

Just for YOUTH!

TUBING ON THE ST. CROIX RIVER, AUGUST 29



THANK YOU!

Thank you to Clay Passick and Pastor Rick (youth leaders), Jacky Jones, and Jeanne and Michael Anderegg for transporting our 11 Youth for an afternoon of tubing on the St. Croix River east of Hinckley after the worship service on August 29th.

Thank you to Russ and Donna Maki for extending their hospitality at their seasonal campsite, where everyone enjoyed an evening meal of burgers and brats cooked over an open campfire—with S'mors, of course.

Thanks to Betty and Clay Passick for coordinating transportation and getting the food for the event.

WE CAN USE DONATIONS! If you would like to make a donation to help defray costs for Youth events, we would appreciate it if you would please designate "AHP Youth" on your check.

GOOD NEWS—BAD NEWS...

The GOOD news is that our Youth had a wonderful time Aug. 29th during the hour and-a-half tubing down the St. Croix River. The BAD news is that the digital camera met up with more moisture than it technically could handle, so there are no photos of this memorable event. Oh yes—AND the Passicks lost the key to their van, which is why a few of the youth arrived home a bit late. Still, a wonderful day!



SUNDAY, OCT. 3RD YOUTH EVENT!

Our Youth will be participating in the 3rd Annual Houses for Haiti Bowling for Charity, Sunray Lanes—1:00 p.m. (Bowling: \$20.00) (SCHOLARSHIPS ARE APPRECIATED! PLEASE WRITE YOUR CHECK OUT FOR \$20 FOR EACH YOUTH YOU CAN SPONSOR.

THE GARDEN

Lush, green grass, rolling hills of soil with tiny pink flowers sprouting from within. Green bushes trimmed like wild animals ready to pounce.

Stone walls hold this place in, but no one out.

Children playing with a rabbit hopping by. Birds sitting on branches singing songs of sorrow and delight. Squirrels chattering noisily to themselves but late in the day the light flips like a switch and darkness fills the cool, crisp air. The trees' leaves dance in the wind, as if they are dancing to the song of life. The owls in the tree, their yellow eyes like stoplights on long, everlasting streets.



The deer come out like majestic kings. They come from near and far from their hiding places. They scarf down any remaining berries from the bushes and shrubs. This, this is the garden of life. This is the garden of wonder.

This is ME garden. My garden.

Cara Jones
Dec. 17, 2008



Cara says she has been writing poetry since she was in 2nd grade. She currently attends Mahto-medi High School and is in the 10th grade.