is treating you as sons [and daughters]. For what son is there whom his father does not discipline? If you are left without discipline, in which all have participated, then you are illegitimate children and not sons. Besides this, we have had earthly fathers who disciplined us and we respected them. Shall we not much more be subject to the Father of spirits and live? For they disciplined us for a short time as it seemed best to them, but he disciplines us for our good, that we may share his holiness. For the moment all discipline seems painful rather than pleasant, but later it yields the peaceful fruit of righteousness to those who have been trained by it. (Hebrews 12:7-11)

Linda Gommel

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ON THE LIGHTER SIDE

Contributed. From the Web.

I'M NOT SURE OF WHO I AM ANYMORE! WHO AM I . . . AND WHY?

I Used to Be A Normal Person.

As a man, I used to think I was pretty much just a regular person, but I was born white, into a two-parent household which now, whether I like it or not, makes me "Privileged", a racist & responsible for slavery.

I am a fiscal & moral conservative, which by today's standards, makes me a fascist because I plan, budget & support myself.

I went to High School, College, military, & have always held a job. But I now find out that I am not here because I earned it, but because I was "advantaged".

I am heterosexual, which according to "gay" folks, now makes me a homophobe.

I am not a Muslim, which now labels me as an infidel.

I believe in the 2nd Amendment, which makes me a de-facto member of the "vast NRA gun lobby!"

I am older than 60, making me a useless person who doesn't understand Facebook, Instagram, or Twitter.

I think & I reason, and I doubt much of what the "main stream" media tells me, which makes me a "Right-wing conspiracy nut".

I am proud of my heritage & our inclusive American culture, making me a xenophobe.

I believe in hard work, fair play, & fair compensation according to each individual's merits, which today makes me an anti-socialist.

I believe our system guarantees freedom of effort -- not freedom of outcome or subsidies which must make me a borderline sociopath.

I believe in the defense & protection of America for & by all citi-

zens, now making me a militant.

I am proud of our flag, what it stands for and the many who died to let it fly, so I stand & salute during our National Anthem - so I must be a racist.

Please help me come to terms with the new me because I'm just not sure who I am anymore!

It all took place over the last few years of Socialist Political control; it's time to get rid of these fools.

And as if all this nonsense leftist-labelling me a privileged, advantaged, racist, fascist, homophobic, infidel, gun-nut, old, right-winger, xenophobic, anti-socialist, sociopath, militant, wasn't enough to deal with, now I don't even know which restroom to use . . . and I gotta go MUCH more FREQUENTLY!

FATHERS AND SONS

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

Dad: Oh, yeah? When I was your age, I was good for nothing.

"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 Twain



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