

Chapter 06-The Holy Spirit Rediscovered

Preface:



In the summer of 1975 I was sitting on the front porch when two friends came to talk to me about running for political office. After they left, I sat there I pondered their request, and a recent chain of events, and the Holy Spirit was rediscovered that day.

The Holy Spirit, Rediscovered

On an ordinary day, on the front steps of an ordinary house, I would rediscover the Holy Spirit. This day would be the beginning of a long, and continuing journey with the Holy Spirit.

During the 4th of July holiday in 1974 our family moved to a house in Hudson after living in the Cedar Falls Country Terrace Mobile Home Court for 3 years. After nine years of marriage and two children, we had finally been able to save enough money for the mandatory 20% downpayment for a home loan. We purchased a home with a large yard, a garage, and a workshop. While we were living at Country Terrace, I had joined the local Jaycee chapter in Hudson and Maxine had joined the LBJ's (The Ladies Behind the Jaycee's). We were both very active. The Jaycee's and the LBJ's were community service organizations and were well respected by the community. Both were also politically active in Hudson. Hudson was growing rapidly and there were some growing pains in the town. The Jaycee's sponsored meet the candidates nights for city council and school board elections. We also wrote letters to the editor to insure the public was informed about various controversial political activities in the community.

After moving to Hudson, things seemed to be going well for Maxine, me, and our family. I had occasional thoughts about someday running for city council and trying to help make Hudson a better place to live. During the summer of 1975 I was sitting on the front porch when Jerry Evens and Jim Gallery stopped. I thought it was just about some more Jaycee activity. However, they had stopped to ask me to run for the city council. I was somewhat taken back by the request. Something I was considering for the future was knocking at my door. They were also going to ask another Jaycee, Roger Pigg, to run for the other seat on the council.

New housing development was in full progress in Hudson and there were controversial issues about the infrastructure associated with the development. There were also issues with improving the recreational opportunities in Hudson. Many of us felt the "old guys" on the council (you know those guys over 50) were not listening to the opinions of the young people in town (you know, those of us in our 20's and 30's).

As I sat there thinking about it, I became amazed at what was happening. I concluded the Holy Spirit was at work and a few days later I agreed to run for a city council seat.

I had been raised with my father's philosophy that no one gives you anything. Everything you get comes from hard and sustained work by yourself; no one will help you; no one will ever give you anything. However, here I sat on the front porch thinking about all the good things that were

happening to Maxine and me. I realized that good things were happening faster than I planned. Some of the good things were way beyond what I could produce through my effort and hard work. Surely it was the Holy Spirit at work. There was no earthly reason all of the good stuff was happening and happening way ahead of my schedule.

So on an ordinary summer day, on an ordinary front porch, the Holy Spirit was rediscovered to be at work in the journey of life for Maxine and me. Amazing is the only way to describe the feeling.

Roger Pigg and I were elected to the City Council that November as the result of an aggressive campaign by the Jaycee's and LBJ's. I was elected two more times and served six years as a city councilman. During my last term I also served as mayor pro-tem. I learned a lot about city politics. Much of what I learned would serve me well in my future endeavors on my job at John Deere and as a volunteer firefighter.

After 40 years, I can look back and see that serving as a city councilman was not a coincidence. It was planned by the Holy Spirit as part of my journey of life. It was an event that needed to occur to prepare me for things that would happen in the future. At age 71, I look back in amazement of the power and persistence of the Holy Spirit. The Holy Spirit guided me on the journey of life and prepared me for future events. Those future events were only known to the Holy Spirit. When they occurred, the Holy Spirit was there to guide me through them.

The Holy Spirit is involved in your life. You may not recognize it but the Holy Spirit is with you. Take time to pause and consider the Holy Spirit's involvement in your life. In this life of perpetual activity, plan some time for solitude and rediscover the Holy Spirit.