

A mysterious clattering noise woke me slowly from my sleep as I realized that the sound was of glass shaking under pounding fists. I listened to the noise at my window and door, drowsily calculating how much trouble I'd be in if I let my parents find a less refined way into the locked up house than simply walking through the front door. I smirked at the idea of them climbing through a window as I rolled to the side of my bed and picked up my phone.

Three in the morning...

With a sigh (or was it a yawn?) I rolled out of bed, tripped and nearly died over my dog, and let my family in through the front door. Grins, shouts, and lights filled the once quiet and dark house as they immediately tried to tell me about their trip to Minnesota, and something about driving through a Twilight Zone. But I was only conscious enough to know that I had to open the coffee shop in the morning.

And after giving them all a hug, and saying goodnight, I retreated once more into my bed. After two weeks of quiet, I had chaos in the house once more, and I was happy to have it back.

They had left two weeks prior on a Wednesday morning, leaving a cyclone trail behind them, and drove straight through Texas one day and drove the rest of the way to St. Paul Minnesota the next, where they were able to have lunch and visit with family. They were also able to meet a friendly couple, who were missionaries to Panama, and also visited their church: Memorial Drive. They were happy to see familiar faces, and also meet some new friendly faces as well. They were even invited to join some of the new people they had met for lunch.

After their time at Memorial Drive, they were able to attend a two day long Pastor's Conference at Duluth Bible Church. It was refreshing for them to have the fall colors, familiar faces, and fellowship! And while they were there, dad got an answer to prayer.

He had been wanting more training in ministry, and had been praying and looking into taking online seminary, and had recently bought a book on Biblical Preaching as well. He had heard about Duluth Bible Church's Grace Institute of Biblical Studies (or GIBS for short), but you had to go to the church in order to take the classes. While at the conference, he had heard that they were now offering the GIBS classes online, and he wanted to talk with the pastor's more about it. But because it was such a big conference, and they were probably busy, he didn't want to go and interrupt their conversations with other people/pastors.



But while sitting with his Biblical Preaching book, a woman approached him and asked him if he was taking the GIBS program, because the book he had was the same one that they use in the program. As they continued to talk, she lead him to another man, and they talked for a while about different materials for learning Greek, which lead to the man leading dad to one of the teachers of the GIBS program, providing him with the perfect opportunity to ask about applying for the program. Even though the program had already started, dad was able to apply and was later accepted into the program!

After the Pastoral Conference, they were able to stay for a few days in Duluth to attend part of the Believer's conference before returning to the cities to visit with family some more. After visiting a day or two more, they headed back down to Texas, arriving at three in the morning on a Tuesday where they proceeded to pound on the glass of my bedroom window.

After returning to Texas, life continued on it's crazy-busy course. Sam began taking a Drama class and started learning Violin. Joe continues to play in Orchestra while also taking a Spanish Conversation class with mom and dad. Dad got back to work on campus again while also taking the online GIBS program. All the while Mom has been trying to keep up and keep organized with school, Bible studies, and the house.

Meanwhile, I've started playing guitar in church, have recently finished writing my Proposal Letter for my book so that it's prepared to start sending to publishing houses once I hear back from my Beta Readers. I've also been helping in the coffee shop for a couple of weeks, and have gotten to know some of the students better, not to mention invent new crazy drinks (which I will have to tell you more about in a later letter, as this one is getting rather long).

Please continue to keep us in your prayers, as we could really use it. Especially as we are all trying to get readjusted into life again.

And I would also like to thank you all for praying for us, and also thank those who had visited and helped our family during their trip to Minnesota!

*Kay Valley*

(on behalf of the Valley Family)