

The Business Bulletin

CONNECTING BUYER AND SELLER FROM COAST TO COAST

August 2021 Volume 20 Issue 1



FLOOD FIRE HURRICANE HAIL TORNADO ICE

Christian Disaster Relief

The CDR Report

*By Floyd Koehn
Halstead, Kansas*

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Christian Disaster Relief is an arm of the Church that provides humanitarian relief to Canada, United States, Mexico, Central America, and the Caribbean Islands. From an organizational standpoint, CDR has five executive members elected by the Annual Meeting that are responsible to oversee CDR. Then there are eighteen district coordinators throughout the United States and Canada who oversee the work in their districts. They are the connection between the board and the local CDR agents. Every

congregation has appointed agents that work in their communities and communicate with either the district coordinator or the board. CDR is a very fluid organization. It works from the top down and from the bottom up. Some of the work is organized and managed by the CDR Board, some by the district coordinators, and some is done entirely on a local effort by the congregation's CDR agents.

The proximity of the disaster to our local congregations and the magnitude of the disaster is often the determining factor of who

gets to it first. If a congregation is close by, they normally will go to the site and see what they can do. If the damage is minimal, they will take care of it. If the disaster is of larger proportion, they will contact their district coordinator and he will call in other nearby congregations. If the need is great enough, the CDR Board will become involved and we will summon help from a greater distance.

Occasionally, no one is close by so the CDR Board will make an investigation. Anytime there is a disaster of any magnitude that re-

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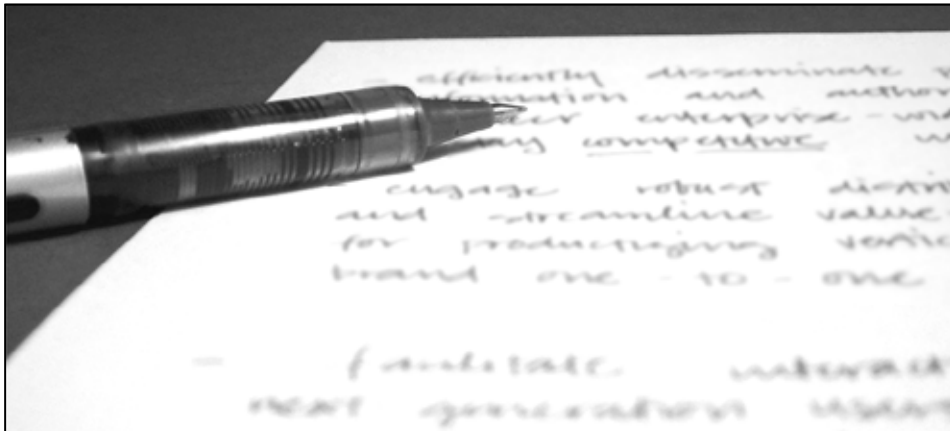
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Editor's Notes

PHILLIP KOEHN, FLEETWOOD, PA businessbulletin@gmail.com

Promise and Challenge Generally Go Together.

How many times have you short-changed yourself because you lacked faith? Does it seem the obstacles God has allowed are too large and your ability too small? When we come to the end of our capacity, it is then that we can witness how God's providential hand provides the resources needed to accomplish the task. When He calls us to His work, He works alongside us to accomplish His purposes!

By J. Craig Brown II – President and CEO of CHM

As you carefully read the above message, you will find some deep truths in the statements. When we are at our end, some way or another, God's providential hand provides for us.

How Are We Doing With Our Driving?



Yes, I had the misfortune of receiving a speeding ticket at the end of a 21-hour, straight-through road trip to my brother's funeral. I was five miles from the destination when a small-town policeman clocked me gaining speed as I was leaving his town. Since I was not expecting anything like this, it was a big shock to me. He did not let me off even though I asked for mercy and told him the reason why I was going through his town.

The only good thing that came out of the situation is that now I am more alert to traffic speed signs, the presence of law enforcement, and my driving habits in general! It appears that I need wake-up calls from time to time. I had a close call about a year ago when I almost rear-ended somebody and had to take the ditch. Believe me, I became a very careful driver after that episode. I do a lot of driving to and from my job Monday through Friday, 35 miles each way. Many days as I leave my house, I mentally tell myself to not look on my phone (which is in a phone holder) but to keep my eyes on the road and both hands on the wheel.

Nowadays, whether it is local driving or on a road trip, you should not drive with two fingers on the steering wheel with cruise control set while casually looking around at the beautiful countryside. If you drive like that, you may suddenly find yourself slamming on the brakes, even taking the shoulder of the road to avoid stopped traffic on an interstate highway. You also need to be aware of what is coming up behind you. In the past year or so, on any interstate highway, there are numerous vehicles traveling at speeds of 90 to 100 mph. You look in your rearview mirror and all is clear to pass a slower vehicle. By the time you are halfway around the slow man, someone is right on your back bumper and you get the feeling that you better get out of their way, and fast!

Committee members from Christian Peace Ministries were here at our congregation in July to give us updates on their work. One item that was mentioned was lawsuits involving traffic fatalities. Many years ago, an accident was called an *accident*. Today a reason must be found to determine the accident cause. Someone got killed and someone is at fault. We all hope that if we are ever involved in an accident, no one is killed. But the fact is, fatalities do happen frequently.

A week from today, Nancy and I will be traveling to pick up family at the JFK airport

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on the south side of New York City. It is no small feat to get from our home in Fleetwood, Pennsylvania, to this airport, even though it is only 2.5 hours away, or 140 miles. Even though I have been to this airport several times, I will still review the route on a hard copy road map and then, of course, use Google Maps once the trip is started. I will be more relaxed if the person in the passenger seat helps me with the directions and watches the traffic with me.

We use this method not only in the northeastern states but on all of our road trips. Only a few weeks ago, I "helped" Nancy as she was driving through Memphis, Tennessee, when we had to detour around the I-40 Mississippi River Bridge, which was closed due to repairs being made.

So, how are we doing with our driving? Is my mind on my driving or on some unpleasant situation that happened to me yesterday? Maybe I'm still upset, so I drive my vehicle in an unsettled state of mind (I am thinking of my own experiences). Some of us have driven for many years without incident ... We just know the roads we are traveling. We don't even have to think of what we are doing. Our minds can be thinking of many things and we always make it to our destination. We can eat hamburgers and French fries, and drink soda pop while driving. No problem. We look over our shoulder at the person in the back seat as we are talking with them. And we do the forbidden thing of talking on our hand-held phones.

For most people, driving is just part of our lives. It can be fun, it can be interesting, or it can be grueling if the weather is bad. But a very most important factor is that we be safe drivers. Safe for ourselves, safe for our families onboard, and safe for other drivers.

— Phillip 📱

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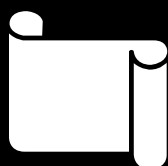
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Behind the Counter



by Cliff Smith Fleetwood, Pennsylvania schmittty1720@gmail.com

A Day in my Life

The store opens at 7:00 am. I usually try to be at work anywhere from 6:00 am to 6:45 am, depending on what needs to be done before we open. If time allows, I like to vacuum the rugs in the showroom, dry mop the floor, and check the eBay stores to see if any shipping needs to be done. At 7:00 am I turn the lights on and open the doors.

The phone rings less than 30 seconds later and I think *who in their right mind calls a mower shop at 7:00 am?* It's Fred, wondering if his mower will be ready today. I tell Fred the same thing I told him when he dropped it off: "We will notify you as soon as it's done." He thanks me and hangs up.

I look up to see an older couple, (actually make that quite old) walk in the door. He says, "We need to buy a mower!" He sounds

very chipper for this early in the morning. *Sometimes I really wonder about people who shop for mowers at 7:05 am, but I'll gladly sell them one.* As we walk around looking at the different models, something brings to mind a story from his childhood and I listen as he tells stories of bygone days. It is usually really interesting to listen to these older people. I have learned some very interesting history from them. Eventually, his wife reminds him why they came in and we get back to talking about mowers. As we are at the counter writing up the sale, the phone starts ringing. Usually, my coworker answers the questions he can while I get the rest and then either I put them on hold or transfer them as soon as someone is available. At one point, I tell the customer I am going to answer one of the calls while I work on his sale. It's a lady telling me what is wrong with her mower that we are picking up that day for repair. She repeats the exact same thing she told me over the phone the day before when I wrote up her order. *Patience, I must practice patience...* (My wife says I repeat myself a lot, too, so I forgive the lady).

I finish the mower sale and remember while I was out listening to the gentleman's stories there were some items that needed to

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"A DAY IN MY LIFE" CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

be restocked on the shelves. I almost reach the shelving when the phone rings. While I'm answering the call, I quickly try to restock the shelf. It's a customer needing some parts. I nonchalantly ask him the brand of engine and what the engine is on, while stalling for the time I need to get back to the computer. It works well, and by the time I reach my computer, he is ready to give me the model number.

The next phone call is a guy that says he bought a \$3,000 snow blower from us several years ago. He wanted to replace a spark plug in it, so he went to Lowe's and was given the wrong one, but he did not figure this out until he had stripped out the threads on the head of the engine. He took it to a local repair shop and was told it needed a whole new engine. He was calling to see what we thought. I told him we might be able to fix it without replacing the engine since we have done it before, but I would need to see it first. He says, "That's why I like you guys because ya'll know your stuff." I find it funny that he says this after a failed attempt at a Lowe's part and then trying another repair shop before calling us.

An old Berks County Dutchman comes in for a mower belt. He slaps his paper down on the counter with the model number scribbled on it. He tells me he needs the belt that comes off the side of the mower down to the deck. I ask him if it's on the left side and he says "Yes, it is." I go get the belt and as soon as I see it up against his old one, I realize it's got to be the wrong one. He starts cussing while I ask him if he has the deck model number but he only cusses again louder and lets me know that it's right there on the paper! I ask him if he could have some patience while I look up the deck model number and he yells, "IS THIS YOUR FIRST DAY? DON'T YOU KNOW ANYTHING?" My manager happens to walk in right then and tells him to watch his language and that he is old enough to know that this is no way for a guy his age to be acting. Instead he should be setting an example for the younger guys. With that, he grabs his belt and heads out the door, yelling that he will have to get his belt somewhere else. He stops, however, and the manager is right behind him. He asks to talk with him a little more about it but by that time the customer has changed his mind and decides he needs his belt after all. My manager explains to him that after being in business for many years, he has noticed that it's the older gen-


eration that really is the problem with today's world, for when you talk with foul language and lose your temper in public, you are setting the example to the younger people that it's ok to act like that and disrespect people. I let my manager help him from that point on and by the time he left I heard him saying, "Yes, sir" and "Thank you." Quite a change from a few minutes earlier.

I take another call. This guy wants to rent a skid loader for the next day. He is new to the area and has never been to our store. He tells me about the project he is doing and I get all his information and take his payment for the rental and delivery for the next day - Saturday. He tells me where to have the delivery guy park the machine and that we can deliver anytime Saturday. He has to work that day but wants to use it on Sunday when he is off. Later that day, he calls again and just wants to double check that we know to park it out of the way for his load of dirt that's coming. Yes, I tell him I have made notes and we will do that. He seems really excited about the pool project they are working on. Monday morning the delivery driver picks it up and tells me when he got to the house there were a lot of people in the drive crying. They told him, "We never used it; he died over the weekend." I assumed they meant the guy I had talked to when I scheduled the delivery. I wrote down his name and checked into it later that week and, sure enough, he had died.

I thought it would only be right to return the almost \$300 payment but I did not know for sure how or who I should contact. I didn't

want to return it to the credit card on file because I didn't know if anyone had access to it. Over the weekend I started my online search for a family member. I finally found someone that was possibly his wife on Facebook. I sent a request and notified her of what I was trying to do and that I was not sure if this was the right person or not. After a while she replied, stating that, yes, she was his fiancé. I told her to call my work number if she wanted the money back on a different card. She called and told me how much it meant that we would return the money for the rental. She also said, "I never accept friend requests on Facebook from strangers but when I saw your request something told me to just accept it and that's when I saw your message." She said her fiancé had a stressful day at work on Saturday and had worked late into the night. He had come home and gone to bed, excited to work in the yard with the family the next day, but he never woke up. He died in his sleep.

This is not the first time we have had a customer tragically pass away while renting an item, but when it does happen and I have just talked to, or seen them, it has a sobering effect on me. It is a reminder of just how short and fragile life is. Working with the public can be very difficult sometimes, but every day is different. You never know who or what that next phone call or customer will bring. Will they bring happiness or will I find myself fighting inside to stay calm and collected while they vent their pent-up anger at me for not picking the right belt the first time?

- Cliff 

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Lessons in Life

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Claude Stufflet

A previous article referred to Fleetwood, an ordinary town in Berks County, Pennsylvania. Fleetwood is one of the many medium-sized American towns which had the experience of being a flourishing industrial town in the early twentieth century but then as the tolerance of foreign-made products gained acceptance across the nation, a gradual demise of these once prosperous industries began to occur. What was the root of this downward trend?

Enter "Living the American Dream." After the tough times of the Great Depression were endured, the tide changed and the remainder of the 20th century became known as the "Age of Modernity." It was through this era of time that the American general public became increasingly persistent in their pursuit to attain to "Living the American Dream." This brought about a demand that the price of their tools, household chattel, and such-like products be kept at economical price levels. Meanwhile, union-controlled shops were lobbying for increasing the wages of the workers in the manufacturing plants. The consequence was that with a higher cost of production imposed on them, the American factories could not continue producing quality products while marketing them at reduced prices. To try to meet this challenge, many merchants began introducing foreign-made products. Therefore, the demise of factories producing American-made products.

During World War II, many businesses in Fleetwood and the area around it were kept

busy supplying war demand products. These products were then shipped to European countries to support the war effort. That, of course, was a profitable venture for the industrial sector. At the same time, there was also a non-industrial product that was being produced in the outlying countryside sur-



rounding this town. This product was *apples*.

There were many apple growers in the region who found there was no need for their apples in Europe. Fact is, apples are indigenous to Europe. Apples were first introduced to America by the colonists. The only apples native to America are the small nondescript fruits called crab apples. The Americans can thank the colonists for the tasty, juicy apples that are enjoyed each year.

So, these orchard owners, many of whom were of savvy German stock, got their heads together and formed a Co-op with plans to build an apple juice processing plant. And where were they going to establish this processing plant? The locality that was honored to be chosen was none other than the notable town of Fleetwood!

This fledgling apple grower's organization began operations in 1936 under the assumed name of Berks Lehigh Mountain Fruit Growers Association. The name reflected the fact that many of the orchards were situated in the rolling countryside of Berks and Lehigh counties. By 1940 they began operating an apple juice processing plant in Fleetwood. Their flavorful product found ready acceptance both locally and nationally. The steadily growing demand for their product resulted in frequent expansions of operations and in a short amount of time, a nationally registered product branded as *Red Cheek Apple Juice* appeared in many stores. Within a couple decades they became the leading producer of apple juice in the eastern USA. To us local folks, we referred to the establishment simply as "Red Cheek."

Now we'll zoom in on the year 1969 when I was approaching my 16th birthday and anxious to get a job. Red Cheek was a thriving corporation, and I knew numerous people who worked there. One day Dad gave me permission to go to Red Cheek and apply for a job. I biked over there and much to my delight I was hired and began employment the following day. My first job was to work in a warehouse situated next to the processing plant, the two buildings being separated by a narrow street. There was an elevated conveyer belt spanning the street which transferred the filled boxes from the processing plant into the warehouse. As these boxes came off the conveyer belt and rolled down a roller conveyer, I and another worker would alternately take one box at a time and stack them onto wooden pallets. It wasn't long until it became very obvious that I had landed a very, very monotonous job. Many evenings after I came home from work my siblings would enquire what I had worked on that day. Usually, my repetitious reply was a sullen "same thing." Even today I get to hear that phrase when the family is together, where reminiscing usually abounds.

I could give a step-by-step description of the many, many steps involved in process-

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"CLAUDE STUFFLET" CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

ing apples into apple juice in that plant. But for now, it is sufficient to say that at the first step the apples passed through a washing apparatus and at the last step the sealed jars of apple juice were mechanically placed into cardboard boxes, which were then glued shut as they exited the boxing machine. Upon exiting, the filled boxes rolled down a short, curved roller conveyor and onto a belt conveyor which trundled them across numerous connected conveyors and across the street into the warehouse where we stacked them on pallets.

By now you're probably wondering where Claude Stufflet fits into this account. Well OK, let me introduce you to a very animated individual known as Claude Stufflet. Claude was a very energetic and highly motivated man. He had a distinctive bowlegged way of bouncing and hustling around. He was a thin, jumpy kind of fellow who always strode around holding his arms in a bowed-out fashion, appearing as if he were about to pounce on whatever he was approaching, person or machine. The fact that he was not endowed with plentiful patience was reason enough for staying out of his path. That was my daily sentiment anyhow.

As the saying goes... *some people make things happen, some watch things happen, and some wonder what happened.* Now Claude, he was definitely a man who made things happen. Because of that, he was a supervisor in the pasteurization and bottling department, which was right next to the break room where we took our lunch breaks.

One day as I was coming off break and was drifting by the boxing machine, I noticed that after the boxes exited the machine, they would scrape against the guide rail on the side of the curved roller conveyor. It would always hold back a few boxes, so after observing it for a while, I determined that it would be a much smoother flow if each box would just roll all the way to the belt conveyor in one glide instead of scraping along the guide rail and often stopping. So, having a dad who taught us to always improve on matters wherever practical, I took it upon myself to grasp the guide rail and gently tweak it away a bit to eliminate the problem. Then I proceeded on my way, heading back to the warehouse to resume my very humdrum job. Upon arriving, I totally dismissed thinking about the good deed I had done for the company. End of subject...? Not yet.

The next morning I was in the locker room where we kept our company uniforms and hardhats, when suddenly the door flew open and who else but Claude Stufflet should come storming in! He hustled right over to me, and I could see he was mighty upset and agitated about something. He sternly asked me if I made the change on that guide rail. I hastily admitted that I had. And Boy Howdy! Through his clenched teeth, he proceeded to give me a royal chewing out. He informed me that it had been set up that way for a reason. And what I had done had brought about a real mess because it was the cause of the boxes rolling down against the belt conveyor with too much momentum, causing a misalignment with the conveyor. By the time they had discovered it, the boxes were jamming up and falling off the conveyor! In no uncertain terms, he told me to leave my hands off that equipment. I knew I was guilty and all I could do was squeak, "I thought I was improving something ... but ... yes, sir ... I will!" End of subject? ... Gettin' closer, but not quite yet.

After Claude was finished with his scolding he abruptly turned around and went stomping out the door. I knew I had greatly disturbed him and so I determined within myself to be even more mindful to steer clear of his path. I surmised that he was a man who liked to be irritable and now had reason to be even more irritable. *Well, some people are just like that,* I thought.

Well, so it was that the next morning when I was again in the locker room, suddenly the door bursts open and here comes Claude again! He steps right over to me,

and what he said left me totally stunned. He began by saying this, "You know ... I came in here yesterday and chewed you out for changing that guide." (I'm like ... "yeah" ...) Then he continued by saying, "I'm sorry for that and I want you to know I don't like myself when I react that way." I just stood there too dumfounded to say anything. Then he turned and hustled away, back to his duties. I had a totally different opinion of him from that day on.

I worked at Red Cheek off and on over the next five years. Claude and I never did become bosom buddies, but we got along quite well after that one-time explosion. Fifty-some years have passed since my working tenure at Red Cheek. After I had stacked boxes for about a year, I was promoted to a more enjoyable position. All in all, I have fond memories of working at Red Cheek.

What became of Claude Stufflet? I am under the impression that he has passed on into the great beyond. May his soul rest in peace. He showed me that in spite of his rather severe nature he was man enough to back up and admit his faults. That says a lot about a man.

If occasion would offer opportunity, I could take you there and show you the exact spot where those things took place, but ... not possible. Today the whole plant is completely gone with no signs of it ever having been there. That seems a pity, but so it is.

Another lesson in life: Probably all people have a good trait in them, even though it may not always appear so. - Elmer

(More Red Cheek stories will follow if time and energy permits) 🍷



Cattleman's Corner

Daniel Holdeman
Clarksville, TX
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Livestock in Ethiopia

The bark of street vendors was deafening, even to my hard-hearing ears, and I couldn't understand a word. Sheep and goats bleated. Donkeys brayed, unwillingly laboring under the lash as they pulled the two-wheeled gotti carts. Metal to metal, screeching wheels

complained of their huge burdens. Huge off-road style dump trucks elbowed their way along through the bustling, milling hordes of dusky faces. With no sidewalks, bajaj, a three-wheeled conveyance akin to a motorcycle with a curtained cab, seemed to be everywhere. We were in Ethiopia to visit family, but we were seeing a lot more than grandchildren.

The traffic there seems to be controlled mostly by hand signals. Driving is not for the meek or indecisive. *May the best man win* is the order of the road.

A policeman comes down the street, driving illegal vendors before him with a short whip which he applies liberally. He is driving the illegal vendors away, the ones who pay no taxes. We're informed that the legal have a designated area and pay sales tax, but the illegal crowd out in the street in front of them. Every man is a law unto himself, a land of law and disorder.

Join me in an Ethiopian livestock tour. I must confess that I leaned heavily on the internet for my statistics. Various sites give alternate facts, so please take a grain of salt before consuming.

Ethiopia is home to the largest domestic livestock population in Africa as well as the second-largest human population. With one hundred-ten million people, there is much need of meat and milk, along with their main staples of lentils and injera, a large pancake-like type of bread.

Ethiopia has approximately fifteen percent of Africa's goat population, at 16.7 million, along with their 23.6 million sheep which are raised primarily for meat but also milked. There are also about 60 million cattle which is one of the highest counts in the continent.

The cattle are small, probably due to centuries of inbreeding and poor nutrition. An average bull would probably weigh 500-600 pounds and females 400-500 pounds. They are mostly Sanga and Arado crossbreeds which were descendants of some Longhorn and Zebu cattle from Northern Africa and Asia.

Muslim and Jewish believers are widespread; therefore bulls are not neutered—probably for the same religious reason that there are no hogs.

Ox power is essential to the farmer. The only farming implement I saw was a plow made from a tree four or five inches in diameter. It had to have a fork in it with one side of the fork cut off at about sixteen inches to use as a plowshare. The other fork was left long and attached to a single-tree. The main trunk was used by the plowman to control the depth and to keep the furrows as straight as possible. Some of the plows even have a steel tip and may be pulled by one or two oxen.

Now let's consider the milk factor. Recommended consumption of milk in Ethiopia is about fifty gallons of milk per year, but the

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per capita consumption is about one-tenth of that amount. There is an acute need of more dairymen and better practices. Any volunteers?

In the US, an average Holstein cow should give around nine gallons of milk a day and have a lactation period of 305 days. Average local cows in Ethiopia give about one and one-half quarts with a 150-day lactation. But perhaps we can't place all the blame for poor production on these undernourished cattle.

Let's consider the life of an Ethiopian cow. There are few fences, so the herdsman takes his herd out for a drink at daybreak. It may be several miles to the water, so they pick at anything digestible along the way and a few things, such as plastic bags, that aren't. By this time the sun is well up, so they head to greener pastures. But wait. Where are the greener pastures? They have to settle for refuse or perhaps a bundle of crop residue that fell unnoticed off an overloaded gotti cart. There may be a piece of cactus that has been on the road long enough for the spines to be flattened. Supplements? Sure—anything falling off a cart can be classified as a supplement if it can be eaten. As far as vaccinations, they just depend on herd immunity.

We went to buy milk at a "sure nuff" Holstein dairy. Inside the concreted barn were about ten Holstein cows. Their skin was rubbed off in places. By their crippled feet, it looked like they had servants to bring them feed and water. It is doubtful they have seen the sun in many moons. We were told this dairy raises its own feed, corn and alfalfa. In this loafing shed, milking parlor, and milk room combination, we purchased our four

liters of milk, fresh from the cow. Processing plants are few. Chilling and refrigeration are rare. If you want good milk, be there at milking time.

endurance, and stamina. Strangely enough, the dromedary gives more milk in drought. A good dam can produce twenty pounds of milk a day, and the lactation period is typi-



Ninety percent of Ethiopian milk comes from cows, but they also have camel dairies. We saw two herds of about 150 head each. I was hoping to witness the milking, but, alas, time ran out. I'm told camel milk is normally sweet and sharp (is that possible?) but sometimes salty, depending on the animal's latest diet. Camel milk is high pH and has antibacterial properties. It is low lactose and low fat but high in potassium, iron, and vitamin C, as well as protective proteins which enhance the immune system. Cow milk tends to obesity in humans, but camel milk gives strength,

cally twelve to eighteen months. Camel milk can be consumed fresh or as dhanaan or ititu, which are fermented drinks. It can also be used in tea, porridge, and soups.

Ethiopia has one-third of Africa's camel population, which is 2.4 million head. Nearly all the camels in Ethiopia are dromedaries, which have only one hump. They are browsers and are well adapted to drought conditions. Camels are also used for meat.

After researching this article my advice to you is DRINK CAMEL MILK daily. —Cattleman Dan 🐪



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Sailing On

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Authenticity

Part One: My Ways Confound the Wise

Why is there a sailboat at the top of this page, and what is my connection to it? I was inspired when Phillip found this picture for an article I had written last year titled *Life*. The picture was just right. It's not just a sailboat, but a sailboat flying through the water under full sail. It took me back to an exciting time in my life.

When I was 27 years old, I had no idea who I was. I had been a follower all my life - where my crowd went, I went. I relocated to Maryland at the invitation of a college friend. I had a dream. I was going to be a big-time Ad-man on the east coast. I worked hard at making a nice portfolio and I started applying for jobs and interviewing. Do you know yourself? Do I? I think we barely do. Fortunately, a higher power knows us intimately. Do you know how to follow your heart? I believe you do. Is it a winding road? Are you dodging the trials that come your way, yet steadily making your way forward?

In the early spring of 1991, while I looked for my dream job, I delivered pizzas for Dominoes and worked temporary jobs in Annapolis, Maryland. Temporary job agencies are great. You start the day with empty pockets, they send you out on a job, and at the end of the day, you have a day's wage in your hand. It's honest money,

honest work, as honest as it gets. One early spring day, we were carrying cabinets up two and three stories at a day job. While sitting on the floor at lunch break, I began talking with a co-worker. Among other things, he told me he worked on schooner ships sailing along the coast, and that he would be heading there shortly, as soon as the season started. The more he told me about these ships, the more something came alive in my heart. In that moment I knew that was my next journey in life.

I did everything I could to get on that ship. I wrote the captain a letter of application about how I was right for the job. One reason I wrote is because my dad had been in the US Navy and had sailed the

high seas - it's in me. I used all the marketing skills I had learned at the ad agency. I made sure that the day Captain Jon was hiring his cook, a second letter would fall into his hand. I was in town, in Annapolis, when my roommate told me that Captain Jon had called and that I was supposed to call him back. I raced home to call him. I had also gotten a call from an advertising agency in Delaware. I was forced to make a decision. I didn't go to the interview in Delaware. I put the phone down after I canceled my interview in great consternation. It was a hard decision, but my heart said, "I want to go sailing."

Captain Jon Eginton hired me as cook/deckhand on the Mystic Clipper, a 126-ft schooner ship that sailed out of Mystic, Connecticut. Captain Jon said, "Report to Mystic, May 1." I was breathless, to say the least.

The Mystic Clipper sailed down the Mystic River into the Long Island Sound and then the Atlantic Ocean. We sailed a big ship, with 5,000 square feet of sail. It was dangerous. It was hard work. We made \$30 a day. This job gave me another viewpoint; it gave me another way to look at life. Why did God give me that job? Because He wanted to teach me that life and time are valuable. He taught me to enjoy them to the fullest. He knows this far better than we do. Enjoy them wisely and travel light. On that ship, God was pointing me to a better life.

This writing is about time - my time, your time, God's time. What have I done with it? What have you done with yours? And how

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will we continue to spend it? For that season in my life, God chose to put me on that boat. But what is next? I'd been extensively looking for a job that I could be excited about. You may ask, "Why? It's just a job." Because I've paid all this other time to get here, and time is expensive.


(Summer of 2021) I've had a summer cold for two weeks. I've been able to work, but I could barely hear. I had to leave ambition behind, because I was supposed to be restful. So, I've been in sort of a tunnel. I've been forced to slow down. At first, it was torture. I'm like you - I like to get things done, but I began to see why I was in this tunnel. I sat back and watched in slow motion. It was time for introspection. It was time to think deeply and do some evaluating. It's true - everybody's so busy. We have more than any other generation, but still we race to get more. And have you noticed? Demand has finally surpassed supply in our economy. One friend said it's because of gluttony.

I intend to live and prepare for *now*. When I say *prepare for now*, I don't mean neglect thinking of the future. What I've learned in life is when you take care of *now*, you also take care of tomorrow. What will you regret when you look back and see you were so busy? Maybe nothing. When a gas station owner learned about my young family, he told me that he had been away from his family too much when they were little. "And now," he said, as he wiped the tears from his eyes, "It's too late." I told myself right then that I would not make that mistake, I would not look back with regrets. I realize we are all at different places in life. And you have my confidence, you are all learning.

One quiet afternoon at my bake shop in Missouri, a young man finished his meal. We began conversing. As we talked across my open kitchen, he asked me if I liked fishing. "Too busy. I don't have time," I told him. I had just finished telling him my story of selling everything I owned, driving cross-country and then giving my heart to God and becoming a Christian. When I told him I had no time off to fish, he asked, "You just did all that ... (sold out, etc.) and you have no time to go fishing?" I caught his point, and he was right.

Today my wife and I worked at the Farmers Market. Soon after we arrived, we were told that the Lemonade Man (he had a

booth near us every Saturday) lost his life in a motorcycle accident. A policeman found a motorcycle fender alone on the road. He knew that was strange, there had been no two-vehicle accident. He went to investigate and found Jerry flipped over on his motorcycle in the culvert. Time, this ever precious gift, was no more for Jerry.

I have a small book full of quotes. This one was marked, by me, sometime ago. It was written by Sister Theresa. "Be Happy in the moment, that's enough. Each moment is all we need, not more." - Michael 



Do's and Dont's

***In business meetings,
don't spent precious
time in small talk.
Open up the meeting
and the most
important subject as
soon as everyone is
there, or just start at
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The Business Bulletin

"CDR" CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

quires an extended length of stay, many things come into play. We need housing, cooks, labor coordinators, and workers. Generally, we try and secure a building of some sort - church, school, etc. that we can stay in. Some buildings have an adequate kitchen but no showers. Other times they have only a place to sleep. This, of course, adds to the logistical challenge of providing all the amenities we are accustomed to. We have used many buildings in the past - trailers, 4H buildings, campgrounds, churches, and schools. If the work is of short duration, we have used motels to house the workers.

The backbone of CDR is you, our brothers and sisters. We need people of all ages to fill different rolls. We need the young men with brawn and brute strength to remove trees, remove furniture, and muck out houses, or whatever the case may be. We can use those that can manage crews and meet with people. We need those that are willing to get up early and work late to feed the crews. CDR work is not a vacation, but it is rewarding and enjoyable.

CDR started to work with Operation Blessing, stationed in Slidell, Mississippi, during Katrina in 2005-2006. For the most part this has been a good working relationship. OB has provided funding, housing, food, and has the organization in place to do the scouting and receive work orders. When we do all of this ourselves, it takes a lot more organization and personal. Working with them also reduces the possibilities of duplicating a lot of work orders. OB has also enabled us to help a lot more people without strapping our finances. They have greatly appreciated our men that have worked for them and they always welcome us with open arms.

Working by ourselves and working with OB has its opportunities, blessings, and challenges. It seems like both have their place. While we trust we can continue to work with them in the future, we also plan to run relief efforts by ourselves when we have the opportunity.

This past year the CDR Board has overseen the work in DeRidder, Louisiana; Guatemala; and Lake Charles. These events involved hurricane winds and flooding. It seems like most of our extended work is hurricane or flood-related while tornadoes tend to be cleaned up fast.

The work at DeRidder was mostly tree and roof work. There was a tremendous response

to the plea for help. Brethren from all over the US came to help clean up, tarp, and fix roofs. We reshingled over 30 houses there.

The work in Guatemala was largely clean-up after a hurricane-induced flood. Much silt was deposited in the plain below the mountains due to landslides. We also built several latrines to replace those that were destroyed.



The work at Lake Charles was from local surface water that could not get away. The water was clean water, so mud removal was not an issue. We took two to four feet of sheetrock out of the houses and even hung a little sheet-

rock. Lake Charles still has roofs tarped from the hurricanes last fall. That community has suffered a lot from copious rain events.

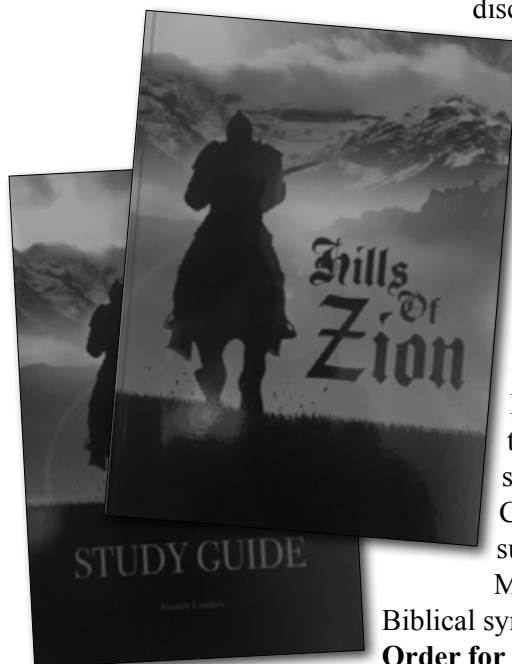
There have also been other projects that the CDR Board has had little to do with. Some of the congregations have helped with flooding, tornado, and fire cleanup in the last year.

The CDR Board appreciates all volunteers - it takes all of us to make it work. May God bless all those that give time and money to alleviate the suffering of our fellowmen. -Floyd Koehn (CDR board secretary)

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