

# The Aardsma Weekly

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On Monday night, August 28, we had a power out. It all started around eight o'clock p.m. We were all in Dad and Mom's room talking, when suddenly the lights, washing machine, air conditioning, computers, and everything else that ran on electricity glitched a few times and then went out. We all sat looking at each other blankly for a few seconds, and then out came the candles, matches, flashlights, and battery powered lanterns. The house was silent. You would be surprised how quiet the house gets when everything goes out. All around Loda was quiet and dark.

To make a long story short, the power did not come on until 1:00 that night, and none of us got much sleep.

## The Weekly Bible Verse

Colossians 3:12: Therefore, as God's chosen people, holy and dearly loved, clothe yourselves with compassion, kindness, humility, gentleness, and patience.



Freckles is our family dog. He is a mixture of bloodhound, beagle, German shepherd, and lots of other things. We call him Freckles because he has white splotches all over his face. Though his name is Freckles, we call him everything under the sun. (Matthew remarked that that is one of the nice things about dogs: you can call them anything and they don't mind.) I even heard Caleb referring to Freckles as "you big, bad booby". Freckles is an older dog. Matthew, our resident dog expert, says he is probably six or seven years old.

We have had Freckles for a month, and even Mom, an adamant dog hater, loves him now. She often says things like "Oh, that stupid dog!" but whenever she thinks no one is looking she pats him on the head and says "Hello, doggy. Aren't you a good boy?"

We got Freckles for free from a vet clinic near us. (How we got him is an entire story in itself, which will have to be saved until later.)

Freckles is the best dog Matthew has ever seen. He loves people, is very easy going and submissive, rides well in the car, and has many other qualities. His only setback is that he likes to chase our chickens, but we are breaking him of that.

Freckles stays outside during the day, but comes inside during the night and if the weather is bad.

Freckles has won my heart completely, even though I prefer cats myself, and all he has to do is look at me with a dejected, nobody-loves-me look on his face and I find myself assuring him that I love him, and giving him an affectionate kiss.



## **A Word About The Weather**



The weather is very hot here this Sunday! We have had some nice rain this week, and are enjoying the chance to get in the garden and the break from watering plants and flowers. It is going to be relatively cool for the next week, so we are looking forward to some nice weather.



## **The Church In The Wildwood**



A Sermon Summary

Last week, on August 27, Dad preached on abortion and its relation to capital punishment. He had planned to finish the story of Paul Crump, but we ran out of time before he could get to it.

Dad talked about what happens when you take an unborn baby's life. He said it much better than I can, but the gist of his sermon was; there is a lot more to abortion than just stopping the heart beat of a baby. When you abort that baby, you take away from it anything and everything it would have enjoyed and experienced as a person. You have blown out the flame of the baby's life, and taken away from it every chance to enjoy life: sunsets, Mozart's music, and a sweetheart's love.

You have taken everything away.

Next week, hopefully, Dad will finish his sermon about capital punishment and Paul Crump.



## **A Word of Wisdom**



Never freeze bread dough that has risen more than three times. It will not rise again.