

# KAIROS

January 2018

[www.kairostexas.org](http://www.kairostexas.org)

Issue 34

If you were at this month's state meeting, you heard me indicate that 2018 will be the year we devote a lot of attention to New Starts. Kairos is active in all qualified prisons in Texas except twelve. One is a women's unit and the others are men's units.

In the past, the New Start Sub Committee, led by Ray Sims, sought volunteers that would “pick up the ball” to begin the process of finding a core group to lead the effort of seeking volunteers and financial support. That process has worked well.

In 2018 we are going to begin another process to bring Kairos into new prisons. The new program is called “Adopt a New Start”. In almost every situation, the prison without Kairos is located close to other prisons with Kairos. “Adopt a New Start” suggest that one of the veteran Kairos programs adopt the new start prison. Veteran Kairos programs are those where the 20 or more weekends have taken place. Many are working on weekend numbers as high as #45, #61, and #58.

The more mature programs should challenge themselves to split and recruit new volunteers to support the new start. Volunteers who may have cycled off of active team participation are often willing to return to a new start team. Rarely is something more exciting than being a part of weekend number ONE.

Ray Sims and I will be reaching out to the Advisory Council Chairs of the mature programs to test whether they are willing to jump in to help bring Kairos into the remaining prisons.

Here's the challenge – will you, as a mature Advisory Council, be willing to step out of your comfort zones and take on the additional responsibility of shepherding a New Start? Stay tuned. This will get very exciting this year.



**Steve Newton -  
Chair KOT  
New Start-Up in 2018  
“Adopt A New Start”**

### New Start Challenge - Qualified Prisons without a Kairos Program

Region / Unit	Men / Women	Custody Level	Location
<b>Private</b>			
Bridgeport	Men	G1, G2	Bridgeport
Diboll	Men	G1, G2	Diboll
Moore, B	Men	G1, G2	Overton
<b>Region I</b>			
Ellis	Men	G1-G5	Huntsville
Goree	Men	G1-G3	Huntsville
Lewis	Men	G1-G5	Woodville
<b>Region II</b>			
Powledge	Men	G2, G3	Palestine
<b>Region III</b>			
Ramsey	Men	G1-G3, G5	Rosharon
Scott	Men	G1-G3, G5	Angleton
Stringfellow	Men	G1-G4	Rosharon
<b>Region VI</b>			
Crain	Women	G1-G4	Gatesville
Pack	Women	G1-G4	Navasota

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The following is an account of an experience I went through during the foot washing ceremony at the St. Kolbe Retreat in the Polunsky prison Unit in February 2016. It has taken me almost two years to get it down on paper because of the nature of it and all the commentary it has spawned.

This is no means a complete history of either my life or the Holy Spirit working in my life. It is however, as close an account as possible, of what I went through that day. I have also compiled over 200 pages of commentary of the experience and recollections of my life.

My prayer for any and all who read this is that you understand how the Volunteers presence here affects us. Regardless of their denomination or faith, any and all of them play an integral role in our lives. Many programs would not go forward were it not for men responding to the call of God to enter prison.

Beyond all the programs though, I pray that you will understand that when a man turns his life over to God and meets God through the Holy Spirit, then meets Jesus face to face in the form of a Volunteer, neither will ever be the same. God's love transcends these walls through the hearts of men who choose to come inside prison and visit me.

#### #1. WINDOWS

“Hello, I'm here. Can't you see me?” Through arched stone windows, I yell at them as I bang on the glass trying to get their attention. I see them in different scenes of their lives; their failures, hardships. In one window, my daughter plays with her children; in another window my son and his family; my dad playing guitar; my mama's funeral; my sister's memorial; my beloved ex-wife's funeral. I can hear them all talking in voices of twenty years ago. Many scenes unfold before me as I gaze at the windows, scenes of when I was there; scenes if I had been there; others since I'm not.

As I press my face closer to the window glass and look hard to the left or right, I can see where their lives overlap. In a hiccup of emotion, I am overcome by a feeling of desperate yearning from an unfilled void that emanates from them. I know that void is me. There is no overlap between the viewed scenes and me.

I want so bad to be a part of their lives; a husband, father, brother, son, grandpa. As my anxiety grows, I beat frantically on the window, running from one to another, flailing my arms in vain attempts to gain their attention;

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“Hey, I'm here!” All of them in their turn gaze my way but never acknowledge me. I falter as my head touches the glass, my anxiety and hope giving way to despair again.

#### #2. REFLECTION

I can see my reflection in the window glass. My head is shaved in honor of my mama's long ago cancerous death. Dingy clothes from a 'one size fits most' prison mentality adorn my body. Two decades of tears mark salt stained valleys down my face. I look into my eyes and see at once a shallow bloodshot reflection of the present, and a sudden free fall into the abyss, down through layers of years of anguish, into the inner sanctum of my being.

A huge empty room whose four dimly lit walls and smoky atmosphere depict scenes of different seasons of my life. I can see images of my family within the scenes and feel the strong emotions they emit. Fractures run like fault lines through these indelible images, as corridors lead off in different directions housing memories of my sins and exposing deeper fractures within the walls. The distance of twenty years has done nothing to buffer the pain of guilt, shame and regret.

My incarcerated season is full of dissected, rearranged, reinterpreted images of my childhood and adult life. I walk down corridors housing unexperienced memories locked behind locked doors that will never open. Long corridors housing stack upon stack of fabricated of what might have been. Room after room of attempts to rearrange memories to better understand who I am. This is the whole of my being. This is my heart room.

Try as I might to reconcile the past with the present; attempts to repair and remake myself into a image worthy of the family on my walls; despite my efforts to reach out and connect through the years of separation, I resign myself to the fact that I have become defined by the sum total of my choices. I am outcast, I am a memory.

#### #3. TURNING

I sit on my stool in the middle of my room staring mostly at the dusty floor, finding a morbid comfort in the familiar. Driven by two decades of deafening silence, I sit in judgement with my family against myself, as the long years sighs echo down the corridors of my past, present and future. I long for an encounter with someone who loves me. As a ship content with its death groans under its own weight, rusting away on the sea floor, so my soul groans under my own weight in a language

Continued on page 4



## Sandy Kohlhauff - First Time Team Member for Kairos Outside

Thank you so much for blessing me and Bea and the team and guests of **Kairos Outside Central Texas Weekend #8!** We had a very special weekend with God and His angels camped about us for 48 hours.

Although we had space for 30 women, our final count was 14; the exact number that God ordained for this weekend. Our guests included many broken-hearted mothers, some of whom may never see their sons or daughters outside of prison again. We blessed devoted daughters and sisters of incarcerated men, and loving wives who struggle to keep a family together while the head of the family will miss holidays and school plays and baseball games and senior proms for years to come.

They came to us with heavy hearts and anger and fear, but by the end of the weekend they were a little lighter, and very comforted by the love of their 35-ish new best friends. Many said they had never felt loved before they experienced the weekend.

There were several beautiful ceremonies to honor these women and help them to keep hope and remain faithful in Our Lord.. One of my most precious memories was when we presented the prayer chain to the guests as they sat with their table families in the Rollo Room. The chain which was made of strips of paper with your names and so many other warriors from the community and multiple prisons, wrapped around the room 2 times. To watch these ladies weep as they read the names on the links of the chain was very moving, much like the feeling I had when I saw the prayer wheel on my TD weekend.

I prayed with them as they lovingly had their hands washed in the chapel, received bouquets of flowers and were serenaded at dawn, and opened special letters from their incarcerated loved ones.

The Lord has blessed me richly by allowing me to serve these women with my Army of God supporting me throughout the whole weekend. This was a weekend which changed me forever and connected me with some beautiful ladies who really needed to feel God's love at this time in their lives. From their comments at closing, your prayers and love were felt deeply and continually.

Thank you for saying YES to my call for prayer. I knew I could count on each of you - the finest prayer warriors on earth !

With my greatest appreciation,



**Sandy Kohlhauff**  
**Kairos Outside**



## God's Gifts - Barbara Brooks

**Barbara**  
**Brooks-Shirley**



### GOD'S GIFTS

When you look in the mirror and see God's gift,  
On Him you can depend.

His words are strong, binding;  
They will not bend!

Not just for a moment or a day,  
In all types of weather.  
Forgiving, loving and His merciful grace..  
Then, now and forever.

Who God is, is plain and simple  
As the rhythm and rhyme you read.  
You are treasured; a precious gem.  
Unlike a carnival bead!

God gives the sunlight each day.  
That blossoms flowers – the dew.  
His creation, look about.  
Is done Especially for you!

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I cannot understand. Primordial cries against the throes of death attempting to envelope me.

From somewhere outside myself, outside the physical, in the ether, my soul's cry is answered in the softest wisp of song, "I am here," Immediate connection and quickening of my spirit as the song continues, "Behold I stand at the door and knock." The light from the ether begins to fill my room as the door of my heart breaks free from all the salt stained hinges.

#### #4. ENCOUNTERS

There is somewhere between a force and a feeling in the light. Or it's the light itself. Or both. The light is many things. The light is comfort, warmth, joy gentleness. Something I cannot quite put my finger on, but is tangible nonetheless. The light communicates with me in thoughts, images, ideas and promptings. Though connected to my soul apart from my consciousness, the light is also my consciousness. I can allow the light to move or not move, but I cannot control its direction. This God's Holy Spirit.

Many unknown men are in the church today wearing different colored clothes than me. These colors are blue, red, brown, orange and others, all combined to make up the colors of the rainbow. Men in white and men of color are engaged in conversation as I make my way through the crowd. A hand appears before me as my gaze rises to greet a man in color standing in front of me. I shake his hand as a spiritual connection is made. He says, "Hello my name is Volunteer" and I begin to see Jesus as Volunteer explains to me why he is here. As Volunteer talks to me my spirit hears Jesus; as Volunteer hugs me I feel the arms of Jesus.

I experience the self-realization of who I am; I am the leper unclean, I am the blind beggar crying out to Jesus that I might see again; I am the invalid waiting for the stirring of the pool and someone to sit me in it so that I might be healed. I am in prison and Jesus would come visit me. The Jesus in Volunteer whom I encounter and says he loves me. Jesus who would wash my feet, eat dinner with me and tell me I matter. Jesus who hugs me and fills me with the warmth of his light, filling the empty places of my being.

As I look at Volunteer hands, I see the nail scarred imprints of the cross, never realizing Volunteer sees the nail scarred imprints in mine.



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#### THE PRICE

God and the devil were talking one day,  
When God asked him where he's been,  
The devil replied, "Around the way."

"Did you find anything of interest?" the Lord questioned.

"Oh yes," the devil said, "One in particular,  
Where destruction is destined.

She's had some loss, feeling low. And I'm quite amused."

God replied, "She needs love and healing from  
being battered and bruised."

The devil sneered and said, "I'll have her so  
blind she can't even see."

God said, "She's a child of mine, she belongs  
to me."

"I've cast the bait," the devil said. "She's ready to bite.  
So let me do my thing and turn off that bright light."

God said, "I love her even though she's stumbled and  
fallen short."

The devil laughed and said, "You don't want that sort."

God replied, "What do you want for her?"

The devil said, "Okay it will cost you - are you sure?"

"I am," God said, "For what she needs I have the cure."

"So I ask again, what do you want?"

The devil snickered and thought he had Him  
stumped.

And with a grin the devil said, "I want Your Son's  
life, then I'll play nice."

God said, "Done!" Then Jesus paid the PRICE.

For God bought you with a high price. So you must  
honor God with your body. 1 Cor. 6:20



## KO Support - Debbie Van Pelt

Wow!! It is the start of a new year and there is no doubt about it that Kairos Outside is not standing still. There were 10 weekends during the fall of 2017. Approximately 200 guests were impacted by attending a weekend. We had a weekend with the largest recorded number of guests. That is NOT recommended for any Community to repeat. There were 52 women that attended the North Texas KO and the team stepped up and took care of those guests. Finances ran very short and the KOT, as well as many Advisory Councils, stepped in to fill in the gap.



**Debbie Van Pelt**  
**KO State Chair**

My heart was overwhelmed with the outpouring of gifts and kindness that has become so common between the Inside and Outside Kairos Communities. The KO Communities are feeling support that is being offered. They are becoming stronger communities and welcoming home their loved ones with Christ. A big Thank You to Kairos of Texas.

As we enter into the Spring weekends, we have Corpus Christi that is planning a weekend in March but due to Hurricane Harvey's continued impact they are having difficulty raising enough funds. One of the churches in Corpus that usually supports them with their funding is still trying to rebuild. Those of us that aren't impacted by these types of storms don't realize that the storm itself is only just the beginning. The time and effort that it takes to rebuild after the storm is like grieving. It takes time.

In August the New Start – KO Abilene will have their first weekend. They are well on their way to establishing a full Advisory Council. Ideas for fund raising and encouraging them would be greatly appreciated. Congratulations Abilene!!!!

### Observer Schedule for the Spring:

<b>Abilene</b>	<b>8/24/18</b>	<b>TBA</b>
<b>Amarillo</b>	<b>4/20/18</b>	<b>Lubbock</b>
<b>Corpus Christi</b>	<b>3/23/18</b>	<b>Central</b>
<b>Central</b>	<b>5/25/18</b>	<b>Corpus Christi</b>
<b>Houston</b>	<b>4/6/18</b>	<b>San Antonio</b>
<b>East</b>	<b>4/13/18</b>	<b>North</b>
<b>Lubbock</b>	<b>4/6/18</b>	<b>Wichita Falls</b>
<b>Midland</b>	<b>4/6/18</b>	<b>Amarillo</b>
<b>North</b>	<b>4/27/18</b>	<b>East</b>
<b>San Antonio</b>	<b>5/15/18</b>	<b>Houston</b>
<b>Wichita Falls</b>	<b>4/20/18</b>	<b>Midland</b>

If you haven't checked out the web page on the KOT website, you need to visit and take a look. If you see a way that we can improve it; or, something that needs to be changed then send an email to me and I will get it to the webmaster, David Ford. He is doing an awesome job and more than willing to help anyone set up a web page for their community.

As always, Prayer is what keeps us in community, please keep your prayers going.



**Volunteers do not necessarily have the time; they just have the Heart.**

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## KOCT #8 Beautiful Team - Regina Ruiz

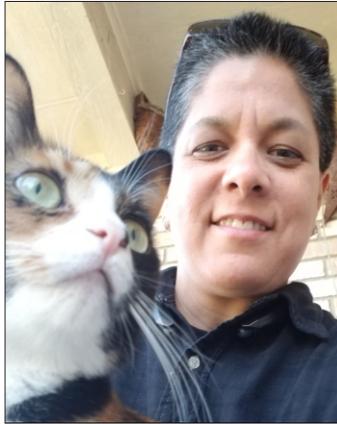
We ended up with 14 guests...

I believe that was God sent. Hiccups, of course, we are going to have them, but I have to tell you, when I was sitting with my table family there were times when I would sit back and just have to take a breather. I was overwhelmed with the unconditional love in that room, not only there but in the chapel and the dining room. Everyone was working their hardest for these 14 beautiful souls God placed in our hands. I looked around and I saw the spiritual directors praying tirelessly with aching feet, putting their pain aside to comfort all with prayer and support. I saw the music group, playing the beat to keep the spirit alive. They played beautifully putting their own pains aside to serve. I saw agape, working like soldiers, moving forward continuously to make that special something shine. They shone so beautifully. I saw my sisters who shared testimony through their talks, their vulnerability, their tears, their healing and still existing pain, no words can describe their beauty.

I saw the kitchen people, WOW WOW WOW... I tip my hat to you with much respect to your amazing hands at work, and the music in the chapel, the Deep Within song playing behind the scenes. That was such a beautiful meditative tune - great choice. Diane and Tanasha were driving everyone around like a God soldier, right on time and with such grace, the encouragement received from a sister when someone needed a hug, the hustle of the team to meet the schedule, our time keeper, Sara, you were amazing, all the table servers and leaders, your spirit WOW - the angels - beautiful.

I was looking around and I was thinking this is what heaven must be like, regardless of the hiccups, those are just distractions trying to discourage. I want each and everyone of you to know, you didn't let it get you, no matter what, you kept putting that foot forward, beautifully with unconditional love, God's love.

The mañanitas: I saw my sisters, yes exhausted, but your love over-powered that tired feeling, your beautiful heart was shining.



**Regina Ruiz**  
**Kairos Outside**



I just want you to know you are my piece of heaven, each and every one of you are my piece of heaven in my heart, God sees you, He sees your heart, your beautiful soul.

And our team leader, through the grace of God, you did any AMAZING job! I know, no thank you, all glory is His but you are His glory! Beautiful sister, you led so, so we'll.

THANK you for giving me life again, to serve for His glory!

Peace, grace, hope, love and glory!

What if you woke  
up **TODAY**  
with only the things  
that you  
thanked  
God for  
yesterday?

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## Luther Unit #2 - Mike Lovelady

Four Muslims, three Buddhists, and three Wicans attended Kairos #2 at the Luther Unit located about 8 miles south of Navasota, TX. They made up one third of the participants. The other two thirds were Christians at various stages in their Christian walk ranging from non-existent to very mature Christians. How could this mix possible work towards one of the most successful Kairos events I have ever experienced?

We knew it would be great because of the number of obstacles we had to overcome. Several of the founders of Kairos at the Luther Unit come from Austin, Tx, a drive of about 2 ½ hours just to make team meetings. For that reason, we meet once a month. At our first team meeting in Nov. we had 6 male and female volunteers. In December, our weekend leader, Rod Castilleja had a mild stroke and missed the 2<sup>nd</sup> team meeting; however, he was determined to lead this weekend. In addition, the Advisory Council Chair had to resign due to work conflicts.

The team grew pretty quickly. On Kairos #1, held in April 2016, we had enough volunteers to support 24 participants. These were all Christians. On Kairos #2, we were stretched pretty thin, but we supported 30 participants.

What made this Kairos weekend so special? We discovered that we can deeply and sincerely love each other in peace and harmony regardless of our religious affiliation. I don't think any of the Muslims or Buddhists or pagans converted to Christianity, but all experienced the love of Christ in very profound ways. What a great message to send to the rest of the Luther Unit; indeed, to the entire world! We don't have to live in a world of hate and power struggles and conflict. We can live in peace, but that peace must be rooted in love. That's what happened at Luther. It is so difficult to express in words how deeply touched these men were. 27 of the 30 participants spoke at open mike. All



**Mike Lovelady**  
**Luther Chair**

were blown away by the love that was shown to them by the inside team, the outside team, and the extended team (everyone else who supported this weekend through prayers, financial gifts, agape, prayer chain, cookies, etc.)

We are still a young ministry. We cannot support 42 participants yet, but one day we will. We are still in the process of fine tuning the planning and preparation of each weekend, but our volunteers are committed to bringing the love of Christ into the Luther Unit.

Kairos #3 is scheduled for Oct. 26-20, 2017. We will begin team meetings in June.

We wish to express our heartfelt thanks to all who contributed. Without you, this weekend would not be possible.



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## A SPIRITUAL ALPHABET

- A**nger makes me unattractive. Overcome it. (Psalm 37:8)  
**B**e forgiving. I want my sins forgiven, don't I? (Luke 6:37)  
**C**ount my blessings, name them one by one. (Proverbs 10:22)  
**D**elate negatives from my mind and conversation. (Phil. 4:8)  
**E**at wisely, exercise regularly. My body is the temple of the Holy Spirit. (1 Cor. 6:19-29)  
**F**ind a place of service and be a faithful servant. (Matthew 25:21)  
**G**o the second mile. (Phil. 3:13)  
**H**ide God's word in your heart. It will help keep me from sinning. (Psalm 119:11)  
**I**mitate Jesus (John 13:35)  
**J**udge not. (Matthew 7:1)  
**K**now the truth. It will set me free. (John 8:32)  
**L**ive by the golden rule. (Matthew 7:12)  
**M**ake a joyful noise unto the Lord. (Psalm 66:1-2)  
**N**ever spend time or effort trying to even the score. (Matthew 5:39-42)  
**O**we noone anything but love, appreciation, forgiveness. (Romans 12:8)  
**P**ray about everything. (Phil. 4:6)  
**Q**uench not the spirit. (1 Thess. 5:19)  
**R**espect all human life. We are made in God's image. (Genesis 1:27)  
**S**tart to keep a prayer journal. (1 John 5:13)  
**T**ell someone that you love them. Tell them again. (Romans 5:5)  
**U**p with praise, down with criticism. (Matthew 7:3-4)  
**V**isit a shut-in. (Matthew 25:36)  
**W**hosoever means me - in God's word. Take it personally. (John 3:16)  
**X**-cell in saying, "I'm sorry." (Luke 17:3)  
**Y**esterday is gone . Enjoy today - it may be all I have. (Psalm 117:24)  
**Z**ero in on my spiritual ABC's. Make them priorty this year. (Matthew 5:33)



Praise the Lord

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## KAIROS of TEXAS STATE OFFICERS

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State Training (AKT) - Mike Stumbaugh  
Trailer Coord - Jeff Coatney  
Website Coord. - David Ford

## LEXOPHILIA

"Lexophilia " is a word used to describe those that have a love for words, such as "you can tune a piano, but you can't tuna fish", or "to write with a broken pencil is pointless."

A competition to see who can come up with the best lexophiles is held every year in an undisclosed location. This year's winning submission is posted at the very end.

.. When fish are in schools, they sometimes take debate.

... A thief who stole a calendar got twelve months.

... When the smog lifts in Los Angeles U.C.L.A.

... The batteries were given out free of charge.

... A dentist and a manicurist married. They fought tooth and nail.

... A will is a dead giveaway.

... With her marriage, she got a new name and a dress.

... A boiled egg is hard to beat.

... When you've seen one shopping center you've seen a mall.

... Police were summoned to a day care center where a three-year-old was resisting a rest.

... Did you hear about the fellow whose entire left side was cut off? He's all right now.

... A bicycle can't stand alone; it's just two tired.

... When a clock is hungry it goes back four seconds.

... The guy who fell onto an upholstery machine is now fully recovered.

... He had a photographic memory which was never developed.

... When she saw her first strands of grey hair she thought she'd dye.

... Acupuncture is a jab well done. That's the point of it.

**And the cream of the twisted crop:**

... Those who get too big for their pants will be totally exposed in the end..

ALWAYS LAUGH WHEN YOU CAN... IT IS CHEAP MEDICINE.

LISTEN

LOVE

LISTEN

LOVE

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Be sure to visit our website at [www.kairostexas.org](http://www.kairostexas.org). David Ford is our webmaster.. The schedule and location for State Board meetings for 2018 are included here. We have a calendar showing when all the weekends will be held. Check your weekend - we depend on you to keep them updated.

On that same website you will find the current state officers, state meetings and minutes, map of state meetings, committees, and when the weekends are to be held. You will also find this current and past newsletters there. If your unit does a newsletter, we would love to add it. There are links to KPMI and TDCJ.

There is information about Kairos Outside, including structure, forms and information, newsletters, and mission field. The minutes for KO meetings can also be found there.

Please take a look and see if we need to change, remove or add anything.

### Through the Fire - Ruth O'Reilly-Smith

The ground smoldered for weeks after the fire. My parents' farm in South Africa and the entire landscape around it had changed overnight. All that remained was the house and a few blackened trees. As I looked out over the ash-covered land, the sight was heartbreaking. *How could this place recover?* But then the rains came. As the earth cooled, tiny shoots pushed up between the ash, and within weeks green patchy grass covered the ground. Although altered forever, the farm was alive again. Many trees were lost in the blaze, but some struggled back to life. Soon the mangoes and lemons ripened once more, as delicious as ever.

As you look ahead to a new year, perhaps you feel as if your life is like that lifeless, scorched landscape. Maybe the events of the past year have left you feeling drained, and you can't imagine how you could ever recover, let alone thrive again.

The beauty of a landscape may fade with the changing of the seasons or be transformed by ravaging flames. Circumstances may leave us bruised and broken. But we can be confident in what Isaiah wrote: "The grass withers and the flowers fade, but the word of our God stands forever" ([Isaiah 40:8](#)).

The promise of the presence of God with us gives us great hope ([Isaiah 40:3-5](#); [Hebrews 13:5](#)). God not only created us, He also sustains, carries, holds, and leads us (Isaiah 40:10-11). "He never grows weak or weary. . . . He gives power to the weak and strength to the powerless" (Isaiah 40:28-29).

Lift up your weary head and put your hope in God. For "those who trust in the Lord will find new strength. They will soar high on wings like eagles. They will run and not grow weary. They will walk and not faint"

Important websites:

Kairos of Texas: [www.kairostexas.org](http://www.kairostexas.org)

KPMI: [www.mykairos.org](http://www.mykairos.org)

