

HOPE FOR THE FAMILY

AROUND the FIRE

SPRING 2014

RESCUE the Equine ★ MENTOR the Child ★ HOPE for the Family ★ EMPOWER the Ministry

Every Day Holds the Possibility of a Miracle

BY SCOTT GWIN

"I want to see a miracle." This uttered in the deep places of my shallow heart as I read my Bible and wonder at the blind receiving their sight, the sick being healed, and the dead being raised. This is what I want to experience. I want to see awe on people's faces. I want to see the sun stop. I want to see waters part. I want to see a miracle!

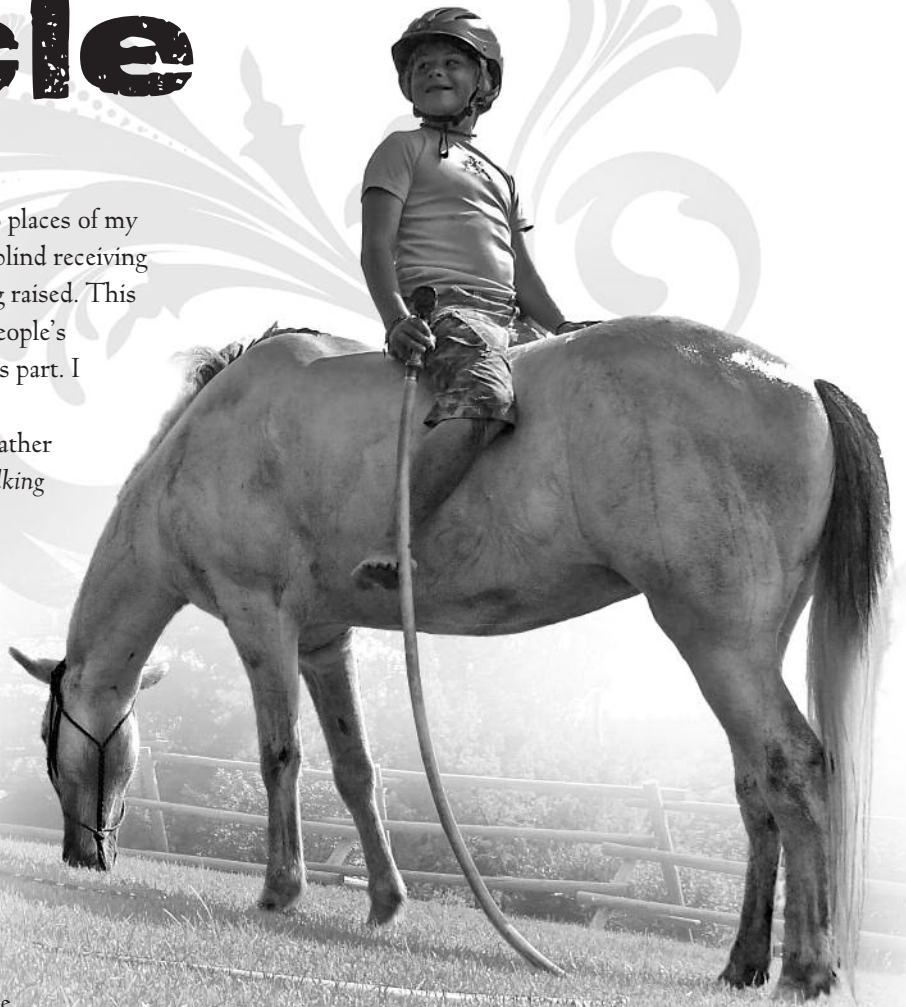
"Open your eyes, My son," is what my Heavenly Father whispers. "Look, over there. You see that young boy walking up the driveway? Watch. The miracle you want to see is starting in him."

It's just another normal day at the ranch.

"What's his story?" I ask another staff member. I wonder at this young man with the fuzzy mop of blond hair and a gleam in the blue of his eyes.

He trudges up the hill with the other boys. None of them live at home. Behavioral issues or drug and alcohol abuse have sent them all to a residential treatment facility. He is the smallest of the bunch. At 12 years old and not yet 5 feet tall, he is dwarfed by the others.

"He is the most destructive kid that the residence has ever known," is the response. "He has done more damage than anyone, ever, at the house." The look of shock on my face is blessedly covered by greeting the boys with a firm handshake.



This little man chooses to ride Elska. A small fuzzy horse for a small fuzzy boy. She is the smallest of our herd, but the gleam in her eye makes her size of little consequence. A feisty spirit helps her hold her own with the other horses just fine.

"She is from Iceland." I tell him. "She is imperfect, so they sent her away." There is no response, just an identifying sigh, and time goes by.

Weeks pass. We talk about life. We talk about choices, character qualities, Bible story heroes, and he asks to ride the same little horse every time. Her feisty side never comes out when she is with him. His rage never surfaces when he is with her. I get letters from his supervisors at the house saying what a wonderful impact the ranch has had.

I wonder and wait to see a miracle.

Elska becomes a better horse. He now rides her without using a saddle, and the reins are left on her neck. Due to his quiet, relentless persistence for the horse that he loves, he doesn't need them anymore. He has taught her through the weeks to turn when he looks in a given direction, to stop when he shifts his weight back, and for the most part she is listening.

He is becoming a better man. His supervisors tell me he will be ready to go home soon. He says that he is a Christian, because he wants to live the way that Jesus lived. He is praying. God is nudging, and for the most part he is listening.

Did you see it? The miracle, I mean. It came and went just like that. He taught Elska what he, himself, was learning—to listen and follow well. This young boy will go home a different person than he was. Not because of me, not because of a horse, and not because of the wonderful job that everyone does here.

Just because of the quiet, relentless persistence of Jesus for the heart of a young boy that He loves.

No drama.

No theatrics.

No explosions and fireworks.

"You're right again, Heavenly Father. This is the miracle I wanted to see. Thank You."

THE GIVING GARDEN

BY KIM MEEDER

Hope for the family.

Genuine hope only comes from one place—Jesus. The hope He offers is like water. It flows down to the deepest places of our hearts—the places where pain tries to hide—and it heals.

From our beginning 19 years ago, Hope for the Family—the hope of Jesus—has been one of the four pillars upon which Crystal Peaks Youth Ranch was founded. Throughout our history the vehicle upon which Christ's hope travels has quietly and purposely transformed to fill the immediate need of each individual family.

Sometimes hope comes in the form of heavy winter coats, boots, snow tires and firewood. Other times it looks like a paid power bill, school supplies or a gas card. Often it comes in an envelope filled with an encouraging note and a handful of grocery vouchers. Always, it comes through the speaking and sharing of God's Word and prayer.

But for 2014, our Almighty Lord is doing something new. With the addition of 51 acres of farmland—with **real** soil—instead of giving hurting families help to **BUY** their own food, we will be planting much of the West Ranch and teaching families how to **GROW** their own food!



"The rain and snow come down from the heavens and stay on the ground to water the earth. They cause the grain to grow, producing seed for the farmer and bread for the hungry. It is the same with My word. I send it out, and it always produces fruit. It will accomplish all I want it to, and it will prosper everywhere I send it" (Isaiah 55:10-11, NLT)



Katie Jacobsen Photography

As we move forward in this exciting new direction, favor has accompanied every step. Our volunteer teams have joined into a powerful work force that is rebuilding the property. Recently, 109 apple trees were donated and approximately 100 more fruit trees will be purchased at a greatly reduced price. Soon, 400 blueberry bushes will be on their way, along with a significant planting of raspberries, asparagus and other perennial food sources. Four new hives of bees will be moved to live a full life among the orchards and new garden area.

Plans for a 24' by 144' greenhouse have been drawn along with a giant garden area plotted out in the shape of a wagon wheel. At least one acre is being set aside for a potato patch, and a canning station and storage spud shed are already under construction. Pack by pack, our heirloom seed bank is slowly being filled.

Together, we look forward to this coming season with mighty

anticipation of how these new additions will lend further support to our ranch families. It's our desire that through these new venues we will be able to better equip anyone—who doesn't mind getting their hands dirty—with a productive way to better provide for their family.

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It is our prayer that the new "Giving Garden" will add another tangible dimension toward providing "Hope for the Family," the living hope of Jesus Christ.



THE HOMECOMING

BY JUDY JEFFERY



When I was a little girl I remember the voices of moms and dads calling my friends home in the evening. Some would shout, “It’s time to come home!” Others would whistle and one family even rang a dinner bell. When my boys came along, I made sure they heard my voice calling them “loud and clear” to come inside and gather around our dinner table. Perhaps in a subconscious way, I knew that every time we joined around the table for supper as a family—between us—hope was strengthened.

I loved standing on the deck summoning the boys home and watching as they bailed off of the rope swing or scurried out from under a fence. They would slam the front door as they ran into the house setting every picture frame askew! It is amazing to me how powerful the memories of these *homecomings* remain.

Three years ago I was invited to become a part of the ranch staff to support its speaking ministry. In scheduling events, handling details and traveling with Kim I quickly realized that these tasks are only a small part of the whole experience. The call to minister as a witness of Jesus Christ and link arms with this dear friend is an honor I never take for granted. As the Lord draws Kim more and more to step away from the borders of the ranch to speak, we both have a clear understanding that this calling is profound—because each is an opportunity to impact hearts toward redemption.

One particular speaking engagement we attended recently comes to mind. Kim delivered a challenge to “Wake Up” out of spiritual complacency, and to repent of any sin preventing one from serving Jesus wholeheartedly. Toward the end of this message she reiterated what God had spoken to her. “This is My land! I gave My Son to redeem it and the enemy is stealing from Me. He is attacking My families and killing My children. I AM DONE! It is time to TAKE BACK the land of your hearts, your families, your communities and this nation for righteousness sake!” I watched my friend fall to her knees and raise her arms toward Heaven and pray,

“Oh Jesus, will You come now. Will You fill every heart that is lifted up to You. Will You redeem...” Suddenly, in the middle of her prayer, a loud cry echoed through the room.

A desperate heart cried out in total, soul-wrenching surrender to Jesus Christ.

After a long journey of wandering in sin, a young man named Daniel yielded to the call of the Redeemer. As we gathered around him to pray, his story poured out. Over the years he had, choice by choice, walked into a trap of the evil one. Slowly, he’d become entangled in a pattern of sin. One from which it is humanly impossible to return.



“And while he was still a long distance away, his father saw him coming. Filled with love and compassion, He ran to his son, embraced him, and kissed him. . . We must celebrate with a feast, for this son of mine was dead and has now returned to life. He was lost, but now he is found” (Luke 15:20b, 23b, 24a; NLT)

Mournful wails continued to flow, the depth of his past sin and depravity wracked his body, bending him nearly double as he choked, sweated and sobbed. The small group around Daniel encouraged him as he confessed, stronghold after stronghold, each collapsing under the mighty weight of the grace, power and love of God.

After his time of prayer, struggle and confession Daniel’s whole countenance calmed. Pulling a tiny bottle of oil out of her pocket, Kim anointed him and prayed over a young man that once was lost, but was now drawing in deep breaths of new-found freedom. Released from the weight of his sin, Daniel stood up and beamed like a son who’d just returned home to the loving embrace of his Father.

Someone in the group asked him what was next in his life. Daniel responded with shining eyes, “I’m going home!”

While I don’t know the outcome of his return to his earthly father, Kim and I were deeply blessed to witness his homecoming with his Heavenly Father. Another beloved child . . . made it home.

As it was with the Prodigal son in Luke 15:11-32, we are all loved by God Almighty. He patiently sits on His Throne watching and waiting. Sometimes, I imagine Him standing at the threshold of Heaven beckoning those who would hear His call—to run home. When we turn and come to the sound of His voice, God sees us from afar and *He runs to us*. With a mighty embrace, He draws in those who will leave their life of sin and run to Him. For each He places the robe of Christ’s righteousness across their shoulders and welcomes them into His eternal home. It is within this Heavenly family that someday, everyone who’s answered His call will sit around the dinner table. Once and for all—hope for the family—will be forever complete.

“And while he was still a long distance away, his father saw him coming. Filled with love and compassion, He ran to his son, embraced him, and kissed him. . . We must celebrate with a feast, for this son of

mine was dead and has now returned to life. He was lost, but now he is found” (Luke 15:20b, 23b, 24a; NLT).

A Simple Prayer:

Heavenly Father, Your word says You are waiting for me to turn to You. I know it doesn’t matter if my sin is an attitude, a stronghold or blatant rebellion. There is no sin too small or too great that You aren’t willing to forgive. When I run from You, the direction I’m going will only bring death. It’s the wrong way! Because redemption comes as quickly as my choice is made to run to You—I choose life in You over *all* else. Today I choose to walk away from my sin and turn toward You. Thank You Father! Thank You for seeing me from afar. Thank You for never taking Your eyes off me. Thank You for saving me. The truth that You are running toward me with an embrace will forever humble me to remain in You.

In Jesus’ name. Amen.

♥ The Heart of a Giver ♥

BY AMY NAEGELI



I heard the front door close quietly, followed by slow, timid footsteps up the office stairs. A bashful face peeked above the partition and asked, “Is Amy here?” I jumped out of my chair. “Over here!” I called in a friendly tone. I wanted to let this battle weary, single mother know that she was welcome and in a safe place.

After she sat, her eyes dropped downward toward her shoes, giving evidence that she wasn’t used to drawing attention to herself. Quietly, I laid an envelope in her trembling hands. In a soft voice I told her that she could open it now or later, the decision was up to her. She paused for a moment, took a deep breath and then began to cautiously tear away at the seam. Once she realized what was tucked inside, she tightly closed her eyes and pressed the envelope to her chest. Her appearance was one of utter gratitude. Clearly, this gift was going to make a difference.



This year I was given a significant opportunity to be the delivery person on behalf of a wonderful non-profit organization called “The Glen Gives.” This group of generous residents in “Awbrey Glen and Awbrey Butte” come together every year. Their combined goal is to raise money for hundreds of Central Oregon families—families that they will never see or know firsthand. The dedicated members of The Glen Gives fundraise and collect donations throughout the year. These financial gifts are then disbursed by other organizations, like Crystal Peaks, giving families hope during the Christmas season.

I was honored to receive grateful

accolades that really didn’t belong to me. I received hugs of joy from one mother as she gushed in excitement over the possibility of having a fun movie night at home with her kids. I saw the relief on another mom’s face as she shared that she would be able to purchase new gifts, instead of piecing together hand-me-downs. Yet, I had done nothing. It was the *heart of the giver* that had blessed these families.

Because of this sweet process, I started thinking about myself as a giver. Nothing I have is really mine. Everything I own, everything I have to share or give away, has come from Jesus. He is the giver of my life, He is the giver of my salvation, and He is the giver of my hope.

Often when I make a donation, show a kind gesture, or pray for someone, there are times when my flesh seeks some form of recognition. However, this is not how Jesus gave. I read in His Word and often hear in my heart, Jesus whispering, “*It is more blessed to give than to receive.*”

The gospel of Matthew 6:1 (NLT) states, “Watch out! Don’t do your good deeds publicly, to be admired by others, for you will lose the reward from your Father in heaven.”

I see a clear picture of Matthew 6 being imitated by The Glen Gives. I also see many other humble supporters of the ranch giving without demand for recognition. Giving for the sake of compassion. Giving for the promotion of the hope of Jesus.

I am deeply grateful for the beautiful example each supporter has been over the years. With what the Lord has impressed on their hearts to give, I’m moved by the quiet ways they’ve blessed the ranch families. From warm, crocheted hats to valued horse tack, even the tiny bag of coins from a lemonade stand; THESE are the gifts that the Lord blesses and stretches for His good purpose. No gift goes unnoticed by the King.

If the deep gratitude of previously desperate parents could be contained—if the rare unabashed smile of a broken hearted child of divorce, could be captured—if the sigh of a horse that knows it will never suffer again could be embraced—if all could be combined in a gift... I believe Jesus would give it to all of those who support this ranch.



THE WEST RANCH

BY TROY MEEDER

HOPE for the Family, RESCUE the Equine, MENTOR the Child, EMPOWER new Ministries.

These are the pillars that make up the cornerstone values of Crystal Peaks Youth Ranch. Before any decision to move forward is made, each idea is bathed in prayer and washed through these foundational values. By doing such, we assure we're remaining faithful to our humble beginnings.

The acquisition of the West Ranch is no different.

Many have asked if Crystal Peaks' programming will be moved to the West Ranch. After much prayer, the answer is 'no.' The original 8.9-acre cinder pit is a constant visual reminder of the complete redemption Jesus provides. Once barren and unusable, the property now thrives in support of children, horses and families. This service will not change.

What the additional 51 acres will supply to our four foundational pillars is this:

Hope for the Family. The West Ranch will allow more room for our thriving Barn Fellowship, as well as Leadership Conferences, Clinics and large family oriented events. We're fervently praying over what the Lord has been clearly speaking to us... sustainability. The new property allows for vast opportunities in farming, food production and storage. All who come to sow, tend and reap will share in the harvest.

Rescue the Equine. Thankfully, we now have more room to offer rescue for horses in need. In addition we're seeking to work more closely with Bend Equine Medical Center, Deschutes County Sheriff's Department, Oregon Department of Fish and Wildlife, The Haven Humane Society and others in the assistance needed for equine rescue. More acreage also provides needed space to retire our equine counselors, horses who've faithfully served this ministry over the past 19 years.

Mentor the Child. The additional facility provides limitless possibilities for programs designed to assist our kids. Our staff is working hard to create new opportunities, some of which include a mentor/horse program, work/skill training, hands-on sustainability programs, and advanced horsemanship clinics.

Empower the Ministry. The HUGE onsite 48 x 160 foot barn is nearly an unwritten page. When considering the remodel of this fantastic old dairy barn, we're excited by the limitless options the Lord will apply within the global ministry outreach. Our longstanding prayer has been to no longer be inhibited by space when we gather.

With great passion and assurance we reach forward into what's to come. We've been strengthened by the vast provision of our King. The West Ranch is like clay in the hands of our Lord... and we can't wait to see what He's going to do next!

**"No eye has seen, no ear has heard, and no mind has imagined
what God has prepared for those who love Him"**

(1 Cor. 2:9, NLT).

*Yes! I would like to shoulder with
Crystal Peaks Youth Ranch to support
children, horses and families in need.*

Please use my donation for:

- ☐ Where it is needed most
- ☐ Rescue the Equine
- ☐ Mentor the Child
- ☐ Hope for the Family
- ☐ Empower the Ministry

Payment Method:

A check payable to Crystal Peaks Youth Ranch or CPYR for \$ _____

Send donations to: Crystal Peaks Youth Ranch,
19344 Innes Market Road, Bend OR 97701.

You can also make your donation at
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MARK YOUR CALENDARS FOR THE 2014 CLINICS

The 2014 Information Clinic will be held June 4-7.
Registration will open online on January 15, 2014.

The 2014 Leadership Conference will be held May 21-24 and is open by invitation only to those who have completed our application process and are active Similar Ministries.

We invite you to prayerfully consider joining us for one of these inspiring events. Call our office at 541-330-0123 or e-mail similarministries@cpyr.org with any questions.

ONE CHILD,
ONE HORSE,
ONE LEADER
AND
ONE LORD
OF ALL!



**Crystal Peaks Youth Ranch opens for riding
sessions March 24, 2014**

If you happen to be in our area, we invite you to call the ranch office to schedule tours or riding visits.

We are looking forward to seeing you soon!

541-330-0123