



Life Saver Ministries
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Dear Life Savers,

I asked a very good looking woman for her phone number last night, and she gave it to me. I guess I've still got it. Okay, the good looking woman was Cathie, but that doesn't mean I don't still have it, right? Right?

Why did I ask Cathie for her phone number? I'm glad you asked. My phone self-destructed and took my contact list with it. I used to know a bunch of people's phone numbers, but with the advent of smartphones, that changed. Now my phone will remember them for me, until it doesn't. I've been told that I can back the numbers up in some cloud. One of these days, I'll learn how to do that, probably.

I still remember the number of my home phone when I was a kid, 643-2919, and Cathie's number when we were dating, 643-2799. It was easy. Every family had one phone number and it almost never changed. Now everyone in a family has their own number, and they change fairly often. Who can keep track? Obviously, not me, since I don't even know Cathie's number.

The first time I needed Cathie's number was in the 10th grade, when I wanted to invite her to a dance. I couldn't ask her in person, because the dance was on Saturday, and I had waited until the last minute on Friday to ask her. When I looked for her after last period, I discovered she had already left.

What to do? What to do? There was a whole list of Donnelly's in the phone book, and I didn't know her father's name. I didn't want to call down the list until I found the right one. Then I saw a girl from our math class, who I had seen talking with Cathie a few times, and asked if she knew her number. She said she didn't, but she knew the street Cathie lived on. I did a quick search in the phone book, in the phone booth, in the school, and I found it. Yes, we had phone booths in our high school. I called her right away, before I chickened out. Not only did Cathie say she would go to the dance with me, she said she had already bought her ticket. Who says procrastination doesn't pay?

When I was a young kid, our phone was a party line. To you young'uns, a party line might sound like fun. It wasn't. We shared our phone line with my friend, Jimmy, who lived around the corner, and his parents. Each family had a distinctive ring, one ring was for us, 2 rings was for Jimmy's family, so we didn't answer calls meant for them and visa versa, unless we jumped the gun and picked up a 2 ring call after the first ring. The real problem was, if we wanted to make a call, we couldn't tell if anyone in Jimmy's family was on the phone without picking up and listening.

Jimmy's mom didn't like me very much (at all), and that dislike kind of transferred to my sisters, by default. She didn't like me, because Jimmy and I would have friendly fights fairly often. All the kids in the neighborhood did. It was just another game, like hide and seek or stickball. We'd wrestle for a while and throw a few fairly ineffective punches. It usually ended with someone ending up in an unbreakable headlock and saying uncle. Then we'd shake and be friends again. Even though Jimmy was a year older and bigger than I was, I always won. His mom thought I was a bully. Hey, I couldn't help it if Jimmy couldn't fight.

Another reason she didn't like me, I think, was that her name was Hellen, and when I was really young I once said to Jimmy, "Your mother must be a devil, because she has hell in her name." That didn't go over very well with Jimmy's mom.

On a side note, it seems that, nowadays, little kids call adults by their first names. We would never do that. We always addressed them as "Jimmy's Mother" or "Bobby's Father."

Anyway, whenever I, or one of my three sisters, would pick up the phone and Jimmy's mom was on the line, she would say, "I'M ON THE PHONE. CAN'T YOU WAIT UNTIL I'M FINISHED?" So, when one of us kids wanted to make a call, we would say to whomever else was in the room, "Pick up the phone and see if Hellen is on it." I don't know why, because the answer was always, "I'm not picking up the phone. *You* pick up the phone." Maureen and I could usually get our younger sisters to pick it up for us, until they became old enough to know better.

I remember when our phone number was only 4 numerals, 2919. Then it became, 3-2919. Later it became MIssion 3-2919. Again, for the benefit of young'uns, that's 643-2919. I guess I must be kind of old, but I've still got it. Right?

Smartphones can cause dissension at My Father's House. The residents all have them. That's a good thing. Mothers should always be reachable in case there is an emergency with their child. Problems arise (between staff and residents) when moms are constantly talking or texting or gaming or watching videos or Facebooking or Facetiming or whatever they do, when their children need their attention.

We have guidelines (rules, according to the residents) for when it is appropriate for the moms to use their phones. We also have a level system, where our residents earn their way from entry level 1 to the highest level 5. As they prove themselves to be more responsible and move to higher levels, their privileges and responsibilities increase. The amount of time they can spend on the phone is one of the privileges that increases.

What doesn't change is that, if their child is in the same room with them (which they always are, unless the child is in school or sleeping), they should not be using their phones.

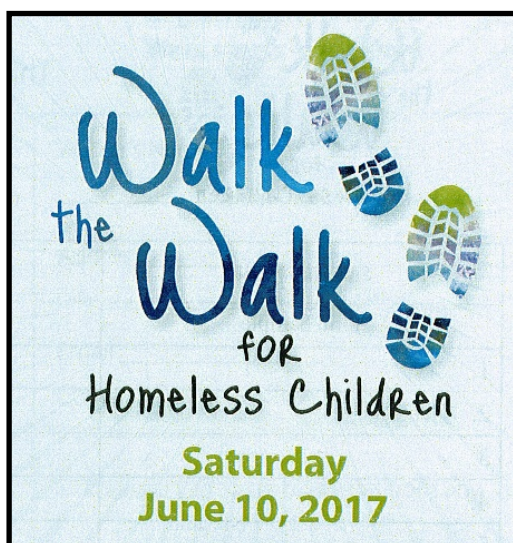
"But, he's watching The Lion King on TV, so why can't I use my phone?" "Because you should be sharing this experience with him, not just be in the same room." "But she's playing with blocks. She doesn't need me." "She'll have more fun, learn better, and become closer to you, if you get down on the floor and build with her." "He's playing on the slide. He's fine." "Until he decides to go down standing up and falls and cracks his head." And the ultimate argument, "It's my phone. I pay for it. I should be able to use it whenever I want." "You came here to learn how to be a responsible loving parent. Our phone guidelines, just like our other guidelines, are there to help you accomplish that goal."

Sometimes, I wonder if it's worth the hassle. Then I'll see a young mom on the floor playing trucks with her son, or a mom coloring with her daughter, and the smiles on the faces of both the children and moms melts my heart. Yeah, it's worth it.

I hope you believe the sacrifices you make to financially support My Father's House are worth it. Without your generosity, My Father's House would not exist. We remain in contact with quite a few of the moms who have graduated from My Father's House over the last 20 years. I will be sharing some of their stories over the next few months, so you can see just how much your support and prayers have changed lives. Stay tuned.

The Big Laughs for Little Lives Comedy Show was a big success. Everyone had a great time, had a lot of laughs, and enjoyed some delicious food. Some lucky people went home with great raffle prizes, as well. Thank you to everyone who helped make this night a success.

Comedy Show
BIG LAUGHS
FOR
LITTLE LIVES
To benefit 



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In His service,
Kevin
Kevin Coffey