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YouTube Channel [for dramas, sermons, & puppet shows for kids]: **Michael Robert Guertin**

Website: [www.cabooseministries.org](http://www.cabooseministries.org)

Facebook: "Michael Robert Guertin"

November 2024

### "The Death of a Princess & The Widow's Mite"



Dear *Friends & Family*,

[10/7] In May of 1997, the **Princess Diana** was suddenly & tragically killed in an automobile accident. The entire world mourned. An even greater princess in our eyes & I would dare say in the eyes of the Lord recently passed from this Earth to her glorious heavenly throne, a throne which is so much more regal than any of those on this globe. **Sara Thompson** was aptly & appropriately named "Sara" at her birth, as Sara means "Princess" in Hebrew, & that is what she was-in every way. Our Lord graced her with 95 very full & fruitful years on this tiny planet, but oh, what a difference her life made to so many others' lives during her very long tenure here. I always affectionately called her "Ma", or "Princess", & she would treat me like a son. She taught a women's Bible study for approximately **50 years** at her home church. She played piano for countless events & was constantly encouraging, challenging, & pinching the cheeks of God's people. As if she couldn't be any more special to Kim & me, in addition to all she was & did in the Lord for so many saints & sinners, for years Sara would regularly donate her "widow's mite" to our **Caboose!** Ministry. I have written in the past re: how many widows have helped support our work in the Lord. Kim & I consider this a very, very sacred trust, given our Lord's heart for

widows, & orphans, of course. It is almost with fear & trembling that we treat our finances at times because of this precious demographic in Jesus' Body who so freely & lovingly give to us. Good-bye, Princess-good-bye, until we see each other again in His Heavenly Kingdom.

### "From 50 Years Ago-To Eternity"



Some of you will perhaps recollect that in this past March's newsletter, that I wrote extensively about my conversion to Christ, my "sovereign apprehension" by Him in a convent in Missouri 50 years ago. This year also commemorates another "golden anniversary", vis, my graduation from high school about two months after that sacred & glorious event. Last month, my graduating class celebrated this with a 50-year reunion. Unfortunately, given that I live almost 1,000 miles from the reunion location, in addition to my having had a very busy September & October re: travel (our 4<sup>th</sup> annual "Triangle Trip"), & several ministry events, it was not possible. I have not been back to that very small town in Missouri since 1993, when my maternal grandmother passed. One of my former classmates from the school recently posted a picture of our graduating class roster. I saved it. While I scanned the list, so many emotions came over my heart & soul. Too many of my former classmates are on this Earth no longer. They are in eternity. Even sadder still, is how so many of them have been deceased for *years*. Of the 80 of us, 27 of the students were "taken" from this life "way before their time"; some, even shortly after graduating. I'm also thinking of so many other classmates from other classes as well. Vehicle accidents, drug overdoses, etc., come to mind as I type, my clouded mind racing back through 50 years of history. (This same emotional "trauma" for me has hit me a number of times too re: my **St. Peter Celestine Catholic** grade school classmates, with whom I have attended many reunions over the past few years. So very many are gone. So many have been gone for so many years). "Lord? Why not me? Why did You spare me? Lord? You could have, & because of my many sins before Your holy face every single day, *should have* taken *my* life as well. I'm scared, my Lord. I'm scared. My very existence today was & is entirely dependent on Your sovereign mercy-& that alone. Please hold me, my Jesus. Please. If not for You, I could or would be waiting in torment in **Hades** right now. I would be waiting for that **Great Day, Judgment Day**, when, after having every sin of my entire life pass before Your face & those of everyone in the world who my sins affected & influenced, be thrown by a holy angel into the Lake of Fire. O, dearest Jesus, dearest Lord, I'm scared, so very scared. My fears make me run to You, dear Lord-to You, & cling to You with every fiber of my being. In the light of this dearest Jesus, what else can I do, but live for You? By Your great grace, I shall! Amen."

**“My ‘NEAR-MISSES’ w/*Eternity*”**



**The Dam:**



A very deeply-felt sobriety is incited in my soul when I ponder the above. It penetrates even more acutely into the depths of my being when I muse upon how many times my Lord sovereignly & providentially spared me from possible death while in my lost estate. I’ve written before in a previous newsletter re: my “Dam” experience. I skipped out of school on my 18<sup>th</sup> birthday with a friend & went to the lake our family owned outside of town. While throwing trees off the top of the 35-foot dam left on it by high water, one of the trees took me over the dam with it. As I had mentioned in that previous newsletter, if I had died from that incident I would have not only plummeted to the bottom of the dam but right into Hades!

### The Deer Rifle:



I have also written in a prior newsletter that we moved from **NJ to MO** in my 16<sup>th</sup> year. Dad brought me out to MO early before the rest of the family arrived to prepare our living quarters & also to help my uncle with the “**G & T**” [Guertin & Thomas] mountain & beach resort in which my Dad became his partner. We moved from our 5-bedroom house in NJ into the basement of a liquor store on the lake. My uncle would sleep at the store for security purposes. One night I came home late from town. I entered the liquor store through the front door (our family’s apartment was in the basement). I want to recollect the door had a hanging bell on it, which of course rang when I opened it. My uncle quickly jumped up from bed with his deer rifle in his hand, startled by what he assumed was a burglar. He was a seasoned, veteran hunter, & no doubt *a good aim*. I quickly exclaimed when I saw him, “Uncle Jack! Uncle Jack! It’s me! Michael!” He wasn’t too happy with me for how & when I came in. Needless to say, if he had shot me, & I seriously doubt it would’ve taken two shots, again, I would have plummeted into the fires of Hades.

### The Speeding Impala:



Speaking of the *G & T Resort*, it was located on a very windy rural road. There was a young man from a nearby town who had a souped-up Chevy Impala. His name was Ronny. He went to my high school though we weren't close friends. His car was white. He came to the resort one day to hang out, I assume. He asked me if I wanted to go for a ride with him in his pride & joy. I reluctantly consented. He immediately proceeded to show me "what she's got", as far as his vehicle modifications were concerned! I want to recollect on this very windy road, with the maximum speed limit of 45 m.p.h., Ronnie was pushing 80-100 m.p.h.! Yes-I was very scared. Little did I know of the eternal horror that awaited me if, in the *highly likely event*, we were to hit another vehicle, tree, or telephone pole!

### "Dueling" John Boats:



Speaking of our lake, G & T Resort owned a number of boats that we would rent to the guests. My cousin Jackie & I would race each other in our john boats, which had a flat bottom & went faster than the typical v-shaped hull boats. We would lay on our stomachs across the boat benches to reduce wind-resistance in the hope of gaining more speed. We'd steer the boat with our feet! On one occasion we decided to race at night. While doing so I made too quick a turn with my foot out in the middle of the lake & overturned my boat! When I did, being a teenager

from the suburbs of South Jersey, I feared every dangerous creature in the lake was coming at me, not to mention the fear of losing my uncle's boat motor to the bottom! While probably not likely, it wouldn't be too surprising in such circumstances for someone to drown, & if I had, I would've gone from "one lake to another"!

### The Shotgun:



Another possible brush with death, again, occurred at the G & T Resort complex. And, once again, it involved my cousin Jackie & me. G & T was comprised of two entities. The first was the mountain & beach resort at one end of the lake, & the other was a lake housing development for both year-round & seasonal residents, called **Killarney Shores**. There was an elderly man who lived year-round at this latter site who owned a dog(s)-beagles to be exact. For some reason he got into an altercation with my cousin. I think it may have had something to do with his dogs. Either way, this aged, emotionally disturbed man went into his house & brought out his shotgun, & while I couldn't be sure, I wouldn't be surprised, given his state & condition, that he *would* use it if incited enough! I tried to be the intermediary between him & Jackie, softly & gently speaking to him while approaching him, who had gun in hand! Once more, IF our Lord, Whom I did not even know yet, had not sovereignly restrained this man, I, again, could've been sent to an eternity of horror in an instant!

“Double-Barrel? Shotgun to Double Pneumonia”:



In my junior year of high school in Missouri, I was sitting in Speech & Drama class one day, & was fighting to stay awake. My teacher was a kind, pleasant man, who, for a reason I cannot recollect, was missing a hand. I remember him being untypically stern with me that day. He corrected me in front of the class for sleeping while he was teaching. Little did he *nor I* know at the time that I had a very severe case of double pneumonia! Upon this discovery, I want to recall I spent 10 days in the hospital! This serious bout with a malady that has sent countless people to their deaths happened about a half-year before I fell off the dam! To conclude, no one has any idea of how many times in their life the Lord has sovereignly & graciously spared them from near or certain death. What magnifies this unfathomable grace even more is that He so very often does this for sinners, all of whom deserve instant & immediate death & Hell, including His chosen ones whom He has not yet brought to His Son! And, that would be *me*. Blessed be His most holy & precious Name, **JESUS**.

## "The Blasphemed Name"



Speaking of *Jesus*, to a Christian, just saying His precious Name has a sweetness to it. It is like warm honey poured over one's soul. Hearing His Name spoken brings comfort beyond description. He's the One Who lives up to His Name-He "saves". Growing up Catholic, when we would say His Name in our prayers, we would bow our heads. I miss that practice. I love that practice. When one bows either with their head or body before another, it shows they recognize the greatness of the one bowed to. The gesture of bowing places the one who does so "beneath" the one who is greater. It "elevates" the greater one, so to speak. The more you learn of Jesus, the more you love, cherish, & revere His Name. Recently, on a podcast I was watching, one of the most prominent Christian media ministries in the world was the topic being discussed. The couple who founded & ran the ministry had a guest on their show who was famous for being a marriage counselor. He was giving tips to them & to the audience re: how to have a successful marriage, even to the point of giving sexual advice. He projected himself as if he were the "guru" of marital success via examples with his own wife. Well, some years later the husband of the TV ministry couple died. In a relatively brief time-period after that, this "guru" divorced his wife of 30 years & married the widow of the TV show! And, to make matters worse, said TV show apparently is alive & well in spite of this! Beloved? Do I really have to say it? And we wonder why the world is so skeptical & mocking of Christians. We marvel that God's enemies are so filled with vitriol towards our Jesus & the gospel. Paul wrote to the hypocritical Jews in Romans 2:24: "The Gentiles say evil things against God's Name because of you." For those of us who love Him so very much, it is absolute agony to hear our Jesus' precious Name, the Name that is above all names, blasphemed, mocked, degraded, attached to ungodly groups & movements, etc. I'm so, so very weary of it. I can't imagine how our Heavenly Father feels about it! O, how I long for it to end! Is it any surprise our Lord said, "Hallowed be Your Name"? And, the above is only one of countless scandals like this. And, it is apparent our Lord for the past few years is doing a very extensive "House-cleaning" of His Church. To be sure, these scandals & the blasphemy of the Name that result from them cause me to entreat the Lord to keep *me* from doing the same! May He help me. May He help me-& us!

Sincerely, Michael





\****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: **"In Hell, the lost are eternally burned-but never consumed."** [M.R.G. Autumn 2024]

***"Caboose! On the Loose!"***



**Ministry/events for *NOVEMBER* & those not listed in last month's newsletter:**

**Oct. 9: New London Presby Church, New London, PA: Sara Thompson internment**

**Oct. 13: Converge Church, Moorestown, NJ: Boot Camp youth mtg equipment setup**

**Oct. 15: Immanuel Church, Wilmington, DE: "Zedekiah & Jeremiah" drama rehearsal**

**Oct. 18: Converge Church, Moorestown, NJ: youth group meeting**

**Nov. 5: Petra Church, New Holland, PA: hsc board mtg. & Network pastors mtg.**

**Nov. 22-24: Full Gospel Center, Lagrangeville, NY: drama pract./2 Sunday a.m. services**

**Nov. 25: Transformation Life Center Addictions Ministry, West Park, NY: men's chapel**

Nov. 26: Upton Lake Christian School, Clinton Corners, NY: student body chapel

***Caboose!*-A Live-By-Faith Ministry**



\*Michael is an ordained **Elim Fellowship** itinerant Stateside missionary & **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 this link to give directly: <https://elimfellowship.org/missionary/michael-guerty-guertin> **Thank you!**

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