



Painting by Lisa Elley

Jesus Will Give You His Words of Light and Fire.

Your word is a lamp for my feet, a light on my path. ~ Psalm 119:105

Our family had a hunting dog *and* a herding dog. Dog people would read that sentence and know that required us to be outside exercising them every day, otherwise, they would get the zoomies inside the house and turn the place upside down.

Kathy and I would take shifts. I did the morning and she did the afternoon. That usually involved a two-mile walk through Valley of the Moon park and around Westlake Lagoon. They would drag us through all the underbrush on a hunt for baseballs, discarded food and squirrels. We would pretend to enjoy it.

One summer evening Kathy returned home from her walk without her favorite necklace. It had fallen off somewhere in the park. She had retraced her steps as best she could, but it was well and truly lost. Now this was not a necklace made of gems, nor was it gold. Its value exceeded any earthly treasure. It was given to her by our son.

That year on her birthday he found himself short of funds, so he took an Irish coin from a collection he had and gave that to his mother in a card. He might as well have given her the Bank of England. She had it made into a necklace that she *never* took off.

When our son heard about the loss, he purposed to find the coin believing that God knew where it had fallen, that God loved his mother and that she was no different than the woman with the lost coin in the scripture. Kathy looked at me and assured me that he *would* return with the coin with such conviction that I was already celebrating in my heart. "God is all about overcoming loss, John, and He is going to make the invisible, visible! Besides, it is John David doing the looking and he can find anything!"

Standing in the middle of a grassy part of the park, he looked down at his feet and there was a miracle gleaming in the sun. He walked in the door

with a smile that gave it away before he could get his hand out of his pocket. Our son had reclaimed the treasure. We rejoiced.

I appreciate that verse in Psalm 119. Upon study you will see that the words used for lamp and light and path can mean simply that, but they also have a greater meaning, that of a fire kindled of sufficient size to behold the course of your life appointed to you. No pinpoint of light but light like the sun coming up in the morning, light like lightening, illuminating and resplendent light. Light sufficient to recover what God treasures most- us! Light warm enough to draw us back to Him when we have fallen into the weeds. What is this light composed of? His precious word, the lamp to our feet.

We have just completed our study of Peter in the men's program. We lighted lamps and illuminated footsteps to help people stick to the good path as they walk along in this world discovering the life Christ died for; the light that will find us gleaming at His feet. There is a celebration coming for all of us, the former lost coins who trust in His word.

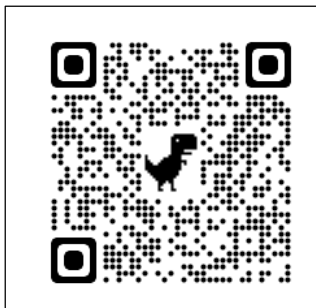
Is there something precious in your life that feels as if it has slipped away? Jesus is in the Lost & Found business. Is there something you need to celebrate and encourage the body with your testimony? Jesus will give you His words of light and fire. Speak them!

May the sun rise on a grateful path for all of us. All things are possible to those who believe!

Blessings,

Pastor John LaMantia

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Following the Lord in Baptism



Four of the men from the Mission were baptized at Unite Church. Left to right, Joe, (Glen Hermann), Vincent, Harold and Christopher. Thank you to long time Mission supporter and encourager Glen Hermann and Unite Church for making this happen. Glen is following up to disciple these men. What a blessing!

An Easter Reminder



Each of our program men and women and all of our shelter volunteers received an Easter bookmark and a pin as a reminder of Christ's victory over death and His particular love for them.

March Memorials



*And He walks with me
And He talks with me
And He tells me I am
His own
And the joy we share as
we tarry there
None other has ever
known*

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Memorial for: Guy Powell | by: Douglas & Wendy McKinnis |
| Memorial for: Lois "Stevie" Arnold | by: Ruth Barker & Family |
| Memorial for: Jim Labau | by: Dennis & Diane Allen |
| Memorial for: Lois Arnold | by: Michael Orr |
| Memorial for: Mr. & Mrs. Ben Sherbahn | by: Darrell & Jean Peterson |
| Memorial for: Herb Eckmann | by: Roger & Stephanie Frackman |
| Memorial for: James Basinger | by: Mary Doppelfeld |
| Memorial for: Brenda George | by: John & Kathy LaMantia |
| Memorial for: Brenda George | by: Kimberly Lorentzen |

Getting Out the Message of Easter

Every shelter client will receive a small message of just how personal was the gift Jesus gave to us through His passion, death and resurrection. Our Easter service will be followed by a delicious brunch.



Our sweet donors made it an equally sweet Valentine's Day for our folks.

Making Room for Unicorns



Full room for our Wednesday art break. This was an evening when everyone got to work on a project of their choosing. We discovered some of our shelter clients had fine arts backgrounds.



Showers of Blessings



Did you know the Mission provides 3,000 showers a month? That is a lot of soap and hot water. It is also a real blessing when someone comes in off of the street. In the book of Ezekiel the Lord mentions the showers of blessing. I like to think the Mission partners with Him to bring those to Tudor Road.

A sincere "thank-you" to all of you who help us with soap and towels and who help us pay the utilities. May a grateful God return your kindness.

Have We Got Socks!



Every year dear brothers and sisters in Christ with For the Bride Ministries come to Anchorage and bless several ministries that help the homeless. Here we have Denise, Robin and Pastor Brandon Testerman who gifted us with

2,000 pairs of socks and other much needed items. This group does not sow sparingly but lavishes Christ-love on so many.

Mush to Life Artist



The art class had a presentation on landscape painting on rocks in acrylic by Mush to Life artist, Doug Steel. Doug, who is a long time Mission supporter, paints Alaska scenes on the front of large rocks and paints a plan of salvation on the back. He shared his process with our guys as well as his motivation and love for Christ. The men each have one of Doug's rocks.

The God Who Comes for Us



Covered in open wounds it might have been easy to miss the power.

Onlookers might be forgiven for thinking the nails were what held Him to the Cross. Sometimes I miss the point too. Sometimes I don't see Him for who He really is.

But this Jesus is not a god who stays where you put Him. He doesn't conform to our opinion of Him. This Jesus-God

washes feet and feeds strangers. He touches lepers and menstrual women and dead sons and He is OK with them touching Him back.

This crucified God in the flesh is the real God and on the third day He will rise just as He said. If we have minimized Christ, if we have measured Him all wrong, *He will still rise*. He will rise and come looking for us.
(Acrylic painting and thoughts by Kathy LaMantia)



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Acrylic Birch Trees



What a great Tuesday art class we had. Our regular Wednesday art class is open to all and is much larger. For the month of March, we are having an extra class every week on Tuesday for smaller groups of our program folks. Last night was the acrylics class. What a fun time. There was laughter, learning, healthy snacks and lots of high-fives.

In the coming weeks we will be offering classes in acrylic pour, clay and card making. We are so grateful for those of you who have donated paint, brushes and canvases.

Our Board member, Chelsea Pohland, who stopped by the office to pay some Mission bills, heard about the class and came to check it out and encourage us, along with her friend, Kay Schuster.

