



Lorna Tatomir tells a true story of God's loving intervention to bring about a very happy ending!

*"You've made an old man cry," he said and went on to tell me a sad little story of relatives and contacts lost in the passing of time and family his-*



Lorna is a gifted story teller to all ages. Here she holds the attention of a group of children at a CLCC summer program now known as "Surf's Up!"

We were still fairly new to CLCC when we signed up to help out with the summer VBS held in the old gym at the base of the Bible College where our future church was to stand. In preparation for the new church building , the youth leaders had been clearing out the long vacated storage shelves of the of the old Bible Campgrounds on the property.

As a child I had attended just such campgrounds in other times and places and I could still smell the sawdust , hear the rattle of the tambourine and piano banging out "Power in the Blood" or "All to Jesus I Surrender" as a hush broke the pleas of the Preacher.

From the campground came a pile of old Bibles all dusty and worn and tossed in a big basket with a FREE sign posted on it. Summer camp that year had Bibles going in three different directions and I had an all too frequent habit of leaving my Bibles behind somewhere. In short we needed a few of those old dusty Bibles in the basket. On closer scrutiny a few of them had leather backings and onion skin pages and with a bit of work might prove serviceable. At least they might prove handy as backups. So at the end of the day I took a small pile home. One of them we had rebound and its pages looked a lot better except for a spark burns from some fifties campfire. A couple, just as I expected, never made it home from "Camp Watcha Leavethere" . Another got lost at church. Never to be found.

Finally afraid to take my last few decent Bibles anywhere I was down to the oldest and still dustiest one of the bunch. The Bible seemed to have its own personality. I would pick it up and it had a distinctly male feeling to it. It never really felt like it belonged to me. I would find myself putting it back on the shelf going ...the sign said Free. It just never had that cozy , comfortable feeling you get when you sit down with your own favorite study Bible.

One morning when I had a bit more time I sat down with the Bible convincing myself I would

break this one in and get past this silly idea that it was not mine and did not belong to me. "Hmm", I wonder WHO it does belong to? There was no name at the front of the book as it checked it for probably the 'enth time. "Okay I tried ", I mumbled to no one in particular.

I sat leafing through the marked pages and finally came to a family history page. There was a name. Not anybody I recognized. A first name last name and a Mothers name and a bit more. No number , no address , no location.. This must be fifty years old... or older...I thought to myself...I think the name was Bill C...I went to the telephone book and looked up that name.. There was one in the whole phone book.

"Here goes", I thought to myself... "They will think I am totally nuts". "Hi, my name is Lorna Tatomir and I have had an old used Bible come into my hands with a similar name to yours in it and I am trying to find the family it belongs to".

The man on the other end of the phone was more receptive then I expected. I read him the name and he gasped, "That's my grandfather. That's my Father!" Another gasp, "That's my Mother". There were more names all accompanied by these gasps of surprise on the other end of the phone.

"Would you like to come and pick it up?" I said.

"You've made an old man cry," he said and went on to tell me a sad little story of relatives and contacts lost in the passing of time and family history.

The man and his wife came to pick up the dusty old Bible that evening which I had cleaned up a bit for its trip home. We had a nice chat and from the talismans and clothing he was wearing I could tell he was on some kind of quest but not quite the same one as the man who had owned the Bible. I didn't get to know him well.

"This means so much to me .. you'll never know how much," said the big man choking back the tears and we, all total strangers, had a little hug before they drove away.

I knew somewhere on those campgrounds so many years ago some man had prayed for his family and it took over half a century for his prayers to be answered in the small miracle of returning a Bible to its home.

It was also a testimony to us, a point of remembrance to never forget that long before the new footings were in for our "new church", or the plans were drawn on the page, or even before the thoughts were placed on the hearts of the pastors and Leadership Council, prayer warriors from a half century ago had been on their face in the dust claiming this place for God. It is as a testimony to the prayerfulness of this place that we lay our foundations.

Lorna Tatomir

