

# MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM THE HARMSWORTHS

*This month, our youngest staffer and daughter, Betsy (18 yrs.), writes the newsletter to close 2007.*

Swaying cheerfully in the wet Washington weather, the colorful Christmas lights lining the porch rail outside are one of the small reminders that this is CHRISTMAS TIME!!! And what a year this has been! So many new sights, miracles, and encounters have been added to my life journal.

Sitting around the paper-strewn living room last Christmas, with Charlie Brown Christmas music jazzin' in the background, I had no idea we would soon be packing and moving to begin a new life on Whidbey Island. Our house sold in the unbelievably short time of three days, and in the remaining 30 days before our required exodus, our gracious friends, relatives, and neighbors began gathering 'round to help us. I tried to imagine that this was only a mission trip (the "all is unknown" feeling was quite similar).

Driving our hillbilly-stuffed cars away from my favorite (and longest-lived -in) childhood home headed for an unknown land inhabited by



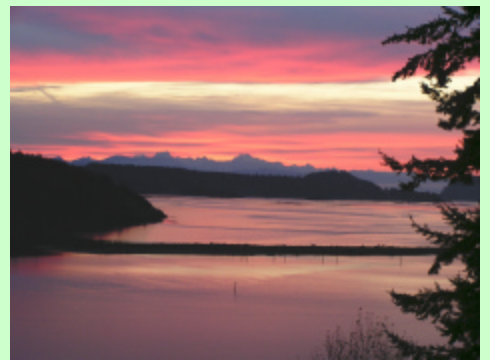
unknown people was a really strange experience. There were times when I was excited to be starting over, yet walking with the same God; and other moments I just wished we could be like other "normal" Americans who live, work, have money and friends that don't think they're lunatics.

Trundling off the good, ol' Klickitat ferry on the other side, with almost all ties to Port Townsend now severed, was like staggering out of a gloomy room into the brilliant, spring sunshine! At first it was awkward and unsure, and then the Christian family in Anacortes warmly embraced us. As weary and thirsty sojourners, we were met by fresh, enthusiastic believers.

It wasn't long before the Harmsworth family soon began to get to know people, and our story and names were known throughout the church community. Yet the longing for our own home was always burning in our hearts (why weren't we content to just live *with* people, I ask myself?) By the grace of God, it drove us together as a family, and that was one of the closest, most together-in-prayer-and-pursuit seasons that I can ever remember. It was more than *Mom and Dad* looking for a house for us, *them* praying and seeking the Lord, always *them* testing and searching—we together sought His face and asked, knocked, inquired, prayed, looked...and He answered (2 ½ months later than we had planned)!

It is astounding how quickly we forget, though, isn't it? When we get to the other side of the bridge, we can scarcely recall how scary and flimsy the crossing really felt. Though it doesn't sound very good, I must admit that having traversed the down-in-the-valley passage, I can remember only in *theory* how tiring the journey was, and I wonder why I made such a big deal about it!

The end of the story may not be over quite yet, but the Good Lord did come through—again, isn't that amazing?! Despite my times of doubt and complaining, He brought us to this big, beautiful house and swept the curtains wide so we could see His masterpiece spreading beyond our huge windows.



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Having blessed us with space and a view beyond our capacity to fully enjoy, the loving Father continues to lead many exhausted and discouraged travelers to this home, and that long-awaited vision that has been ablaze in Mom and Dad's hearts for years is finally becoming a reality! Helping them fulfill their dream of ministering and encouraging people has been a huge blessing to me, as well.

I feel extremely blessed to be a part of this family, and this year has been one of those great adventures that I'm not sure I will ever understand.

Much to my delight, both of my tropics-traveling siblings will soon be coming home for Christmas! These last 2 months, with my best friend and sister gone, have been a lonely time for me.

Yes, it has been an exciting, stretching year. Maybe I won't ever see everything that was involved, and maybe nobody else will ever understand its significance either. Still, I want to thank ya'll for being the most amazing friends, family, prayer warriors, Noble Maritime supporters, encouragers, and loving friends ever! Thank you for sticking with us even when it seemed crazy. When I grow up and become a nutty,...I mean enthusiastic, God-following missionary, I definitely want supporters like you!

Thanks and Merry Berry Christmas,

Betsy



### ***In case you're wondering...***

- ✎ We're still waiting for that \$2 million in order to pursue the boat part of His vision.
- ✎ The responsibility of caretaking the *Pelican* is being given to Dad in January.
- ✎ Dad could use prayer for grace and skill in finalizing the business plan for managing the *Pelican* (By the way, he has prophetically re-named our ship "*Noble Quest*".)
- ✎ Any additional monthly supporters would greatly relieve the pressure on God to do monthly miracles. ☺
- ✎ The all-new, 16 week Prayer Ministry seminar/training begins January 8<sup>th</sup>, 2008! We are praying blessings on that development.

### ***P.S.***

Last Sunday afternoon we enjoyed 40+ guests who came to our new home for an open house/Christmas party shindig (which went great—Mom did an amazing job hosting). One of our visitors was Norma (see Aug. newsletter), and we learned that she and her husband just "happen" to be Christians! How amazing that God positioned her just perfectly in order to meet us and be instrumental in us getting this house!

Tax-deductible donations may be made to:

Noble Maritime Ministries  
PO Box 1224  
Anacortes, WA 98221  
or online at [www.noblemaritime.com](http://www.noblemaritime.com)  
see "PayPal" at bottom of Home Page

***We would be encouraged to hear from you:***  
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