



Life Saver Ministries
83 Middlesex Street
N. Chelmsford, MA 01863
(978) 251-8191

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Dear Life Savers,

Raking rocks in the hot sun. I fought the lawn and the lawn won. I fought the lawn and the lawn won. I needed grass 'cause I had none. I fought the lawn and the lawn won. I fought the lawn and the lawn won. I miss my grass and I feel so sad, I need my place to run. It was the best grass that I ever had. I fought the lawn and the lawn won. I fought the lawn and the lawn won.

I'm sorry, was I singing again? It must be the heat. I was raking a lot of rocks in the hot sun, but that's not what I want to talk about. Cathie and I went to New York City to see the sights. We booked our hotel online. Have you ever booked a hotel online?

It sounded great. It was on Long Island. According to the web site, it had a city view, free parking, free continental breakfast, free shuttle service to transportation to the city. They showed pictures of the hotel, the rooms, the exercise room (not that I intended to use it), and the patio area. It looked perfect and the price was good.

We packed up the car and went. It wasn't a bad drive, only about four hours, and pretty straight forward, until we got to Long Island. After that, thank God for GPS. I'd heard of Long Island, naturally, but never been there. I pictured a much more rural or at least suburban setting that what we saw.

I didn't even know Queens and Brooklyn were on Long Island, and the parts of Queens we were driving through didn't look like where Doug and Carrie lived on TV. If we hadn't had GPS, I don't think we ever would have found the hotel.

We were driving around city streets through neighborhoods inhabited mostly by auto body shops and food distribution warehouses, thinking the GPS must be wrong because it said we were getting close to the hotel. When the Australian guy on the GPS said, "arriving at location on left," I looked around and said, "Where?"

Cathie said, "There's the hotel right there." I looked across the street at a twelve story building that sat on a postage size piece of land, wedged between a deli and a Chinese food distributor and said, "You've got to be kidding." I almost hit "home" on the GPS and kept driving.

Where's the parking lot? Where's the city view? Who the (expletive deleted) would build a hotel here? This can't be the hotel we saw online.

After my blood pressure dropped back to an acceptable level, I parked on the sidewalk and we went inside. Inside the hotel was a totally different world. It was really very nice. The staff was friendly, it was new and clean. The temptation to flee diminished.

While checking in, I asked where we should park. I was told to drive around back (which was about fifteen feet from the front), and I'd see a ramp for the underground garage. We drove around back and down a tiny ramp to a garage with twelve tiny parking spaces. Twelve parking spaces for a twelve floor hotel, that's one space for each floor.

When we got to our room, we discovered it was exactly as pictured online, although the photographer obviously used a very wide angle lens, and our "city view" from the eleventh floor was of a check cashing place, what I think were natural gas holding tanks, and the largest cemetery I've ever seen. In fact, everything was as pictured online, they just used very creative shooting angles and extreme picture cropping.

We decided to walk the nine blocks to the subway station to get into New York, rather than wait for the shuttle. It was very hot (they said 103 in the city), and very crowded. I don't think we'll go back in August, and I don't know how people can actually live there, but we had a good time and may visit again, someday.

Although some things may not turn out to be what they are advertised to be, here at My Father's House, what you see is what you get. We're a small group of people who are doing our best to do the job God is asking us to do. We're not wonderful people, we're ordinary people. We aren't perfect, we make mistakes.

We do our best to share what knowledge and love we have with kids who need a lot of knowledge and a lot of love in order to become good parents and contributing members of our community.

Two of these kids became mothers since you last read one of my letters. Neither of them has finished high school yet. Do you realize how difficult it is going to be for them to fulfill their dreams while caring for a new baby?

Finishing their education is key. Learning life skills and parenting skills that we take for granted is crucial. Being taught how to put their children first, at a time in their lives when putting themselves first is natural, will mean so much to their children.

That's what My Father's House is. It's day-to-day living with kids who need so much. Sometimes it's extremely frustrating when they appear to reject what we are trying to give them, but that's part of "parenting." The joy and satisfaction of seeing them finally "get it" is worth all the frustration in the world.

Here are the two little guys I just mentioned, Jeremiah and Andrey. These little guys deserve a good life. They deserve to grow up in safe loving homes, where they are loved and nurtured. They will have that while living here at My Father's House. The tough part is giving their mothers the tools they need to enable them to give them safe, loving and nurturing homes when they leave here.

Andrey

Born: 8/30/09

Weight: 6 lb. 14 oz.

Height: 20½ in.



Jeremiah

Born: 7/31/09

Weight: 5 lb. 7 oz.

Height: 18 in.

We need your help to continue impacting the lives of these young women and their children. Donations to My Father's House are down by \$20,189.00 compared to this time last year.

As I told you last month, we are in the process of selling the land on which we had hoped to build transitional apartments, and this will enable us to get out of debt; but this has not happened yet, and unless we increase our income we will quickly fall into debt again.

The board of directors and I are doing everything we can to increase our income and keep costs down. We realize these are difficult financial times and many people are without jobs. We do not want to cause financial hardships for anyone, but we do ask if you would pray about helping us pay our bills, as you struggle to pay yours.



The Gimme Shelter Ride motorcycle fund raiser has been postponed until Saturday, September 26th due to tropical storm Dan. Let all your biker friends know that we would love to have them join us on the ride and for the cookout afterwards. All the information is available at: www.gimmeshelterride.org.

As a last thought, Karen, our bookkeeper, asked me to say that receipts for donations for Walk-the-Walk for our regular supporters will be included on your year-end receipts.

In His service,
Kevin
Kevin Coffey