



KOCHERT KRONICLES-DECEMBER 2006

2220 North Slickrock Drive; Columbia, MO 65202

Available online at www.kochertkronicles.com

Email Addresses:

jamie@kochertkronicles.com

joseph@kochertkronicles.com

steve@kochertkronicles.com

ashleyj@kochertkronicles.com

sandy@kochertkronicles.com

The Year of Mordecai

Sorry, but most of this letter is devoted to the newest member of our family... **Mordecai Kahlil Warrick**. He was born December 31, 2005. (*Won't his 21st birthday be a blast?*) Anyway, he came into the world weighing in at 7 lbs 2 oz and 19 inches long. We have all adjusted to having another little one in the family.

Sandy and Jamie are providing tag team daycare duties while Ashley works. This could not have been possible without Jamie's returning to her old job at REDI. Her boss, Bernie has been very flexible with her scheduling. And, the addition has been good for Sandy. She is certainly kept busy with her crossing guard duties and Mordecai.

While his arrival was totally unexpected, we know that God has a plan for this little one. We will do our best to aid him in finding God's purpose for his life. We ask for your prayers in accomplishing this task!

Ashley is adjusting to motherhood, working and schoolwork. All of which can take their toll from time to time. Finishing her degree is taking a little longer, but we are confident that she will finish soon. She is also looking for a more challenging job...entering/changing addresses for 2-1/2 years at the University has lost its luster. Her address is 1612 Richardson, Apt. 5; Columbia, MO 65201; 573-529-0027.



Last year, we ask you...*do we look like grandparents?*

The answer is a resounding YES! We are grandparents in every sense of the word. It is so much nicer knowing that we don't really have to keep him. Although, we don't mind when he gets snowed in at our house. We are definitely more relaxed with him than we were with our own kids. And, we certainly find him funnier than our own kids. This love is more than we could ever have imagined!

Joseph continues to work at Downtown Appliance delivering and installing appliances.

And, he and Jenny are still together. Where this relationship is going, we don't know. But, they seem happy and that is what is important right now.

Jenny finished her degree this past year and has plans for grad school next year.

Whether Joseph follows her, we haven't a clue. We'll keep you posted!

Their address is 804 Moon Valley Rd, Apt. 6; Columbia, MO 65201; 573-874-8881



ON THE PET FRONT:



I know some of you will not think this is sad, but Franklin the snake has passed away. Joseph's not sure what happened, but he came home one day to find him gone. He is now buried at La Kocherosa next to Barney. We still have not seen a hint of Puss so we have to assume that she is gone also. And, we still miss Barney!

As for Bella, she has found a new friend in Mordecai.

FAVORITE PONDERING (written by Max Lucado)

The noise and bustle began earlier than usual in the village. As night gave way to dawn, people were already on the streets. Vendors were positioning themselves on the corners of the most heavily traveled avenues. Store owners were unlocking the doors to their shops. Children were awakened by the excited barking of the street dogs and the complaints of donkeys pulling carts.

The owner of the inn had awakened earlier than most in the town. After all, the inn was full, all the beds taken. Every available mat or blanket had been put to use. Soon all the customers would be stirring and there would be a lot of work to do.

One's imagination is kindled thinking about the conversation of the innkeeper and his family at the breakfast table. Did anyone mention the arrival of the young couple the night before? Did anyone ask about their welfare? Did anyone comment on the pregnancy of the girl on the donkey? Perhaps. Perhaps someone raised the subject. But, at best, it was raised, not discussed. There was nothing that novel about them. They were, possibly, one of several families turned away that night.

Besides, who had time to talk about them when there was so much excitement in the air? Augustus did the economy a favor when he decreed that a census should be taken. Who could remember when such commerce had hit the village?

No, it is doubtful that anyone mentioned the couple's arrival or wondered about the condition of the girl. They were too busy. The day was upon them. The day's bread had to be made. The morning's chores had to be done. There was too much to do to imagine that the impossible had occurred.

God entered the world as a baby.

Yet, were someone to chance upon the sheep stable on the outskirts of Bethlehem that morning, what a peculiar scene they would behold. The stable stinks like all stables do. The stench of urine, dung, and sheep reeks pungently in the air. The ground is hard, the hay scarce. Cobwebs cling to the ceiling and a mouse scurries across the dirt floor. A more lowly place of birth could not exist.

Off to one side sit a group of shepherds. They sit silently on the floor, perhaps perplexed, perhaps in awe, no doubt in amazement. Their night watch had been interrupted by an explosion of light from heaven and a symphony of angels. God goes to those who have time to hear him -- so on this cloudless night He went to simple shepherds.

Near the young mother sits the weary father. If anyone is dozing, he is. He can't remember the last time he sat down. And now that the excitement has subsided a bit, now that Mary and the baby are comfortable, he leans against the wall of the stable and feels his eyes grow heavy. He still hasn't figured it all out. The mystery event puzzles him. But he hasn't the energy to wrestle with the questions. What's important is that the baby is fine and that Mary is safe. As sleep comes he remembers the name the angel told him to use ... Jesus. "We will call him Jesus."

Wide awake is Mary. My, how young she looks! Her head rests on the soft leather of Joseph's saddle. The pain has been eclipsed by wonder. She looks into the face of the baby. Her son. Her Lord. His Majesty. At this point in history, the human being who best understands who God is and what He is doing is a teenage girl in a smelly stable. She can't take her eyes off him. Somehow Mary knows she is holding God. So this is He. She remembers the words of the angel. "His kingdom will never end."

He looks like anything but a king. His face is prunish and red. His cry, though strong and healthy, is still the helpless and piercing cry of a baby. And He is absolutely dependent upon Mary for his well-being.

Majesty in the midst of the mundane. Holiness in the filth of sheep manure and sweat. Divinity entering the world on the floor of a stable, through the womb of a teenager and in the presence of a carpenter.

She touches the face of the infant-God. How long was your journey! This baby had overlooked the universe. These rags keeping him warm were the robes of eternity. His golden throne room had been abandoned in favor of a dirty sheep pen. And the worshiping angels had been replaced with kind but bewildered shepherds.

Meanwhile, the city hums. The merchants are unaware that God has visited their planet. The innkeeper would never believe that he has just sent God into the cold. And the people would scoff at anyone who told them the Messiah lay in the arms of a teenager on the outskirts of their village. They were all too busy to consider the possibility.

Those who missed His Majesty's arrival that night missed it not because of evil acts or malice; no, they missed it because they simply weren't looking. Little has changed in the last two thousand years, has it?

May YOU take notice of His Majesty's arrival this Christmas!

Merry Christmas,

Steven, Jamie, Ashley, Joseph, Mordecai and Sandy
