



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

April 2017

Dear Life Savers,

I walked into my house the other day and was immediately hit with a rather nasty odor. I initially blamed it on my brother-in-law, Jack, who is staying with us and who consumes an inordinate amount of beans. I opened all the windows to air the place out, and that seemed to remedy the situation.

Cathy came home after I had closed the windows and said, “What’s that smell? Did the septic back up?” I replied, “It can’t be the septic. We just had it pumped out last fall. We should be good for another couple of years.” Cathie then said, “Yeah, but Jack consumes an inordinate amount of beans.”

I convinced her that no one could consume enough beans to clog the septic, which let Jack off the hook, and we began sniffing around the house to try to find where the odor was coming from. We discovered that it was strongest right around our bedroom closet. Cathie said, “There has to be something dead in there.” Oh, boy! I get to search for something dead in a closet.

We live in a house that was built in the 1930s and has a foundation made out of granite blocks. Since the blocks are irregularly shaped, there are a lot of spaces between the blocks that mice can squeeze through. They can get through some pretty small spaces. They usually stay in the basement, where I have an arsenal of traps that keep their population pretty well under control; but every once in a while, one will find its way inside a wall, not find its way out again, and die.

To find the origin of the stink, our only option was to take everything out of the closet. We took everything off the shelf, put all the hanging clothes on the bed, and then started emptying the storage cubbyhole things we have on the closet floor to hold shoes and stuff. Cathie’s side holds shoes, a lot of shoes. My side holds mostly stuff I don’t know what else to do with: some motorcycle parts, an ancient lap-top computer, a few locked ammunition boxes...stuff like that.

Why do women have so many shoes, anyway? Not a criticism, just a question.

After emptying the cubbyhole things, I pulled them out and discovered mouse droppings and a hole where a heating pipe once came up from the basement, and that I apparently never plugged. No dead mouse, just droppings and a hole. I cleaned up the droppings, plugged the hole, we put everything back in the closet, left the windows open, and hoped for the best.

A few days later, I was sitting in the living room and saw a mouse run along the wall. “Oh, *come on*. Now, how are you getting up here?” I found Cathie and told her about the mouse, because I didn’t want her to be surprised by it and freak out. She said, “You better do something about that mouse, because I’m not going to bed with that thing up here.”

I moved a couple of traps from the basement to the living room and caught him within a half-hour. Thank God, because I knew Cathie was serious about not going to bed, which meant I wasn’t going to bed, and I need my beauty sleep.

In an effort to avoid more “mouse in the house” episodes, I searched the house for other possible places mice might be able to get up from the basement. I stuffed steel wool in the spaces around the pipes under the kitchen sink, and I’m hoping for the best. At least I now have a nice clean closet.

For those of you old enough to remember Mr. Jinx from *The Huckleberry Hound Show*, I hate those meeces to pieces.

Here, at My Father's House, we're looking forward to the arrival of a little one. No, not a mouse, a little girl named Isabelle. She is due to be born in just a few days. Our staff is all ready to welcome Isabelle, but I'm never sure just how ready an 18-year-old girl is for the responsibility of caring for a newborn baby. Isabelle's mom is a very responsible young woman, but even in the best of circumstances, being a first-time mother is a challenge.

But, that's what we're here for, right? The staff at My Father's House is available 24 hours a day to guide and help Isabelle's mom be the best mom she can be and give Isabelle the loving attention she needs. We won't take over for Isabelle's mom. That wouldn't be in the best interest of either of them. We'll just be there for guidance and support...and, of course, in case of any emergency.

We can be there for little Isabelle and her mom because you care about them. Isabelle's mom has almost no support from her family or from Isabelle's father, but *because you care*, Isabelle will be welcomed into a loving home, she will have a beautiful clean crib to sleep in, and she will be cared for by a mother who has learned how to properly care for her.

I'll include some pictures next month.

I know I promised so share the stories of some of our graduates. Those stories are another arrival I'm looking forward to. It's my fault I haven't received them. I didn't request them in time for this letter.

Walk the Walk For Homeless Children	
Join Us: The 2nd Saturday in JUNE	
For Information Call: 978 251-8191	To Benefit:  MY FATHER'S HOUSE
www.mfhwalk.org	

Walk the Walk for Homeless Children
is coming up quickly, **Saturday, June 10th.**

We Need Your Help to Make it a Success.

For Information or a Sponsor Sheet

www.mfhwalk.org

Here's How You Can Help

Join us on the walk. The success of this or any walk depends on the number of people who join the walk and get people to sponsor them.

Invite people to walk with you. You can multiply your effectiveness by inviting friends to join you on the walk.

Present the walk at your church or to your group. We need people who are willing to get others excited about helping the moms and babies at My Father's House by joining us at the walk. If you are willing, let me know ASAP at kcoffey@mfhouse.net.

Put a Walk Yard Sign in your yard or other prominent place. We have yard signs (pictured above). We just need high visibility locations to place them.

You can walk no matter where you live. Remember, you can participate by getting sponsors and walking 2 miles *anywhere*.

Don't expect someone else to do it. We need *your* help.

Join Us. It's going to be fun.

In His service,

Kevin

Kevin Coffey