



Unique Beauty

Today when we in the northern latitudes are locked in the deep-freeze which is winter, my mind wanders back a few years to warmer times. My archive of pictures brings to mind a day in the early fall when I was doing a little flight training with my son Jonathan, just as he was coming on board with my commercial charter flying company. We were familiarizing him with the many off-airport landing areas we were using as drop-off sites for outdoor enthusiasts.

The airplane pictured is our Ceugossna 185 on an off-airport site on the Avan River in the central Brooks Range of Alaska. In the Brooks Range of Alaska, which is all above 67 degrees north latitude, trees as we know

them become smaller and smaller and eventually cease to exist. Even though this area is rather drab sometimes of the year, there is a unique beauty. People, not from around here, tend to be surprised at the vibrant colors, and the majestic hues of the land.

A corollary to what I have noted is that the people who inhabit these northern climes are also unique. It becomes the task of those who seek to disseminate the gospel to learn the background of, to familiarize oneself with, and to appreciate the journey of these candidates for the kingdom. Pictured is of my wife Linda with Daphne Stein, a young lady who worked for us for several years on the occasion of her graduation from high school in Kotzebue.



Prayer Request & Project Need

God's project to grow and thrive in Alaska.

Scripture of the Month

Psalm 145:3 tells us, "Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised; and His greatness is unsearchable."

God bless you all,

Jim and Linda Kincaid



Jim Kincaid, and his wife, Linda, are your AWA Missionaries stationed at AWA's Alaska Mission Base

How Great Thou Art

O Lord my God, when I in awesome wonder,
Consider all the worlds Thy Hands have made;
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder,
Thy power throughout the universe displayed.

Refrain

Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee,
How great Thou art, how great Thou art.
Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee,
How great Thou art, how great Thou art!

When through the woods,
and forest glades I wander,
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees.
When I look down, from lofty mountain grandeur
And see the brook, and feel the gentle breeze.

(Refrain)

And when I think, that God, His Son not sparing;
Sent Him to die, I scarce can take it in;
That on the Cross, my burden gladly bearing,
He bled and died to take away my sin.

(Refrain)

When Christ shall come,
with shout of acclamation,
And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart.
Then I shall bow, in humble adoration,
And then proclaim:
"My God, how great Thou art!"

(Refrain)

—Carl Bobert