

March 1, 2014

Dear **Friends & Family**, **“FISHING {for men} IN FLORIDA & NEW YORK”**

(2/17) I returned home today from Upstate, NY where I conducted 4 services at



2 different locations in the space of about 36 hours. Overall, it entailed almost 800 miles of driving.

“THE BUTCHER, THE BAKER, & THE....MILKMAN?”

The first two services were for a kids’ camp winter reunion. The message for the first chapel was re: false prophets. I had never done such a detailed & thorough study on the subject. Once again, as so many times in the past in working with children, I found myself preparing to give them meat {the butcher} from the **Bread of Life** {baker} that most adults don’t receive. The very subject sobered me & brought about a somber mood. I chose that particular subject as it was assigned to me to teach at my own church to the children’s program there this coming Sunday. As the time for the meeting approached, I began to wonder if I had chosen the right topic. I entreated the Lord to make this very weighty subject in His Word “milk” for the children in my delivery of it {milkman}. When I gave it, I felt like I was fumbling, & blew it. Afterwards, however, a 9-year old boy came up to me & said, “Something broke in me this morning”. He then proceeded to walk away. Two leaders, both of whom worked for *Child Evangelism Fellowship* also told me “it was good”, much to my surprise. After the day was over, I was packing up my many object lessons & other equipment. My friend & host pastor asked me

if I would come to his office shortly to meet with that same boy who had asked his dad after he got home that day from camp to bring him back to church in order to receive the Lord. His dad, a relatively recent convert himself from the rock music/drug culture, was overjoyed & humbly broken by this request. My pastor friend led the boy in a prayer of repentance & dedication to the Lord. Then, the four of us knelt down together before the Lord & prayed together.

“BOYZ TO MEN”

About a week prior to this, I was in Florida with my 88 year-old Dad, per his request to accompany him down there for a visit. He had lived there the past 20 years & had moved to Northern Virginia last November. Some of my sisters & I through the years have repeatedly tried to reach Dad for the Lord, but to no avail —& though I am “the preacher” in the family, my sisters exuded even more boldness than I in doing so. Dad would give his various reasons for rejecting the gospel of grace. In the light of this, I asked the Lord if He would give me



opportunities while down there to perhaps reach some of Dad’s friends—& that He did! The 2nd day I was there I accompanied Dad & a good friend of his to lunch. When the food came, I put my arm around his friend [whom I had never met] & reached across the table & grabbed Dad’s hand & prayed for the meal. This led to the opportunity of being able to give my testimony to this friend. He began to ask questions. I told him “what I do & how I do it”. Interestingly enough, Dad would encourage me to tell his friend re: my “Time Machine”. So, I went to my **Caboose!** website on my phone & showed him some pictures J

“NO USE BLASPHEMING OVER SPILLED WATER”



What made this prayer over the meal & the giving of my testimony to this particular friend of Dad's so interesting was that I learned very soon afterwards from one of my sisters that he was an atheist & had a mocking attitude toward the Lord & Christians! I learned this first-hand when a day or so later we went to his home for dinner. His home was meticulously clean & organized. This was his U.S. home. He & his family actually live in England. When we sat at the kitchen table to eat, I was given some iced tea. The table appeared to be Formica. I learned later that it was marble. [Either way, both materials are waterproof! You'll understand why I say this in a moment]. I had neglected to put my glass on one of the coasters on the table [I just didn't think about it as I was talking quite a bit to one of the other guests]. This man came over & said, "Get your God-d----d glass off the table!" He then glibly said, "Sorry to blaspheme over it". I was so stunned & taken-aback I didn't know what to say. Of course, I immediately apologized more than once, though upon later reflection my heart was so deeply grieved that he would "blaspheme the Name" over some water on his table. Wow. In Moses' day if he was heard by just two people & reported, he would be taken outside the camp & stoned. Needless to say, given my highly sensitive nature, the rest of the evening was awkward. Chatting with my little sister later, I told her perhaps it would have been good to come back at him saying the above title of this article. Of course, I'm sure the Lord would not have approved. After dinner, I then waited, trying to be gracious, for him & Dad to finish watching an R-rated movie they had

started two nights ago [violence & profanity-I tried to do church related work on my phone. Yes-I wanted to see the bad guys “get it”]. After a while, I asked if it was going to be a while before it was over, as I was going to ask this friend to drive Dad home, but they said it was near the end. The thought came to me as Dad & I were leaving to say a prayer of thanks for the man’s hospitality, but something in me “checked” that. Don’t cast your pearls before swine. I trust this was the Lord’s leading.

“PLANE TO SEE”?

Speaking of being distracted by bad movies, en route down on the plane I sat next to a man who was a Federal Agent for the U.S. Government. He guarded presidents & dignitaries in Baghdad, Iraq. He had flown in from Dubai the day before & was headed to Orlando for a vacation. Of course, I wanted to witness to him, but the young man sitting in front of him was watching a movie on the screen which was on the back of the seat in front of him. This was right in my line of view. So, while trying to chat with this man with the hope of being able to share Jesus with him, I kept getting distracted by the movie! I kept repenting & asking the Lord in my heart to help me. As we were preparing to land, I finally asked him if I could pray for him, given that he is in more danger than most people given the line of work he was in. He consented. I also gave him a gospel tract. All this time Dad was sitting on the other side of me resting.

“BEERS FOR FEARS?”

The next evening, I attended another social event of Dad & his friends. When I arrived [late-I got lost. L], they were all sitting in the garage around a table having a few. There was a couple I had not seen or met before. The husband had a HUGE mug of “something”. He was obviously inebriated, but enjoyable to speak with. He told me he had had a serious motorcycle accident two years prior where



he was thrown from the bike & broke 4 ribs but remembered nothing about it. He was taken out by helicopter. He then said this, "I guess the Big Guy up there has a plan for me, 'cause He spared me". Of course, my ears perked up! I tried to find an "in" to share the Lord. I was able to say something re: seriousness of eternity. I then asked him if I could pray for him. He consented. I put my hand on his shoulder & prayed. A bit later, when he left to go chat with the host of the dinner, his wife came over & started to pour her heart out to me re: her recent bout with cancer on her neck & the financial problems they were having. I didn't even know her name! I then asked her if I could pray for her. She immediately consented. I put my hand on her shoulder & wept as I prayed. After doing so, I asked if she was connected with any church. She told me she occasionally attended a church in the area which I knew to be a solid one. I encouraged her to get tightly connected with it as that is what Jesus ordained for His people—to need each other in the Body of Christ. I was very grateful that the Lord heard my prayer & gave me opportunities to share with & minister to a number of Dad's friends, quite unexpectedly & unbeknownst to Dad. May our Father water the seeds planted. Many years ago my mother in law said & has lived by Jesus' words: "As you go—preach".

"DIVINE WHITE-OUT"

(2/18) While eating breakfast & chatting with Kim this morning, we were both commenting re: the exorbitant amount of snow we've gotten this winter. In fact, when I returned home from NY yesterday, I had to shovel the driveway to widen it in order to unload my truck. Some of the snow had impacted ice underneath it. This necessitated using a pick! While looking out the window at the fresh snowfall we received through the night, I was reminded of something a dear sister in the Lord emailed to me recently—that all of the more than normal snowfalls we've gotten this winter are just fresh reminders of how we look to our Lord for His forgiveness of our sins.

"HELP THOU MY UNBELIEF!"

As I sat there pondering her statement, reflecting on how dark my own sin is, not to mention the rest of the accumulated sins of the corpus of God's people (& that is a LOT of sins!), I "felt" a deep-seated unbelief that our God could make me that white. My sins are too many, too deep-seated, & too prolonged for it to be

so. Wow. The thought then came that “By grace you are saved, through faith, & THAT *not of yourselves...*” I’ve walked with the Lord long enough by now [40 years this month!] to know that genuine faith is Holy Spirit generated, & interestingly enough, it is the only component that is listed in both the fruits & the gifts of the Spirit—& understandably so!

“WHITE TO BLACK TO RED”

As we sat there chatting re: these things, Kim had a profound thought. She contemplated that same white snow & likened it unto Jesus, & His purity. She then pondered what it must have been like for Him to have His people’s sin laid on, or imputed to Him. She likened it unto dirt & grime being cast upon the pure white snow that immediately converts it from its pristine semblance of purity to something so unsightly to look it. Of course, when Jesus’ purity had our vileness thrown upon it, the blood then had to flow-*white to black to red*. Praise Him. Thank you so much for reading this, & if so led, for helping us to continue The Lord’s work.

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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, or health insurance-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!

*Ministry/events for MARCH & those not listed in last month’s newsletter: “*Caboose!* on the Loose”:

Feb. 11: Petra Christian Fellowship, New Holland, PA: hsc board mtg.

Feb. 19: New Covenant Church, Audubon, NJ: EF pastors/credential holders’ mtg.

Feb. 20: IC home group, Hockessin, DE: ministry of the Word [Col. 1:12-20]

Feb. 23: IC, Wilmington, DE: The Herd children’s ministry: ministry of the Word// Warehouse Youth Group: worship leader

March 4-6: Elim Bible Institute, Lima, NY: student body chapel & teaching in classes

March 7: Lima Christian School, Lima, NY: student body chapel

March 7, 8: Tel Hai Camp, Honey Brook, PA: IC Young Adults' retreat

March 8: IC, Wilmington, DE: Warehouse youth group: ministry of the Word

March 18: New Covenant Church, Audubon, NJ: EF credential holders' mtg.

March 19: Brandywine Valley Baptist Church, Wilmington, DE: EMF pastors' mtg.

March 23: New Covenant Church, Audubon, NJ: Sun. a.m. service followed by children's workers' workshop

March 28-30: Raystown Lake, Huntingdon, PA: Conestoga Mennonite Church young adults' retreat

March 30ff: Via Dolorosa setup begins!

MARCH 31, 1974à40 years ago on this date the Lord apprehended me for Himself in a convent in Missouri! J