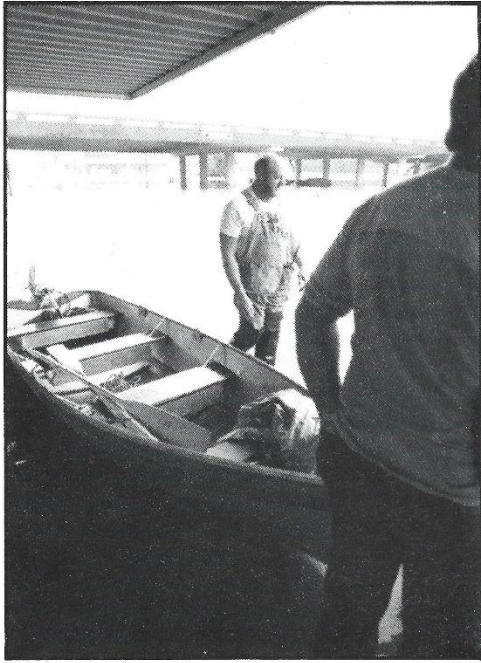


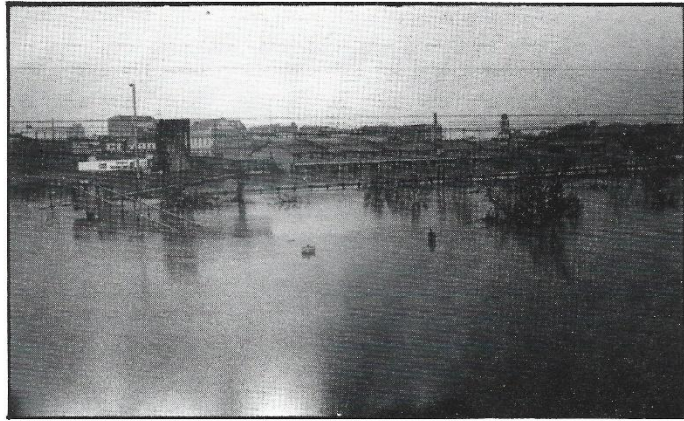
Clean Up



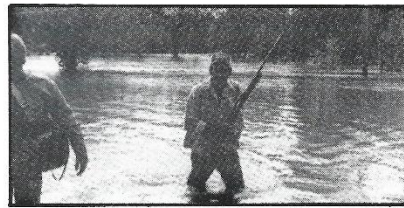
John Findley 45-5



Ray Brecheisen 52-10-3



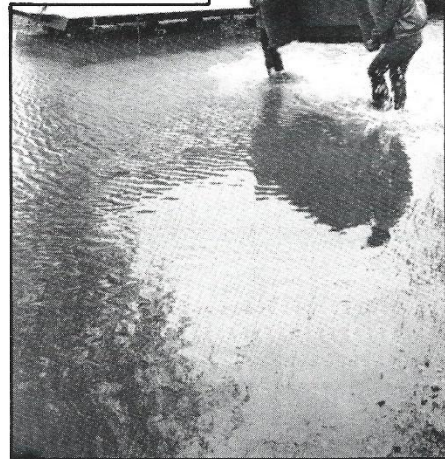
Larry Daly 39-3



Jerry Simmons 02-3



Ray Brecheisen 52-10-9



Ray Brecheisen 52-11-3A



John Findley 45-8



John Findley 45-9

"Thy Grace Is Sufficient for Me"

Joyce Cowen

On October 3, 1986, I received an early wake-up call—I believe it was God telling me there was work to do. At 4 A.M., I woke up to rain, and wind and the sound of water. We were in the midst of a flood—then, as now, it didn't seem real. My husband and I waded water from our back door waist-deep in night's darkness carrying our three daughters. The girls kept asking for assurances about Noah and the flood. "God promised he wouldn't send another really bad flood, didn't he?"

When daylight finally came, we found ourselves safe with Brad's parents. We had no real idea as to how high the water was reaching. No matter what would follow, our most loved and valuable things were safe—our family.

Later that morning David Garwood came by with his fishing boat wanting to know if we wanted to go to the house. Still we had no concept of a flood, of what lay before us. Fortunately, God only gave us small portions to handle—never big doses.

The rain was coming slowly. We had already waded in and out of water. Still, it was a bit unreal to us. As we neared the house, the water was just under the guttering of our lower roof. But as we boated around to the back, the situation hit us full force. Dad jumped from the boat to the patio. He went completely under water, all 6'1" of him. He came up thrashing out of the water as he swam to open the back doors.

A feeling close to panic came over me as I had an unbelievable urge to scream as loudly as I could. The tension in my throat seemed like I was strangling. The tears flowed freely. I opened my mouth to scream, but instead came, "Thy grace is sufficient for me." Over and over and over I repeated it. Brad thought I was going into hysterics.

I remember Dad's pain in his eyes saying, "Joyce, you shouldn't be here, you shouldn't see this." Oh, but yes, I should! I wanted to be there! This was my home—part of my life!

Somehow that verse—its repetition began to sink in. When I learned it, where I learned it, where it is in the Bible—I have no idea. It doesn't matter, because it calmed me and gave me strength. Strength from God. The rest of the day was total chaos as we moved in with Brad's parents.

At 2:00 A.M. the next morning I awoke, alert and thinking constantly. I went downstairs and found my father-in-law's Bible. I began reading in James. God simply opened my heart as passage after passage filled my needs and supplied so many answers. The more I studied, I could feel the panic and weight lifting. Strength and confidence were put in their place. The Psalmist writes, "He giveth me a song in the night." Well, that's exactly what I was given. A song that would carry me through the long ordeal ahead.

God supplied our needs in such exciting ways. There is no way to list everything. God only gave us as much burden as we could carry at one time, then followed up with a scripture, an insight or act of love to strengthen us for the next burden.

For instance, the Red Cross told us that we would have to throw away our home canned goods because of bacteria. I had 300-400 jars of food. In tears and depression I began dumping and dumping my food. Without being asked, my mother came to help and share the task.

Within a few days, the Lord prompted people to give food to replenish my store. We received at least 10-12 cases of can-

ned food. Whitesides' was having a Libby's 5/\$1 sale. No coincidence, God's hand.

I worried about meeting some of our immediate needs and the burden we were putting on our parents. Strangely enough, the matter of shampoo and laundry soap kept bugging me. God prompted my mother to bring a box of Bold and three bottles of shampoo to us. I had not voiced this concern to anyone. The shampoo was the very brand that my mother-in-law had in her cabinet!

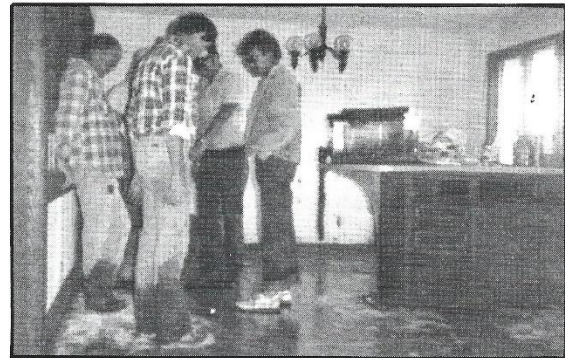
Money was a problem that we had to face. But God solved it for us. The love gifts were unbelievable! A church in Arkansas, church members, the church, the Methodist Church, the Red Cross, money from a city worker who gave us his flood overtime check. God provided through it all.

The actual work at the house was another God-given blessing. The loving friends, Christian family made it easier. Decisions had to be made, advice sought, guidance given lovingly and willingly. We cut a hole in the wall, it was dry insulation! Things weren't as bad as we believed! We could handle that!

A week later, the walls began to crumble and turn to mush. They would not be spared and would have to be torn down to the studs. Why the hope? Just to be knocked down? No. The answer came in a still quiet voice. The Holy Spirit reminded me of more childhood learned scripture, "God will never allow you to be tempted beyond your strength." A week ago, we were not strong enough to handle seeing our home ripped with crowbars, hammers and saws. It was heart-wrenching to be there watching. I kept wanting to run to get away but I was transfixed there. Again, the Holy Spirit kept talking "This is not YOUR house, it's mine. You and Brad are only the caretakers. Your home is what you carried through the flood in your arms—NOT this structure."

Yes, God knew. All the destruction and devastation was there. But we were given only as much as we could take. He always provided us the love and strength we needed at the very times when despair threatened. It was not luck or coincidence. It was the answer to prayers, prayers, prayers. We were blessed by so many loving petitions on our behalf by many persons who didn't even know us.

God supplies our needs—from an early wake-up call to a song in the night, to three bottles of shampoo and so much more!



Teresa Cowen 65-9

Editor's Note: I received Mrs. Cowen's story after the pictures of their house were placed on other pages of the book.



Near Hiway 54 & 69.

Topeka Capital-Journal 61-2-84

The flood of '86
had a lot of people up in the air.



Virgil Hall 30-6 11 C

A Muddy Flood

Ann Meara

It was cool.

It was neat.

It was ugly.

It was stinky.

It smelled like a dead fish.

My backyard was ugly.

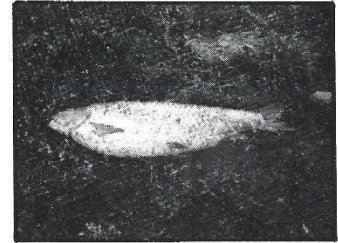
Even our car smelled like a dead cat was in there.

Our backyard was a flood, it was, it was.

Oh brother, not the flood.

The water was freezing!

Almost the whole town was flooded!



Kathy Rost 46-1