

Box 335, Waimea  
Kauai, Hawaii  
December 31, 1962

"Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,  
And sorry I could not travel both  
And be one traveler, long I stood  
And looked down one as far as I could  
To where it bent in the undergrowth."

Never has the approaching New Year found us more in the mood of Robert Frost's, The Road Not Taken. Like, Janus the Roman god of beginnings, our heads have two faces today: one looking back and one ahead. For over a year we've enjoyed calling this parsonage, home. We're sending you a picture in lieu of the visit most of you couldn't make.

This past year Michael played in his first football game, reached sweet sixteen; earned a free trip to Honolulu for band appearances on radio and TV; and most important in his estimation, obtained a driver's license.

Merrill's delight has been radio. Receiving his amateur radio license meant more than making the honor roll. Both boys being received into the church on profession of personal faith pleased mom and dad.

The census at Marshall's menagerie has varied. Gone are the exotic birds, fish, turtles, praying mantis, and emerging butterflies; remaining are more prosaic pets- three cats, seven rabbits, one Boxer, and a tame retired fighting cock. When Marsh learned there was gift money to be spent he seriously suggested that I buy a monkey or a skunk! Fortunately, Kauai pet shops are extremely limited, but one never knows!

Perhaps Chet's most exciting venture was his two months' visit to Ponape last summer. He was there for the special circuit of services in the twelve churches and the ministers' school which followed. As you remember us, please remember the people of Micronesia.

Marge had a wonderful summer with house guests and increased church work. Since becoming a full-time English teacher (HS Juniors, Mike's one) on Oct. 1, time has been on her most wanted list. Extra-curricular activities are offices in PTA, United Church Women and Sunday School.

Now to the two roads, we tell you about them because many of you pray for us and we desire to know God's will. December 9, Makiki Christian Church (we served there before leaving Honolulu) extended Chet a unanimous call to become their pastor. During the past year, four churches have approached him, but this was the first we had felt led to give serious thought. The situation here also presents a new challenge. The Waimea Christian Church recently lost their minister. It appears that all three local churches desire to unite with Chet as pastor. Which of these needs we are meant to fill is not definitely clear at the moment.

We hope that your holiday season was a joyous one. As we joined with others from ten of our west-side churches to sing the glorious carols of praise at a well attended community Christmas program, we couldn't help but long for each one there to truly make Him Lord of their lives and thus experience the Greatest Love which God so freely gave the world. The heavenly hosts seemed a bit closer this Christmas as our dear little Grandma Rae, after ninety-three years of earthly pilgrimage, reached Home on December 22.

Aloha,