

August 1, 2014

Dear *Friends & Family*,

“I WANT TO BE YOUR NEIGHBOR”



(7/2) Prior to living here in DE Kim & I moved 14X in 19 years of marriage. So, to be here for 18 years is an absolute delight for us. It reminds me of Fred Rogers, whom I portrayed at kids' camp many years ago. Staying in the same place for a long period of time has its advantages. You're around long enough to see historical changes happen that you only notice if you move away & come back. It also affords you the opportunity to build deeper & lasting relationships with your neighbors. We have endeavored to do so for almost two decades. I've mourned many times that none have gotten saved under our watch, though we've planted & watered many seeds, through prayer, words, & acts of service, including delivering dozens of plates of Kim's [they'd dare not eat them if they were mine!] homemade Christmas cookies each year, often accompanied by a gospel tract. We've done the same at Halloween for several years too.

“IS THERE A DOCTOR IN [GOD'S] HOUSE?”



About 3 years ago two young doctors moved in behind us. Prior to that an elderly widow had lived there for about 60 years. It is **heart**-sobering when you ponder these things. Generations come & generations go. The former are eventually forgotten. So will be the latter. Such is life. So says the **Scripture**. We learned last year that the father of the wife of this young doctor couple had a heart attack. When her husband told me I told him we'd pray. He thanked me. Weeks later, he was walking past my house. I asked re: his father in law. He said he was doing much better, to which I immediately responded, "Thank You, Lord" to which he semi-rudely retorted, "Thank you wonders of modern science", et al. Of course, I was taken aback & offended for my Lord. Think, Beloved-if it offended me that much-how much did it offend God? I don't even remember what I replied. Since then we've tried to keep loving & serving them.

"DOCTOR IT UP?"



Well-we found out sometime ago this same young doctor had to move to FL for career purposes-without his wife-for a year! We conveyed our sadness to them. I texted him from camp last week that although I was in the midst of that whirlwind I was thinking of him & wanted to make sure we saw each other before he left which hap-pened to be the day after I got home from camp. He actually came over to the house to say goodbye. We asked if we could pray for him. He complied. We both laid our hands on him & did so. Amazingly, this “wonders of modern science” young doctor then held out his hands, palms up, as if catching raindrops, like I instruct children to do when we’re worshipping in song, & addressed a prayer to God! Believe it or not, I then hugged him & gave him a holy kiss on the neck!

“NORTH HILLS’ 'DUCK DYNASTY'?”



Another neighborly [Kim & I live in the North Hills subdivision] incident involves a 70 year old man [who looks much younger] who moved in down the street 2 years ago. He moved in [in a separate apt.] with a woman who we *think* is a Christian, but who has had one of the hardest lives I have ever heard of, & suffers with extreme emotional problems. This man grew up in North Dakota, & could pass for a Robertson sibling from Duck Dynasty [No. I don't watch it] re: his looks. He has done wonders for this woman, from finances, to housekeeping, to gardening. I have striven to befriend him the past year or two, as initially his appearance caused many to be wary of him-including me! He came to the door the other day, distraught, re: tensions with his woman friend/landlord/hopeful romantic interest. I gave him a hug, listened, & then put my arm around him [he was very sweaty-probably from working in his garden] & prayed.

I asked him if he had contacted any of the pastors whose info I gave him last Christmas re: possible counseling help for him & his friend. I told him how solid they were. Once again, as he had in the past with me, he began to talk to me of all of his research into many of the world's religions. He had basically come to the conclusion that they all [he included Jehovah Witnesses & Scientology in this list!] had something to contribute & that none had a corner on the market of truth. I went from feeling sweet & compassionate in my spirit with him to being somewhat perturbed, since *his* "beliefs", unbeknownst to him, were slapping God the Father, *my* Father- in the face! Despite being a preacher for decades, I'm ashamed to tell you I've never been a confronter & to be honest, have often avoided it. You may wonder, "Then, Michael, why are you in the ministry?" I've often wondered the same thing! My answer? "The weaker the vessel, the more glory God gets for using it. "

“THE CROSS ON THE MOUNTAIN”



I awkwardly tried to tell him that if one religion is saying “A” is the truth, & the other is saying “B” is the truth, they both can’t be right. Otherwise, God & the Scriptures would contradict themselves. I tried to squeeze in the verse from I Jn. 4-“any **spirit** which says that Jesus Christ did not come in the flesh is not from God, but is the spirit of the antichrist” I also told him that God is not schizophrenic. He then began to quote to me something again he had told me at least once before. When he was young he had a 78 rpm record that basically stated that his “chapel & altar were the wide open spaces & on the mountain...” etc. I want to believe, in my fear of man, awkward feelings, & confusion that I was experiencing somewhat at the moment, that the Spirit of God immediately retorted through me, **“Just make sure that that ‘mountain’ has a cross on it”**, to which he looked down, pondered for a moment, then walked away. I reassured him that we were here for him.

“THE GREAT DIVIDE?”

After this discussion, all of the sudden all of the “good” that I was grateful for that this man had done for our [hopefully] sister in the Lord down the street took a turn-“for the darkside”. If she is a Christian, then having someone like this in her home, someone who is pursuing a more intimate relationship with her, someone with such poisonous, soul-damning beliefs, despite all of the “good” things he has done for her-it would be the most precarious situation for her. I went from praying with him that the Lord would work out the situation to, after he had left & learning of his “doctrine”, to asking The Lord that He would keep the woman’s

heart strong & firm in insisting that this man leave her home. And, of course, Kim & I prayed the Lord would use what He said through me re: “the cross on the mountain” to pierce his soul & bring him to Christ.

“THE GOLDEN CROWBAR”



There is a security that comes with living in the same place for so long. It is deeply innate in human nature to like & keep things the same as they are & have been.

While this can be comforting in a neighborhood & essential re: the orthodox doctrines of the Christian faith, it is disastrous when dealing with the spiritual state of people who are lost in sin. Kim & I have taken many walks together through our neighborhood. Typically, it is in the evening. While doing so, in house after house, I would notice countless TVs on. Oh, how my heart aches. Night after night, week after week, month after month, year after year, decade after decade—countless millions fixated & mesmerized before a TV screen. Doing so, while at any moment God could say to them, “You fool—this very night your soul is being demanded of you” [Lk. 12:20] & eternity begins. Oh—it’s a fear, ache, & burden I carry for my lost neighbors as they sit in their little secure “boxes” [houses] each night while life is rapidly passing them by. It was not always like this in America. Before the dawn of television in the 50’s, neighbors typically visited & interfaced with each other. Kim & I had the unexpected pleasure of doing just that this past Sunday evening with a Christian senior couple on their front porch for about 2 & ½ hours. They showed us their old black & white wedding pictures. I have mourned, ached, & prayed over my neighbors’ salvation for many years. I have entreated the Lord more than once to take His divine “golden crowbar”, if you will, & pry open the secure little boxes [their houses] they live in & interrupt things—disrupt things—whatever it takes to stir things up spiritually & break up the

deadening status quo of The American Dream lifestyle. O God. Please. Come.
Come quickly. Use Kim & me. Please. Amen.



Ministry/events for AUGUST & those not listed in last month's newsletter:

Caboose! on the Loose:

July 6: 3 Windsor Rd., Wilmington, DE: hsc jr. hi. camp tech-men orientation mtg.

July 12: Elverson, PA: hsc kids camp directors' mtg.

**Aug. 5: Petra Christian Fellowship, New Holland, PA: hsc board mtg./hsc
pastors' mtg.**

Aug. 9-15: Tel Hai Camp, Honey Brook, PA: hsc kids' camp

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***[Michael is an ordained Elim Fellowship "itinerant" home missionary & is also licensed to preach the gospel by the local church he attends, Immanuel Church. *Caboose!* is also an affiliate ministry of the Hopewell Network of Churches. For 14 years he served on various local church staffs full-time. Since 2000, he & Kim have lived by faith, having no salary, retirement to speak of, etc.,-yet this is their calling at this season of their lives. Michael preaches God's Word & systematic theology, using both visual aids & drama, to all age groups either separately or combined, as the Lord opens doors. To help support this work, please make all tax-deductible gifts payable to: Elim Fellowship, 1703 Dalton Rd, Lima, NY 14485], denoting it for the home-mission work of Michael Robert Guertin. If your church would be interested in ministry or helping to support our missions' work in the U.S. to both old & young please feel free to contact us. Thanks!**

Michael Robert "**Guerty**" Guertin

c/o **Caboose!**

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