



Life Saver Ministries  
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Dear Life Savers,

Cathie and I were watching Dirty Harry on TV the other night. Go ahead, make my day. Anyway, Cathie asked me, "What was the name of the guy he played on that cowboy show?" I instantly said, "Rowdy Yates."

How come I can instantly bring to mind the name of a character from a 50 plus year old television show, but I can't remember our wedding anniversary? Just kidding, Cath. I remember our anniversary. I pity the fool who doesn't remember his wedding anniversary, but that's Mr. T, I digress.

That started me thinking about memory and how it works. I don't know about you, but I can remember some things from about the time I was 3, not a lot of things, but a few. Most of the things I remember from my early childhood were *traumatic events*. Oh, no. I've been scarred for life!

I remember my father buying me one of those metal cars with the pedals and steering wheel that you could sit in and drive. Mine was a shiny red fire engine. I found some white paint in the basement and thought it would be a great idea to paint it. I very proudly showed my dad how great it looked. He was not pleased.

I remember falling off a horse. I remember every time I was bitten by a dog. (4 bites from 2 dogs. 1 dog bit me 3 different times.) I remember being dragged on my stomach through a patch of poison ivy by a sheep. I remember quitting pre-school after one day, because they made me eat carrots.

I remember going to the dentist and discovering I had a cavity. I can vividly picture the dentist's office. It was above the Capitol Theater in Arlington. The chair was huge. The drill was also huge. It had this articulating arm, with pulleys and springs and a belt that ran through all the pulleys to make the drill go. It was a horrifying contraption.

I'm sure there were good things that happened when I was really young. There must have been, right? Actually, I do remember some good things. I remember one Christmas seeing Santa in the window of Jordan Marsh in Boston and being amazed when he said hi to my sister, Maureen, and me by name. I didn't find out until years later that my father was holding a piece of paper with our names on it over our heads.

I remember selling my sister, Kathi, to the next door neighbors for a dime. That still brings a smile to my face.

I also remember falling down the steps in front of my house and getting a bloody lip. That might not seem like a good memory, but I had a peppermint Life Saver in my mouth at the time, and when I got up, I spit out pieces of Life Saver and blood. My mother thought I had knocked out my teeth and really flipped out. That was pretty funny.

I remember sitting at my bedroom window with a water balloon in hand, waiting for one of my sisters to come home. She got out of my father's car, and when she was halfway up the front steps, I let the water balloon fly. Unfortunately, I hadn't factored in the time it would take for the balloon to drop from my third floor window. By the time it reached the target zone, my sister had made it safely to the top of the steps, and my father had entered the target zone. One more time he was not pleased. Funny though.

Getting back to my original question about memory, why can I remember so many things from way back when, but often can't remember why I just walked into a room? Why can I remember the Pythagorean Theorem (or even how to spell Pythagorean) and how to figure out the volume of a sphere, but I forget doctor appointments and end up having to pay for appointments I never went to? Maybe I'm getting old. Nah, that can't be it.

I had a great tie-in from this rambling to something about My Father's House, but I don't remember what it was.

Oh, yeah. I asked a few former residents to tell me some memories they have about My Father's House and to ask their kids if they remember anything at all about their time here. This is what they remember.

Iris - *I remember April fooling you and Cathie with Leah, saying she was expecting with a positive pregnancy test. A fun memory for me was being there all by myself for a few months before other residents came. I also remember the day you stood up for me to my Jeremiah's father, saying he wasn't allowed to come around anymore, since he was causing nothing but fights and stress when I was carrying.*

Leigh Ann - *I'll ask Daniel to see if he remembers anything, probably not since I think he lost some memory due to when you dropped him. (Funny girl, that Leigh Ann.)*

Caitlin - *I remember the girls having a big food fight with cookies in the middle of the night.*

Jackiee - *Something that really touched me, and that I will never forget, is the night of my dad's funeral service (which was in the dead of winter and a terrible snow storm). I hadn't been at My Father's House for about a week, and Cathie and Sharon still drove all the way to Leominster to be there to support me and my family. It was nice to know that the support and love went deeper than just when they saw me at the house.*

*I also remember the time I went to go outside around 5am. Sarah hadn't deactivated the alarm yet, so I opened the front door and the alarm started yelling, "INTRUDER, INTRUDER, LEAVE IMMEDIATELY!" Then Mariel ran out to the living room in her towel and said, "Who broke in?!"*

Jenitza - *One of our best memories was our first Christmas at MFH. Seeing all the kids' faces that day was priceless & they remember all the gifts they received. A funny memory was one night when the fire alarm went off & we were out on the sidewalk in the snow waiting with all the kids. For the next few days, they all kept repeating the voice talking on the alarm, "FIRE, FIRE, LEAVE IMMEDIATELY!"*

Lindsay - *My memory of good things is really bad, but I remember all the friends I made and how many of us who lived there became like a family. I remember how I was forced to go there, and you guys did whatever you could to make me feel comfortable. I remember the amazing volunteers. I remember you required us to have a job or go to school, which some people may resent, but in the long run it is better because some of the girls may never have finished high school or had motivation to work. You taught us responsibilities like cooking and cleaning and budgeting. You really are there to help girls become hard working, responsible parents.*

Ramona's son, Hector – *I remember and miss Melina (a little girl who was here at the same time).*

Nelda – *My best memories are the things I learned from Cathie.*

Beronica – *I remember being treated with respect and even love. The love our kids got was amazing. I smoked when I came to MFH, but it wasn't allowed. I remember sneaking cigarettes when I went out, but I felt horrible and quit. I haven't touched a cigarette since. I remember being embarrassed about going to church. I wanted to be cool and didn't want people to know I liked going. Now, I embrace it. Sunday is the best day of the week for my kids and me.*

Leah – *I remember when Sopheak caught the oil for her fries on fire. It was a really serious moment, but it was also funny because all the girls were talking about the firemen's muscles and how good looking the fire fighters were. lol (That's Leah.)*



This year's Walk the Walk for Homeless Children was a lot of fun. I want to thank everyone who walked, sponsored a walker, or helped out.

Unfortunately, the turnout wasn't very good, and the amount of funds raised was down by 32% from last year.

We're hoping you can help us make that up by taking the \$5000 Matching Gift Challenge.

In His service,

*Kevin*

Kevin Coffey