

Mariann's Top "Thots of the Day": (distributed by Mikey's Funnies at youthspecialties.com)

- Keep your convictions, but don't let them keep you from others.
- I doubt. Therefore, I might be.
- I wonder how much deeper the ocean would be without sponges.
- Wife to husband: "This Christmas, let's give each other sensible gifts, like ties and fur coats."

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In just eleven short months...

Has it really been eleven months since the last Ohana Letter? Well, we're going to have to put an end to that streak of void.

Here's a quick summary of some points of interest between January and October, 2003:

January, 2003, brought along 8 more months of a youth ministry and everything else internship at Hope Chapel North Shore

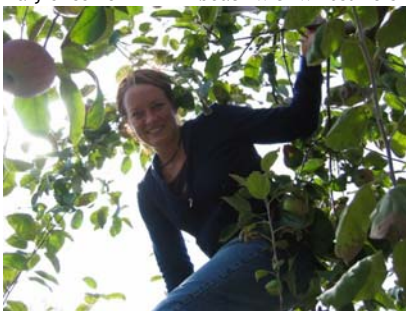
(HCNS). I continued to be blessed by the company of the greatest Christians ever, at our growing family of believers in the heart of the renovated pineapple cannery.

Ever heard of *Blue Crush*? My two good friends Nicole and Leslie and I officially began our own personal version of *Blue Crush*. We love sun, love talking on the water, and sometimes even catch a wave or two. That's right...I'm surfing!

July 2003 brought the best summer camp ever. Imagine flying on a puddle jumper across the ocean to island of Moloka'i, ocean kayaking, playing paintball, mountain biking, swimming in the ocean: high school

summer camp, Hawai'iian style!

Two weddings and a turtle! On July 7, my roommate Nicole got married to her fiancé Riki on the beach with windsurfers in the



back-ground. The most beautiful wedding I had ever seen... Then on August 4, Kathy and Nate got married

and I was a bridesmaid in the most glamorous, quaint garden wedding you could ever imagine. Both weddings were the best examples of the body of Christ functioning together that I have ever experienced. After the second wedding, John and Martine Carbonaro offered their new house as a wedding reception location for my own wedding next summer. I'm considering accepting the offer...but I'll have to see who the husband is first.

:-)



Where do people that live on Maui go for vacation? Mainland-ho! I was blessed with most of August in Wisconsin and Michigan, hanging out with my family, visiting friends I haven't seen in years, and biking with chimpanzees at the Milwaukee County Zoo! Not only did I get to see people, but also my first glimpse of snow in ages as I drove through a sleet and hail storm on a trip circumferencing Lake Michigan.

Catch that? That's right, I live here now. As of October 15, 2003, I'm a fulltime employee of HCNS. What do I do? The job is two-fold:

- 1) I figure out what people are passionate about, what they're good at, and help them make it happen: as a good friend phrases it, a Dream Catcher.
- 2) I create experiences that help make people open up and understand the love of God.

Catching a few dreams and showing God's love. A great way to spend the day...

MARIANN'S OHANA LETTER

OHANA: Hawai'iian for family. Yet it means so much more than what is written in most Hawai'iian dictionaries: family. In Hawai'i, when a person speaks of "ohana", he or she is referring to all those people that are an intricately important component of the person he or she has become.

The Joys an OHANA LETTER Can Bring to You

My comrade Jefta challenged me to keeping in better contact with my Ohana that cares for me, supports me, and loves me from across almost every ocean that God has created, as well as from right next door.

A few days ago I found myself contemplating the amount of time that I spend e-mailing individual written and pictorial accounts of what happens in my day-to-day life.

I really enjoy writing them, and with the line of work that I'm in, the stories just keep on coming! What better way to combine the

two than in a newsletter?

You can expect either a newsletter (PDF file) or a web link to one in your e-mail inbox every 2-4 weeks.

I promise this to each of you: a bit of laughter, story-telling, and the real life of what happens behind the "Portrait of Paradise" Maui that God's given me the privilege of living in.

I ask only this in return: your continued prayers for the work that God has called me to do here.

Please share this with anyone who would appreciate it, or would continue to pray for Maui and me. God's created us for His pleasure.

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Youth Worship Concert

I'm not cut out for this, I told myself. I don't have that ministerial flair. I don't have a pastoral voice. I'm not an orator. I look too young. I'm so tired...."

NOTABLE QUOTABLE

-from *Fresh Wind, Fresh Fire*, about the early days of Jim Cymbala, pastor of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, then 20 members, now six thousand

I dream in music. I dream of playing music. I dream of talking to others in the one language that branches across all cultures, all ages, and all belief systems: the one common language of music.

On November 15, 2003, a rainy night in Haiku, and my bro's b-day, God blessed 7 of us from our church with the opportunity to do just that.

Hope Chapel North Shore was pleasantly overwhelmed with an inundation of 100 youth from all across the island of Maui. All ages, all cultures, and all societal backgrounds came together for the sole purpose of praising God through music.

The first band came from Lahainaluna High School (a 45 minute drive across the island), digging into some fun, upbeat songs that ended with an amazing production of a Spanish guitar flavored Spanish song, that was my personal illustration of the night of



worship. All hearts were driven to the heart of it all, right to God.

Then I got to have more fun than I ever have had as the HCNS band finished up the night with one of the most exciting hours of music that I have ever sang and played (acoustic guitar). I was blessed to see how God can combine talents with Dave Walters (vocals, hand drums and other toys), Gordon Miller (vocals, timbales, cowbell, and more...), Riki Roberts (drum set), Amber Parker (vocals), and Jefta Alberts (vocals, keyboards, and my personal tutor as one of the most amazing worship production minds I've ever met).

We all played and sang our hearts out. God taught me so much about leading music worship, and how it requires nothing more than a completely selfless, 100% humble heart. Wow. That was a lesson!

Music for God, all day, every day, would make me a really happy girl!

how music is a universal language, an amazing one for praising God, no matter what origin the actual words you are speaking!

Then the YWAM (Youth With A Mission) crew from 15 minutes away in Pa'ia dove into a beautifully driven, acoustical set of intense heart-searching

"You've never quite experienced Maui auto mechanics until you've fixed your exhaust system with a clothes hanger and a fork."

Accord, a House, and Food, oh my!: A Lesson in Provision

What do you do when you move to Maui to work at a church, and you just don't know how you're going to move along to the next paycheck, let alone move along to the store or the beach?

I pray. A lot. God answers. A lot.

The chaotic Sunday morning of October 26, 2003, Greg Jones came up to me and asked me to go check out the chair he and his wife Janet had put in the "white car out in back of the cannery" to see if it would go well at my place. I glanced in the back seat at the chair he'd described. It was perfect.

"Why did Greg hand me the keys to the car? All I needed to do was look in the window..." I saw the ribbon and card on the steering wheel.

Just 3 days before, I realized how

difficult it was to be available to people without the ability to get to them, and started praying for a car.

This brought me to the point of learning all about Maui the unlimited hoop-jumping available on Maui to anyone interested, all at the small cost of trying to register and own a car.



Two weeks later, I officially became the proud owner of a 1989 Honda

Accord, that totes along a surfboard really well.

I've also learned a lot about automobile rain proofing with Tupperware, bodyboards, and clear caulking (an element essential when you live in a semi-rainforest jungle climate zone) as well as the auto mechanics involved in an boot-legged exhaust system that was never intended for an '89 Honda. You've never quite experienced Maui auto mechanics until you've fixed your exhaust system with a clothes hanger and a fork.

An amazing studio apartment made beautiful and affordable by Alex & Stephanie Minor, endless meals, treats and goodies.

All God's faithfulness in answered prayer!

LITTLE-KNOWN FACT: The first 3 digits of a Ha'iku, Maui, phone number are "5-7-5", the same number of syllables in each of the lines of a the Japanese style of poetry called "Haiku."

Halloween...Hallelujah! It's a Jungle Safari!

The Halloween alternative to last a life time. Or at least a night!

Jungle Safari! 2003 came and went in a whirlwind of bamboo, palm



fronds, elephants and giraffes.

In one day (and few hours along the way) the entire church became a jungle, a place for me and my friends to come and play games, jump in a bouncy castle, sing silly songs, have

fun and eat candy! I mean, it was for the kids.

We had to keep reminding ourselves all night...



Hayride 2004

Whitewater Kayaking (I didn't know there were any rivers on Maui!)

My river-rat friends are probably wondering what class rivers we have on Maui. Well, the best "river" we have on Maui on a non-flood day, is roughly a class 1/2.

Saturday around noon I walked into the church office after a three-hour meeting to pick up a phone number and head down to Baldwin Beach Park for a leisurely run. Having just finished a 13-hour Friday and about to be in the office for the afternoon, then another meeting late into the night, before another crazy Sunday, I was looking for a moment of relaxation and solitude.

As I was about to leave the office, I heard the question, "Mariann, you want to go kayaking?" coming from Jefta, my cohort in crime, who was just finishing up his work for the day. "Sure," I said, remembering my trail-guiding days of canoes and kayaks, and the effortlessness required, even with 30 pavement-raised junior highers. This wasn't a bunch of Jr. Highers, just Jefta, athletic, no-fear, I-understand-waves windsurfer type. We'd kayaked before, and I had no worries.

Thirty minutes later, we had driven to

"The Point" in Ha'iku, hiked down a 200-foot cliff, and were standing at the water's edge deciding where to put in for a nice paddle.

We simply dropped the 2-person kayak down the 3-foot lava-rock ledge into the warm Maui water, jumped in after it, and we were off.

Armed complete with goggles on our faces so we could see through the water spray, we began paddling into 3-4 foot waves with a 20 foot head wind (typical North Shore Maui weather). 20 minutes later, we decided the original destination across the bay just wasn't going to make it happen, so we opted for a closer venue, a beautiful inlet, surrounded by palm trees and a black beach of lava rocks worked smooth by



40-Foot Waves breaking at "The Point" in Haiku. Fo' real... Only these were a week later.

the waves of unending northwest Pacific swells.

After stopping for some of the best North Shore snorkeling I've ever done, while trying to keep a small cut on my thumb from attracting various breeds of reef sharks, Jefta informed me it was time to get going so he could make his afternoon soccer game on time.

As we began paddling back to where we put in, I began to notice that something had happened since we had entered the water: the tide had come in. This typically isn't a huge problem unless the wave size increases at all. This time, it did. God's power through the waves is awesome!

We paddled up and down the shoreline, trying to find somewhere accessible to two people and a kayak. After many choruses of "we can make it in there" followed by, "no, we're not," we finally agreed to a small ledge.

God gently used a 5-foot wave to set all of us on the ledge, then when trying to secure the kayak, ripped me back into the ocean. After some help from fellow Ha'ikuers with the kayak, we traversed the cliff again, short of one small cut, unscathed.

Honestly, one of the top 10s in my adventure list, God loves chances to protect me, right?!? ;-)

"This typically isn't a huge problem unless the wave size increases at all. This time, it did."



A Maui-Style Thanksgiving: "Look Out, Mariann's Cooking!"

33 of the Hope Chapel North Shore family members gathered on Thanksgiving to devour a spread of food in less than an hour, larger than I see in my refrigerator over the course of a year.

What are some of the hot items for a Maui Thanksgiving? Coconut sautéed turkey? Contrary to popular belief, my sweet potato casserole and green bean casserole (courtesy of my mom's e-mailed recipes and Nicole and Riki's kitchen), fit right in with the traditional turkey and stuffing! Although, the star fruit in the fruit salad and the avocados for the guacamole were fresh-picked that morning!

Followed up by endless hands of Dutch Blitz, foosball (undefeated that day), some thanksgiving with my family via cell phone, and Ben Hur, it was a great day spent with my Maui family.



The Future Unfolds: SCET, Summer Missions Trip, Christmas Production

This has been a time of insanity trying to get through the holiday season. In the church business, the busiest time of the year happens between the beginning of November and the end of December. Amidst the craziness, the reality hits that, "something must come after New Year's."

Here's a brief glimpse of things that are in the works:

A live nativity Christmas production... inside the church! We're in process of

recruiting goats, chickens, lambs, and a donkey for Mary to ride on. We'll also have a Philippino, Dutch, and Hawai'ian Pidgin-speaking wise men. Our shepherds will be returning from the latest swell at Ho'okipa where the angel appeared to them as they were waiting for a killer set. (One of the shepherds is typing this right now...).

The SCET Project (Sports Clinic Evangelization Team) is starting up into full swing. Jefta is coordinating a team of us that will be bringing (Lord willing)

professional athletes to do sports clinics for the youth of Maui over their Spring Break in March. We're shooting for about 500 kids...

I've been talking with a friend of mine, Pastor Tim, on the Big Island about the possibility of a missions trip this summer. God put it on Brent's heart for our church to go to Thailand. Then Pastor Tim e-mailed me asking me if I was interested in joining their church to Thailand. I said, "Yes, our whole church is!" We'll see where it goes!

Information on any topic can be obtained (for a small price, cookies work well...) from the author at: MARIANN OLSON

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"God is faithful when we are faithless. He is love when our minds crave the world's hate. He is the truth when we choose to follow the lies."

-God Revealed, November 11, 2003

Singing Love Poetry

Have you ever been in love? Many of us have expressed that love, whether for a future spouse or a 3rd grade teacher, by writing love poetry.

Typical love poetry tends to begin in this manner: "You are beautiful. You are wonderful. You are so caring. You are the highlight of my life." (You can tell the depth of my love poetry...)

Then it goes on to follow something similar to: "I will never leave you. I will love you for the rest of my life. I will pluck the stars out of

the sky for you. I will give you my car."

There's a pattern there. You are _____. I will _____. Because you are _____, I will _____.

An outward, verbalized expression of love poetry can be one of the most vulnerable, soul-bearing, and unmasked expressions of love in a relationship.

Every time I sing a song of worship, that's what it is for me: a vulnerable, soul-bearing, and unmasked expression of my love for Him.

Because you are gave Your life for me and are eternally faithful, Lord, I will serve no other for the rest of my life.

That's what God has made worship music to be for me. Singing of love poetry.



Praise God! AKA: Look what God did!

Providing a car!

Providing good rent!

Plenty of people at Thanksgiving.

Waves for surfing.

Teaching me to surf.

Opening doors for Covenant Players Event.

God moving in many leadership's hearts.

God giving passion to those who follow Him.

An expression of love to the One who loves me most through words and music. I could not ask for a greater gift!

P.S. Anyone figure out the turtle?

Please Pray For:

My continued patience as I learn my role here.

Volunteers for the SCET Project.

A donkey for the Christmas Production.

Provision of finances to repay my various areas of debt.

Protection of our church.

Thailand missions trip details.

That God would transform my heart and continue to soften it day by day into one that is willing and open to hear even the slightest whisper of direction from Him.

Highlight on The Hallstens:

Brent, Terri, Ruthie, Karise, Bekah, Anna, Caleb, and Micah

How do they fit into my life?

Brent is the Pastor of Hope Chapel North Shore. We spend hour after hour everyday working in the same office, only 15 feet from each other. This sometimes results in the flying of stuffed animals and various pyrotechnics.

Terri is his wife, amazing mother of 6, and the one who asked me to play the bass at church and to lead worship at church for the first time. She is the woman supporting the man, leading a flock of sheep after God's heart in Ha'iku.

Their children are **Ruthie** (10), **Karise & Bekah** (Twins-7), **Anna** (6), **Caleb** (3), and **Micah** (20 mos.).

How did we meet?

I first met the Hallstens on September 7, 2002, when I set foot on Maui for the first time and encountered all 8 of them waiting for me at the baggage claim. Two weeks later, I finally learned each of their names...

What's my favorite Hallsten moment?

Okay, I'm cheating and giving two. 1) Spending the night in a tent with 5 other girls (4 under the age of 10) for Anna's birthday. 2) Every time I see how solid parenting makes having 6 kids not only a possibility, but a blessing to everyone they come in contact with.

How long have they lived on Maui?

18 yrs... [at print, unknown...]

Where did they grow up?

Brent: Minnesota and almost everywhere else

Terri: Illinois

Any good stories?

The true reason that the smoked turkey never quite made it to Thanksgiving dinner this year is because Brent decided against seat belting the grill that was finishing cooking the turkey in the van while



Clockwise from top: Brent, Terri, Ruthie, Bekah, Caleb, Anna, Karise, and Micah in the center.

they drove from their house in Makawao to church in Ha'iku. Why did the turkey cross the road? It ran for its life, gasping for oxygen as it plunged out of the smoke-filled Hallsten van.

My final words:

They have blessed my life more than I'd ever dreamed by taking me in as one of their own!