

Our Continuing Mission Focuses On . . .

“Serving God’s Servants”



VISIT OUR WEB SITE: www.eaglesummitministry.org

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PRAY FOR OUR SERVICE MEN AND WOMEN AS THEY SACRIFICE FOR OUR FREEDOM. IN OUR BUSY LIVES, IT IS EASY TO FORGET THEY ARE SERVING FOR US. PRAY FOR THEIR SAFETY AND PROTECTION AS THEY FACE CONFLICT, SEPARATION AND EMOTIONAL CHALLENGES WE CANNOT IMAGINE. “GREATER LOVE HAS NO MAN THAN THIS THAT A MAN WOULD LAY DOWN HIS LIFE FOR ANOTHER.”

Where We’ve Been, What We’ve Been Up to & Where We’re Headed Next . . .

January 20—Banks Lake Bible Church, Electric City, WA
January 27 / February 24—Elk Community Church, Elk, WA
February 18 / March 18—Mending Fences Fellowship, Spokane, WA
March 2—ESM Board Meeting, New Hope Bible Church, Spokane Valley
June 2, 9, 16, 23, 30—Country Bible Church, Dusty, WA
July 14-18 / 21-24—Cocolalla Lake Bible Camp, Cocolalla, WA



We Are Available for Pulpit Supply, Even on Short Notice.

Need a speaker for a creative outreach program, AWANA or Kid’s Clubs, Sunday School, Family Camp, Teen or Kid’s camps or other special events? Contact us. We are here to serve.

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Eagle Summit Ministry

CHALLENGING & ENCOURAGING
small and rural churches
and their pastors.
FRESH ideas
prayer PARTNERING
Family get-aways
preaching, teaching & training



Our 23rd Year of Serving

Volume 23 Number 2

STRIVING TO SERVE GOD’S SERVANTS

MARCH/APRIL 2019



My brother, Kenneth W. Allen ended his earthy challenges in the early morning hours of Tuesday, February 12, 2019. This is written to honor his memory. Sargent Allen served two combat tours in Vietnam, was a P.O.W. for a time and served our nation with honor. He was awarded two Purple Hearts and the Army Air Medal for heroism and meritorious achievement. After twenty-four years in the Army, he also served nearly twenty years as a deputy with the Santa Clara County Sheriff’s Office. He struggled with PTSD and health problems from agent-orange. The following is an article originally written in 1966 as a token of love, honor and respect for Ken and his service. It was originally printed in our hometown newspaper.

The Chillirollhe Bulletin

CHILLICOTHE, ILLINOIS, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1966

“HE SERVES IN MY PLACE”

By George Hippe

A jet airliner had completed a routine flight from Eastern Asia to the United States. Landing in Los Angeles, the passengers exited silently. It was not an unusual number of people awaiting the arrival of the plane, but among the crowd was a woman who in a sense represented many of the American people.

From the plane stepped a well-built young man in military uniform who had just completed a six month tour in Vietnam. He was thankful for life. God had spared him for some reason. It was good to set foot once again in a free land. Suddenly, the woman in the crowd shouted, “You ought to be ashamed of yourself for killing those little kids over there!”

It hurt deeply to hear such a comment from an American. Yes, he had heard correctly; it was not a dream. Staring into the face of the hate-filled woman, he found himself momentarily at a loss for words. He then responded, “Lady, if it wasn’t for people like you, we wouldn’t have to be over there.” The woman stood speechless as Sergeant Allen slowly walked away.

Tears came to his eyes as he recalled the many friends he had seen killed by his side. He remembered the time that he had been one of two survivors who made it out of a downed chopper. **(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)**

He had risked his life for seemingly nothing. He knew that he would have to return to fight again, but how could he, knowing his own countrymen were against him.

Constantly haunted by these thoughts, he was sent back to Vietnam. It was now February 1966 and a seemingly routine mission through the rice paddies of the low lands was ordered. Search and Destroy! Suddenly in the early morning light, machine gun bullets spattered mud and water into the air and three G.I.'s fell. Immediately, the 120 men of B Company were in a battle for their lives. Lying face down in the mire, the soldiers were completely unprotected from the crossfire of enemy bullets. For two hours they fought. Endless waves of Viet Cong were pouring over the hill not more than 100 yards in front of them. It seemed hopeless. Ammunition was low and no help could arrive for several hours. The enemy dead were actually piled one on top of the other. Still there were others to take their places.

Fifteen minutes later, the enemy was combing the paddy, shooting the wounded, to make certain of their death. Sergeant Allen lay unconscious, beneath the body of a fallen comrade. Ken had been shot twice by machine gun fire. For many, hand-to-hand combat followed before the end. For a day and a half, Ken lay in the filth and stench of death, unable to move. Finally, our troops were able to get into the area to search for survivors. There were three men who had made it without a scratch, and several more found seriously wounded. Among the wounded was Sergeant Allen. The others were dead.

This was all in the line of duty. The doctors didn't think Ken was going to live, but God spared him to fight again, to be wounded a second time and ordered to the front again. Now, he is home, but his orders will carry him back on the battlefield for at least another year. I do not understand how he has been able serve our nation after the way his countrymen treated our troops in Vietnam. Only God can supply the courage and determination needed to not only fight the enemy, but also people at home. It makes no sense.

Through this war, my brother has learned many important lessons, of which I feel I am a part. He has learned that life is sacred and that all men must share death. The writer of the book of Hebrews stated it this way, "It is appointed to man once to die and after this the judgment." This is a sobering thought, especially when death is everywhere. Only because of personal faith in Jesus Christ, can Ken testify that has survived.



He has learned that whether in the rice paddies of Vietnam or on the street corners of Chillicothe, Illinois, the only one who can offer true peace is the Lord Jesus Christ. Only by personal acceptance of Christ as Savior can a person be assured of eternal life after death. It is the Lord Jesus Christ who has taken our place on the Cross of sin. Jesus said, "I am the way, the truth and the life, no man comes to the Father, but through Me."

OUR BARNABAS FUND NEEDS RESUPPLIED

"Barnabas" was a nickname meaning "Son of Encouragement" (Acts 4:36) given to a man named Joseph. This Bible character was so encouraging that BARNABAS became his name. What a legacy. What an example to follow. What would people nickname you? The purpose of our Barnabas Fund is to encourage pastors, their families or others in ministry. That encouragement may be through a meal, a gift to help in a family emergency, vehicle repair expenses, medical expenses or assistance with other needs that may arise. At this time we have just over \$100 in that account. If you are able and impressed by God to do so, anything extra you can give to this fund will be used wisely to bless God's servants. We can only meet needs as God uses you to supply. Thank you for prayerfully considering giving. We have recently helped with:

- *Travel expenses for the death of a parent
- *Pastor's fellowship dinner
- *Medical expenses



Thoughts about Diane . . . Nothing Left

This is the first time in over twenty years Diane has been unable to write a newsletter article. I have told her often that she is the main reason many read our ESM newsletter. We have received countless notes of thanks for her articles. I have to pay her extra to write them. 🙌😊 This time you must hear from me for her. At this moment it is overwhelming to put the burden on her to write an article. She sat down to write this morning and fell asleep. She is exhausted. She has nothing left. We need your prayers. She does not know I am writing this. When she finds out she will be upset with me (for a moment) that I am sharing this with you. Too bad.



I have told Diane that I feel my prayers are selfish. I want her well. I want her health restored. I know God is a miracle working God and He is good all the time. He knows tomorrow. I don't. At this time, God has chosen not to restore health. Paul prayed three times for God to remove his "thorn in the flesh" and God said, "No, My grace is sufficient." We have considered that as well. Many of you have prayed with us for healing, for restored health. God appears to have another plan. Learning what it means that God's grace is sufficient is a good lesson to understand.

I would love to share with you that her health has greatly improved, but that is not the case. As of the writing of this letter (Tuesday, February 26th), she is struggling with extreme fatigue, radical weight loss and decreased lung function. We saw the pulmonologist yesterday, and he ordered another blood test, chest x-rays and a sputum test which she has to retake. The doctor saw something in the first test that he must confirm. At this point we do not know what that means. When we were with Doctor Naylor yesterday, he also said that he might have to contact the infectious disease doctor again and that Diane might have to go back on a PIC line. At that point she broke down. That is the last thing she wanted to hear. She said that she feels worthless. She is so concerned that she is putting an extra burden on me.

Against her wishes, I did get the paper work for a handicapped parking permit and acquired that today. Diane's health has required, beside asthma medication, the use of two machines that keep her breathing. She must use these three or four times daily to just maintain. One machine is a dual nebulizer that supplies medication to her lungs. The other machine is a custom fitted vest that pulsates and compresses the lungs to keep fluids loose. This has actually helped. These treatments keep her home bound. Her latest trip to the doctor was her second time out in weeks.

We await further test results to know what steps to take next. We need your prayer for wisdom, peace, an extra supply of God's grace, physical strength and God's encouragement. At this moment, she is physically and emotionally very weak. If you would like to reach Diane via email, you can connect with her at diane@eaglesummitministry.org That is the best way to connect with her at this time, or through notes at our mailing address which is on the front of this newsletter. Because of breathing issues, her phone conversations are limited and if you call, she may be doing a treatment and cannot answer, but if you are so lead, her cell is 509.979.5476. **THANK YOU FOR KNEELING WITH US.**



She did not want me to take this picture, but I did it anyway.