

THE H PPENING

An Annual Easter Publication - "The Village Years"
By Todd Osterei, E.B.



Kessie-Klan family of kids;

The hardest part of my job is not placing Easter baskets along my path, or getting my team to read the computer stats for how many M&M's, Reese's, or Cadbury creams we need. The hardest part is when the children leave The Village. That's why most of my letters are spent talking about what happens here, because I love my kids, and we make great memories together! I have a wonderful memory; rabbits typically do, so when I get sad I remember things such as; Amanda taking her lunch across the cafeteria to sit with Alice, who was by herself. Amanda found somebody everyday that needed a friendly face and a smile. The Café' is now called, *Mandy's Tray*. I remember Becca stitching up Josiah's knee when he slid into home during The Village World Series (they didn't know each other, she was just the nurse assigned to the game. She kissed the stitches after she finished and Josiah looked at me and mouthed, "*I think I'm in love!*"). I remember the twins taking a bottle of magical sand from The Dream Weaver Factory and mixing it in the snow machine at the Christmas Eve party. Santa overslept and about didn't get the presents delivered. We all delivered them, as all hands were on deck, that early morning! And we can't forget Canaan who played Cinderella and lead the Easter Parade all the way from Lollipop Blvd to Lose Tooth Junction. Nobody ever twirled a baton that long before. I remember Jared when he was an elementary school crossing guard. I walked out of *Hares to You* one morning and he told me he should give a jaywalking ticket to a group of girls, but can't. I asked, "why?". His reply was "*Moriah is in the group and she's the most beautiful girl I've ever seen!*" I asked him what he was going to do about it? He said, "*I'm just a second grader and she's a senior, she will never go out with me.*" Then there was The Village Tennis Open, where the finals in the men's singles were being played by Keenan and Jaden Agassi. Chelsea and Hannah were in the bleachers watching, when the supports broke and the bleachers started falling. Trevor was coming through the park and kicked his skateboard up on its side as a makeshift support. Several injuries and a few deaths were possible if not for his quick thinking. Hannah was overheard saying, "*My Hero!*" One last one, everyone would stand in awe as Gunner played his drum solo from the Central Park Pavilion, every year for 10 years, during the Fall Festival of Lights. His sticks are shadowboxed and on display at City Hall.

I feel everyone here has done their part to train them to become what God has planned for them. Sometimes the plan is a mystery. Sometimes we don't have answers to the questions, and yes many times I cry myself to sleep at night not knowing, but I trust God. I had the privilege of spending twenty years with your newest baby. Let me tell you about him. To say he was well liked is an understatement! The line of visitors saying goodbye to him at the nursery stretched from Stork Landing to Licorice Lane. He had curly red hair and so very handsome. He was a runner, liked to play the guitar and write a little music. He preferred long walks on the beach and cucumber in his water. Never met a stranger, just a friend he didn't know yet. His compassion was immense, and he began a training school teaching thousands who enrolled how to walk in purity. By his 17th birthday he opened an educational facility at the old *Baker's Mill Reservoir called Teens Helping Each Other*. The Campus is known as *T.H.E.O. Lake*, (an acronym for the founder). Currently there is a satellite campus in every burrow with 150 leaders that carry on his vision. People don't have a memory of time spent here, but when their spirit has been taught, that lasts a lifetime. I really miss him!

I want to share a story I've wanted to share for years now. This may shed some light on how decisions are made concerning where children are placed, but again we don't personally make those choices, somebody much higher does. In January I was walking through The Village and stepped inside City Hall to re-read the plaque that Titus and Liam got when they saved the girl from the chocolate vat accident. You all remember the story I am sure, but to recap, a small girl was putting our secret recipe into the chocolate during the final mixing process and slipped off the catwalk and fell into the large 10,000-gallon drum. Liam was leading a tour of new recruits through the factory at the time and quickly climbed the steps to the catwalk and did an Olympic dive straight towards the little girl and brought her to the surface. He treaded "chocolate" while another little boy got lowered to help pull them out. Yada, yada, yada, Titus came along with his muscles and pulled all three to safety. Liam got a chocolate addiction, Canaan got her prayers answered and Titus discovered his strengths! Ever wonder why over the years I keep telling this story? You'll be interested in knowing the names of the other two children. Recently, when I was at Moriah's wedding (*I was hiding in the trees and saw everything*) I smiled as I looked at Jared's children – they are about the same age as they were when this story took place. As I stood there looking at the picture and reading the plaque, which I have read to my senior students during orientation each year for a little over 20 years now, I began to weep at the mighty hand of God and how He weaves even the smallest details together. The little girl that worked the catwalks that afternoon was 10-year old Ava and the boy that bravely had himself lowered to rescue the two was 11-year old Elijah. They were sent to the same family to become brother and sister after they left The Village. As we know, all involved in that miraculous event are now family on Earth. As Paul Harvey would say, "*Now you know the rest of the story, -good day!*"

There are a few little ones preparing to leave the nursery for your homes. When they get this small, Drake places a wristband on them, so they don't get mixed up. So many volunteers in here holding them and caring for them, that mistakes could happen. We don't just come in one morning and they are gone, we know when it's time, and we hold them until they close their eyes and we watch for a big smile to come on their face (*that's when they hear their Daddy's voice and feel their Mommy's heart beating*), well, that's when we let them go. *I am pretty sure it's Chelsea & Keenan's granddaughter that is chief of staff in the nursery, because she looks just like Chelsea*. She was the last one to kiss Theodore.

Love you all and remember that this weekend we celebrate the resurrection of Jesus. He loves you more than I do, and that's very hard for me to understand, but He does.



Todd

P.S.

I've been asked in the past to allow others to post things in my letters. Charity "*The Tooth Fairy*", although we aren't great friends, always asks if she can put a word or two in. I am reluctant, because she won't let me screen her content. The answer has always been "No!", but this year, for somebody special, I made an exception. Enjoy~

Hello my name is \$%#@! (*Blocked by Boris*). Todd says this is the best way to speak with all of you at once. I cannot believe I have the opportunity to say something to such an influential family. Popi, you invented the curriculum that helps train children in their giftings over 75 years ago. When I arrived in The Village the buzz was "*the chocolate incident*" and that famous family! So many exciting stories that are linked to the Kessie's in some way have been shared for decades, that I feel like I know you already. If you are lucky enough to be placed among them, it's like winning a sweepstakes. Well, I won the lottery I guess. I absolutely cannot wait to meet each and every one of you! I'll do my best to make it during daylight hours, but no guarantees. *My Dad gets a tax credit and I get a new family. - Not sure Todd will let me talk about Christmas time in his Easter letter, but that's when we will meet. See you then.*

Love,

The next to tug on your hearts