



An Amazing E-mail From The Past!

Today I was happily surprised and amazed to find in my inbox an email from an old junior high and high school buddy who looked up my name on the internet, found our store, the ads and the commentaries, and wrote of his appreciation and support. Wow! Why he would do that after 55 years . . . !?!

Talk about a loooooong time ago! Our family lived in Indianapolis, Indiana, at the time.

I attended Eastwood Jr. High School and North Central High School from the Fall of 1961 to June, 1966, when I graduated. For the first few years, my dad was finishing up his seminary training at Christian Theological Seminary, located at that time on the campus of Butler University, while at the same time serving as Senior Minister at Broad Ripple Christian Church.

Memories came flooding back as I read the short email, mixed memories of junior high school (7th, 8th, and 9th grades), when we're at the awkward age in between childhood and teenager-hood (is that a word?). Our family had just moved to the suburbs of Indianapolis from the city, which meant that we were in a better school district. We changed classes like the high school kids! We didn't have to sit

in one room with one teacher all day like the grade school kids!

I was an 8th grader (the WORST grade of all time!), and my first locker mate was a BOY!!!! I was traumatized! Not only was he a boy (we hadn't yet created dozens of new genders back then), but he was a snarky, snotty boy who ridiculed me, wounding my tender, 12-year-old heart. I'm sure my mother



must have called the school immediately at my behest, since my locker was changed right away! Sharing a locker with a boy??? Unheard of!

My favorite teacher at the time was Mrs. Nichols, my Latin teacher who herself was of Greek lineage. What a character she was! She was one of those very special types who took intense personal interest in her students, working hard to bring out the best in each of us. I struggled with Latin and finally got an A, but then I unthinkingly wrote on the inside cover of my Latin textbook: "Latin is a dead language, as dead as it can be. It killed our dear old Caesar, and now it's killing me!" Oops. Bad Linda!

Why did I take Latin in 8th and 9th grades? Because this was the age of Ben Casey and Dr. Kildare on TV, and I was convinced I wanted the glamorous career of a doctor! So I wanted an early start on those nasty Latin terms that I thought I'd find in medicine.

I was actually serious about my interest in a medical career, so I also signed up to be a candy stripper at St. Vincent's Hospital, a venerable old hospital located near downtown Indianapolis. The building was old, with high ceilings and much more personality than modern hospitals now have. Our official name was Volunteens and we wore pink-striped pinafores. If we stuck with it long enough and accumulated enough hours, we could advance to a green-striped pinafore and perform most of the duties of a nurse's aide. Do you think our government regulations would allow young girls to do such a thing now? And I just said "girls", without including "boys" or other genders! Mercy me!

My experience at St. Vincent's Hospital was wonderful and fulfilling. The Sisters were of a humble and beautiful spirit, a great inspiration to me. And I also found out that I was not cut out to be a female Ben Casey.

The three years of high school were in a brand new building with air conditioning and all the latest cool stuff for a high school. Again, I had several outstanding teachers, but my very favorite was Mr. Gish, who taught

Geometry, Algebra, and finally Home Room my senior year. He had been a navy pilot in the Korean war, which in retrospect I wish I had appreciated more, like I do now. Do you ever wonder how you missed paying attention to significant and interesting stuff in your younger years and wish you could replay them with your current level of knowledge and interest?

My first two years of high school were fairly normal and happy years, but the last year, my senior year, my family moved to California to work with Campus Crusade for Christ at Arrowhead Springs just above San Bernardino. I could not imagine enrolling in a new school in a foreign country like California for my last year of high school, and the transfer of credits might have required an extra summer or semester at the new school. So I stayed behind in Indianapolis and lived with a lady who was willing to put up with my self-centered teenage insensitivity (as I see now in retrospect).

I was so lonely I could barely stand it. June 1966, couldn't come quickly enough. My mother and sister came by train for my graduation, and the day after that, we caught Santa Fe's El Capitan from Chicago for the two-day trip to San Bernardino. No sleeper cars – we couldn't afford that. We slept in the chairs. We celebrated my 17th birthday with a small cake brought to our table by a white-coated waiter in the diner. Again, I wish I had paid more attention to that trip. El Capitan, and all legendary passenger trains, actually, would continue only a short while after that!

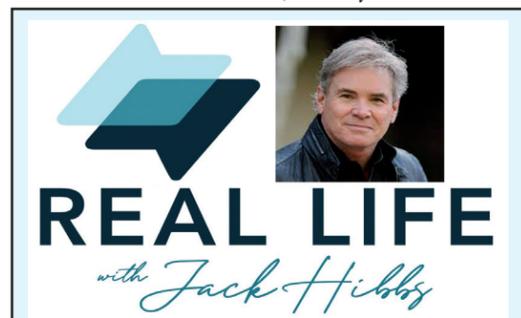
So why did I write the above drivel? Well, as we are learning in our current culture, it's not my fault. It's everyone else's fault, and specifically, it the fault of my old high school buddy Mike, who sent the email today which brought back memories which I decided to write here. There are many more, but I won't bore you with them. I hope you appreciate my sacrifice!

And as I have said several times recently, I don't want to bring only ugly realities of this world in this space. It gets tiresome to bemoan the current state of affairs all the time. It's refreshing to remember how God brought us to our present situation, especially if we are letting Him run things in our lives.

All throughout the seven years I lived in Indianapolis, my dad was my lodestar, and whether I was aware of it or not, his example of passionate commitment to learn what it meant to find God's will for his life and then carry it out with abandon set me on my life's course also. Although only a seedling, the Spirit had been planted firmly in the soil of my soul.

Thank You, Father, that You were there for me, and still are. Thank you that You brought us here to this Valley so that we could serve our neighbors in Your Name!

Linda Gommel



"...but as He who called you is holy, you also be holy in all your conduct, because it is written, 'Be holy, for I am holy.'"
1 Peter 1:15-16

Because of the degradation of our society and moral values, the word holiness sounds archaic, even puritanical, to our ears. The world is naturally directed toward destruction, and those following its path are racing headlong toward spiritual death. Uninformed, unaware, and deceived, they hurry through life on a road going nowhere, to an end they don't believe exists. This is the condition Jesus delivered us from, and now, through Christ, God has declared us holy.

You might protest, "Holy? Me? I still feel sin's tug in my life!" So do I. But make no mistake, all those who enter heaven will be perfectly holy and sinless. In heaven, the sinful nature that plagues us today is forever banished. Think of it. Not only will the desire to sin not enter our hearts and minds, but the blood of the Lamb has erased even the possibility of it.

“ THOUGH OUR ARRIVAL IN HEAVEN IS YET FUTURE, WE MUST DO WHAT GOD HAS CALLED US TO DO TODAY – LIVE HOLY LIVES BY LIVING ACCORDING TO HIS WORD. ”

The New Testament word for "holy" is *hagios*, which means "set apart." A set-apart believer no longer blends in with the crowd they once ran with. A new reality has taken hold that is resistant and powerful.

Will you agree that our conduct—more than words—is the best testimony of our new life in Christ? Then, let's walk with Him, separated and holy, glorifying Him both now and forever.

On The Lighter Side . . . Contributed from the Web

10 Biggest Adjustments Fleeing Californians Have To Make In Their New States

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Hundreds of thousands of people are fleeing California for states like Texas and Florida, but it's not always easy to adjust to life in an American state.

Let's look at the 10 biggest adjustments fleeing Californians have to make in their new states:

- Strange wet stuff falls from the sky once in a while. Try not to drive your car into a pole when this happens. Take a deep breath. You will get through it.
- People don't say "The" in front of highway names. If you're driving on I-10 in Texas, you'll feel the urge to say "The 10," but don't do it. It's wrong.
- You can't wear flip-flops to church. Not even your "nice" Vans flip-flops. Put on shoes like an adult.
- There's no need to call the police if you see someone with a gun strapped to their hip. It's OK. The guns can't jump out and hurt you, no matter what Newsom told you back in California.
- "Bless your heart" doesn't mean "bless your heart." Well, it might mean "bless your heart," but it's a safer bet that it means "that person's weird," or "you're an idiot," or "I don't like you." Or, it's a simple ending to a statement you've made about someone that you don't want to feel bad about.
- No one cares about your preferred pronouns. Go ahead and tell an old farmer in Oklahoma that you go by "they" pronouns. The look on his face will be worth it.
- Man-buns are unacceptable in a professional setting. Or any setting.
- You have to go into buildings without any kind of official warning that something inside there might cause cancer. You will just have to take the chance. Be strong.
- The weather cycles from hot to cold and back again on an annual basis. Do not be alarmed. These are called "seasons."
- You might have to make your own choices and take responsibility for your actions without the government taking care of you. This is the most difficult adjustment for Californians to make when they move to America, but with time, prayer (also acceptable in red states), and willpower, you can do it!

Those are just a few of the many adjustments ex-Californians will have to make. If you've thought of any others, please leave them in the comments below to help these poor communists to enjoy capitalism away from their homeland.

Vetted Humor:



- If you love someone, let them nap.
- If a black cat crosses your path, he probably has some important cat stuff to do.
- Dogs are living proof that good still exists in the world.
- Cats can memorize 120 commands but they don't want to.
- Dog is such a small word for something that takes up so much room in your heart.
- She believed she could but her cat was asleep on her lap so she didn't.
- Home is where the dog hair sticks to everything but the dog.
- If you are being chased by a pack of taxidermists, do not play dead.
- The inventor of the doorbell did not own a dog.