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"ALERTED-TO DIVERT A DISASTER?"



Dear *Friends & Family*,

[5/5] Last week I had had a very tiring day. I told Kim via all I had done that day, I felt like I had played tackle football, which I did into my 50's! We were in our backroom that evening listening to a Christian YouTube channel we both enjoy. I remember dozing off at least twice during it because of my fatigue.



We have a Catholic parish within walking distance of our house, vis, Ste. Helena's. Every Spring, this parish holds a fundraising carnival. It runs a whole week. Most

patrons of it park across the street from our house at Mt. Pleasant High School [not long after we moved here to DE the Lord, through a faithful sister in the Lord, challenged me to pray for the school. And, I did so-for five straight years. I would walk around the school, usually at night. But that's another newsletter article]. Well, as we were heading up to bed, I looked out our window & noticed more cars parked on our street for the carnival than I had ever remembered in a quarter of a century of witnessing this event. All of the sudden, my heart began to experience a very heavy burden for carnival patrons' souls-their eternal souls. "Oh God", I prayed, "these precious image-bearers, so many of them, so many of them aren't aware of their eternally lost estate. Oh God, have mercy on their souls", et al. I even knelt at our bed to pray for them in the hopes it would show our Lord how sincere I was, despite how tired I was.

"COP-OUT"



In a very short time, all of the sudden, State Police car after State Police car went flying down the road adjoining our street towards the carnival. Within minutes a State Police helicopter starting flying & circling overhead, at times having its searchlight beacon on. It was obvious they were looking for someone. My fatigue quickly left me & I found myself very wired & anxious. I proceeded downstairs & began turning on all of our outdoor lights-& we have many. I then proceeded to go outside to the backyard, much to Kim's understandable dismay & caution. I saw the copter flying over-head, wondering if it saw me. I went out back to lock our backyard shed. Why? IF there were someone on the run from the police & looking for a place to hide, if it were me, I would seek refuge in a neighborhood backyard shed! Hence, I locked it. I looked out our bedroom window after heading back upstairs & noticed that the carnival patrons were exiting the high school parking lot both on foot & in their cars at an unusually rapid pace. Typically, after enjoying such an event, such exits would be more

leisurely. They were not. I texted my neighbor down the street to see if he knew anything as I knew he attended the event at least one of the six evenings. He texted me back a screenshot re: people hearing shots fired at the carnival. That explained the rush. We learned the next day this was not the case. Was a potential disaster diverted by this intercession the Lord suddenly had me enter into unexpectedly, especially when I was so fatigued in myself? Perhaps we'll only know in Heaven.

"HEAVEN ON EARTH"



Speaking of Heaven, as far as camps are concerned & the evening chapels we continue to experience there year after year, I have often described them as such: "If Heaven isn't something like we are experi-encing now, I'm going to be disappointed." I can think of no lovelier place this side of Heaven, than in **Hemlock Hall at Tel Hai Camp** where so much of the Spirit of the Lord is poured out every camp season. Well, this "Heaven on Earth" happened at another camp just yesterday. Months ago I was invited to minister at a newly-founded Christian school. It is comprised of homeschoolers. It is comprised of "refugees". How so? Given the horrendous perversion & blatant abominations occurring in our public school systems across America, countless parents are pulling their children out & enrolling them in Christian/parochial schools as a more wholesome, moral alternative to the gender-madness infecting much of the country. The school was founded in January by a group of people, one of whom was **Cheri Showalter**, a former camp counselor for me in the early years. She knows my heart for camps-& for children. She asked me to come. They had no money {They did wind up giving us an honorarium which I wasn't expecting}. As I've said many times, I didn't care. The Lord told me at the beginning of this live-by-faith ministry in **2000**, "You take care of My people, & I will take care of you." And, He has. The school had 50

students at its founding. There are already 100 enrolled for next Fall! There were 60 of them there yesterday, ranging from Kindergarteners to 12th graders! The school name is **Crossroads Community Homeschool**. They meet at **Woodcrest Camp**, in Ephrata, PA. I had never been to the school, nor had I ever been to this camp nor heard of it.

"IT'S A SETUP!"



Kim & I arrived about 90 minutes beforehand to meet the staff & to start setting up. When we walked into the meeting room which also serves as the school's dining hall, all of the sudden I hear a voice exclaim out loud, "Hey Guerty!". I was like, "What? Who in the world knows me here?? I've never been here!". My eyes scanned the premises to see who was calling my name. Lo & behold, it was one of my **Hopewell Summer Camp** campers! He & his little sister attended the school! I immediately texted his parents, both of whom were campers & counselors for me at Tel Hai Camp! At this school, the upperclassmen typically sit on couches & lounge chairs in the rear of the room. I wasn't having that! I know teenagers too well! 😊 I wanted all of the students as close to me as possible, but, without being *too* close to my object lesson table. Hence, my hostess Cheri started orchestrating the transfer of more chairs into the chapel room from an adjoining classroom. I had the helpers spread the chairs out close & wide. I also asked if the overhead lights could be darkened in some sectors of the room. I do all I can to ensure the least amount of distractions. I know. I'm the king of being distracted!

"BIBLE-LESS!"



I proceeded to setup my object lesson table, along with Kim's help. I discovered I didn't have a Bible. I needed one for an object lesson. A preacher? Without a Bible?? Yes. My "Bible" was in my head & heart via study & meditation, in my notes, & on my device. But I needed a printed Bible for this illustration. One of the older students offered his Bible with one condition-that I would give him public recognition in front of the other students for him doing so! 😊 I obliged. [Note: this same student told me his previous public school had a 20-member "Gay Club". He said he would argue with them. He was glad to be at Cross-roads now]. Before the students came in, I had found an adjacent storage closet to be semi-alone before preaching. It had been 5 months since I had last preached-the longest hiatus re: preaching since **1986** when I entered the ministry! Yes. I was somewhat apprehensive about that. And to preach for the first time in a setting where no one knew me. I preach long & hard & directly when I preach to kids. These kids were not only not used to me, they had yet to "encounter" me! The students began to pour in from all sectors & entryways. When the kindergarteners came in, it was a most precious sight. They came in with their little carpet squares to sit on in the floor space in front of the older students' chairs.

"LORD? OUR HATS ARE OFF TO YA"



Perhaps because I've been doing camps for so long & our own camp's policy is so deeply embedded in me, one of the first things I noticed as the students started entering the chapel area was that a number of the boys had baseball caps on. Even before I prayed for our time together, I asked the boys to please remove their hats as a sign of respect to the presence & Word of the Lord. The 2nd reason I gave was that there were ladies in the room. I told the boys, "You never know, boys. Your future wife may just be sitting in this room." Of course they either blushed or laughed-but-it could be true! My dear friend & little brother & assistant at camps for decades is Pastor **Gary Buck**. "G" met his future wife **Maria Troncale** at camp! 😊 I told the kids that story just to reinforce my point. Just an aside: when I was pastoring children years ago, I used to close our service time together with a "Manners & Courtesy" lesson. I would teach the boys simple courtesies such as, take your hats off in church & in the presence of a lady, if you are seated, stand up when a lady comes in the room, hold a chair for a lady who is about to sit down at your table, etc.

"HEAD & SHOULDERS ABOVE THE REST"



After Cheri introduced me, I asked the staff to lay their hand upon every kid's head or shoulder, asking Jesus to touch them as they did. I encouraged the kids to ask Jesus to touch them through their teachers & give them the ability to hear the Word of God, which is just as important as the preacher/teacher being given the Spirit's enabling to deliver it. I then delved into my message: **"The Ultimate Reason Crossroads Exists-The Glory of God"**. I proceeded to explain the various aspects of God's glory in Scripture. Yes-I had to snap my fingers a few times, call out to kids who would be chatting in the initial part of the service, pointing my two fingers at my eyes, vis, encouraging them to focus on me & the message. The more I preached re: the deep & heavy things of God, vis, Judgment Day, to whom much is given-much is required [re: the high privilege, & hence, higher responsibility & accountability these kids have above other kids in non-Christian schools], the more I asked them questions, etc., the more they paid attention [I complimented the staff more than once, re: how well-taught these kids were, given their answers]. When I finished, I asked the staff once again to come & lay their hands on the kids again to ask the Lord to seal the Word in their hearts. I warned the kids the devil wanted to steal the seeds of the Word just planted in them as soon as possible. As they sat there in the lingering, hovering presence of the Lord, I told them by doing so their hearts would be watered & fertilized. The seeds planted had a better chance of sinking deeper into them, versus, just getting up & ending the service. I then asked the children to get up & lay hands on the teachers, relating to them the weaknesses of the teachers, i.e., that they weren't there because their acts were together. They had to fight sins just like the kids. They had to pour out their hearts to Jesus & weep before Him just like the kids. This time of prayer just went on & on & on. The children were as still as church mice as the background music softly played. At least 15 minutes (?) later, the Lord's peace & stillness were still there. The kids were still praying. I told the leaders a former pastor of mine said re: me years ago, "Michael doesn't know how to end a service." And, he was right. I had worked too hard to see this happen. I wasn't about to end it. I left it up to the leaders. They kept letting it continue. Finally, oh so tenderly, they ended it & dismissed the children.

"A BROKEN DOLL"



As Kim & I continued to tear down & pack up, a cute little middle-schooler came up to me. I could tell she was being deeply affected by the Lord's Spirit. She walked up to me & said, "Can I give you a hug?". I said, "Sure", & did so. She was so broken in God-one of the most beautiful things I've ever seen. I told Kim on the way home, "She wanted to express her love to God, but didn't know how. So, she hugged His messenger". Times like this are priceless. They are Heaven on Earth-a young person being moved upon, stunned, & tenderly broken by the Word & Spirit of the Lord. And, I can think of nowhere else I'd rather be than in a setting where I see this happen. May He be pleased to continue it, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

"LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON, LIKE GRANDSON"



Kim & I scurried to exit the premises before all of the parents arrived to pick up their children. If we didn't do so before they arrived, we'd be trapped in the parking lot for quite a while & we had a long ride home. As I headed to our car, I saw a work van parked right outside. An elderly-looking man got out of it & smiled at me as he walked up to me. Funny-his smile betrayed a little boy's grin. Before me appeared what seemed to be a little boy trapped in a grown man's body. I've described myself in this way for many years. He asked me my name. He then told

me his & said many years ago when he came to our **Hopewell Summer Camp** to pick up his son at the end of the week, he came into chapel only to see his son sprawled out on the floor facedown. This father has never forgotten it. Now, decades later, this seasoned saint came to **Crossroads** to pick up his grandson who was just in this powerful chapel service as described above. What is so precious & amazing is that the same Holy Spirit Who put this man's son on his face years ago at **Tel Hai Camp** is the very same Holy Spirit Who just moved upon this man's grandson at **Crossroads**! He is not called "The Eternal Spirit" in the book of Hebrews for nothing. May I always fall on Him for His grace, love, & power to keep ministering to the generations. Sincerely, Michael

<https://youtu.be/gOcoRbBQI68> Here is the "Pace & Pray" episode re: prayer for the chapel described above. He truly heard our cry.

NOTE: the message from that same chapel is attached below. I recorded it on my phone as it lay upon my object lesson table.



 [Crossroads Comm. Homeschool Chapel \[.mp3\]](#)

****Caboose!* Commentary Corner:** [Our daughter Laura once said she'd love to have my old Bibles when I passed for all of the notes I have written in them over the decades. This was quite humbling to say the least, especially coming from one of your own children. Hence, I've decided to post each month random notes/comments from Bibles I have studied from]: "Many people sing songs; many people praise; some people worship; few people adore." [M.R.G. 5/3/'22]



Caboose! On The Loose!

Ministry/Events for JUNE & those not listed in last month's newsletter:

May 8: Springfield, VA: visit Kim's mother for Mothers' Day

**May 9: Bean Funeral Home, Shillington, PA: Eric Rockwell's memorial service:
[son of 1st cousin]**

May 15: Tel Hai Camp, Honey Brook, PA: Tom Gregory Memorial service

**June 3: a.m.: Abundant Life Church, Birdsboro, PA: recording video of "Vision for
the Young" for remote seminar**

**June 3: p.m.: City Light Fortress Ministry, Reading, PA: lead worship & preach
[Covid-pending]**

**June 5: Hopewell Telford Church, Telford, PA: children's service [postponed due
to Covid]**

June 7: Petra Church, New Holland, PA: hsc board mtg.

June 7: Tel Hai Camp, Honey Brook, PA: hsc directors' prayer mtg.

**June 17: Glazar/Bowser Wedding, Lancaster, PA: two former campers &
counselors' wedding.**

**June 25-30 [& July 1]: Tel Hai Camp, Honey Brook, PA: Hopewell Summer Camps
Sr. Hi. Camp**



***Michael is an ordained *Elim Fellowship* itinerant Stateside missionary & is also
licensed to preach the gospel by *Immanuel Church*, Wilmington, DE. *Caboose!* is**

also an affiliate ministry of *The Hopewell Network of Churches*. For 14 years he served on various local church staffs as their children's pastor. Since 2000 Kim & he have lived by faith, having no set salary, retirement, etc. to speak of. Yet this is their calling at this season of their lives. Michael preaches God's Word & systematic theology, using both drama & visual aids, to all age groups, from children to senior citizens, either separately or combined. To help support this work [any amount no matter how small is greatly appreciated!], please make all tax-deductible gifts payable to: Elim Fellowship, c/o 1703 Dalton Rd., Lima, NY 14485, marking it "Preferred-Michael Robert Guertin" or you may click on the link below to give directly. Thank you! [click here](#)

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