

KEY Notes

“From the rising of the sun to the place where it sets, the name of the Lord is to be praised.”

—*Psalm 113:3*

December 2017

Dear Friends,

It's a quiet Sunday evening and I'm sitting beside a dancing fire in our fireplace. The Christmas decorations are up and Katy is in her chair across the room working on email. Christmas music is playing on the stereo and figure skaters are gracefully gliding across the ice on the muted TV. This magic moment has given me the occasion to reflect on this past fall and to think about you! As I look for the right adjective to describe our lives these past few months, words such as “mercurial” (up and down), “inscrutable” (impossible to comprehend), “evocative” (producing strong feelings), and “peripatetic” (traveling from place to place) come to mind. But none of these terms quite fit and most of them send us scampering to find a dictionary! So rather than trying to *describe* the past few months, allow me to just share what we've done and where we've been by God's grace.



Katy at physical therapy



Dear friend Martha

Katy is making progress! Last spring, we had basically decided that her physical condition was not going to change and



We get priority parking!

our job was to find the grace to accept her crippled condition as permanent. However, through a series of God-orchestrated events



Katy and Josiah (grandson)



Katy on a girl date with friends



Katy and sweet Jen



Key Cousins

(friends to help, a change of diet, new therapeutic strategies, and divine infusions of healing grace), Katy is stronger and improvement is real. Though she is still unable to walk without assistance or stay alone in the house, she is progressing in a way that causes us to have hope once again. Though full recovery is unlikely, it is wonderful to again project goals and dream dreams.



Alaskan cruise



Asbury University Fall Revival



Salem Camp Meeting (MS)

My travel schedule has never been busier or more fulfilling than this fall. Unfortunately, Katy was unable to accompany me on most of these trips. I marvel at the opportunities God has given me and how he has helped me to preach his gospel in a wide variety of settings and locations:

1. Served as Bible teacher for a group of doctors with CMDA (Christian Medical and Dental Association) on an Alaska cruise (August).
2. Taught three lessons on suffering to a group of leaders of medical missions in Charlotte, NC (September).
3. Preached the fall revival at Asbury University in Wilmore, KY (September).
4. Attended the board meeting for Sammy Tippitt Ministries in San Antonio, TX (September).
5. Preached at St. Andrew's Anglican church in Frankfort, KY (September).
6. Preached Salem Camp Meeting near Lucedale, MS (October).
7. Officiated at a wedding for dear friends in Wilmore, KY (October).
8. Served as Bible teacher for a conference of dentists and their spouses near Vail, CO (October).
9. Taught an intensive, college-level class on preaching in Greenwood, IN (November).
10. Attended the board meeting for Pan African Academy of Christian Surgeons in Chicago, IL (November).



Dentist Retreat (Vail, CO)



Young Speakers Gathering



Camp Meeting Presidents Gathering

11. Helped provide leadership for three conferences hosted by FAS in November and December for:

- Rising young preachers and teachers.
- Presidents of 20 different camp meetings.
- Our own team of FAS speakers.

I've also been busy providing administrative direction for FAS. This fall, we have added staff and taken important steps to move us closer to an overall strategic plan for the organization.

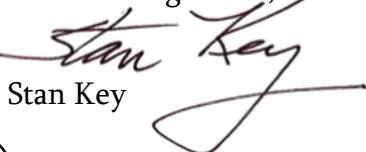
In November, Katy and I travelled to Dublin, GA, to visit my 95-year-old dad. For several months, he had been in declining health and we knew that his days were numbered. My two sisters, who also live at a distance from my dad, were able to join us for a special time together. On December 8, I got an early morning message informing us that he had stepped into heaven peacefully in his sleep. His funeral will be on December 18. What a godly legacy he leaves us and how grateful we are for his love and influence through the years.

Ironically, as I was receiving the news of my father's death Friday morning, we began to receive texts from our son-in-law informing us that Sarah had just given birth to our seventh grandchild, Tucker Daniel Aukerman (9 lbs, 9 oz.)! We are so thankful that mother and baby are doing well.

How comforting it is to remember that Jesus fully identifies with every sorrow and every joy, with every loss and every gain. He understands! He has experienced every thing we have experienced, and more—except sin (Hebrews 4:15). Christmas means that our Redeemer has come; he is Emmanuel, God with us. His presence turns our darkness into light, our desert into a garden, and our sadness into gladness.

Once again, Katy and I want you to know how grateful we are for your love, your prayers and your financial support. We simply could not do what we do—we could not be who we are—without you!

In the strong Name,


Stan Key



Stan with his dad and two sisters



Dad and Uncle Billy



Dad with great-granddaughter



Dad and Anna



Sarah and Adam with our newest grandson





Is that a sunrise or a sunset? Is it a picture of a bright new day full of hope and promise? Or is it the announcement that work is over and day is done? It's interesting how similar the two opposite realities appear to the untrained eye. It's easy to be confused. The journey of our lives in recent months has been full of realities that Katy and I haven't quite known how to interpret. Is this a sunset or a sunrise? Is this an ending or a new beginning? To find the right words to express our thoughts requires an ability I don't have. Poetry is a better medium for expressing the inexpressible. May this poem by George Herbert inspire and encourage you, even as it has done so for us.

THE DAWNING

By George Herbert (1593–1633)

*A WAKE, sad heart, whom sorrow ever drowns;
Take up thine eyes, which feed on earth;
Unfold thy forehead, gathered into frowns;
Thy Savior comes, and with Him mirth:
 Awake, awake,
And with a thankful heart His comforts take.
 But thou dost still lament, and pine, and cry,
 And feel His death, but not His victory.

Arise, sad heart; if thou dost not withstand,
 Christ's resurrection thine may be;
Do not by hanging down break from the hand
 Which, as it riseth, raiseth thee:
 Arise, Arise;
And with His burial linen dry thine eyes.
 Christ left His grave-clothes, that we might, when grief
 Draws tears or blood, not want a handkerchief.*

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