

# Watermark/Denmark 2005-06 Journal

**Date:** 9/27/2005

**Submitted by:** Mary Weinauer

**Journal Entry:**



**Mary Weinauer**

This is the first journal of the year! Wow! It's been a month and a half now, and there is so much to write about. But mostly I want to talk about how incredible it has been to already grow so much as a team! It's amazing to think we have only known each other for six weeks—crazy, in fact. The bonding time we have had is incredible, whether it is playing Frisbee (which we do a lot), telling stories, playing music, worshipping, or having training on how to be the best team we can be, we have formed friendships that are so thrilling. I can't explain how awesome it is to be greeted each morning with a smile from each of my other six teammates; their smiles are so sincere and loving! I am just so thankful for them; I am so blessed to be on Watermark-Denmark with so many wonderful people who have their foundation built on Jesus Christ. God is truly amazing in that He knows what is best for us all the time, and with that knowledge, I find myself in such a peaceful state of mind. Regardless of all the new things in my life, I am adjusting so fantastically because of the love and support of God and how He is working through all of us. It feels so right to be here; thanks, God, for always knowing what is best for all of us!

But really, I guess I should write about something more specific that has happened. This morning, we woke up fairly early, and after a later night with our host family, the fairly early seemed much earlier than expected. We met Lois (we call our trailer Lois) at the church and had an awesome devotion where we wrote down all the names for God. Then we read passages from the Bible that referred to the many names of God, including Judge, Lover, and Savior. We now have the list on the ceiling of Stan (the name of our van) so we can be reminded of all the ways God acts in our lives. Then we left the church after saying goodbye to our contacts and host families and were on our way, fully equipped with awesome snacks and a cooler! We had a great time in the van on the way to a camp where we will be staying for the next few days as we take care of some business, as we have a week-long on-the-road training session. Upon arrival, we found our cabins and headed into town for groceries and some food—yeah, some of us are always hungry. We ate at the Eat and Park (much like a Perkins); it was great—an amazing salad bar with vegetarian soup options! Sweet! Then we had bonding time as we sat around talking. Time for more food as we headed to get groceries. Josh, Søren, and I stayed with Stan the Van and worked on some songs for our time of worship that evening. It was so great to look at old praise songs and get excited to sing and worship the Lord as a team. But before we had worship time that evening, we had a session on the love languages and how we give and receive love. It was so interesting to see how we are all different but also have similarities, and to think of how we can best serve each other by acknowledging each other's love languages. (The love languages are Quality Time, Receiving Gifts, Acts of Service, Physical Touch, and Words of Affirmation, just to give you an idea.) So that was cool, and then we had awesome praise and worship time where we just sang through old songs, new songs, songs from friends, but always a song to praise our Lord. For me, I get goosebumps listening to, playing, or singing music, so when it is about God, it's that much better, and just hearing all of our voices together creating cool harmonies and watching each other's faces, I could really feel God's presence. We were ministering to each other and we didn't even know it, just praising and worshipping God, being in His presence, and seeing the light in each other. Wow, what an awesome way to end a beautiful day. Thank you, Lord, for all You do, always!

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**Date:** 9/28/2005

**Submitted by:** Kirby Schultz

**Journal Entry:**

Hey! Well isn't this exciting! My first journal for Watermark Denmark. Ok, well, the United States of America is such a crazy place. For one, they do not have Tim-Tams in every food store (sad face), and, well, they drive on a "different" side of the road. But I must say that absolutely everyone I have met has been totally awesome. The generosity and love shown to me, a little Aussie, is amazing. I have been to host homes with basements! A whole living area underground!

While we were at training, I have been really fascinated with the wildlife. When I say wildlife, I don't mean lions and tigers and bears, oh no. I mean little chipmunks and squirrels! Oh, they are so cute! When I walk around and see them, I "freeze" and just watch them slowly approach the tree I am close to. Then they come around to the other side and sniff me to see if I would harm them. I have on one or two occasions tried to talk like them and to them, but I think my dialect is a little off because they don't seem to respond too well to my chit chat! But don't worry--I will continue to practice my wildlife conversations.

At the moment we are at a beautiful camp called Sequota, which is in the lovely Pennsylvania. There are many beautiful walking trails, not that I have walked them, but the pictures look great! We head over to Lewisburg tomorrow, which will be exciting as we will be passing through Amish country! The Amish live a very simple life, devoted to God. I have been surprised to notice that their form of transport is still a horse and buggy. I would be really scared to drive one of those things on a busy highway, but I have seen some there. Our programs are going really great. And my lovely sound board and I are becoming really great friends. For those of you who know me back in Australia, you will be surprised to know that I am singing in front of people! It has been a little daunting, but I am really loving this experience. The Lord is already testing me with opportunities to love and serve my team 150%. I will leave you with a wonderful Bible verse from Psalm 5 V 3: "In the morning, O Lord, you hear my voice, in the morning I lay my requests before you and wait in expectation." Ciao for now. Kirby



**Kirby Schultz**

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**Date:** 9/30/2005

**Submitted by:** Jenny Brockman

**Journal Entry:**

Incredible faith, incredible stories, incredible people, and incredible blessings from God. What a gift, being in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania at St. John's Lutheran Church. There are days when I'm simply blown away at the blessings God has given us. Kirby, Mary, and I were excited to stay with an amazing couple—Dave and Bonnie. We chuckled when we met Dave because he's 6'7" (it's not every day that we meet someone who towers over our teammate Søren). We got to our host home at about 8 p.m. and were greeted with hot showers, warm beds, and amazing food. While those things were all a blessing to us in more ways than we could imagine, Dave and Bonnie began to share their faith with us. In the midst of what seemed like an amazing amount of tragedy, there is God shining through, guiding this family's every step and covering them with His grace.

As if hearing about this wasn't enough, God decided to burst through once more. Dave and Bonnie leave in about a month to work with the Red Cross, dealing with the victims of Hurricane Katrina. We thought that was an incredible thing to be doing, so of course, our next question was, how did they get involved with that? Dave smiled as he replied. He shared about how he had been talking with some friends about his faith. He knew that God was calling to actively share his faith, but he didn't know how. His "heart was burning" (Luke 24:31-32). Funnily enough, an ad came on TV that night to assist in caring for hurricane victims. Dave told his wife, he was sure this was it—calling them out of their comfort zones to "get dirty for Jesus."

My prayer is that God would continue to set all of our hearts on fire for Him, and that He



**Jenny Brockman**

would set all of our hearts ablaze with such a passion for His people.

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**Date:** 10/1/2005

**Submitted by:** Jim Pfrogner

**Journal Entry:**

Oh my goodness, I am on team again. How did I get here, and why oh why am I enjoying it so much!? These thoughts continue to flow through my brain all the time since I have embarked once again on the journey that is Youth Encounter. My teammates are amazing people gathered from across the globe, literally, and now we are officially on the road and on our own singing, preaching, drama-ing, puppet-ing, sharing and many other -ings. Man, is it great.



**Jim Pfrogner**

Last weekend we went to the Bronx and had an amazing and completely full time hanging out with famed Pastor Ruby and her awesome little church in the heart of the Bronx. We arrived in New York after about five hours of driving and were told that in the afternoon we would be singing and planting seeds! Sweet, planting the seeds of the Gospel in children and adults alike is something I greatly enjoy...so when we got there and were asked to start tilling the actual soil to put in grass seed, I felt a little silly. But man, was it fun!

We laid down twelve forty-pound bags of soil and then weeded the entire fence around the church with lots of children from the congregation. This included taking out small trees. It was awesome, lots of children from a variety of cultures along with our team, ripping out weeds and getting dirty!

Then we played games and went crazy for about two hours, running, jumping...getting jumped on; it was so great just playing with them. Finally it was program time, but the kids didn't want to sit and watch; they wanted to play and be part of the action, so sing-a-longs it was! They stood almost the whole time, running around us and next to us, doing actions and laughing at the puppet shows and skits. Josh had done a great job of practicing and learning new skits, so we were pretty prepared with new stuff.

After a great but exhausting program, the kids went home and we all took a giant breath. We hadn't stopped playing and running since we left the van five hours before. Then Pastor Ruby informed us that the high schoolers may be showing up soon--cool. So after a few minutes we met a few awesome high schoolers and went out to dinner at an incredible and inexpensive Chinese restaurant.

Finally, at about 12 a.m. we got to bed, on the floor of the nursery school under the church, ready to wake up at 7 so we could do the church service and then drive to York, PA. At this point my brain finally kicked on and I began to think about how I arrived here. My hands were still brown with dirt, my body exhausted from carrying children all day, cuts bled slightly from thorns and twigs, and all around me was the quiet breathing of my teammates and the soft hum of the city.

Here I lay in the middle of God's earth, surrounded by His children and trying to follow His plan and His will. My body is drained, a bit sore, and the concrete floor will be my pillow tonight. I am still searching, still striving to follow the path laid before me and to somehow lead others to find Him. I can still smell the dirt, still hear their laughter from the day, a day of planting seeds....and I realize there is nowhere I would rather be.

May God bless and keep you all,

Guds Fred,

Jim "PJ" Pfrogner

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**Date:** 10/7/2005

**Submitted by:** Søren Madsen

**Journal Entry:**

Goddag goddag!! Wow, it has been a wonderful 7 weeks here in the United States. I can't believe how much you are able to see in such a short time. Actually we've only been on the road for 3 weeks, and we have already driven more then you would be able to in Denmark. One of the things that have surprised me the most is how open and friendly the people from America are. That's so awesome!! As you might already know or may know now from this journal, I'm from Denmark (in Europe).



**Søren Madsen**

Even though I am more then 2500 miles (6000 Km) away from home, I can really feel God's presence. The time here has gone by so fast. And it can sometimes be hard to find time to be quiet and spend some quality time with Jesus. That's how I have felt, at least until the other day. You see, God really has a sense of humor. I really wanted to take time with God, but had a hard time finding the time. So God decided to make me deaf in one ear just before a program. As you can guess, that's not too exciting when you play music everyday. Anyway by that, God gave me the time to be still because I actually couldn't hear much for about a day. The next morning I went to the doctor (which is a whole other story), and he fixed it so I am now able to hear everything loud and clear. Although it was frustrating, I couldn't help smiling because I knew what God was trying to say, "Be still and hear the silenced voice." To me, it seemed like a hard way to learn it and that there had to be an "easier" way...but as I usually find out, He had already been trying in many other ways before He finally made me more or less deaf to learn; I just couldn't see it.

God's ways to make us listen can be creative, funny and REALLY unexpected.

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**Date:** 10/12/2005

**Submitted by:** Mary Weinauer

**Journal Entry:**

Greetings! Things have been going so well; God is amazing! The weeks are going by fast now, and I can't believe it is mid-October! I'm loving the fall colors here on the East Coast but finding myself missing Minnesota a bit, too! I didn't realize how much I love snow until I get to talk about it all the time. People always comment on the cold, snow and mosquitoes in Minnesota, so I find myself getting really excited for the first snow fall; not so much the mosquitoes, though! My team thinks I'm crazy, but I really do love snow, and for Kirby who hasn't experienced snow too many times in her life, I'm really excited to show her all the fun things you can do in the snow...shall we call it a snow initiation?



**Mary Weinauer**

Otherwise known as a snowball fight! Can't wait!

So now that my random thought is over, I am so excited to talk about these past few days. We just arrived in Culpepper, Virginia (just like our Vikings' quarterback!). We were in Hackketstown, New Jersey from Saturday through Tuesday morning, and we had a great time there. The entire town is so friendly and hospitable. We arrived on a rainy Saturday afternoon and unloaded the trailer in a downpour. Members of the congregation offered us their umbrellas to cover the monitors and amps as we brought all of our sound equipment in for our Family Night Program that evening! The welcome we received was so warm, and we were all excited to spend nearly three days here.

We eventually managed to get all of our equipment in safely and, after a sound check, had pizza with various members of the congregation; it was great! Then it was time for the program, and it was so much fun to see people of all ages clapping and bopping their heads and for the youth to get so excited for the puppet show and sing-alongs! Afterwards there was an amazing reception with so many wonderful treats, and decaf coffee for me—we all saw what happens when I get too much (or any) caffeine! Then we had wonderful youth help with tear-down, and we were so graciously offered a storage room where we could keep our sound equipment overnight so not to venture out into the torrential rain again.

After a great night's sleep, we arrived early to church to warm up for Sunday school and to sing a few songs during Sunday morning worship. It was great to see so many of the faces from the previous evening, eyes full of excitement! It was after the service that we ventured out to visit Stan the Van to discover that he had a leak. And not just a small leak, but two incredibly long leaks on both sides of the van. Items left in the van were soaked, as were the seats and ceiling! Vehicle Safety Manager, Jim, to the rescue. With the help of the congregation, Jim was able to patch up the leaks, and thanks to God it didn't rain anymore that evening so that it could seal, and we haven't had any further problems! Jubii!

By this time, we were ready for our final program of the day where we had an acoustic performance for the women's rally. As a rookie teamer, it was fun for me to hear stories of my other teammates who have been on team before talking about their previous teams and opportunities to talk about God and grow mutually in faith with so many people they encountered. They have some amazing stories, and I have already experienced so many incredible situations that I can't wait to see where else God brings me and the entire team this year. So the women's rally went really well, and we had a pot-luck of sorts afterwards where I was able to sit with some awesome women and chat with them about team life, faith and God! Wow, it is so awesome to talk about God everyday! Not just once in a day but all the time, to pray so many times and to look into peoples eyes and see the passion they have for Christ; it is so amazing! But yeah, the entire weekend was wonderful!

Then Monday came around, and it was our "day off." However this was no normal day off; this day off some of our host families offered to take us into the Big Apple for the day—NEW YORK CITY! We were all pumped; knowing full well we wouldn't be relaxing much this day off, we were fine with getting up and going earlier than normal on a "day off." So we headed into the city just after rush hour and began to sightsee. What was great is that the family that took us in was so wonderful and knew their way around the city so well and also that they brought their two girls! They were so much fun to have along; there was never a dull moment with a joke, a smile, or a small nudge to ask for a piggy back ride. The piggy back ride turned out to be very helpful to all of us as we were able to see the front of our group at any given time! The day was so great, we saw so much—Ground Zero, the Statue of Liberty, Wall Street, The Empire State Building, Rockefeller Center (my personal favorite—ice skating!!!), Times Square, Grand Central Station, St. Patrick's Cathedral, and others I'm forgetting to mention. It was a packed day but so much fun to explore, eat New York style pizza, and talk to the host family!



With that, I am off to bed; my feet are still recuperating from the long day, but I am looking forward to the awesome ministry opportunities ahead. Each day brings about new excitement and faith growing experiences. Thank you, Lord, for always knowing what is best for me, for bringing me to this team, and for putting so many of your wonderful children in my life! You are amazing! God bless everyone and take care.

Mary Weinauer

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**Date:** 10/13/2005

**Submitted by:** Kirby Schultz

**Journal Entry:**

The shots rang out over the hill. "Charge!" was the command! Gettysburg, 2005, a silent reminder of the history that changed this country and nation forever.

As a "foreign national," going to this site was an interesting place. My teammates were caught in moments of silent reflection as they walked between the still cannons. Their faces were downcast as they looked down on the named and unnamed graves of the soldiers who fought on the hill for victory or retreat.

One interesting fact of the unnamed graves was that there was a penny on each of them. The penny was facing on the side that showed the words "In God We Trust".

Gettysburg was such a pretty town. The streets all were part of history, and there were plaques that mentioned a significant someone who helped a soldier(s) or a particular building that was important to the war.

At the square, there is a statue of President Lincoln with his speech in his hand. At the spot where the statue is was where he made his speech of freedom for the slaves.

We bunked down at the Lutheran church on one of the main streets. It is an amazing and beautiful structure that forces you back to the 1800's by just looking at it. The church was 180 years old, and during the war became the hospital for many of the injured soldiers. So partway through the night we saw ghosts with head bandages on and crutches hobbling through her halls (just kidding). But you could go on ghost tours if you really wanted. We were in no hurry to do that!

I wish I could have been more knowledgeable of Gettysburg and understand what this town meant for the nation and its people. I love history, so for me it was about the history that drew me in. Not necessarily the reasons and convictions of the war heroes. But I am sure if people came to my country and if we had a major war on our soil that they would feel distant and unaware as I did.

So to sum up my experience, I loved the fact that my teammates were so passionate about the site and were patient with me for asking all the questions I should know. I would not be opposed to going back; it was great. Maybe next time I will realize how important the victories were.

Oh, and on another lighter night, I did see a few squirrels frolic with one another and chase each other up and around the trees. A delight for me to see, for sure.

P.S.--I was practicing my Irish accent on the way from the "hill" to the church. So if you are ever in need of a laugh, please come and ask me to speak in an interesting accent.

Good bye from Gettysburg.

Blessings

Kirby xx

Jeremiah 29 v 11



**Kirby Schultz**

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**Date:** 10/14/2005

**Submitted by:** Jenny Brockman

**Journal Entry:**

"Now to Him who is able to do immeasurably more than all we ask or imagine, according to His power that is at work within us, to Him be glory in the church and in Christ Jesus throughout all generations, forever and ever! Amen."—Ephesians 3:20-21

The alarm clock goes off at 5:45 a.m.—are you kidding me? My fuzzy brain tries to remember why I set my alarm for that early. Wait—it wasn't a



**Jenny Brockman**

mistake; we have three chapels this morning. As I get ready for the day, my thoughts turn to the night before at our Family Night Program at this same church in Culpepper, VA. The abundant energy and excitement that I'm pretty sure will carry over into today's chapels. We all arrive at the church to find coffee and donuts awaiting us to give us a boost of energy to begin the day—the love of a host family.

Our first ever "electric chapels" begin, and as if we're not excited about that, the students are even more excited than we are. I know it's easy to get tired of singing the same songs over and over again, but I know that even by the end of this year, I won't be tired of the reaction from the students, from an entire room of people becoming sheep to pre-schoolers jumping up and down while dancing.

It never ceases to amaze me to see what God is up to—whether it's the energy to sing crazy songs, tearing down in record time to make it to the next booking on time, or the random comment that speaks directly into people's lives. It's amazing to see the cross radically changing lives...the radical love of God that rescues us when we don't realize that we're lost and the grace that sustains our every breath...hang on for the amazing ride!

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**Date:** 10/17/2005

**Submitted by:** Jim Pfrogner

**Journal Entry:**

Hey everyone. Now, I am sure you have all asked yourselves what an awesome day off looks like when you are on team. Well, it goes like this. All the Watermark boys were staying together after a very full and very long week and were looking forward to doing three things on the day off. Number one was sleep—Dan won sleeping a very strong 13 hours 30 minutes, Søren was second with 13 even, Josh had a good 12 and 30, while I finished last with a measley but still great 12 hours even. Nice start. Then number two, Dan and I both wanted to get haircuts.



**Jim Pfrogner**

If you don't know, one of our close friends from team this year, DC, left the New Dawn team recently, and we on Watermark wanted to wish him the best as well as carry on his passion and love for God. So Dan and I decided to both get fauxhawks in honor of DC and also because we thought we would look hot. If you don't know, a fauxhawk is much like a mohawk with your hair spiked in a line down the center of your head; however, unlike a Mohawk, your head is not shaved and the spikes are not really as high. It looks a lot like the blade on the head of a dinosaur, according to one kid we met, so use your imagination.

Anyway, Dan and I headed into Supercuts where we met two fantastic and jovial hair stylists who quickly took off lots of hair, gave us wicked cool fauxhawks and asked all about what we did. So we told them all about team and what we do, and they asked if we would possibly want to sing for them...well, guess what? We had Josh (rhythm guitar) and Soren (drums) waiting in the van with all of our acoustic instruments!!! So we said we would love to, and, after getting our hair nicely styled, we returned with two guitars and a djembe and played "Grace Like Rain" for the wonderful women and customers in Supercuts. I must say, it is interesting playing for people while they cut hair and in a public setting that I guess is not used to live Christian music.

The ladies where awesome, they clapped for us, asked for our CD and told us we had made their day, which was great, but then they told us we really should leave. I noticed that the second "Amazing grace" left my lips, one of the customers got up, left the shop, and didn't return until we were finished, actually standing outside and glaring at us during the full five-minute song. Interesting to play in such a venue, but honestly it was one of my favorite memories of this year. I love touching people, especially when it isn't

planned, and being touched as well.

So after an awesome experience like that, there is only one thing to do...that's right, number three on our list of fun, and that is play Frisbee!! So we played and then returned home where I went outside and played football and then street hockey with two of the boys we were staying with, and finally we ended the day watching a movie and wrestling with the boys. It was a lot of fun—restful, fulfilling and at times crazy, which pretty well sums up our group.

So there you are—a taste of life on the road when we are off the road. I pray God bless you and keep you and until we meet again; may He hold you in the palm of His hand.

Guds fred

Jim

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**Date:** 10/19/2005

**Submitted by:** Mary Weinauer

**Journal Entry:**

Hello again, and greetings from Maryland—a great place to be. Right now I cannot sleep, so I thought what better way to find peace than to talk about my amazing experiences with God and His children. Currently, we are in Maryland, in Dale City, just outside of Washington D.C.; in fact, one of the students from the school at the church we are at claimed Dale City as a suburb of D.C., so I'm gonna go with the local on this one and say we are in a suburb of D.C.



**Mary Weinauer**

There are so many things I wish to write about this amazing suburb, but first a little scoop on a town called Norfolk. We just left . We just left Norfolk, VA, where we had an awesome weekend getting to know many youth and pastors. The time spent here was so unbelievable because we were able to spend some quality time with everybody. The retreat lasted from Friday evening until Sunday morning, and that is heaps of time compared to the usual couple of hours we get to spend with the youth. In addition, we had small group assignments, so each Watermark teamer was able to really get to know a handful of youth on a more deep and personal level. Personally, I LOVED IT! I really enjoy getting to share my experiences and hear about other's amazing God moments. It was wonderful to hear some very thoughtful statements about God and how He works in all situations even the ones that seem difficult. Not only did these discussions reach out to the youth, but I found myself refreshed and reminded of how wonderful God's plan is. As I shared some personal stories, I gave myself a reminder course on never being alone, that God was always there, is always there and will always be there. I found it amazing that so many of the youth I talked to had been through or were going through so many similar situations to myself. It hit me like a brick as I found myself so grateful for the "hard" things in my life just for the minutes I could look into one of their eyes and tell them I understood. To see them believe me and become calm and peaceful! Wow, I'm going to thank God right now for the words He gives me, to always know what to say or not say, to know when to listen and when to speak. God you are so great, thanks! So yeah, the retreat was awesome, the youth were fantastic and even brave enough to dance around and do the Hippo Song in the morning, the pastors were spunky and full of life, and the host homes were so welcoming and friendly; I really felt I was at my second home in Norfolk, and I know the team and I look forward to returning to the area this summer for Vacation Bible School (VBS). God's blessings to everyone, and thanks for the smiles, laughs, chats and encouragement; you will be in our prayers!



Well, now an awkward but necessary segue. Dale City, Maryland. I have had a great time here for so many reasons. 1) My host family rocks; they are so caring, welcoming and loving. They even let me cut up some veggies, and I felt like home! 2) The long standing history with this church is amazing. Many alumni teamers have come to this church, and I am really looking forward to possibly doing a program here later. 3) The students at the school were fun and excited about our ministry; it was cool to talk to them, show them where Denmark is, and answer their questions as well as ask them some of our own. And, 4) everyone here has been so excited for us to have time in Washington D.C., so for our team outing, we headed to the beautiful city today. We were able to really bond as a team as we explored the famous monuments and war memorials and played Frisbee on the lawn. We had an excellent afternoon ministering to each other and those whom we asked to take our photo. Again, Kirby is so great at talking to anybody, so we were able to have some cool conversations and talk a bit about our ministry. We met some people from Michigan, Indiana and even a couple from Denmark...Søren spoke to them in Danish and had a great time; God is so cool—what crazy connections! So yeah, we had a great afternoon and created a lot of memories, and now I think I'm finally tired; just thinking about all the things we did today makes me wonder how I haven't been tired all along. Thanks to all who helped us with maps and told us many insider ideas, and for all your amazing love and hospitality. Take care and God bless.

Lovingly in Him,

Mary

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**Date:** 10/20/2005

**Submitted by:** Søren Madsen

**Journal Entry:**

Hi everyone! Today was a really exciting day for me. I woke up this morning without knowing what was about to happen. Our team didn't have a lot to do today, so we decided to go to Washington D.C. because we were about an hour away. We decided to meet at the host church in the morning and go from there. What I didn't expect was that a woman would show up who is from Denmark!! So I talked to her for about 15 minutes. It was actually really cool to be able to speak Danish to someone who has lived here in the United States over 50 years. Well, we drove our way to D.C., and I was still thinking about this awesome morning when we arrived in D.C.



**Søren Madsen**

We saw all the things you have to see when you are in that area and were having a blast playing Frisbee and taking goofy pictures. Well, apparently my teammate Josh decided that he would lay down in the middle of the path to take a picture. As you might know, there are a lot of people in Washington, so you have to get in the way when you lay down. And so he did; there were these two people almost tripped over him. They laughed a bit, so Kirby started talking to them. Well, it turned out that they were also from Denmark and were on vacation over here. So again I was able to speak Danish in the U.S. It was so awesome, and I couldn't believe how funny it was to in a day meet people from Denmark twice.

When we got back to our host home and had time to relax, I thought about how amazing God is. That He made me find these people and was actually able to speak my own language twice in a day. God wanted me to meet these nice people in the time where I really wanted to speak my own language for a bit. It was so awesome and again that just showed me how great God is. He never leaves us alone. I think normally He doesn't do it in such a obvious way, but just the fact that He never leaves us is so cool. He is always there right beside you even when you don't feel it. How

awesome is that!!

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**Date:** 10/24/2005

**Submitted by:** Jim Pfrogner

**Journal Entry:**



**Jim Pfrogner**

Hey everyone,

I know today is not my journal day—heck, it's not even my week—but I had to write about the cool ways God has been at work recently. Every once in a while, someone will ask me how I see God working in my life, what specific things have I seen. Well, last week was chock full of amazing times where God was definitely present.

We as a team usually have a very hard time finding time/space to rehearse. We are very blessed to greatly enjoy rehearsal, we all love to play together and jam out and work on new stuff, but since the tour started, we have only had one real electric rehearsal. So, this past week we were all totally pumped to see not one, but two on the schedule. We were also bummed a bit, though flexible, when we watched both of those opportunities vanish as we were asked to tear down right after one program and ran out of time for the other practice. So we all shrugged it off and headed to a housing only. Housing only means that we will not be doing any actual programs, just staying the night, or in this case, two days, with the family...which is totally awesome, don't get me wrong, just no chance to play music...we thought.

Jenny walked out to the van after meeting our awesome host mom and told us that we would be having a full set up rehearsal tonight...we all looked at her and then back to the trailer and asked if they really minded having us load all of our stuff in their nice house. Not necessary—this family had a full set-up already in place: drums, four guitars, bass, keyboard, three mikes...gracious heifer, does it get any better then that?!?! Well, yes it did; not only did we get to practice twice, but the host family was amazing. Sara, Eric, Raz and Mike were all amazing people, and we had a great time hanging out, really resting, which I needed having almost lost my voice, and getting to just jam with them.

For dinner they served us surf and turf...yup—steak, lobster and crab legs, after asking us our favorite foods the day before and never hinting we would be eating them soon. By the end of our stay, we had made new friends, been fully rested, and had a young man who wanted to join team ministry in two years (go Eric, you rock!). So as we left, all of us knew God had been watching us and caring for us, letting us get ready and get rested.

As we headed out, I wondered if the trailer was locked, so I asked one of my teammates to check and see if it was. They said it hadn't been but was now, and off we went on our drive from New Jersey to Massachusetts. After about thirty minutes of driving, I hit a massive bump on a bridge on the

*Garden State Parkway*

and thought nothing of it until multiple cars started beeping at me and then rolling down their windows to yell and tell us that something was wrong. I couldn't make out what it was until Mary looked over at me and said, "Oh no, the trailer doors are open!!!"

At this point I remember thinking.....

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!.

Yes, I believe that was it. Because the

*Garden State Parkway*

is an eight-lane (four in each direction) superhighway in New Jersey famed for crazy drivers and rough road conditions. I started to pray as I pulled over. Going to the back of the trailer I noticed that by the grace of God and a good packing job, only two things had fallen out. One sales bin with a few shirts in it and my bag filled with all the clothes I own. Honestly, I wasn't too bummed, just a little worried about the sales stuff. I can get new clothes; I just figured they were lost. I was so happy the instruments were still there.

Just then, a big rig went by beeping at us and pointing backwards to where we figured our stuff was. I just started running, Josh with me, and we ran for about a mile and a half before seeing the stuff. In the center of lane 3!! Cars were slowing, and it had caused a decent backup. I looked at Josh, prayed, and ran out into the highway. The cars all stopped, all four lanes, and let us run into the road, pick up my bag, grab the bin and the shirts that had fallen out, and run out of the way before driving on. No one beeped, yelled or honked at us; it was amazing. It was like God walked us across the street and kept the cars safe, too; not one had an accident as a result of our luggage.

In the end, my bag did not have a scratch on it, proving that Eagle Creek rocks (brand name endorsement) and that God is awesome. We only lost one green shirt during the entire ordeal. Josh and I got in a good run and had a great rest of the drive. Mary, after hearing about the entire escapade, smiled for a second at us and then with her deep affection and care for our well-being said..."Did you notice what size the green shirt was?"

So by the end of that day we had made it to our program, which was awesome, used one of the new songs that we had learned, which went over better than any song we had sung yet, and were given two new bins to store our stuff in, since the one was a little worse for wear. It is amazing to look back on a week like we had and think of how much God loves us, takes care of us, nurtures us and prepares us.

Peace and love be with you all and know that God is always there even—no, especially when you don't feel Him.

Guds Fred,

Jim

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**Date:** 10/26/2005

**Submitted by:** Kirby Schultz

**Journal Entry:**

Fishkill, New York

What a start to a journal, hey?! Well, that is where we have been for the last couple of days. We stayed at Our Savior Lutheran Church for Sunday night and on our day off. Did you know there are a lot of "something-kill"s in New York state? Check out the back of your road atlas and see for yourself.

Well, we arrived at the church when it was drizzling a little. Boy, does the United States of America (in the northern areas) get cold in fall!!! Let me tell you that I am experiencing being a little chilly! And we have not had any snow yet! On my next day off, I am definitely getting a huge winter coat for my little Australian body to keep warm in!! You may think that I am a little sook, but come on. Snow? What is that?

Okay, back to the church. We helped the youth set up their hall for their fall harvest festival. So some of us cut out stars to hang on the ceiling and others helped put up beautiful fairy lights. Dan and I had the job of helping paint the backdrops. This was exciting, so you may have to sit down while I explain what I did. Okay, are you sitting? Well, firstly I painted the board with primer, then I waited a little bit, then I painted over the primer with...wait for it... blue paint. Yep, that was it! Primer and then a midnight blue colour.

I was actually having fun. I got to use a roller. Woo hoo! There were some sections that I needed to paint over again, and my arms are not that long so I had to do some gymnastics. I asked Dan to hold one of my legs for balance as I leaned over to paint over the lighter parts. It was quite funny. But even funnier was what I was wearing. You see, I did not want to get any paint on myself. So I felt that I needed a smock to cover my clothes. The only material I could find was a black garbage bag. I cut a hole in the top for my head and on the sides for my arms. For practicality, I scored a 10, but for fashion, um, it was in the negative figures!

The youth were really great to hang out with and excited to see us. I really hope that their dance goes well. We as a group on our day off had our tea (dinner) that night under the fairy lights. It was very romantic in a non-romantic way!

Our day off was one of getting clean and washing of clothes in the Fishkill laundromat! While some of us were running those errands, Josh, Jim and Dan watched *The Lord of the Rings*--extended version. I think that they only managed to get through the second one!

I have been so lucky in the fact that in most of the host homes I have been in or churches they have been able to have a supply of tea for my tea drinking obsession. I know this sounds that it is weird that I would be mentioning this, but I thought that no one over here drank tea. I had the generalization in my head that because of the Boston Tea Party, when the ship was sunk, that tea was outlawed or something. I am sorry for my lack of knowledge, but it is seriously what I thought! On all the movies that I see, everyone drinks coffee, not tea, and we all know that the movies represent true society!

Well, we are traveling to Philadelphia which I found out means "city of brothers." So that sounds exciting.

Farewell from the state of New York.

Blessings

Kirby xx

1 John 4 V 18



**Kirby Schultz**

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**Date:** 10/29/2005

**Submitted by:** Dan Schmidt

**Journal Entry:**

Hey everyone...so yeah, here's my first journal entry which I wrote some time ago but just haven't posted, so yup.

As we are now leaving Philadelphia, I will just reflect a bit on our time there. We arrived Tuesday night and spent a good part of Wednesday doing job stuff and having 1x1's. Our college program that night was awesome! I felt that the young adults really got connected and wanted to hear what God was saying. A young man named Andre even confessed that he wanted to "stop running" (as was the theme of Jim's sharing) that night. We met a lot of really great people and even got to see some old friends.

Thursday was an interesting day. The plan was to do team stuff, and then Søren and me were to head out to the music store to get a mandolin case and some drum heads. That turned out to be quite an adventure. To start, neither of us had ever been through a subway system or public transportation thing, so that was a tad confusing. I double-paid for tokens, made a fool of myself, held up a line consisting of one irate woman and made the token man fish for a bag of tokens with a coat hanger



**Dan Schmidt**

(which he lost), and we hadn't really even gone anywhere yet! After that, though, it was a little more smooth, and we caught all the buses and that jive. It only took us an hour and a half to travel the 17.3 miles to the mall. One step in, we saw an all-nations store and thus loaded up on Danish paraphernalia and finally headed to the music store. The drum heads were a no-go, but we got the mandolin set-up and case, so our trip was at least worthwhile (aside from the fun of just general hang-outedness). All in all, loads of fun.

The night was spent playing Zilch and hanging out with Jenny Muth, a totally awesome girl that was one of Jim's teammates last year. It was a fun night of playing music and just goofing off, something the team really needed.

Also, I got hit by a car this morning. (Editor's note: He's okay.)

In Him,

- Dan

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**Date:** 11/3/2005

**Submitted by:** Jenny Brockman

**Journal Entry:**

Socks and shoes, socks and shoes...Yes, it is true. In fact, I have rediscovered that most people wear both socks and shoes. For the last five years, I've been spoiled in southern California wearing flip flops year round. Silly me, I thought that socks and shoes were only a necessity when going for a run! In the last several weeks, I have rediscovered that warm socks are a necessity.



**Jenny Brockman**

While I can hear most people groaning at my absolute craziness in writing a journal about socks and shoes, it is definitely the randomness that fits my mood on a beautiful evening in Philadelphia. Last night we had the opportunity to join both grad and undergrad students at the University of Penn with Jenny Muth (Kindred 04-05) as our contact person. It was a beautiful evening spent in worship time, the best driving ever (thanks to our wonderful vehicle manager Jim), and general silliness! We got back last night after our program at about 11 PM. So today brought a low key day...learning Danish, devotions, meetings and more. A quiet day, perhaps?

So in a late evening in Philadelphia, my brain begins to form coherent thoughts...You see, here in Philadelphia, socks and shoes are a must, a need in this cold weather. This evening my time has been spent thinking of the necessity of the Gospel in a world that is dying to hear about this all consuming love, a much greater need than socks and shoes.

Isaiah speaks about the feet that will bring this Good News to the world...please pray that our feet would be blessed, that we would have God's Word to share with everyone we meet: the clerk at the store, the gas station attendant, the youth worker, the preschool child, and yes, even our teammates! Know our prayer is that you would fall more in love with Jesus every day!

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**Date:** 11/7/2005

**Submitted by:** Jenny Brockman

**Journal Entry:**

Good morning!

Okay, so it's Monday morning here near Allentown, PA, and it's almost not morning anymore (I guess that's what happens when you sleep in for a while!). It's been an interesting week here with Watermark/Denmark. Programs almost every night, lots of driving in Long Island (I felt at home almost because I drove 20 mph for an hour and a



half in bumper to bumper traffic on the freeway...can someone say the 405?), a visit to the Danish consulate in New York City, the cold that we all are sharing because we love each other so much, and an amazing ending to the week at this church with a program with sooo many middle school students!

So my story for you this week is about our visit to the Danish consulate. We found out late Monday evening that it would be best to apply for our visas in person (oops, excuse me the correct term would be religious worker's residence permit--I had to practice saying that more than a few times) at the Danish consulate in New York City...To be honest? It was pretty stressful. I spent the next two days living and breathing the information we needed to gather, getting the correct forms from our office, trying to figure out how we would get there (because taking our 15 passenger van and trailer into Lower Manhattan is never a good idea!) and lots and lots of prayer. Well, the short ending to the story is that things went extremely smoothly and we had quite a few adventures along the way...the train we were taking into the city broke down and so we ended up hopping on the subway, sitting next to a man who worked directly near the place we were going and everything working out better in the long run for it! We concluded our trip to the consulate with a celebratory trip to McD's and Subway for lunch!

But the best part of our day happened on the way to the Danish consulate. You see, our contact person Corlyn volunteered to lead us to a city closer to New York and let us park our van in front of her mother's home. (This saved us hours on the train, cut the price of our train ticket in half and made our lives so much less stressful...what a complete and utter blessing!) We arrived at her home and, after all of us sitting in rush hour traffic, there were several of us who needed to use the restroom, so we ran inside with Corlyn and got to meet her mom. You see, Corlyn's mom is 94 years old. She struggles with not wanting to leave Corlyn but being so ready to walk into the loving arms of her Savior, she just sits and waits. So while we were there, she asked us to sing...so sing we did. All of us gathered in her tiny bedroom and sang the hymn "Come Thou Fount"...It was an experience that words can't describe fully...we thought that she might leave us at that exact moment...but in the midst of singing those powerful words, we realized that this song took on new meaning for us. All of these words described her life...how Jesus had been her stronghold in times of struggle, how we are prone to want to wander from our God whom we love, and how Jesus Christ's amazing and unfailing love had bound this woman to our God.

We all walked away changed people. It's funny what happens on the way to somewhere else...I'm so thankful that God allowed us to slow down for long enough in the midst of our frenzy of applying for visas to see one of God's children, and I can't wait to see her in Heaven!



**Jenny Brockman**

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**Date:** 11/7/2005

**Submitted by:** Mary Weinauer

**Journal Entry:**

Wow, things have been crazy these past few weeks. We've been so busy and loving it! Last week we had so many awesome activities. First we had a great Wednesday night program with the confirmation kids; they were fantastic, jumping around, clapping and singing--so much energy!

Then on Friday we had a lock-in; it was so much fun to spend more than just a few hours with the youth. We had dinner with them, played some fun games, had a program, did a Bible study, had a mock campfire and then had some one-on-one time with the youth. There were so many beautiful hearts there, and it was wonderful to be with students again. The teacher in me was definitely excited to interact with so many youth at one time. During the campfire that night, I had goosebumps singing and watching the students praise. God was definitely present, and it was amazing!

The next morning we got up and traveled to a different church. When we arrived, we saw a tent being put up outdoors, and we were like, "Wow, maybe we're doing it outside." Realizing it was a beautiful day (in November) and thinking through how to handle the dew, we set up on the parking lot and began getting ready for what would be an awesome program. Due to the chill in the air, it was great to not be sweating as we were jumping around during the sing-a-longs, and the best part of it all was that we projected our program onto the side of our trailer! It was so funny, and it worked like a charm; who knew? I definitely made reference to the fact that we were using the



**Mary Weinauer**

trailer as our projection screen many times, it was just so funny to me, but then again most everything is funny to me.

So yeah, we've been having a fun time together, the busy-ness and craziness of the past few weeks has really made us bond. I marvel as I see how well we work together and have been growing as a team. I feel so blessed to have such amazing teammates who are so much fun, so supportive and so much in love with the Lord. Our theme this year is "Stand on the Rock," in reference to Jesus being our rock, and it really applies here as I see how our love for each other grows due to our friendships being founded on the rock of Jesus Christ. What a wonderful blessing that I can apply this year on team, but also for the rest of my life with everyone I meet. Thanks God, you ROCK!

Peace,  
Mary

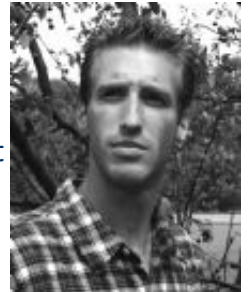
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**Date:** 11/8/2005

**Submitted by:** Jim Pfrogner

**Journal Entry:**

The life and times of Watermark Denmark continue to rock. I have to say that as this year goes by, I am constantly astounded by the number of things we are asked to do, the programs and concerts, the people we get to talk to. Looking back, I continue to forget what day it is or where I am; this, I think, is a good sign.



**Jim Pfrogner**

This week we were in Maryland, my home state, for the first real extended period of time, and I have to say it was really nice being so close to home. Of course I haven't lived here in over a year now so home to me is truly a 15-passenger van or whatever church I am in, but still it was great to see the sights I have missed for so long. Talking to people about the Orioles, catching rockfish, how the crabs are this year. It may sound silly, but it was something I missed.

Yet I digress. I wanted to talk about one of the most interesting programs I have ever been a part of. We were asked to perform outside, doing a full electric program on a parking lot outside of a church starting at 7 p.m. Well, it was cold and we had to rearrange a lot of stuff due to humidity, but we managed to pull it off, and pretty soon we had worked out the logistics and figured out the songs when we realized something. There wouldn't be any light!! Also there was going to be a bonfire going at the same time!!

So we began our program with a few work lights on us, the slideshow playing on our trailer, since it was the biggest white surface we could find, and a huge bonfire going about 100 feet to our left. The crowd was great and lots of fun...and then the fire trucks showed up. About five of them, to check out and help with the huge bonfire!!!! Let me tell you it is interesting to sing "Boulevard of broken Dreams" with the mains turned up to 11 to play over the fire trucks and watching people headbang and sing along while lit up by a huge spotlight and the revolving red-white of the flashers.

It was an amazing experience; the firemen stayed for almost the whole program and finally put out the massive bonfire right before we ended, and they even kept the spotlight on us the whole time so that we could see. It was a crazy program; our fingers were so cold it was hard to play, and the ash from the fire landed on our instruments and equipment, not to mention making singing a bit difficult. But it didn't matter, it was fun to be there, step outside of ourselves and just watch fifty or so crazy people dancing around a parking lot and jumping to "Cast Your Burdens" while sirens whirled, fires burned, amps blasted and guitars played.

I think the Holy Spirit had a blast that night, overcoming some of our concerns and worries, taking us out of ourselves and taking our burdens with Him. I think we all need

that once in a while, the chance to let a strange situation or different circumstance just take you away and let you be in the moment and feel God handle the situation for you. It was a beautiful night, a great service the next morning, and another fun program after that.

So in closing, things are good, I am incredibly busy, completely out of my mind and honestly enjoying every moment of it. May God's peace rest with you all, and hopefully some of his joy and craziness too.

God bless,

Jim

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**Date:** 11/21/2005

**Submitted by:** Jim Pfrogner

**Journal Entry:**

Hey everybody, so I am writing today with some stories from the road, about the last few programs we have had, all different, all amazing and honestly just so fulfilling. Watermark has been double-booked if not more for the last week, doing anywhere from 2-5 program style shows a day, and, man, is it tiring, but also totally amazing.



**Jim Pfrogner**

We had a school chapel with 150 kids ages 6-14 that was just awesome. After playing at the church the night before, we kept our set up and came to school early to do the chapel; the kids seemed really excited and the youth director an awesome guy named Mark let us do the chapel electric rather than acoustic as was originally planned. We played through a bunch of different rocked out sing-alongs, a puppet show, and then ended with "Grace Like Rain" a rocked out version of "Amazing Grace." Well, I tend to get pretty pumped up, and the kids were really into everything, so I just started jumping while I was singing. Pretty soon the entire school, kids, teachers, everyone is jumping, too!! Oh man, it was so much fun! Afterwards we gave out a few autographs and lots of high-fives and the kids went to class, then Mark came and led devotions for us. It was awesome, and he shared with us some of the impact he felt we had made, which was great to hear. Then he shared that for the first time in the school's history, the offices in the basement below the chapel had books falling off the shelves for all the jumping and shaking in the chapel!!! The house was literally rocked!!!

After this wonderful experience, we headed to a housing-only in West Virginia. Now they had asked us to park in the driveway of the parsonage, but the van was too wide, let alone the trailer, and we couldn't fit in the driveway, (it had trees on one side and a wall on the other) so we decided to leave Jenny and Kirbs with the contact and go and turn around. Usually not a problem; however, this time there was a ravine on both sides of the road, no guardrail and no place to turn around!! Dan and I drove until the road ended and finally managed to make it back half an hour later to cheers from the girls who were left outside in the 30 degree weather!! We brought

in our stuff and were asked to do background music for a church dinner that was planned. So...ok, background dinner singers it is. We sang three sets, 40 minutes or so each, and the dinner was a huge success. It was the first time the church had had one in a long time. They expected 40 people, they got 120!!! Meanwhile, we were treated to great food, good conversation, and they even passed the hat around for us!! So sweet; God works in some crazy ways.

Next we went to a small church that was full of heart and amazing people. We set up with only three monitors, one main and no sub, giving you an idea about the size of the church. Yet the program went about as well as any we have had. During "Cast Your

Burdens," one of our sing-alongs, a little boy came up and, fascinated by Dan's guitar playing, walked up to him and stood about a foot away and stared at the guitar. It was so cute!! Later, during the song "Sea of Faces," the pastor's two-year-old daughter walked up to me and sat down at my feet while I was singing!!! So I sat down with her and sang to her and the congregation. It was just such a cool experience, hanging out with youth, playing with children, and being accepted as family by a family church. Just awesome.

Then it was on to another amazing church, where this time we were given a choice. We had been invited to a detention center for young males, but it was scheduled for Sunday night, and that would mean giving up most of our off-day for a drive. Or we could not do the detention center and have the whole day off, or we could do it and drive after it was over (meaning from 8 p.m.-1 a.m.) but have the day free. Well, we all desperately needed a day off out of the van, but there was no way we were passing up on the program, so we took option three. We then called ahead and were able to get there early to do an electric program for the kids rather than acoustic.

The boys, who ranged in age from 6-22, were so excited, helped us load in, and then sang for us the song "Boulevard of Broken Dreams" a capella before the program started!! It was so sweet; these young men and boys really just wanting to hang out and relate with us, and they had no idea "Boulevard" was one of the songs we would perform!!! So as the first chords rang out, I motioned for the singers to come up and all six did. I held the mike down to them, and we sang the choruses together...it is yet another memory I will never forget. Kids who have been in jail for much of their lives standing around a microphone, belting out a song about loneliness, brokenness, and the search for someone, something out there to hold on to, together as one a

few moments before we as a team try to explain the answer. That Jesus is the one they can turn to, the one who loves them even if everyone they have ever known hasn't.

The team asked me to do the sharing. I grew up pretty hard and have a real

love for kids in tough situations, so I was glad to. I talked about how I

stopped running and how God is there for us and loves us even when we aren't

perfect and aren't strong enough to handle everything that comes at us. He

cares for us and loves us despite our faults. The room was totally silent, then a little guy in the front row who could not have been more than eight said, "How, how do I ask Him for help, what do I say?" I said, "Well, you say, 'Jesus, please forgive me my sins and protect me with your love. I love you, and I am not strong enough to handle this on my own. I am just a sinner, please forgive me.'"

"I'm not strong enough." he said as a look of sadness crossed his face. "I know," I said, "neither am I."

You could have heard a pin drop. I closed with prayer and shook as I tried not to cry. Every once in a while, the truth of what you are saying is put in front of you, so plainly, so beautifully, so powerfully, and the reason that we are out here this year is made clear. I talked to many of the young men that night; many have hope for a future, a real future. And thanks to the work of so many at that facility, they also have hope in Christ.

I don't know how to end this journal; this program took place yesterday, we arrived in Kentucky at 1 a.m., and I slept till 1 p.m. Tomorrow we have another program and then more drives before we get back to Minnesota. At this point, I have been on the road now for the past 15 months exactly, I have not spent more than three weeks in one spot, my travels have taken me to five countries and 27 states, and I have praised the Lord in at least six different languages. All I know is that every day is still an adventure and every day the Lord reveals himself in a different way. There are few dull moments and always

incredible people and awesome surprises.

May God be with you, may you see him acting powerfully in your life and the lives of those around you, and please send up a prayer for all the youth that continue to search. As "Boulevard" says, "Sometimes I wish someone out there would find me, but till then I walk alone." Please let them find that someone in Jesus.

Peace and love to you all,

Jim Pfrogner

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**Date:** 11/22/2005

**Submitted by:** Mary Weinauer

**Journal Entry:**

Hello! We are here in Louisville, Kentucky, after an amazing weekend and day of rest; I am personally feeling rejuvenated. We have been staying with the Darnell family and parents of Jenny's former teammate and having a great time. It is incredible to see the hospitality that those in the Youth Encounter world have for teams. It's been so nice to receive some quality rest and give back to those who have given so much to the organization; thank you so much!



**Mary Weinauer**

Tonight we had a great program. There were some very energetic young ones as well as those of all ages. It is always so much fun to see people of all ages up and dancing around to "Psalm 25" and jumping like crazy to "Cast Your Burdens." We had some excellent fellowship and ice cream time after the program, and it was so fun to see some Tae Kwan Do moves from Lily, a young girl with a great heart. Also, earlier today, we had a short chapel with children ages 3-5, and that was a blast as always. They are always so excited to dance, sing, clap and smile. They are so filled with life and innocence, and it is so cool to see how much they trust us.

I also wanted to give a quick snippet of where we were just before coming to Louisville, Kentucky. We were in Centerburg, Ohio, just outside of Columbus, at an incredible church. The interim pastor was so amazing and fun; he was singing and jumping as high as anyone in the building, it was incredible! We were told that we were his fortieth team in all his years as a pastor!!! That is some serious Youth Encounter history. It was fun to hear stories from him about how Youth Encounter teams have changed and how much he loves the ministry...I suppose one can deduct from the fact he has had 40 teams that he is very supportive of the ministry. At this particular church, it was the first time they had seen a team, and they were extremely receptive. In fact, the congregation was fabulous. They were so welcoming and gave us heaps of smiles and hugs; it really felt like home. What a blessing to have such a warm and open congregation!

After the worship service in Centerburg, they had a potluck lunch and we had the opportunity to really talk to the members. I could really feel God in all of the conversations I had that afternoon, but particularly with one young lady who was at the program the previous night; although she didn't attend this particular church, she came back in the morning to see us. It was so fantastic to get to spend time with her and answer any questions about going on team someday. I really feel she would make an incredible teamer, so I am leaving the rest up to God, for He truly knows what is best for her.

The final amazing thing from this past weekend was going to a detention center after the potluck lunch. The pastor at the church we were at helped out at the detention center for quite some time and knew that they would love us to come. Right away he saw young men he knew from helping out, and it was such a fabulous God moment to see the respect these young men had for this pastor. You could see how mutual their loving relationship was and see God and Christ working through every exchange! So amazing!

After dinner we had a program. Because it was a Lutheran Detention Center, they have chapel every week and have a routine to start each chapel with some readings and lighting of the candles. The boys were so excited to read from the Bible and did an incredible job. Then, just before we started our program, a few of the younger boys wanted to share a song with everyone, and they sang "Boulevard of Broken Dreams" by Green Day. As God is so amazing, that happens to be one of the songs that we do in our program. As soon as we started singing that song, everyone was so focused and concentrated on what we were doing from that moment on. They were completely enamored with what we had to say. God really is so incredible!!

Lastly, I also experienced an incredible God moment just before the program started as I felt a hard tug from God to do a sharing. God was telling me to share my story and open my heart to these young boys who have been through so much already in their short lives. As I described some of the painful times in my life, some of



the boys were shouting out, "Yeah, I know what you mean" and "Tell me about it." After the program, many of them approached me to tell me they were touched by my story, and it was a gateway for them to open up. We were able to exchange stories of hardship and most importantly of hope. God was really present that night, and I am so thankful for His unbelievable knowledge and the fact that I can show others how wonderful God is just by trusting in His perfect plan He has for all of us. God bless everyone!

Lovingly in Him,  
Mary Weinauer-WMD

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**Date:** 11/24/2005

**Submitted by:** Dan Schmidt

**Journal Entry:**

Happy Thanksgiving!! We're here at Jenny's parents house in Davenport, IA and are enjoying a nice day off complete with a great meal and great company. We've been pretty busy over the last few weeks so it's nice to just be able to relax and get rested. Søren and Kirby had their first Thanksgiving ever, so it's been a lot of fun. Søren even fit right into the tradition by falling asleep on the Lazy-Boy while watching football after the meal! Winter break is closing in, and I'm really looking forward to seeing some friends over the next few weeks as we hit Omaha and the Dakotas. Not a whole lot else to report...I need to go whoop Josh at mini-ping-pong now.



**Dan Schmidt**

- Dan

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**Date:** 11/30/2005

**Submitted by:** Josh Black

**Journal Entry:**

Hello...

So where do I start? Well, it has been a while since I have done a journal, so here I go. Being on team again--or continuing to be on team--is great. There were some concerns last year about what team would look like with a whole new set of people. Some of them being..."What role will I have in the team? Will I be with people I can get along with, at least?"



**Josh Black**

The answer to the first question, job-wise, is that I am the Program and Culture Coordinator. This means that I have the responsibility to put the programs together and making sure they fit with what each place would like for us to do. Some other aspects of my team job is making sure we get some rehearsal time, researching songs that we could sing for any setting, and also making sure we have cultural sessions about Denmark so that we can learn more about what we are going to encounter there. Sometimes the job is frustrating, but it is a good challenge. As far as the other question goes...yes. I get along very well with my teammates. It has been a huge blessing to have such wonderful people on this team.

You would also think that traveling constantly would get tiring and meeting people every day would get tiring, too, but I still like meeting new people. While staying in one place for longer than two days is still appealing, it has been exciting to visit the places we have been to. New York City, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Washington D.C., Virginia Beach, Long Island, and many other cool places along the way. I think the count of the number of states we have been to is 17 states. That's quite a few to say the least.

Today we are in Omaha, NE and headed for Hartford, SD. We are making our way back to the Twin Cities and then very soon will have our Christmas break, which is going to be relaxing, hopefully. It's hard to believe how fast these past three months have gone by. We have done so many things in that little amount of time, and there is so much more in store in the next nine months.

Well, hopefully the next journal will come sooner rather than later. Until then, peace out and God

bless!

Psalms 51:16-17

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**Date:** 12/13/2005

**Submitted by:** Jenny Brockman

**Journal Entry:**



**Jenny Brockman**

Greetings from a cold and soon to be snowy day in Iowa!

Merry Christmas! Well, it's been a while since I've had a moment to sit still long enough to share life on the road. The last several weeks have been extremely busy and stressful on the road. It seems like an endless to do list that needs to be accomplished. We drove from Louisville, Kentucky to my parents' home in Iowa to Tipton, Iowa to Omaha, to Dan's home in Hartford, Mary's college and on to midwinter training. There were directions we needed to get, long drives, lots of programs, chains to put on tires, worship services to work on, new music to learn, last minute paper work to get to the office, the van to wash (oops, that one didn't quite get done), and more.

Even since finishing midwinter training, there is still a long list of things to get done before going to Denmark...health insurance, car insurance, banks to call, Christmas shopping to get done, replacing a lost driver's license, and of course, the team Christmas cards that just got finished! The endless "to-do list" that seems to exist for all of us.

Then I take a moment to pause and think... How amazing have these last three months been? The people that we've had the blessing to meet, the games with youth, endless church services, Bible studies, nursing homes, chapels, preschools, and watching God work in ways that are too wild to comprehend. I feel like I'm living in a dream at times. In and amongst the stress of life on the road, it is amazing to see Jesus working in people's lives, and I wouldn't trade it for the world.

I'm so glad that we aren't something on God's "to-do list" that just needs to be accomplished. His love is all encompassing, unrelentless, and unfailing. I'm glad that God is so much bigger than us, and that His love in Jesus Christ is everything.

"For no matter how many promises God has made, they are 'Yes' in Christ. And so through him, the 'Amen' is spoken by us to the glory of God." ~ 2 Corinthians 1:20

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**Date:** 1/3/2006

**Submitted by:** Jenny Brockman

**Journal Entry:**



**Jenny Brockman**

I have to say that I chuckle at God's sense of humor! Although this journal is obviously not being written on New Year's Eve, I thought I'd take a moment to share our amazing experiences of our time spent in Waupaca, Wisconsin! We arrived Saturday evening (New Year's Eve Day) after a long day spent on the road with only minimum time spent lost on several county roads. The guys' host family was excited to greet us, spend time with us eating amazing food, and exchange stories. (For all of those who are from California--they knew all about the amazing burger place named "In & Out." I was so excited!) After dinner, the team drove to the girls' host home to spend the rest of New Year's Eve, but our host family was out of town. So how did we spend the evening? Well, to be honest, many took naps or tried to stay awake during a movie. We all woke up a few minutes before midnight, celebrated with sparkling cider, took the guys home, and went to sleep. While to many, that would sound like a boring evening, we had fun relaxing and leaving funny messages on New Dawn's voicemail.

We woke up early the next morning to go set up for worship at a mission church that was meeting at a local high school. That was also where the girls met their host family for the first time--Chris, Dianne, Gretchen, Emma, and Erik. While there are so many stories to tell about our brief time in

Wisconsin (like going bowling for about \$5 each on our day off!)...there's really just one more story that I'd like to share.

You see, the girls' host family was full of completely talented musicians. Chris was a drummer. Dianne teaches piano lessons. Gretchen, Emma, and Erik play violin. The entire family plays at a professional level. So after church on Sunday morning, we went back to our host home where at various times over the next two days, we sat in on practice sessions, impromptu concerts, and more than I could possibly imagine. It was such an amazing blessing to see this family using their gifts in such powerful ways to serve God with amazing humility.

As a team, we are so used to leading worship and being "up front" in so much of the ministry that we are a part of. It was amazing to sit back in the living room of our host home and see worship in an entirely different form. Watching Gretchen, Emma, and Erik playing together could only make me smile and chuckle while thinking about the diversity of the gifts that God has given to His people. While no one would ever want to sit and listen to me play violin (I think most people would actually pay me not to!), in the hands of these kids, it was an act of worship.

As we get ready to go to Denmark, I'm so thankful for the different gifts we each have. But most of all, I'm thankful that God has given us the ultimate gift of life in His Son. "But God demonstrates His love for us in this, while we were still sinners, Jesus Christ died for us." ~Romans 5:8

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**Date:** 1/7/2006

**Submitted by:** Mary Weinauer

**Journal Entry:**

Wow, God is amazing! In the short week and a half we have been back from Christmas break, He has given us so many amazing opportunities to grow with Him. We have been in Minnesota and Wisconsin and met fantastic and hospitable families! One that sticks out heaps is the stay in Waupaca, WI with a beautiful family of five. When we arrived, it happened to be New Year's Eve and the family was out of town, but instead of declining our visit, they welcomed us with open arms, allowing us to stay in their beautiful home for a night by ourselves. This act alone was so incredible, to see the faith and trust this family had to open up their homes to complete strangers without their supervision.



**Mary Weinauer**

However, the hospitality did not stop there. At this particular town we were scheduled to stay for three nights, including a day off, and the entire time the family was absolutely amazing. Offering us delicious food (vegetarian dishes too) and great conversations. After every meal, we just sat around talking about life and travels, music and family. I know the three of us who stayed with them really felt at home for the days we were there, and that is a great blessing! We were welcomed into their home as part of the family, getting to chat to the kids and parents alike. Each individual was so fantastic to get to know, and I feel so blessed to have had them in my life! They are an inspirational family in so many ways! I hope that our stay with them was as enjoyable for them as it was for us, and I just want to say thanks to God for always putting us in the perfect situations. We don't always know the needs of everyone we meet, but God continues to give us the right words to say and ways to act to glorify Him, and for that I am ever thankful!

This weekend, it was marvelous to see that each of us are servants; although we have volunteered this year to be servants, through the warmth and hospitality of our hosts, it seems we are all servants to each other. In every conversation, both parties are ministering to each other without even knowing it! So thank you, Lord, again for the numerous opportunities you give us to share your love!

Mary <><  
WMD

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**Date:** 1/11/2006

**Submitted by:** Kirby Schultz

**Journal Entry:**

Hey and Happy New Year!!

I hope that you all had a wonderful Christmas with family and friends and that the real meaning of Christmas was remembered.

Christmas for me was white, cold and very fun. I had the opportunity to spend time in Chicago with some wonderful people, showing me the sights of the 'Town'. Thanks so much. But it was cold there and snow shovelling is something that was fun at the time and was very keen to do it, but I know that it would be a lot of work if I had to do it all the time!! I then ventured to California to see my parents, best friend Viv and my mum's relatives. Snow boarding is not as easy as it looks!!



**Kirby Schultz**

Being back on team is a very different sensation than what I had expected. You leave team and find out or remember what 'real life' is all about. The normal, everyday occurrences like driving a car, seeing the same people more than one day or night, going to a store without asking if it is possible or if there is time in the schedule for it. You get a taste, a little slice of normality, then bam, back into team ministry. Back to the place where God has called us this year.

Thankfully I have enjoyed being back on team, reconnecting with my team and learning to love as Jesus loves. Luckily I did not forget too much with the sound board as we have done some cool programs in wonderful churches. The audience could hear them, so my memory was good. But on one song where I play the bass the chords were lost to me until the song was nearly over. Sorry to those who were put off by my forgetfulness.

It is very interesting that we are heading to Denmark in less than three days. People have asked me, with wide eyes and an excited expression how I am feeling and remind me that I am going to Denmark soon. (No WAY!!) I can't believe that this time has come so quickly. I am not at all nervous about the next four months. I guess I feel like I am living in the moment. I don't want to anticipate what those months will look like because I feel that the expectations I may have will be different than real life. So basically, Denmark watch out and here I come.

I know that there will be many differences that I will have to get used to, like not talking to strangers in the street, speaking a different language, eating exotic foods. Yeah for experiences. Yeah for God and what he will do through me. He will help me through the joys and the lows. It will be hard, but the challenge of it will definitely be worth while.

I really hope that you are all happy. Thanks for your prayer support. Please don't stop.

Blessings to you.

Love Kirby xx

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**Date:** 1/11/2006

**Submitted by:** Jim Pfrogner

**Journal Entry:**

Hey everyone,

Well we are back again after Christmas break which for me was incredible. I went to Denmark. I know, I went to the country before the rest of the team; it was sweet! But now I am back in the States with the team, and, after touring around Wisconsin and Minnesota for a few weeks, we are all back in St. Paul preparing for our tour overseas.



**Jim Pfrogner**

This time is referred to as "prep week" or more accurately, "complete freak-out time". You might wonder what is going through the mind of a teamer as they prepare to go overseas; well, I will try to explain. First of all, you are excited. I mean, check it out, we are going to a whole new country with all sorts of cool places, people and experiences just waiting for us! Of course, this also means we have to pack, in less than forty pounds, every bit of clothing we might need for four months in cold weather, plus a sleeping bag, shoes and, of course, coats...oh yeah, and instruments. Also teamers are

nervous because your program, your bread and butter, will change drastically, and with that change in routine comes other awesome but trying changes: new food, new weather, new customs, new languages, really a new life.

So there is a lot to be nervous about, not to mention trying to get everything sorted out before going; updating insurance, learning new songs and puppet shows, also getting money in order and calling your friends to tell them you won't be talking to them for a few months. It is an interesting experience going overseas. I am excited once again, and nervous, of course, but you know, the best thing about this time and this challenge is that you can feel God with you so strongly. I mean, how else could I get through this? You never know how much God can do with you until you give up control and let him take over. I don't have this down by any means...but I know it is true and keep striving for it.

May our awesome Lord bless and keep you and may you keep searching, questioning and seeking.

Peace in Him,

Jim Pfrogner

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**Date:** 1/13/2006

**Submitted by:** Dan Schmidt

**Journal Entry:**

Well, well. It's a mere 12 hours before we leave for Denmark, and I'm just sitting here trying to think about what the experience will be like and making sure I have everything that I need packed up and ready to go. Our prep week was a blur to me...I just remember driving around northern Minneapolis a lot and spending an incredible amount of time at the Har-Mar mall. I think we got everything we needed to get done completed and from what I can tell everyone is ready to go.



**Dan Schmidt**

I'm most excited to just meet the people of Denmark and experience a different culture. The whole laid-back thing is right up my alley, and it's possible that I just might enjoy pickled herring on brown bread. Perhaps that's a little too optimistic, but we'll find out shortly upon arrival, I'm sure. I suppose the scariest part will just be the immersion into a new place. Although it's exciting, I imagine that a lot of people speaking Danish will be quite intimidating. I am going to have to be more open and confident while out of my comfort zone, so if you could pray for that to happen, that would be awesome. Anyways, I'm really excited and am looking forward to sharing what God is doing throughout this world with all of you. God bless!!

\* I hope I get a window seat on the plane tomorrow \*

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**Date:** 1/16/2006

**Submitted by:** Josh Black

**Journal Entry:**

Holy freakin cow!! I am in Denmark! We arrived yesterday and had a safe flight. We flew from Minneapolis to Chicago to Munich, Germany to Copenhagen, Denmark. In all it was about 12 hours flight time. However, this was not how long it took to get here. We had to wait in Chicago for an hour and a half, then four and a half hours in Munich. It was a crazy wait, but that's how it goes sometimes.



**Josh Black**

When we arrived we met Poul who has been the main contact for Watermark for a long time. He is going to be on a break for a while, but he picked us up at the airport, which was awesome. We also were greeted by my friend Bodil and a future host sister in Copenhagen whose name is Maria. It was fun seeing Bodil since she has been one of my good friends for the past



year and a half.

We then packed into Poul's van to drive another two and a half hours to eat dinner at his house in a small village, which I cannot think of the name of right now, but it was fun meeting his family and having our first Danish dinner. We then drove about five minutes to Intermission House Bible School where we are now staying, and it has been great. We each have our own room, and we heard that we get to come back a couple of times for when we have a break. We have already gotten to meet with some of the students here, and they are just so nice.

We got to look at our new sound equipment today, and that was so cool because Intermission has purchased all new sound and recording equipment, so we are the first people to get to use the equipment. We also sat down with Poul, learning what our time in Denmark will look like and what jobs we are supposed to do. He really has everything planned well. I forgot to mention that a former teamer named Maria, who was on New Vision 04-05, is going to be our main contact in all of Denmark while Poul is on his break. We have not seen her yet because she is on vacation until next Sunday. It will be fun to see her.

I am really looking forward to what we will be doing here in Denmark and how I am going to grow in the midst of all of that. I know that God will give me the power to get through each day. Our days sound really busy, but I'm looking forward to it, even though it will be tough and tiring.

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**Date:** 1/19/2006

**Submitted by:** Jenny Brockman

**Journal Entry:**

Greetings from a snowy day in Denmark!

It has been such a blessing to be here to experience so many new things and meet so many amazing people! There are so many things happening, it's difficult to find a place to begin, so I'll start with talking about food because we seem to be always hungry!

Food in Denmark is definitely an adventure. At almost every meal, it begins with brown bread. (Brown bread is eaten first. When you've had as much as you can, then you eat white bread...which is more special and saved for last.) While not everyone is a lover of the brown bread (which is a whole grain, dark bread), I've discovered that I love it! So far at every meal, I have brown bread with cheese as an openfaced sandwich! I'm sure that I might eventually get tired of it, but for now, I actually wake up excited to have it with my breakfast!

The last few days have been spent in the recording studio working with some phenomenal people. Christian and Anders have been working many long hours. We've enjoyed getting to know them, joking with them, eating meals with them, and sharing lots of new Danish candy and soda with them!

In the midst of this crazy, fun, stressful three days, we have had a unique opportunity. This morning we got to meet all of our main contact people for our time in Denmark. Maria and Poul are our primary contacts in Denmark, but from there we spend approximately one week in each area where we have a main contact person. Most of these people are employed by Inner Mission and working all around the country, but for these last few days they have been meeting here at the main office for training and discussion. So for almost two hours, we had the opportunity for amazing conversations. It was such a blessing to see how God had set these people on fire with a passion that burned so brightly for Jesus Christ.

After time for coffee and tea (which is of course very important in Denmark), they asked us to sing a song acoustically for them. We sang "Grace Like Rain," and it was again another unique opportunity for worship to have some of them singing with us. What a blessing to see the people that God has called, worshipping the One who loves them the most and the best.

Afterwards, in true youth worker fashion, they sang, played piano, and danced for us! Okay, so it was a joke, and they had fun goofing around with us, but it reminded me so much of my friends at home. The crazy times we had when we would all be together, a chance to blow off steam and totally be ourselves. I remember what a gift that was, and seeing these youth workers today was a



**Jenny Brockman**

incredible gift from God to me.

'If we are out of our mind, it is for the sake of God; we are in our right mind, it is for you. For Christ's love compels us, because we are convinced that one died for all, and therefore all died.' 2 Corinthians 5:13 & 14

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**Date:** 1/19/2006

**Submitted by:** Dan Schmidt

**Journal Entry:**

Greetings from Borkøp! We just finished laying down all of the tracks for our CD. The whole thing took around 35 hours or so in three days, with much of the time being somewhat downtime while things got figured out. The first day was spent on drums, bass and keys, day two was guitars and auxilliary percussion, and today we laid vocals. Everyone had a lot of fun during the sessions, and most kept busy playing Sudoku. Christian (producer) and Anders (sound engineer) were extremely helpful and patient with all of us and really knew what they were doing. We'll get to hear the final product sometime next week, and we're all very much looking forward to that.



**Dan Schmidt**

Aside from the recording, Poul has been updating us on what we will be doing here in Denmark and getting us prepared for our work here. We met all of our contacts yesterday and had fun getting to know who we'll be working with. The meals have been different, but I've found that I enjoy the buffet-style lunches and great hot meals in the evening. To follow up from my last journal, the pickled herring on brown bread was .. um ... interesting.

Gud's Fred,

Dan

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**Date:** 1/21/2006

**Submitted by:** Jim Pfrogner

**Journal Entry:**

AHHHHHHH!!!

Well, here I am in Denmark, and man, is it awesome. I have now been here almost one week and have already almost been hit by a bus. That is, like, months ahead of last year's time overseas. The CD is finally done after three grueling but awesome days in the recording studio, in which we spent a total of 38 hours in three days. Seriously!! Fortunately the guys we had doing the CD were just amazing. Christian, Anders and Søren just worked so hard and helped us out so much, especially with our Danish. They gave us such good advice that Mary and I finished the vocal part of the three Danish songs in a total of four takes! So yes, God answers even the little prayers.



**Jim Pfrogner**

Now that the jet-lag has worn off I am feeling great. Fortunately for me, I enjoy the food here, which makes everything really great. The brown bread we have with almost every meal is very thick and filling, and if you hate it, you are in serious trouble since it is the main food and we don't have anything like it in the States. The rest of the team digs it too, though I am the only one who likes liver paste, and Mary is the only one who likes the black licorice which tastes like normal licorice made with salt-water.

Last night we had our first program with our brand new sound-system, which is so small I can lift both mains and the sub at the same time!! We were doing a full set-up in a coffee house that was so small Søren had to play without one of his drums because there just wasn't room for the whole kit. It was awesome!! We played for about an hour, then played an encore, then went on break in which Kirby and I went out to the streets

with the contact Lene to do street ministry. Basically, we asked people if they wanted free coffee and to listen to a Christian band play. Most people took the coupon and said they would use it later, some asked us if it was a Christian place and when we said "yeah" ran the other way like we were on fire, and one asked me where I was from. I said Baltimore, Maryland in the USA, and he said, "No way!! I am from Pittsburgh!!" So immediately I met an American who is Jewish, has a Danish father, an Israeli mother, and lives in Pittsburgh, PA!! His name is Adam and he came to the second concert we did that night and heard Christian rock for the first time in his life. He said he didn't know it existed, but he stayed for the entire second hour-long concert with an expression on his face best summed up by the word "Huh." As in "Huh, so this is Christian rock music."

It was so much fun, Lene knew more of our songs than any other contact in the States and sang along to every one she knew. It is truly amazing to sing "Jesus, vi vil kun til bede dig" and have the whole room sing along. They even clapped, which apparently is unheard of. So once our set was done, Lene said thanks to us and made fun of me a bit in Danish. Since I understand a bit of Danish, I laughed, at which point she grabbed me and gave me a noogey in front of the whole crowd to great applause. So yeah, it was incredible.

I loved praising God with these folks, singing and talking about the faith we all share. At the boarding school we have been staying in for the last week, the team and I have all had time to have some great convos with the students, and we always talk about God and our respective faiths. It seems so easy to bring up and the conversations tern deep pretty quickly. I just want to sit and take all of this in but it is so hard since we are so busy.

Yesterday went as follows: wake up at 7, breakfast at 7:10, drive to the

Mission House at 8, do a full set up devo at 8:45. Meeting till lunch, meeting after lunch till 4, nap from 4 to 5, dinner at 5:30, nap till 7, drive to coffee house 8, almost get hit by bus 8:15, set up 8:17, start concert one at 9, finish at 10, street ministry from 10:15-11:15, concert two from 11:30-12:30, talk to people till 1:30, arrive home at 2, get to bed at 3 a.m. So yeah, full days. Today is sort of an off day, meaning we have only team work stuff and one concert (they are called concerts here) to do. I would not trade it for the world. So yes, God is here in Denmark and in power, and I can't wait to tell you about more experiences.

May the God who covers this whole world in His hand protect and keep you,

Jim Pfrogner

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**Date:** 1/21/2006

**Submitted by:** Kirby Schultz

**Journal Entry:**

Hello!!

How are you all? Firstly I must say that Denmark is cold and snowing. Søren said that it does not snow much over here and that it is not that cold. Well my friends, he was a little wrong about his own country!! It has been snowing since we have been here six days ago! But it is all pretty good. So much of Denmark reminds me of home. Like they have red post boxes and boarding schools and small cars and other stuff that I can't really recall right at this very second!



**Kirby Schultz**

We have been recording earlier this week. Jim my teammate said that we spent 38 hours in the rooms. I was part of...ummm...one hour of it. I did my two bass parts, and the rest of the time I was setting up our sound system (and watching the rest do their parts). The other cool thing was I

did some Suduko puzzles. Do you know what I am talking about? I managed to get two out all by myself!!! That is good for Kirby!!

A funny story for you is that the Danish word for "what" is "hvad," pronounced "vel." So this man came to the hall where I was sitting and was pointing and talking to me in Danish. Obviously! I said "Hvad?" but I did not understand him the first time but because I said "what" in his language, he said the same thing over again. So I had to swallow my pride and say, "I speak English." He just walked away after that!!

So we have done three programs so far as a team. The first was a mini two-song program to all of our contacts. Acoustic is great!!! What they have set up here is that we meet all the people we are going to meet the next four months, all of the contacts. It is a great idea to break the barriers and tension. We had much fun and laughed at the crazy Danes! They did some song and dance thing that made no sense. Tonny was very funny.

The next program was for all the staff at Inner Mission. They are a Christian organisation here who have invited us to come and preach the Gospel. That was where we found a few little bugs in the system, but they clapped along. They are all so great at English!! Way better than we are at Danish.

Then our other program was in a cafe called Cafe Genesis in a town called...well, actually it is hard to remember, but it had a castle and buildings that were built in 1589!!! They were still standing, a little old (!) but very cool. The castle was mosly made of stone; some king built it as the border line for Denmark and Germany ages ago. But one year, a long time ago part of it burnt down. So what they did was rebuilt it with...wood??? Do you want my thoughts?...Wouldn't it burn again quicker with wood???? As I have said before, crazy Danes!!

We also did street ministry. We took some free coffee vouchers and tried to hand them to people. One thing that I am learning is to deal with is rejection!! Lots said ... "Christian? NO!" But out of the 30 or so people we talked to, there were a grand total of...three who came. Two wanted to use the bathroom; they had a little to much to drink. They told me they were from Russia, but they were actually from Denmark! The other guy was part Danish, part Israeli, but grew up in the States!!! Weird combo. So he was Jewish. He told me that he was back in the States for the holidays. I then said, "Oh, did you go back for Christmas?" Silly Kirby. Jewish!!!!

Anyway I had better go and do some more ministry. We are doing our next concert at the Bible school we are staying at. They are all so nice. I am excited!

So please keep praying that I can still handle rejections and that the Lord moves these people to not be so against Christianity and Him. They think Christianity is old; they like to try new things. So we will see. Planting seeds is so important!!

Have fun, keep smiling

Ciao from Danmark!

Elske Kirby xx

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**Date:** 1/22/2006

**Submitted by:** Mary Weinauer

**Journal Entry:**

Wow, we have been in Denmark for a week now, and it seems like so much longer (in a good way). We have done so much and met so many amazing people. We have been staying at the Bible school in Borkop on eastern Jutland. The students come here for about eight months to grow as children of God through Christian fellowship, Bible studies, and other fun activities. They



**Mary Weinauer**

do not earn a degree but simply come to the school as a time for personal growth with God and Christ. It is so great that young adults choose to do this, and all of the students I have met are so encouraging and welcoming. I have been trying to learn as much Danish as I can, and the students are so helpful and surprised at my desire to learn. It has proven to be a great ministry skill because they seem to open up more when I seem interested in their lives and their culture. Just another example of how God works in our lives, because learning Danish is something that is so fun for me, but it also opens gates for conversation. I can really feel God right beside me as I (someone who usually can never remember what I did an hour ago) is able to remember so much Danish.

The students' openness has really opened up so many fantastic conversations with young adults. One evening early in our stay at the Bible school, I was hungry and in search of a snack, and a young woman was telling me what kind of cake I was eating, and we ended up having an hour long conversation about struggles in our lives, times we've felt lost, and she also questioned me a lot about I really feel about Christ and why I'm volunteering this year. It was a great opportunity to share my faith story and specific examples in my life where I could really feel God, even in the small things.

I am so excited to see all the ways God will continue to work in my teammates' lives these four months in Denmark and to meet more amazing children of God as we travel around this beautiful country.

Guds fred (God's peace)

Mary

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**Date:** 1/22/2006  
**Submitted by:** Jim Pfrogner  
**Journal Entry:**

Hello again!

Well, Denmark continues to be awesome. Last night we had our first full program with a puppet show and skit, as well as me doing my first translated sharing. I wrote a new one for Denmark, so I was pretty nervous. Also we were playing for the Bible school students we have come to know so well this past week, and they were really pumped up to see us, so the expectations were really high. So yeah, I was excited, worried, nervous, and exhausted from playing soccer a few hours before.

Well, as always God stepped in and the program went as well as possible. I was told that Danes don't clap or show much enthusiasm...wrong. They clapped on almost every song; actually, whenever I clapped, so did they. At the end of our concert, we were met with chanting like you would hear in a soccer stadium..."OOOOooohhhh AaaaaooooOOOOOhHHHH!!!!" and our contact said it meant they wanted more.

It was so cool and really overwhelming. We played an encore that we had only practiced



**Jim Pfrogner**



once, and after that, the chanting started again!!! We were out of fast songs, however, and didn't think "Shifting Sand" or "Come Thou Fount" was an appropriate closer, so we said goodnight and then walked into the crowd to great applause. Then we all sat down and had hygge with our friends from the Bible school. It was amazing. It felt strange to be treated like a rock star when onstage, but when we were off-stage, it was just like normal and that felt great.

Oh, I forgot to mention what hygge is...it is a Danish term that cannot really be translated into English. Basically, any time you are hanging out with your friends or family, eating good food, talking to each other and enjoying good conversation and a nice calm environment where time does not matter...that is hygge. It is so nice, so free of stress and full of great conversation...man, it just rocks. So after that I finally headed back to my room, thanking God for such an incredible experience and such amazing people to share it with. I stayed up for a while talking on the phone and then talked to Jenny, and we suddenly realized we were hungry. So we both headed out of our building to the kitchen of the Bible school and basically raided it. It was great but apparently against the rules, as we were told by a few of our friends who happened to find us chowing down on leftovers at 1 a.m. But rather than tell on us, the boys all joined in and we had eight of us standing around, eating food and talking ...instant hygge!!

Today has been our first real day off since we got back from Christmas, and I have enjoyed it immensely. Basically walking around in a daze, thrilled to be here, and enjoying just playing pool with Jesper and then talking to Louise for a few hours about life, different countries, Christianity and long-distance dating. (Both of our significant others are from other countries.) It has been such a blessing to share the fire of Christ here and have my own flame rekindled.

So yes, so far so good in Denmark. May God bless you all and keep you always in his care.

Peace,

Jim Pfrogner

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**Date:** 1/23/2006

**Submitted by:** Josh Black

**Journal Entry:**

Week #1 in Denmark! It has been a blast getting to work in the studio at Inner Mission House. It is located in the town of Fredericia in southern Jutland. Towards the end, we had a few late nights in the studio, but they were fun. The end of last week and all this week have been exciting because we have gotten to meet some more people, and we have had a few full set up programs already. By few, I mean like five.



**Josh Black**

So on Monday we had to say good-bye to our friends at the Bible School where we were staying at in Børkop, which is not that far away from Fredericia. We had to drive to Hjørring in very northern Jutland, and that took about two and a half hours, which was not bad at all except that we got up way too early and we arrived early. Better early than getting lost. (That phrase just doesn't have that nice ring to it). We met our main contact, Brian, who is a really funny guy. He has only been with us a few days and already he is joking with us like he is one of the group. We drove around Hjørring a bit and met our host home dad Knud Erik. He is a pastor at the oldest church in Hjørring. He is a great guy, and I really feel like he cares so much for our group and does all he can to make sure we are taken care of.

One of my favorite things about Monday was that we had a program at a boarding school. It was so awesome because the students were so excited for us to be there and they were very excited during the program as well. They clapped along and knew quite a few of the songs that we were playing. It was a very worshipful experience. After the program, we had time to hang out and talk and play games with them. It was amazing that some of the students we talked to were searching for some meaning in life but didn't know where to look. Some wanted to know if God really existed, and some didn't like church because it was not meaningful at all. It was so awesome to see the glow on the faces of these kids who don't know much about who God is but wanted to find out for themselves who he is.

Since being in Denmark, I have been driving the most because our big sprinter van named Thor is a manual transmission, and I am the only one that is familiar with it. Jenny and Jim are the other drivers, and they are learning very well how to drive. It has been snowing so much, though, that I am better off driving in those conditions. I actually like driving, except for the fact that most roads in a town are hardly big enough to have two cars driving opposite directions. It has been an adventure, and it is fairly similar to driving in the U.S. There are just more round-a-bouts here, and that is kinda cool. Pray for safe driving.

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**Date:** 1/24/2006

**Submitted by:** Jenny Brockman

**Journal Entry:**

Greetings from the warmest day we've had so far!

The sun is shining in Denmark today! It's so exciting! And it's not snowing at the moment, but don't worry--that could change quickly! That's what happened on Tuesday, January 24! It was a beautiful morning when we woke up. Oops, wait. It was cold and dark outside. We began our day at 6:40 AM when we left to go to set up for 180 confirmation students here in Hjørring. We arrived promptly at 7 AM and set up our entire sound system with the help of our fearless contact for this week, Brian. It's amazing how much an extra pair of hands can make a difference! Especially when that person speaks Danish and helps out in more ways than a person could ever imagine. It was a fun morning with Christian rock music, puppets, and of course some time for hygge afterwards with soda before the students had to go to school. Then it was time to tear all of our sound equipment down.

Then it was time for a surprise...Knud Erik, who is the pastor we were working with there at the mission house, took us across the street to the church where he also works at (we're also staying with he and his amazing family for half of this week) where he took us on a tour of an incredibly old church (around the 1400's I think). He explained all of the amazing symbolism and artwork throughout the entire church, as well as taking us above the ceiling so we could wander around in the rafters! It's a sight I think that none of us would forget, as you can open some of the small windows and look down into the sanctuary. One of the other cool parts of this church (and most churches in Denmark) is that there is a list with the names of all the pastors who have served these churches since the Reformation. It's amazing to see what I've studied in the US, and how much the Reformation truly affected these churches bringing the Gospel to some places that were closed off previously.

Alas, our day didn't end there. Time for lunch, devotions, and a short nap before we were off to a prison near by. We began by doing an acoustic program in the open ward of the prison, followed by a half-electric program in the closed ward of the program. (We had several amps, one electric guitar, a bass, etc.) There were incredible conversations that were happening and fun to be had by all as we had hygge time (see Jim's previous journal for an explanation) with the inmates there discussing politics, religion (as several of them were Muslim), life, jokes and more.

There was one thing that made a lasting impression on me. We met a young girl who was 15 at our program who was spending time with Pastor Suzanne (our contact for the prison). Maria Louise was



**Jenny Brockman**

working with the pastor and 'shadowing' her to see what a pastor does. She knew that pastors helped a lot of people, spent time listening, and talking with many, but didn't exactly understand what the exact 'job' was. While she was pretty set on studying nursing, she thought she might be interested in being a minister some day and had decided to check it out. So the next question I asked was if she attended a church or youth group in the area. I was surprised to hear her answer of 'no.' I didn't quite know what to do with that one...it's not a common response. I found out that she only goes to church on Christmas Eve with her grandmother and father because it's tradition.

My heart began to ache. It was more than a coincidence that Maria Louise had decided to shadow this pastor, and more than a coincidence that was the same day we would be there. At both of our concerts, I prayed that she would hear of Jesus' great love for her. Isaiah 55:11 promises that God's word would never return void, and that is a promise that I cling to. That God would continue to work in her life, long after Maria Louise's memories of the crazy Watermark group fade, that she would come to know the amazing and unwaivering love of a Savior that is so great that it would turn her life upside down and inside out.

Our day ended with one more surprise...it started snowing. It was beautiful to end the day with seeing God's creation covered in white snow (much as He sees us because of Jesus). The snow was coming down in clumps, covering us completely in just a few minutes time. (Then, even more so as Jim and Brian had a wrestling match and snowball fight outside the doors of the prison.) It was a good ride home in our van pondering all of the amazing things God had shown us that day and imagining the craziness He would call us to in the very near future.

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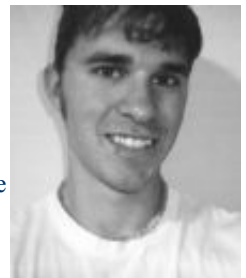
**Date:** 1/25/2006

**Submitted by:** Dan Schmidt

**Journal Entry:**

Well, this week has been totally awesome. We've done about seven concerts so far, and it's only Wednesday night. Last night we played two shows at a jail for about 30 inmates each. Our first was in an open ward and the second was at the closed (lockdown) ward. They were generally pretty resistant for the first 15 minutes or so. There were a lot of rolling eyes and "This is stupid" looks, but by the end most were interested in what we were saying and/or crying.

The culture about Christianity is really different over here in Denmark. Almost everyone says that they're Christian here, but apparently that only means that they pay the taxes necessary to the church. The benefits of paying the taxes are free marriages and funerals at churches. Yippee!! Yeah, it's really unfortunate. By the statistics, only about 3% of the "Christians" here actually practice and live their faith. Even pastors don't necessarily have to believe in Jesus. It's just a good state job that pays decent and has great benefits. We met a 15 year old girl who was job-shadowing a pastor a few nights ago. She had no belief in Jesus and only attended church on Christmas because it was "tradition". Yeah, the living faith isn't so big over here. On the other side of that though, we've met some really awesome people who are excited to spread the Gospel and share their faith with others.



**Dan Schmidt**

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**Date:** 1/26/2006

**Submitted by:** Jim Pfrogner

**Journal Entry:**

Hello again,

So we played in a church finally. We have been playing in boarding schools and for confirmation classes mostly, which is incredible. So much fun to play for youth all the time. In boarding schools, we tend to play on big stages, some have light shows, and we just rock out and praise like crazy and then hang out with kids afterwards, which is so much fun. So finally we got to play in a church.

It was a beautiful small church which is new by Danish standards, having been built in 1902. Like most churches here, it was made mostly of stone with a huge pipe organ,



**Jim Pfrogner**

colored white inside and has a ship hanging from the center of the ceiling. In Denmark the church is referred to as a ship with people sitting in the church either on the starboard or port side and Jesus could be considered the captain. It is cool symbolism as you ride out storms together, with him in charge helping steer your life. Especially since the words "hold fast" are actually Danish and mean "hold on tight." In Danish hymns it is sung that you should hold fast to Jesus...cool.

So anyway, yeah, we arrived at the church and set up after having a great dinner with contacts. The concert was scheduled for 7 p.m., but people started coming at 6:30, and we were told the concert would start at 7:30, so we were in mid-setup when the church filled with people. Also our contact said that it would be a small concert, 50-60 people. When we began to play, the church was filled to capacity, at least 95 people, and we praised the night away.

I was really stoked because the congregation was a mix of everything. Young kids in the front who loved the puppet show and listened intently to the translation of everything we did. Teens in the back who started out kinda restless, then came alive during the first chorus of "Boulevard of Broken Dreams" singing along and then bouncing from side to side. Elderly people in the back and middle watching and smiling. And in the front, 30-somethings bobbing their heads and singing along to Danish songs and then rocking out with us for our encore of "Take My Life."

It was a beautiful night with a lot of fun and fellowship shared by all. In the front row for the concert, we found out later, was Henrik Engqvist, one of the best drummers in Denmark, which was really cool. Afterwards we finished the night the only way a true Dane would. We watched handball and had hygge with a bunch of the people from church. It was great, just a time of rest and relaxation with friends.

Denmark continues to be great for us though we are very busy. We have been on all the major islands now and currently are busy in Zealand, which is the island that Copenhagen is on. Today we had our first rehearsal since we have been overseas. It was great since we had an unexpected day free and suddenly had time to practice. So we got to work through a few new songs and figure out our new puppet show. The team is doing well; we are all still getting along, thank the Lord, and haven't minded the food at all. Even our Danish is improving. So yeah, things are going well.

I will be writing again soon, but until then, may God bless you.

Peace in Him

Jim Pfrogner

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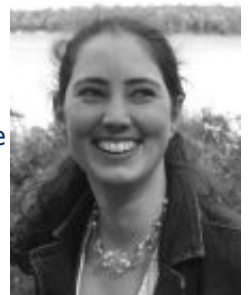
**Date:** 1/28/2006

**Submitted by:** Kirby Schultz

**Journal Entry:**

Oh my goodness. How great is Denmark that they have the same instant coffee that we have in Australia! Go Nescafe gold brand! It is so nice to see familiar brands of chocolate and tea and coffee. I am totally in stage 1 of culture shock, still. Oh, and another thing is that they have amazing creamed honey. I know it is crazy, but for sure these are the little things that make life interesting and fun over here.

I must admit that I have been so caught up in all the busyness of us being here on team, doing ministry that I totally forgot about Australia Day--which was on the 26th January. Deron (from New Vision last year) very nicely wished me happy Australia Day. I wonder when Denmark Day is. I am sure that they will fly their red and white flags when it is, so I may have to get back to you on that one.



**Kirby Schultz**

Things are hectic, but I have been told to expect way more early morning starts and more than one or two programs a day. I am starting to get used to sleeping in our van, who we have dubbed 'Thor'. We thought that sounded very fitting for our large Sprinter van, and it sounds Viking also. Trying to come up with a name for the van is not an easy task, let me tell you. Stan, our U.S. van, is waiting patiently for us back home. He is in good company as Lois the trailer is there, too.

Anyway! We have been to some amazing places. We have stepped inside churches that date back to the 11th century and earlier. One such church had a massive tower with an even bigger bell in the tower. When it peals, I am sure you could hear it in Sweden! I wanted to see how much I could make it swing without making it ring. I only pushed it a little way just in case people started coming to church because they heard the sound.

Today we had the opportunity to drive to the tip of Denmark. We walked out to the edge, looked at the sea crashing onto itself from two angles. We took some pictures (I took one of a clump of stuff, I think it could have been a mixture of seaweed and dirt and sand and pebbles; this was the furthest most northern point of Denmark, this clump!), then we saw a bunker from WW2 that the Germans made on the Danish beach. These were made so that they could watch for the English--if they arrived by boat or air. Smart!

We also managed to go to the lighthouse. Jim, Josh and Dan were the fit ones and climbed the huge 50 million stairs to get to the top. It may not have been 50 million, but it was a big lighthouse. Then we went to the church where it has been covered by sand. Interesting, I know! All that remains is the bell tower. But we caught a glimpse as the sun was near setting; so very beautiful.

We are at another boarding school in a town called Skrødstrup. The young people are so great, a little loud at night when we are trying to sleep but really wonderful. They have amazing English speaking skills, we are so lucky.

Well, this is where I wrap this up and say to keep praying for us as a team. Pray that our energy level remains high and that when we get to sleep, it is deep.

Blessings to you,

Love Kirby xx

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**Date:** 1/29/2006

**Submitted by:** Mary Weinauer

**Journal Entry:**

Wow, it has been a crazy week here in Denmark. I didn't know it was possible to be this busy, and they say this was an easy week. We've had two or three programs a day, and we're tired but also renewed from all the amazing experiences here. Last week we had a wonderful contact named Brian. As our first official week on the road, it was great to have someone so helpful. It's great how willing people are to help us and get up at 5 a.m. just to meet us in time and show us where to go; it's been quite wonderful!



**Mary Weinauer**

One of my favorite memories of this week was having our first open concert at a church. This week we were able to see many old churches, and they are beautiful. This particular church we performed in was a baby church built in the early 1900's, very young compared to the church from the 1100s. The church was small and quaint, but the people were amazing. While talking with some parishioners before the concert, they told me that there were never so many people in the church and that they really enjoyed seeing so many people all together to worship. The concert was a great success. We did some of our slower songs, and it was fun to see people thinking and really connecting with God.

Afterwards it was fun to talk to some of the older people there who didn't know much English but thought I knew a lot of Danish and so spoke to me in Danish. They are just so sweet. My Danish was tested again as we went to the pastor's house for kaffe and tea and cake. I was at a table with older men and we didn't speak much of each other's language, but we were able to communicate and connect on a spiritual level. This is one of the great things about the language difference--you can see peoples' hearts more and see into their true selves with open eyes. It's amazing the effort



people will go through just to talk to us.

The evening of fellowship ended with a time of worship. There were about 30 of us sitting around the fire singing songs from the Fælles Sang (a Danish hymnal). It was great fun to sing in Danish and share in worship with so many Danes in their home and in their traditional way. The pastor also had a short devotion and we prayed together. It was an incredible experience to share here in Denmark, and I look forward to more time with these amazing people as they are planning on coming to our concert in a few weeks when we are back in the area.

It was a wonderful day among the many wonderful days here. God is truly in our midst as we have so many opportunities to spread the love of Christ in our hearts! Thanks, God, you are amazing!

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**Date:** 1/30/2006

**Submitted by:** Josh Black

**Journal Entry:**

Well, today started a bit early for me because of being woken up by loud, blasting, really bad rap mixed with some rock. Today was our last day staying at a boarding school where Jim and I shared a room that we like to call "The Cave." The reason we called it The Cave was because it was the last room in a long dark hallway and it was very cold. Apparently it is one of three rooms in the whole school that does not get any heat to it. On our last night there, we were given a space heater to get warm, and about an hour after having it warm our souls, a teacher came knocking on our door asking for it because a room down the hall was cold, and so we could not say no since we were given it for a short while. At least we had an hour of the nice heat.



**Josh Black**

As I was saying before, there was very loud music playing at about six in the morning the day we left. I do not think that I'm in Stage 2 of culture shock where I hate everything, but it sure was annoying. So I could not really go back to sleep much since I had a beat going on in my head that was giving me a small headache. We hit the road eight-thirty and headed for North Zealand around the Copenhagen area. The drive was about four and a half hours, and I took the second shift of driving. It was so foggy. About an hour into the drive, it was so hard to keep my eyes focused because of all the fog. Then I was getting sleepy. Well, we made it safely to Allerød and met Poul, who is one the youth consulates in this area of Denmark. We ate lunch at his house with him and his wife and two kids. It was a nice lunch, much awaited since I had not eaten any breakfast.

So recently I heard a story about a Danish woman in New York City who was charged with child abuse and was separated from her child for a few months. The reason she was charged was because she left the baby outside the restaurant by the window where she was seated inside. This is no surprise to me, but now I understand why it probably was a shock for that woman. After eating lunch, Poul's wife was getting the baby ready to go outside and we asked if she was going anywhere. She said no and that the baby was going to take a nap. Hmm... We could not believe this. And apparently Søren forgot to tell us as well. They told us that it has been something that families have done for a long time. Poul said it was actually quite healthy and that they have a baby monitor in case something happens, but all families do that so there is not any worry. Sometimes you can even leave your child waiting outside if a store if you are worried it will get too warm for the baby with all of it's warm clothes on. This also explained why Søren is never cold because he grew up in it. You learn something new every day.

We also got to play at the soldiers' home tonight; it's where soldiers live and train, but it is not really a military base either. We played in the dining area with half of our set up. It was one electric guitar, one acoustic, one base, a djembe and our voices. We played three sets of music,

and it felt kind of slow at times but they were busy eating, watching tv, and smoking while we were playing, so it was nice to know why it could feel that way. Plus the fact that we were kind of tired and the smoke was getting to us and our voices. I did have a good time chatting with some people and sharing some international news with each other. One if the guys I talked to named Nikolai looked like a young Noah Wyle. It is nice to be able to finally get some sleep tomorrow morning since we do not have to meet until ten. That is good news for my body. Sleep because you need it.

Some cool facts about Denmark.

1. The bathroom floors are heated.
2. Danish babies take naps outside.
3. Denmark has the oldest monarchy.
4. The toilets have a half and full flush option. Nice.
5. You drive on the right hand side of the road.
6. Denmark has really good candy.

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**Date:** 1/31/2006

**Submitted by:** Jenny Brockman

**Journal Entry:**

A new city, a new contact person, new adventures, and new surprises! Today, Tuesday, we were blessed to begin our day at 10 AM. We were surprised to find out that our new contact, Poul Kristensen, had planned a work day for us. He had arranged for us to be able to have some time at the local mission house in Allerød for an electric rehearsal! It was so much fun to have a low key day to get some details taken care of. Also, look for some pictures online to come of Dan playing the accordion! Maybe we didn't spend the whole day working!



**Jenny Brockman**

Monday had been a busy day and ended quite late. Josh mentioned in his last journal that we had been at the soldiers' home. Maybe to take a moment to explain--it wasn't a home where people were actually living. A soldiers' home is like a center that contains a cafe, lounge area, internet access, laundry, and a place to kick back and relax. This particular soldiers' home was run as a type of Christian outreach. Tommy and his family worked very hard to provide a fun environment with Christian influence. It was such a blessing and encouragement to see how hard he and his family worked, whether it was taking a moment to have a conversation, cleaning, or preparing food for the soldiers who were training there.

After our concert, we had the opportunity to take some time to talk with people. Mary and I ended up talking with three soldiers who had already completed their time in the Royal Guard (do you remember seeing pictures at concerts of the men with the tall black hats? That was them!). These men were training and studying to be in a special calvary unit. In fact, in this elite unit, there were only going to be about 20 men. We asked all kinds of questions about just about everything. For instance, are they allowed to talk when they're on duty with the Royal Guard or do they have to be stone faced? Surprisingly, the answer is that they are allowed to speak a little bit and they can smile! Everyone's opinions about the war in Iraq varied (funny, just like the United States!). Finally, we asked about what they thought about the soldiers' home being Christian. They said that the food was better, cheaper, and Tommy provided a great area to just hang out in. But, most people that came there weren't Christian. People generally respected Christian beliefs but didn't care too much one way or the other.

I was shocked because these three men had just sat through our concert. As the conversation deepend, one young man talked about feeling abandoned by the church. The topic of conversation

quickly changed, but my heart didn't. I walked away hurting and wishing that I could do something more. I wished more than anything that in some way I could convey how faithful God is, even when you feel abandoned in the world, that God has shown that He never will abandon us through the gift of His Son, Jesus. That is my prayer for so many people that I meet, that they would realize how extravagant Jesus' love is for us, that they don't actually walk alone. Through their struggles and searching to fill what seems to be an empty void in their life, there is a Savior whose love is so great that He searches them out and meets them right where they are at. A love that is so great that it cannot be contained.

'This is what love is: not that we loved God, but that he loved us and sent his Son as an atoning sacrifice for our sins.' --I John 4:10

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**Date:** 2/1/2006

**Submitted by:** Jim Pfrogner

**Journal Entry:**

Today I was ministered to and saw God more then any day yet since we have been here, and it came out of nowhere, so I figured I'd better write it down while it was still fresh in my head. This morning, we traveled to just outside of Copenhagen and met our newest contact, an awesome woman named Ida who is our first contact who is not getting paid!! She volunteered to take us because she heard that if no one volunteered, then we would have to skip this area of Zealand, and she just couldn't have that happen...how awesome.



**Jim Pfrogner**

So we got to our boarding school. It is Christian in name, but not in student body, mostly (we found some incredible young Christians here, but this is what we were told from the outset). The teachers here are Christian, but they tend to get specifically non-Christian students in order to have a ministry with them...cool. So we arrive and instantly get a vibe from some students saying, "Sweet, you guys are here; this will be fun" and from others saying "Get out of my school." Kinda normal.

We found out that they had not had a team here in a long time and had had a bad experience in the past with the students really not enjoying the team, so they were taking a big risk on us...no pressure. I was nervous from the start since we were debuting three new songs that we had learned during our last practice. Also I was nervous because I felt a feeling of dislike from some of the kids that was very strong, and for me this is not normal. For once I started hoping they would like me and suddenly realized that that was about the last thing I should be caring about. I am not here trying to make friends and let people remember Jim Pfrogner. I am here to make friends and have them remember how much God loves them. It doesn't matter if I look good, bad, stupid or amazing; what matters is that these kids can see or hear a bit about God, even if they don't want to.

I went out to talk before the program and tried to strike up a conversation with a nice girl off to the side. She just stared at me with a look of complete confusion and didn't say a thing. This had not happened in Denmark once. Heck, not even in the States, so I kept on going. Finally her friend came over and started talking to me. "She doesn't speak English," she said. Oh. "Wait," I said. "Doesn't everyone here speak some English?" "Yeah, pretty much." she replied. "So out of 130 students, I picked the only one who doesn't speak English to come and talk to?!" "Um...yeah," said her friend. Nice.

So the program started, one hour of programming, fifteen minute break and then thirty minutes of extra. The kids had to come to the first hour and could choose after that. It was interesting, to say the least. Midway through our first set, some kids in the front were totally with us listening to the music, while some in the back talked all through Mary's glue about her parents' divorce (that had never happened before), and another group of kids made out during all the slow songs...interesting.

We had been going for a while when suddenly our power turns off. One of the kids over by the side had hit a switch and killed our power by accident. That was okay, just turn it back on...but the next three times it happened weren't by accident. I was singing and praying the whole time that the Spirit would move and that despite this attack of nerves and disrespect, the students would still listen or at least hear about God and what we had to say/sing. I was losing my confidence when we started to sing the song "Voice of Truth" by Casting Crowns.

I listened to the lyrics and suddenly realized that the Voice of Truth was reaching out, and even though people were telling me and reminding me of all the things I have failed at, the Voice of Truth says, "DO NOT BE AFRAID...THIS IS FOR MY GLORY." I was suddenly struck by those lyrics and perked up. I sang my soul out and just praised. I literally don't remember anything after that until the set ended. There was a mad rush towards the door, as I figured, and I went and talked to a bunch of people. Strange thing was, a whole bunch came back for our second set—maybe 60 or so of the 130 people. And they were awesome, just amazing kids.

We played the rest of our set, added a few more songs and then did an encore during which I was jumping everywhere. I seriously don't remember being that pumped during a program, and for me, that is saying a lot. I really love programs and always get excited for them. So finally, the set was over, and I went out to talk some more. I met more amazing Christians and a few searchers. One had been a Satanist and had felt...well, in his own words, "nothing." Now he was searching, and I got to tell him some of my story before he had to go to bed. It was a great convo. I felt like God really reached out His hand and touched this place, just as I had prayed.

I asked Søren how we did with CD and t-shirt sales. I was hoping for maybe 10 CDs and 3 t-shirts. We don't even have the CD's finished yet—they are being printed right now—and the T-shirts hadn't sold well in past years. So far we have done incredibly well selling CDs and t-shirts, but usually you only sell them when someone is really taken with the music or the message. Anyway, his reply was to smile and say 40 CDs, 25 t-shirts. We actually need to order more because we are out of sizes already. I can't tell you how insane that is. We could not possibly sell that many without God's help.

It is funny to say I saw God in sales...I saw him everywhere tonight. But he literally picked my selfish soul up off the floor, dusted me off, and said, "Get out there and tell them about me. Praise with everything you have, go nuts and do it for me." Awesome. My verse for Denmark has been 1 Corinthians 5:13-15. Please check it out if you get a chance, I think it sums up part of the team experience nicely.

Anyway, enough from me, I just wanted to share that. Even when you are afraid, nervous, or persecuted even lightly, call on the Lord and he will renew your strength...seriously. God amazes me more and more these days. He really answers prayers...even from imperfect people.....especially from imperfect people. May he bless you greatly and light you on fire for him.

God bless,

Jim Pfrogner

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**Date:** 2/8/2006

**Submitted by:** Mary Weinauer

**Journal Entry:**

Today was another busy day but very rewarding and exciting. It started early with our host brother having a birthday. A lot of times in Denmark they sing the traditional birthday song and give presents before starting the day. It was so great even at 6:30 in the morning to hear the happiness; they also had flags up and a table cloth with Danish

flags all over it. What a great tradition to make it special!

Then we had a program at a public school nearby. The students were a bit tired, but they clapped along and had some nice comments afterwards. We all went into classrooms after and talked about a lot of subjects from religion, to government in the U.S. and Australia, and random things like, are Americans taller than Danes? Interesting and enjoyable, and it is always fun to get to know the students a little better.

Then tonight was a fun evening. We were at Borremose Efterskole (boarding school) and had a full program. Our group was fired up even after a long day and put our hearts into the program. It was fun to see some students really connecting to the music and our testimonies. There was one student in particular that was really in awe of Dan's guitar skills and sat staring at him, or his guitar, the whole time! It was great, but afterwards Dan had an awesome opportunity to talk to him more and let this young boy see Jesus behind the awesome guitar playing. God is so amazing in how he works through us, and every day I am so glad to be able to use my talents for His use!

We all had some very great questions and conversations with students. Wanting to know if we really believed what we were saying, etc. These questions always seem hard, but God proves to take over and give us the words to say! All we have to do is speak from the heart and show love to others, and the truth comes out. It's great to see so many students really searching and wanting more. I know when I was their age, 14 or 15, I still had a lot of questions and was very much searching, so it is encouraging to see that now! I hope that our contact with them will serve as a foot in the door to at least asking more questions and having more conversations at school (because they can talk about God in the public schools here)!

To conclude, it was a fantastic evening and, like always, it is hard to say goodbye. But as we often are here in Denmark, we were given a wonderful goodbye full of waves and smiles and some of them were even running aside the van. We were afraid we might hit them, but it was great to see their energy. Many of them hope to see us again on Friday as we have another program in the area. It would be so much fun to have familiar faces and continue the bonds we have made tonight!

Thank you, Lord, for all you do. Jesus, you are amazing and continue to give us strength every day! Tak for alting!



**Mary Weinauer**

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**Date:** 2/11/2006  
**Submitted by:** Kirby Schultz  
**Journal Entry:**

Hello to you all!!

Well, to start with I would like to tell you a story about me and tea. When I was back in Australia, I used to drink a lot of tea. Tea for breakfast, tea for morning tea, tea for afternoon tea, and sometimes tea for supper (which is the late nite snack before going to bed). Now the tea that I would drink was to me superb. I feel that I am a fairly ordinary girl, so I drank ordinary tea--yep, that is right, English Breakfast all the way!! On some occasions I would opt for Earl Grey, but that would be if there was no other real option. My friend Karina thought that Earl Grey was my favourite, but alas no, it is English Breakfast. So what does this have to do with me being here in Denmark?? Well, I heard that the Danes love their 'coffee' time, which is a true statement. However, they are not subject to only coffee; no, they also have tea. So you would think that I would be very excited!! Don't get me wrong, I am. I also absolutly love their Nescafe Gold instant coffee, that is my close second choice. But you see, a lot of the time when tea is offered the choice is ... flavoured tea!!!! I had never had flavoured tea in my life!!! But I know that this year is all about trying new things, doing things you would never think of doing, being culturally aware! Drinking flavoured tea!

So this weekend was so great. On Friday night, we were at an awesome mission church where we saw one of our earlier contacts, Brian. I was at my sound board and from out of nowhere I feel this tap on my shoulder--there was my best friend Viv. She had travelled from Germany early to



**Kirby Schultz**



surprise me with Maria and Bo. It was so great to see her. She was able to see me play bass and see what I am doing for this year. We all drove back to Børkop where we spent the weekend. Now you must know a little thing about Viv. She can play table tennis. She managed to play and beat some of my fellow team members. By team members, I mean the boys. I do not mean to build her up like she could win a world championship, but let me tell you, I am scared to play her now after all the games she played. We had an awesome time catching up, laughing and quoting ourselves. You will have to ask me about that last comment. We are just two silly girls. But I thank God that she is an awesome example to me and we are friends.

Well, we are in Bornholm now, quite a distance from the mainland. But everyone is awesome. We have had wonderful ministry opportunities here also. I won't tell all the details as I am sure others will. But let me tell you one thing. Playing in a skate park is definitely cold in the middle of winter with no heat in the room/park/rink!! I think my toes nearly fell off. But great conversations, bread afterwards, and hey, we played in a skate park!!

Ok, well, ciao for now. Please keep us in your prayers as the evil one is tapping into our tiredness and using it for his advantage! I love this little land called Denmark and I hope that this finds you well.

Blessings Love Kirby xx

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**Date:** 2/12/2006

**Submitted by:** Jenny Brockman

**Journal Entry:**

Well, I must confess that I intended to write this update last Tuesday, but I'm just now getting around to it! We arrived back in Børkop at the Bible School at about 1 a.m. on Saturday! We are here for an entire weekend off, what a gift! I started walking into the main building, half asleep, to find out what time brunch was on Saturday, and I was greeted by about 15 students who were still awake. It was like coming home to friends and family, talking with them. After spending our first week in Denmark with all of them, it is exciting to see such familiar faces.

This week has been such an incredible week, I thought that I would share my \*week at a glance\* with you all! I think it really all began last Sunday. We had the incredible opportunity to play during a worship service at a Danish church. It was the first time we had gotten to do that. Afterwards, we were invited to the pastor's home for lunch. Oh, by the way, his name is Olaf Olafsen, how awesome is that?!?! We were starting to get tired by that time and were kind of hoping for an afternoon nap because we didn't have anything else on our schedule for the day besides about an hour and a half drive to where we were sleeping that night. But we were also excited because we were told that the pastor would do a devotion for us in English. Well, the devotion turned into a three-hour conversation for some of us about faith and life. It was an incredible gift from God. (For those of you who know Professor Mark Brighton at Concordia University in Irvine, it was like having a three-hour discussion with him! So amazing that you wouldn't ever want to leave!)

This last week we spent lots of time in schools. It is incredible to be invited in to public, private, and boarding schools. Students always have lots of questions for us, and many times teachers have arranged for us to come to classrooms to speak with the students. The students' English skills are incredible, much better than my Danish would hope to be! There are always questions about where we are from, the food we like, the sports we play, are people in the United States tall (okay, so that's the first time we had ever gotten that question), etc. I think one of the most common questions that was asked of us dealt with the cartoons that were published dealing with Mohammad. It is a difficult issue to deal with, to be sure, dealing with personal rights and freedoms. Most of the news each day that we hear about deals with the continuing situation here in Denmark and abroad, and it always seems to be a topic of conversation wherever we go.

The most popular question we get asked is about if we are 'real' Christians. That is not a question that we are used to receiving in the United States. And to be honest, when this question has been asked whether we are in a school or after a concert, it is some of the best discussion we have ever had. Many people ask that question in all honesty and sincerity. They want to understand what it really means, why we would give up our lives for a year and not be paid to do what we do. They want to understand what stirs so deeply in our hearts that we would be so convicted and speak with such passion. The students often ask how often we pray, how often we go to church, and how we



**Jenny Brockman**

feel about things because we seem to be 'real' Christians. At times, it is difficult to explain that for us Christianity is not about laws, rules, and regulations. 'It is for freedom that Christ has set us free. Stand firm, then, and do not let yourselves be burdened again by a yoke of slavery.' (Galatians 5:1)

For us, it is about a relationship with our Savior, Jesus Christ. There is nothing we can do to win His affection. 'But God demonstrates His love for us in this, while we were still sinners, Christ died for us.' (Romans 5:8) We try and help students understand that the reason we go to church, read Scripture, and pray is not to follow some sort of a code or set of rules, but rather because we long to know our Savior more intimately.

In the midst of persecution, joy, sleepless nights, full stomachs (Danish food and candy are amazing!), and the day-to-day activities of life, we are blessed to meet so many of God's incredible children. The missionaries and their families that so willingly give up their time to help us, the passion that dwells inside of them, and the joy that exists in the midst of being persecuted for their own faith is an incredible thing to see. These people are living examples of what Paul writes about in 2 Corinthians 6:3-10.

'We put no stumbling block in anyone's path so that our ministry will not be discredited. Rather, as servants of God we commend ourselves in every way: in great endurance; in troubles, hardships and distresses; in beatings, imprisonments and riots; in hard work, sleepless nights and hunger; in purity, understanding, patience and kindness; in the Holy Spirit and in sincere love; in truthful speech and in the power of God; with weapons of righteousness in the right hand and in the left; through glory and dishonor, bad report and good report; genuine, yet regarded as imposters; known, yet regarded as unknown, dying and yet we live on; beaten and yet not killed; sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; poor yet making many rich; having nothing, and yet possessing everything.' I think that is a passage in Scripture that I cling to. I chuckle at God's sense of humor because today in church that was the passage that the pastor would often refer to in his sermon. It was such a blessing to go to church today--to understand things through the amazing translation of Maria (our main contact in Denmark). The pastor at this church was incredible, preaching today about the great gift that we have been given--salvation through Jesus Christ. He spoke about how we have been entrusted with much and posed the question to the congregation, asking them what will they do now? Is this a gift they will keep as a secret for themselves? Where will we go from here? No matter where we go, we know it is the love of Jesus Christ that carries us.

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**Date:** 2/13/2006

**Submitted by:** Josh Black

**Journal Entry:**

So the last month has just gone by so fast. I sometimes wonder what the heck I have done in the last month. Denmark is finally starting to appear as though it actually has grass. The snow is finally gone. It would figure that Denmark would have the most snow it has had in the last ten years when I am here. It's a darn good thing I brought a good coat for the cold weather. It has been warming up slowly and the cold weather just won't go away. Although it does feel nice to go outside after playing a program inside for an hour and a half. Today we drove to Bornholm, which is another island of Denmark that is sort of under Sweden. Right now would be a good time to look on an atlas to see where Denmark is for those of you who might not be too familiar with it. It is right above Germany and is a very small country. It is separated into a few islands; we were in Jutland and had to drive through Copenhagen, then through part of Sweden, then took an hour long ferry to get to the lowest end of Denmark called Bornholm. We have been told that there are different accents spoken everywhere in Denmark. It's like someone from New Mexico (let's say me), going to New York City and can tell that everyone there is speaking English but it may be a bit hard to understand sometimes because of the accent. But in the case of being in Denmark, no one on our team but Søren can understand the difference because we certainly don't speak Danish.

Anyhoo... we had to leave about 4:15 a.m., and we arrived sometime in the morning. We met with our contact for the week, Jesper. Once we arrived at his house, we went over the schedule for the week. It sounds like fun. Then we ate a good lunch and took a long nap. It was nice! Afterwards, we headed to the guys' host home for the week and all of us had dinner, or tea if you are Australian, and headed off for our first concert in Bornholm. It was at a skate park. It was so cool because it was a skate park and it had a climbing wall and some skaters... it was awesome. The only downfall



**Josh Black**

was that it was really cold. Funny because it was inside, but it's an all year round park and so there is no heating or cooling system in there. But if I were skating I guess I would be warm. It wasn't too bad after a while of playing, but my fingers were starting to fall off. Kinda need them, and so God let them stay on. It was fun getting to play around on the half pipes afterwards, too. Jim, Dan and myself pretended like we had a skateboard or some rollerblades on and played on the half pipes. We even slid down them as well. It was kind of tiring after a while, though. Søren and Mary tried skateboarding, and it looked like Søren might have gotten the hang of it after a few falls, but it was more fun to see him race Jesper on the half pipe while they were sitting on the board. Very amusing...

I have had a great time so far learning new things about Denmark about every day. One thing that is challenging sometimes is listening to young students talk about the Danish church as a whole. When we go into classrooms for question and answer sessions, it goes well, but it is interesting how the students respond to us as Watermark. They will ask us why we are believing in something you can't even see and why are you doing what you are doing. I have heard a majority of students say that church is boring and that if it was like what we bring, with Christian rock and puppets and sharings, then they would come to church. It is sometimes hard to hear that someone would come to church if it would be entertaining. I guess as long as God is being talked about, then someone would listen. We have also been told that quite a few people will become pastors but not be Christian. That was just sad to hear. But we have talked to some who just are on fire for God but have no idea how to spread that fire. It is nice to be able to be encouraging in that way but also a helpful reminder to stay in touch with God myself on a regular basis because he is why I am in Denmark anyway. Aside from that, everything is going okay.

I am really looking forward to this week ahead because of the things we are getting to do and places we will get to see on Friday. Friday is our sight-seeing day in Bornholm and it sounds like it will be fun. Thanks to everyone who has read this far because I have written a novel.

Gud's Fred! ( God's Peace!)

Josh

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**Date:** 2/14/2006  
**Submitted by:** Jim Pfrogner  
**Journal Entry:**

Wow,

So this journal will be a lot like me, all over the place, kinda crazy, not making much sense, and hopefully fun. Denmark is teaching me a lot these days, as well as the rest of the team, so I figured I would take this time and tell you a few of the places we have played and the people we have met that have been powerfully on my heart these last few days.



**Jim Pfrogner**

Olaf Olafsen, great Danish name for one of the most inspiring and incredible preachers I have ever met. He invited us to his church last Sunday so that we could sing a few songs and just join in praise and fellowship. After the service, we all went back to Olaf's house for the most amazing hygge I have experienced so far in Denmark. The food was great, but this man was incredible, clearly on fire for the Lord and full of so much wisdom it was just an honor for me to be able to talk to him for a few hours and ask him a bunch of questions. He was born in Ethiopia, grew up there, became a pastor in Israel, preached there and in the Middle East for ten years, then came here to Denmark.

Now I am sure it has come to your attention that Denmark published a few caricatures of Mohammed and basically sent the Muslim world into a frenzy. Denmark publishes a book of caricatures every year, and it is both very popular and very much filled with Danish humor. Danes love to make fun of themselves, and it is considered an honor in Denmark to be characterized in this book. Denmark has a lot of Muslim people who live here and have moved here as refugees from their own countries because of religious

and political persecution. They added pictures of Mohammed in a sort of Danish style "Welcome to the country, you are one of us now, so we will poke fun at you just like everyone else."

As you can tell, it went over very poorly. We as a team are asked about our feelings on these drawings about five times a week. I personally feel that it wasn't a great idea, but it has been totally blown out of proportion. They were printed last September, so if it was a big deal it should have been a big deal then, not now six months after the fact. Do we as a team feel we are in danger? No, not at all. Denmark is about the most peaceful country I have ever seen. From its culture to the landscape, it speaks of peace, cooperation and talking to figure out problems, not violence.

So, sitting with Olaf we began to discuss Islam in great detail since he knows it inside and out, having lived in it for ten years. Remarkable conversation. Then we discussed the holy land, the Ark of the Covenant, and then his own church. His congregation has rebelled against his continued use of Jesus in sermons and his asking them to live as Christians. Half the congregation want to have a "social Christianity"—go to church for baptisms, weddings, funerals, and Christmas and Easter. That is it; they don't want to hear any more about Jesus or be asked to live like he says in the Gospels. The other half of the congregation want to hear the good news and are really excited to praise and worship and catch fire for the Lord.

As we played in the church I started to clap during the last song. Some people looked scandalized, some were really excited and started to clap along, and pretty soon about half the church was clapping and singing away to "Grace Like Rain." Not just young people but elderly as well smiled, took pictures mid-service, and praised the Lord with us. Meanwhile a young couple in the front row gave me the dirtiest looks I have seen in church in my life and walked out the second they could. It was very surreal.

In one month they will have a church vote about whether or not Olaf will be allowed to stay as pastor. He has a very good chance of being fired because he is a PASTOR who is preaching about Jesus. No other reason, no skeletons in his closet, simply his love for God might very well get him fired. I am still shocked. Please pray for him. He, however, is totally fine with it and knows that if they ask him to leave, God will send him somewhere else. He won't stop preaching the Gospel. That is the type of faith that humbles me, and this is the type of persecution we face in Denmark sometimes. Quiet, under the surface, but tiring and frustrating.

And then there are places like the skater center. Last night in Bornholm (an island off of Sweden that belongs to Denmark), we played our first concert at a skater center—basically a huge indoor skate park in what used to be an old ship-building building...can you say that? Anyway, it was awesome, but we noticed that as we set up it was really cold. It was then they told us that the place was not heated so it would be the same temperature inside as outside. Okay, full electric concert, 35 degrees. Nice.

We were expecting about six people to come and hang out; we got forty. We played the entire set right in the middle of the complex while people skated on half-pipes and biked down ramps right beside us. It was awesome. I jumped around like a maniac because a) it was fun and b) it was really cold and I wanted to feel my feet. Still a great time was had by all; amazingly, everyone stopped skating to hear my sharing, and most of the people there were incredibly courteous and just great to talk to. There is even an employee who might be going on team next year (Go Maria! And for all of you who know me, no, not that one.) So we had a great time and then went back to our homes. It is great to see such an amazing place exist. I mean, a

Christian skate park, funded by Christians and made by young people. Sooo sweet; my only low was that the rock climbing wall was closed.

So things are going well amidst the chaos; I am writing about 40 minutes after our last

concert finished at an awesome school with some of the most rockin' kids we have met. They clapped along with every song, stood on chairs and then sang along with us. I love to praise, especially when I can feel others praising too. Such a blessing. In a half an hour, we head off to a soldiers' home (a Christian place where current military personnel are stationed and can come for a break and some hot food) to play for 45 minutes or so and then hang out.

I am loving our time here; it is more tiring than I thought it would be, and tougher at times when you play for people who really don't want you there at all. But it is so rewarding to see those same people at the end of a set ask for one more song or come up quietly and ask if you really are a Christian, if you really believe what you are singing about and if so...what does that mean? And why do you feel that way? Basically, who is this Jesus? This is an awesome experience. May God's blessings be upon all of you and may his peace rest in your hearts. Please keep us, Denmark, and Olaf in your prayers.

Gud velsigne dig

(God bless you)

Jim Pfrogner

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**Date:** 2/17/2006

**Submitted by:** Mary Weinauer

**Journal Entry:**

Today has been a very fun day. It is amazing how God works even on our "days off"! Usually we get one day off per week, a time to recuperate from the week and reenergize. Often we spend these days watching a movie, doing laundry, running errands or eating only lunch and dinner because we got up so late we missed breakfast! We are very fortunate to have these days.



Well, today was a designated day off, and it started out pretty typical...no breakfast and a nice shower. But soon it became much more interesting. Currently we are on the Island of Bornholm...one of Denmark's islands south east of Copenhagen. The island has Denmark's only waterfall and cliffs. The island is also known for its beautiful beaches, oddly discovered spiders and bugs, and their Bornholm Danish accent that is reminiscent of the Swedes sing-song speech. It is a wonderful island with many great people and sights to see. **Mary Weinauer**

So this morning...okay, it was afternoon...we set out to see the sights. First we went to Gudhjem, which translates to "God home" in English, and saw beautiful cliffs and the bursting sea with huge waves from all the wind and a cave. Søren kept saying...."Who knew Denmark had THIS!" It was gorgeous, and we had a fun time trying to get inside the cave running amongst the slippery rocks between tides. Very dangerous, but we made it and it was so cool!

Then we went to see a very old castle from before the 1200's. Although it had been destroyed many years ago in battles, it was fantastic to see the ruins and read a bit about the history. It was incredible, and we could just imagine the Viking ships coming in from sea. It was a very cold and snowy, mystical sight!

Finally we saw a gorgeous valley with a bit of running water that had frozen...so pretty...it totally made up for it being cold just to see this cliff covered in icicles!

Then we went to the boys' host home to warm up and have some dinner. As a great custom here in Denmark we first had tea time with tea, coffee and warm cocoa...plus some delicious føllerboller cookies (cream cookie sticks..mmmm). While Kirby and I were enjoying a nice cup, the boys' host brother Mathias and his friend Joachim came to talk with us. As young teenagers, I was amazed at their desire to get to know us. They asked us questions in clear English about ourselves and our tour in Denmark. Joachim mentioned getting confirmed soon and Kirby asked why he wanted to be confirmed, for the presents (which is the most common response we've found so far with the youth



in Denmark) or for their belief in Jesus? And both of them responded almost instantly, because we believe in Jesus. Kirby and I were again so impressed with their grace and amazing maturity. It made us smile to see them as young men having a friendship based on Christ.

These two were just so much fun to talk to. They taught us things in Danish, we explained a few words in English and just had a wonderful time with them. It's amazing to see God so brightly in two young men. I thank God for all the opportunities to talk about Him and His Son Jesus Christ with people of all ages and nationalities. God, you are amazing to care for all of us and to love each of us. We are not just faces in the crowd, but Your children held tightly in Your hand. Thousand thanks for that and thanks for all the natural beauties you gave us!

Lovingly in Him,

Mary

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**Date:** 2/17/2006

**Submitted by:** Jim Pfrogner

**Journal Entry:**

All right, I know most of my journals are happy and usually full of joy as I attempt to relate what I have seen and heard and experienced in the past few days...or I just ramble on. I love to tell stories of how I have seen God move, which usually involve lots of people singing their hearts out and then talking to us after a concert. Well, this one is a little different.



**Jim Pfrogner**

I think our program a few days ago in a public school was the hardest program I have ever done in my year and a half on team. We went to a public school on Bornholm and pretty much had the nightmare concert. Everything worked, we played our hearts out and sang into our sweet sound system on key. Trouble was, the 110 kids we were playing for didn't want to hear us, and though they were kinda respectful....they didn't care.

They didn't clap along...at all, to anything we did for the first hour. This had never happened before. Jenny gave a sharing in which we ask for volunteers to get candy as a prize, and no one would come...or talk...or really acknowledge her. It was like playing for a wall, except walls show slightly more emotion.

As lead singer, I must admit I put a lot of responsibility on myself for how we are received. I feel it is my job to make a connection with the audience, while the guitarist's job is to play the right chords and the drummer's job is to keep the right tempo. So when we get no feedback, it is really brutal. I had said a prayer with the team before the concert and basically had told the team, if we are doing this for one person, just one...then it is enough. The Lord says his word will never return empty once it is proclaimed, our job is to proclaim it and he will do the rest. I never expected to see it right in front of me, though.

I must say I was really getting down looking out on all the blank faces. Kids averting their eyes or looking at the floor. We were singing rock songs, praise songs, popular songs...nothing was working. But we kept going, you can't just stop, just keep telling them the message. I was praying as I sang for the words to hit home to someone. And then I saw her, towards the end of our concert, in the middle on the right hand side being looked at as if she was the craziest girl in the world. She was singing along with us to "Open the Eyes of My Heart," and I wanted to cry. Maybe it was a trick of the lighting, but she seemed to shine as she sang through ridicule and persecution to praise God with us. I had said, if it is only for one person...and you know what? It was more

than enough.

I was filled with more strength and Spirit then I have been in a while and sang louder and harder, if that makes any sense. We all preached hard and kept clapping, and eventually some kids joined in, and you know what? They kinda participated in a sing-along! We finished the concert, and still the only image in my head was of my friend singing her heart out despite the odd looks and open stares. She has seen us four times so far on Bornholm, and I am thankful for every one. Nice that it is a small island and that God is so big.

So anyway, after we finished the concert, we had a short break to tear down all of our stuff and then headed into the classrooms, except this time in mini-teams: Mary and Jesper (our contact), Josh and Søren, and Dan and Kirby each took a grade 7 class. Jenny took one grade 8 class and I took the other. That's right, 45 minutes, no lesson plan, no back up, and I don't know much Danish...God help me.

Well he did. Turns out the kids really had a lot of questions for me ranging from the serious (Have you always been a Christian? What do you think of President Bush? How about the Mohammed drawings?) to the not so serious (Do you drink? What is your favorite band?). I didn't stop talking for 45 minutes, and the kids actually clapped for me when it ended. It was cool, and I must say, I really liked them, as tough as they had been on us, they were awesome to me.

The other guys had less luck. Jenny got great questions but the rest had to fill dead space for 45 minutes. Dan said he actually explained Pangea to a class of confused 7th graders...he was very excited about this. I love Dan. Still, I guess we made an impression. My host brother was sick that day and missed the concert at his school. He told me that when he went back all the kids said they had loved it and that they wanted to hear us again...weird. I just don't understand how God works sometimes. Which is good, because it comforts me that God is much smarter and more powerful than I am. I certainly wouldn't want me in charge of the planet...heck, I am afraid to have me in charge of a toaster.

So there you go. Even on our worst days when everything that can go wrong does, whether it be with the sound system, van, team or a tough audience that just doesn't want to hear you, God is still working more powerfully than you can imagine. And that old line "If you sing for just one person, then it is enough," well, it's true, but not entirely...it is more than enough.

God bless you, please pray for us, Denmark, all the other teams and Youth Encounter.

Jim Pfrogner

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**Date:** 2/18/2006

**Submitted by:** Kirby Schultz

**Journal Entry:**

So what you get if you cross a bunch of teenagers who we have seen at our earlier programs while on Bornholm and them not getting much sleep?

An amazing, high energy, totally crazy, loud concert.

We were at a teen camp with about 90 young people from all around Bornholm. The setting was so beautiful, right next to a fantastic beach, room to run around and be silly and very tired people as they stayed awake all night. It is amazing how the Lord



**Kirby Schultz**

really sustains us. We go all around the island, unaware that some would come to see our program more than once. We caught up with many cool people at many of our concerts. Sure, Bornholm is not that big but they still traveled a ways to see us and to hear the message that Jesus loves them. The concert was unbelievable. Before we started they were pumped and ready to sing the roof off. They sang along to all our songs, praised and worshiped with us also. I was tired at this point, so I have no idea how they would be feeling. We basically saw friends. Encouraged them that they are special and even played some ping-pong.

Did I mention that they were tired? It was so much fun to start crazy songs with Josh at the lunch table. Songs such as "On a Day Like This" to "We Are the Champions" by Queen. We only added fuel to the loud fire.

The week on Bornholm was just awesome. To see the country side and to compare it to the rest of Denmark. They have mountains, valleys, waterfalls, caves that are meant to have spiders but hid when they knew we were coming, an old castle that someone bombed ages ago, snow, snow and more snow. Is it still winter, because it definitely feels like it.

Jesper, our contact and his family were so wonderful. I was having conversations with his daughter Maria, but as I was speaking English, she was speaking Danish, we just communicated with nods and smiles. But one thing that we had in common was 'Diddl' This little character is a cartoon from Germany, I believe. I think it is a kids' thing to like this little mouse, but I am not worried, as I love him and Diddlina and all the other cartoons. It is another conversation starter that I have used many times.

Well, I must go. I am thankful that the Lord is sustaining me while I am so very tired. It is still so amazing that I am following His call and I am here in Denmark. I have come to the realization that I can be silly for the Lord. Even if the young people look at me funny and they don't want to clap or be silly also, I get the chance to be silly for Him.

Peace and love to you

Kirby xx

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**Date:** 2/21/2006

**Submitted by:** Jenny Brockman

**Journal Entry:**

Another new week, a new city, new contact people, and already new experiences! Yesterday we arrived in Århus after celebrating part one of Mary's half birthday. (She is the only one who won't celebrate her official birthday on the road this year because it falls on August 20th, before we started team this year, and it won't happen again until after we're done this year.) Arriving in a new city is a little overwhelming but always exciting to meet the new contact people and find out what the week holds. I think that one of my favorite parts is the devotion that many contact people offer us. Frede spoke to us about 1 Corinthians 1:18, a perfect message for our time on the road and for Christians in general. It made me smile as he shared about the joy of serving Christ even in the midst of the world calling us crazy because we believe in the love of a Savior so great that He would give everything up for us. (For those of you at Reformation Lutheran Church in California, talk to Matt Keane about the crazy stories that Bible verse holds for the youth ministry there!)



**Jenny Brockman**

After an afternoon of getting the details taken care of, we drove to our new home for the week, a boarding school about one hour outside of Århus. We arrived, and Søren and I played the infamous game of finding the person we were supposed to speak to. In the process, we met several people in the first few minutes. The first person we met was one of Søren's students from last year where he worked at a boarding school. What are the odds? Then we met a crazy young man named Christian. His parents are from Denmark and Spain. So for all those keeping track, that's right, we both got to speak Spanish to each other! (While working on learning Danish, there are many times where I will not know a word or a phrase, so I'll switch languages in my head, unfortunately, being that Spanish is the only other language that I kind of speak, that's what comes out. It's hilarious!) He is the first

person that I met that speaks Spanish (aside from Jim, of course), and so it was funny for both of us!

After unloading our personal gear, finding our way around, and eating dinner, we set up for our an evening 'chapel' time with the students. As at most places we go, the best parts of the evening happen after the music is done. I got a chance to talk to a group of girls, and we had a blast. (The cool thing about this boarding school is that about eighty-five percent of the students are Christians, something that definitely isn't what you normally find.) We talked about everything from favorite musicians (Green Day), what they liked best about the school (new friends), what sports they played (volleyball and handball, duh!), what other countries they would like to travel to (just about everywhere), and more. One of the last questions I asked them was why they enjoyed worship and Bible study time so much. This school has student led worship and open Bible studies that about half of the students attend. Their answer? It was just right. They couldn't explain what they felt except to say that they could feel God's Spirit working inside them, and it was something they wouldn't trade for the world. How cool is that? To be able to articulate how amazing Jesus' love is in a language that is not your own. I smile as I pray for these girls and so many like them that God would continue to strengthen their faith in the midst of adversity and persecution. That while the world may call them crazy, that they would know more each day about the Savior who is crazy in love with them!

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**Date:** 2/22/2006

**Submitted by:** Mary Weinauer

**Journal Entry:**

Today was definitely a crazy and busy day. We had more done by 1:00 than I ever thought was possible. We have been leaving Djursland boarding school at 6:15 am to drive into Århus the last few days and again tomorrow for early morning confirmation classes. By the time we get set up and play, we are usually awake and have had some amazing students!



**Mary Weinauer**

This morning, we had an incredible class of 13- and 14-year-olds. We had a question and answer time after our program, and they had so many fantastic questions. They were so interested in what we thought about Christianity and our lives before Watermark, etc. It was just so exciting to see them so involved in what we had to bring them, and they were very open to hearing about our personal faiths and relationships with God! The last question a student asked was if we had any questions for them. It was such a great opportunity to ask them what they really thought about confirmation class, and we asked them what Jesus meant to them, since we had shared so much what Jesus meant to us. How incredible it was to hear responses about feeling protected by God and Christ and always knowing you have a place to turn. It was so encouraging to hear that they enjoyed learning about Christianity before making the step to get confirmed!

Then we quick went to another school a ways drive and had a full set-up program. It was fun and the students clapped and joined in a lot. I was able to talk to quite a few of the students before the program and again during the pause...that is really cool here, we usually have a 5 or ten minute break in the middle...it's a great time to talk to students and help them to be able to give more attention! So yes, there were some cool kids and they were all excited to get our autographs. We signed them on brochures for JesusNet.dk, which is an incredible website here in Denmark answering questions about Christ, etc. It's great to give them something to continue their search!

So yes, it was a busy morning, but this afternoon we have just had fun hanging out at the boarding school. Thank you, Lord, for rest when we need it and energy to keep going. Your love is amazing and unchanging, thanks for all the support you give all of Your children.

Lovingly in Him,

Mary

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**Date:** 2/25/2006

**Submitted by:** Kirby Schultz  
**Journal Entry:**

Hey again to you all.

Once again I am here to report to you that it is still cold in this little country of Denmark. This morning it was glorious (at 11:30 am) and sunny and just nice. However, the absolute crazy thing about winter is that it gets cold again and, yes you guessed it, it snows on your head when you are taking a nice stroll to the store in Djursland, Jutland, Denmark. That last piece of information is for if you are looking on your map and following where we go. If you are not following and have not got out your map of Denmark, then that is fine as well. It takes a long time to see where I am as this country is really small!



**Kirby Schultz**

Well, what a crazy week I have had. Actually, the whole team. We have been so busy, but amazingly, the Lord pulled us through. He gave us the strength to stay awake while driving. The patience to not be mad at each other for the little things. And many times where we were able to laugh in Thor, our van. Why crazy? you ask yourself. Well, there were many early mornings. When I say early, I don't mean wake at 7 a.m. I mean leave at 6-6:30 a.m. Yes, that is early here. The sun does not show until at least 7, and that is if there are no clouds! We were lucky enough to go to confirmation classes that were all an hour drive away. The kids were happy to see us for the most part. But in one of the classes there was a mix up so we had to split into two separate groups. The funny thing is that Bo, ex-WMD teamer from last year, did not know the songs, so I helped with leading the songs. That is right, me who cannot sing well at all was helping to sing to a class of 30 teenagers who really enjoy sleep more than confirmation classes. But this year is all about making sacrifices, even if it means that I have to sing.

Apart from that, we have met some really great people. One of our concerts was at a mission house in Århus for people our age. So it was so nice to chat and encourage these people we have so much in common with, that being our age. They enjoyed the worship time and went crazy for Jesus. I even had time to think a little, as before our concert there was this guest speaker who spoke Danish. I was one of the ones who could not hear our friends who were translating for us, so I just sat in my chair thinking on not much really, but not understanding what he was saying. Only when he said love or God did I understand.

Another crazy thing we have done is street ministry. Now let me tell you that this is exciting. I got to chat to strangers (most who are a little to a lot drunk) about anything and nothing. There were times where I would say, "Hey, would you like some FREE hot coffee?" and they would reply with a "NO, but thanks." Then I would reply with a "Well, have a GREAT night" and they would just keep walking. Other than that and it being really cold, so cold that my feet hurt to walk, it was great. We sang a song so people could come over and then just chatted to people. We also had this huge wood statue of Jesus, which was white. When Jesus said pick up your cross and follow me, I would have never imagined that I would be carrying Him on my shoulder. It was bigger than me with His arms open, plain white, standing. It was a sight to see, let me tell you. We were with a group who do this ministry every Friday night or so, and this night they could relax a little. Meeting new friends like them was great.

Anyway, I had better sign off now. Please keep praying that I take time out to pray and ponder on God and His amazing creation. I hope you are all well, happy, warm? Please let me know if there are any prayer requests you have!

Love and blessings to you  
Love Kirby xx

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**Date:** 2/25/2006  
**Submitted by:** Jim Pfrogner  
**Journal Entry:**

Hey again,

So things have been crazier this week then in any of the last ones. I think all totaled, we have done something like 20 programs this week, but honestly, probably a lot more since I am not including classroom trips and such.





Seriously, the week has been awesome but totally exhausting as we have **Jim Pfrogner** been waking up every day at 5:45 a.m., driving an hour into the city, setting up to do a program with confirmation kids, then after that off someplace to rest, then off again for another program, then more rest...repeat...until finally we get home around 12:00 am and wander aimlessly to bed.

Okay, so a few highlights of the week. On Thursday we were double booked by accident and needed to be two places at once. Okay, that's cool...so Dan, me and Kirby went to do a confirmation class, and the rest of the crew went to a school to hang out with students and do a few songs. Dan, Kirbs and I were slightly surprised to find that we were not with just one class but two, as another class had come from far away to see us because they had heard about Watermark and were pumped for a concert! So the time to improvise arrived. We needed to do a full hour-and-a-half program with one lead guitarist, a lead singer and a sound tech. So we got back-up. Bodil from Watermark last year came with us, and though she knew only two of the songs, we kindly put her into all of them, as well as the skit and puppet show!!!

It was tough. I sang all the songs and played djembe at the same time, though I had only played djembe on one of the songs...ever. Bo sang harmonies though she didn't know the words and played shaker, Dan switched between playing acoustic and electric guitar, and Kirbs sang her heart out. We made additions to the skit on the fly and made up the puppet show as we went, since only I am in the one we normally did. Pretty much, we gave it everything we had. I would love to say that the kids responded to our best efforts with rousing applause and showered us with gifts and praise...but no. Honestly, if you expect a full electric band and instead get a djembe and a guitar, you might be a bit let down, especially if you didn't want to come in the first place and it is 8:00 a.m. But still, we gave everything we had and it went about as well as it could have. I realized though that as hard as it was, we could do it, and that God is so amazing to give us the abilities we need right when we need them. I was able to play djembe and sing with no problem and my voice never gave out...God rocks.

Thursday night we had the privilege to play for a young adult Christian group in Århus. Ages ranged from 18-28, and it was about as amazing as anything I have yet seen. People our age gather once a week for three hours to do some serious learning about God and searching for His truth. We came early and listened to a speaker talk about Paul and his book to the Corinthians, which was translated for us by some of our Danish friends. Then it was time to play, and man, did we need to. A full electric set for a bunch of people our age who really wanted to let loose and praise with us. I never realized what an incredible blessing it is to be able to praise with other believers.

We rocked as hard as we could, praised like our hair was on fire, and basically let loose ourselves. I know I needed to just relax and praise from the stress of the week and the lack of sleep. I just wanted to tell God thanks for getting us through. We finally finished, and after telling people that it was all right to leave if they wanted to, we played two more encores and then ended. We were supposed to go home right after, since we had to pack up quick still had an hour drive and had another early morning and it was already 11:00 p.m. But I instantly got into a great conversation with a girl who was searching for God. She knows Him but doesn't feel saved. I have known that feeling well, so we sat and talked for a while and then prayed. Finally we left and headed to bed, completely exhausted but all just glowing from the time we had had.

Friday night, we hit the streets of Århus at 12:00 a.m. and carried around the giant white wooden Jesus into the heart of the city where we set up a coffee stand and prepared for a night of hanging out with drunk people and talking about Jesus or really anything as we gave away free coffee. Now I must say, going up to people to tell them about Jesus is not my style. In fact I find it intrusive and usually detrimental to the message I am trying to get across. I don't like throwing Jesus at people; it makes them defensive and not want to talk to me. But this ministry was not like that.

We offered free coffee and then if they wanted to talk, we were glad to talk to them. There was a giant white wooden Jesus behind us, so they knew why we were there. It took about two minutes for people to start coming over and talking to us, and after a while, things were going great. I had been in a bunch of good convos, and then I saw them. Two guys who looked a little drunk, very tired and a bit angry, one was talking to Søren and one was talking to Bodil, about an inch from her face and looking mad....bad news. So she led him towards me, and I got him away from everyone else. His name was Peter and the first thing he did was tell me how angry he was that we were there talking about Jesus and telling all these people the wrong stuff. He was about six feet tall, mohawk, eyebrow and earrings and stood about two inches from me and poked me in the chest for most of our conversation. I will say, I had two thoughts in my head. One, I honestly liked him, which must have come from God, he just seemed so lost; and number two, was that I would keep my hands between me and him at all times and prepare to defend myself should the need arise. I figured I could take hi. This is probably not a normal thought process while evangelizing, but it felt like God had my back on this. And since there was a giant white wooden Jesus behind me, he literally did.

He raged at me for a while, then calmed down, and we got to talking. He was trying to make me stop believing in God—that was what he told me—and he was upset that I would not let go of my stupid beliefs. He said that he was a nice guy and why did he have to go to hell just because he didn't believe (I had not told him anything like this; he had had a bad past experience). We talked for about 20 minutes and at the end, he said I was a really nice guy, but he was sad I had it wrong...he then admitted he was probably wrong and that there was a God, but he didn't care...and then his friend came over. Peter immediately took on a more defensive role and tried to steer Michael his friend away from me, saying that Michael was in his words "the Antichrist."

Michael stepped right up and towered over me. He is about 6'6 and a good 280 pounds. I was now cornered by these two, and I knew that there was no way of taking both of them. I also knew without a doubt I had nothing to fear. I took a step forward, they backed up, and Michael started talking to me, cursing at me and telling me there was no God. Then he asked me if I was a true believer, I said yes, then he asked me what I would do if I was attacked for my beliefs. I said I would defend myself like a normal person but never attack first. He said what about physically, I said the same. He said what if they had a gun...I said the same thing.

He asked me a bunch of questions about what I really wanted, why be a

Christian, and then surprisingly, he asked me why I wasn't trying to push my faith on him if I didn't want him to go to hell. Why not use violence or intimidation to save people and make them believe as he felt Christians had done in the past. He cited the Crusades and modern day Lebanon; these guys were both engineering students about 25 years old and smart. I said, it isn't like that. First of all, you need to believe what the Bible says with your heart, not just because someone is threatening you. God's love is a gift; it is something I want to give people because I love them and want them to be happy. They can reject it, but it should still be offered since God loves everyone.

Suddenly I had an idea. I said God's love is like a six pack of beer. I could keep all the beer to myself, but then I would be drinking alone. Instead I can try to share it with my friends; then they can drink with me and we can all enjoy the gift I have been given. They can refuse it if they want, but I will still offer it to anyone I can, friend or not. I would rather we all get to drink together and enjoy this awesome gift. He totally understood this...I was stunned. He then asked again why I believed. I said, "Do you really want to know? Because every time I start to talk you cut me off." I said, "If you want to know I will tell you." He said he did. I told him my story.

At the end, he was quiet. He looked me in the eyes and said, "You know, I pray sometimes, for my friends and family...I'm kinda religious like that." It took me a

second to speak. Remember this guy and his friend had been cursing me out and telling me not to believe because life had no point and there was no God. I told Michael that that was awesome. He said he hadn't met a Christian like me and that my views had not been the normal Christian way of thinking for the last two thousand years. I said a lot of Christians had it wrong, and the good ones you probably would not hear about since they would not be on the news; they would be making things better in their section of the world. He got really quiet and stopped talking.

Peter came back over and laid into me again, saying I was too smart and too cool a person to keep believing in God and also asking me if I wanted to come with them to see a heavy metal band. I said I couldn't since I had to stay there until 2 a.m., but they should go and have a good time. Peter started to go off on me again when Michael told him to leave me alone. Peter asked me to remember him when I finally gave up my belief in God. I told him to please remember me when later in life he felt like he was searching for something, to remember my face and remember Jesus and the conversation we had. Peter said it had been great to talk with me, and Michael said goodbye, looking deep in thought. They left.

I had not felt like I was in danger once, I was prepared to defend myself at times, but I never felt scared. I knew God was with me. Those guys were just so lost. They seemed like children searching for a father they thought had abandoned them: angry, confused, lonely, scared and searching. I could see it in their eyes. I hope that someday they will look to God, though that may be a while, but I can honestly say that I won't forget them and that they really touched me. Peter is right; I will never forget him, I will be praying for him, and someday I hope to see him and Michael again. Maybe in heaven we can split a six-pack.

God is awesome,

Jim Pfrogner

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**Date:** 3/3/2006

**Submitted by:** Jenny Brockman

**Journal Entry:**

The end of our week in København--so many places and people fill my mind, and yet I try and remember where we were at even just yesterday! So since I have trouble remembering yesterday--I'll try and write about today. We began our day at a Christian school with a concert for students ages six to fourteen--quite an age range but amazingly fun. Then the next hour was spent meeting with the older students for question and answer time. We tore down our sound equipment and began to make the trek to our home for lunch. A pretty typical day.



**Jenny Brockman**

However, I think that the most memorable moments for me from today were not in our morning concerts or classes, in the interview with the radio station in the evening, or even the concert tonight, but in the incredible conversations where God showed up this evening. Before the concert there were three girls who came about half an hour early--it was fun to just chill with them, goof around, laugh, and talk about life with them. It was even more fun to convince two of them to hold the puppet curtain for us. But as I talked with them and watched them throughout the concert, I watched their eyes. Do you know the look in people's eyes when they are searching? It was an incredible blessing to pray for these confirmation students during the concert--asking God to open their ears and hearts, that He would speak to them, and reveal His amazing love in Christ to them. That they would walk away from tonight with answers to their questions, or more questions and the people to help them find the ultimate answer in Jesus Christ.

I was disappointed that after the concert was finished that I didn't have more of a chance to talk with these awesome girls because they had places to be. So I sat down at a table with two other confirmation students to chill, eat amazing sour cream and onion potato chips, and enjoy some

soda.

The conversation started out as it always does, but within a few short minutes, it turned to a serious discussion about God. The girls said that they actually enjoyed coming to confirmation classes--what the pastors said was interesting and they had made lots of new friends. So I said a quick prayer and dared to ask the next question--did they believe what they were learning or was going to confirmation just something they felt an obligation towards? They said quickly that they were believers. I smiled, but I kept asking questions.

The girls were so honest, articulate, and intelligent as they explained to me that it was easy to believe in God when things were good but difficult when rough things happened in life. I took a deep breath as questions began to come to my mind and the courage to keep asking them. I asked what was difficult to believe about Christianity. The girls began to explain that they believed Jesus was a man that was real, but the rest was too much to believe. It was not something that they said that they could wrap their minds around--that Jesus was God's Son. And the resurrection? That was too far. They understood the concept of the perfect One laying down His life for ours--taking on our guilt to pay the price for our sins--but that couldn't be Jesus. You see, they believe no one is perfect--Jesus was a good man, talking about God's love and how we should love everyone. But, He couldn't be perfect. He was just a man, so His death was pointless because it was something He couldn't accomplish, atoning for our sins.

My heart ached as I shared what I believed with them and thanked the girls for their honesty and sharing with me. Someone came to get me because it was time for the interview with the radio station, and I glanced at my watch. At least forty-five minutes had gone by since we had started talking. As I walked away from the girls, saying goodbye--I prayed that God would keep His promise about working where the Gospel is preached: 'So is my word that goes out from my mouth: It will not return to me empty, but will accomplish what I desire and achieve the purpose for which I sent it.' (Isaiah 55:11) That He would place people in their lives to tell these girls about the radical love found in Christ--in something that is so crazy, it must be true. This love that is so extravagant--He would come to earth as a baby, grow as a man, and die for us. A love so extreme that God would send His own Son for us because He is the great Rescuer, Redeemer, and Lover of our souls.

'For the message of the cross is foolishness to those who are perishing, but to us who are being saved, it is the power of God.' --1 Corinthians 1:18

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**Date:** 3/4/2006

**Submitted by:** Kirby Schultz

**Journal Entry:**

Jesus Fest 2006!

What an amazing experience. Our team drove from Copenhagen to Jesus Fest in snowy, foggy, and scary conditions. The weather was downright dirty. People were sliding off the road because there was too much snow. Jim had to stop the van in the middle of the road and jump out to get the ice that had formed on the windshield wipers off so that we could see a little of the road. Bus drivers here are very crazy as they pulled around us without seeing if there were any cars coming the other way!! But we managed to get to Jesus Fest and also McDonalds safely.

Jesus Fest. What is it exactly? Well, it is a night time festival where about 2000 young people from around Denmark come to hear a guest preacher and worship the Lord. It is in a huge auditorium just big enough to fit all the youth. The behind the scenes work from many many people was amazing. The theme was 'Breaking Free'. Breaking the chains of guilt, the devil and the world to reconcile with Jesus. (Well, I think that this was what they were saying as it was all in Danish and my wonderful translator, Alan, tried to explain to me what they were saying.)

The coolest things and also difficult things was that we saw many people that we had met while being here in Denmark. We would walk around and see many familiar faces. Some names we remembered, and with others, their names left my memory. But faces I did remember. So it



**Kirby Schultz**

was great to say 'Hej, I know you, how are you going since last time I saw you, ummm, where are you from again?' Hopefully they forgive us as we have played for around 3000 people all across Denmark. We also saw new and old contacts. It is so wonderful to see friends like the contacts we meet. Sharing a week together has a lasting impression on us, and we are so grateful for all their hard work.

The trip home to Børkop was interesting, also. We had no fluid in our windscreen squirter thingo, and the muck from the driver earlier made it near impossible to see out of. But the Lord was watching over us and managed to help us get home safely. The gutter was driven on only once!!

Well, I will sign off now. Thanks again for all your prayers. Denmark is still amazing and still has snow in early March! What is with that?

Blessing to you all

Kirby xx

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**Date:** 3/11/2006

**Submitted by:** Mary Weinauer

**Journal Entry:**

We have been in Denmark now for nearly two months, and it only gets better every day. So far, some of my favorite memories have been at the Efterskoler (boarding schools). Many times we play at Efterskoler, and sometimes we are fortunate enough to stay at them with the students. This past week we stayed at Rinkenæs Efterskole in southern Jutland. It was so fantastic to get to live with the students and really get to know them on a deeper level. Fortunately, we were able to have quite a bit of free time to just hang out with the students. We spent time playing ping-pong and air hockey, and lots of time in conversation. Wow, there are some amazing students there.



**Mary Weinauer**

We had our concert on Wednesday evening and from then on, the students were so open to us. I was able to have many deep conversations about everything from God and Christianity to drugs and family life. Although we were only there for a week, I feel we made great friends. It's amazing how God has us learn from each other, because it wasn't just those I talked with growing from the conversations, I was as well. A few times I almost cried from the hugs the students gave me. I could just tell that they longed for someone to listen to them and that it meant so much.

So far the hardest thing in Denmark has been leaving those we have met. I miss the students at Rinkenæs, and we just left yesterday. I know I will continue to pray for their school and that they are in God's hands. Lord, you are amazing, thanks for the work you continue to do through us and for your great love! Thanks for the hospitality at the school and for the incredible students!

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**Date:** 3/11/2006

**Submitted by:** Kirby Schultz

**Journal Entry:**

Southern Jutland - Tonny!!

Wow what a crazy week! We climbed a windmill, did some fun ministry, and also got dressed up in medieval costumes and played acoustic for a teen camp. Acoustic, as the theme was medieval, hence no electricity!!! It was really fun to have no electricity, but we are so spoiled with all the luxuries of modern technology that it is hard to go for a time without real lights, or television, or radios. I have sometimes dreamed about me living in another time like the 1500s. It would be cool to wear some of the clothes they wore, and live in the slower paced life. Only dreams, only dreams.



**Kirby Schultz**

This week has been so wonderful as we have had great concerts and times to hang out with lots of wonderful people. We learnt new words like "moyne" (I hope I spelt it correctly). It means "hello" and "goodbye." But they say this word only in southern Jutland. So if I were to try and say



this elsewhere, they may think that I am crazy and not understand me. We were so south that we were about 10 kms from Germany. The school we stayed at used to be an inn. Back in the early 1900s, the provinces around Rinkenæs (the town the school was in) all had a vote as to whether they wanted to be German or Danish. So they took a vote and the school (or the inn) was where they counted these votes and determined where the border should be. It was very cool to stand in a place with great history like that.

We had some English classes with the students. Half of us went and spoke to the classes about drugs and the effects. The other half went to the class where they were learning about ... Australia!!! This was right up my alley. So I had the opportunity to teach them about cricket and Aussie Rules Football and aborigines and all the deadly animals you could come across if you came to Aussie land. Some were a little confused about cricket and AFL, and some were scared to come to OZ as they might be bitten or killed. Which is not the case, as we have many people alive there. It is very tough though to explain cricket in part English and part Danish. We managed to use props and people, so some were able to picture it better. I felt bad as I did a lot of talking and my other teammates just sat and listened to me talk about Australia.

We will definitely remember this week for a long time; thanks to all who have made our week in Southern Jutland great!

Blessings to you

Kirby xx

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**Date:** 3/14/2006

**Submitted by:** Jenny Brockman

**Journal Entry:**

But he said to me, 'My grace is sufficient for you, for my power is made perfect in weakness.' Therefore I will boast all the more gladly about my weaknesses, so that Christ's power may rest on me. That is why for Christ's sake, I delight in weaknesses, in insults, in hardships, in persecutions, in difficulties. For when I am weak, then I am strong.--2 Corinthians 12:9-10

It's like I woke up on Friday morning last week and realized for the first time in two months that I was tired. It literally surprised me. It seemed like we were having an easy week, so I was even more confused--why should I be tired?

Last week, there were so many amazing programs: English classes, confirmation classes, good times together as a team, an amazing day off, and more things than I could imagine. Our contact person for the week was Tonny. He took incredible care of us. Anything we could imagine as a 'want,' he wanted to know about, and even more surprisingly, he was able to come up with almost anything we could try and stump him with. But that wasn't why he was such an incredible contact person. He decided that his job for the week was to take care of us. Tonny was quick to realize that we are people that like to talk, so he always did a good job protecting our time and making sure that we had time to sleep. He watched out for us to make sure that our difficult programs were not too much, and it was one of his top priorities to make sure that we had our devotion time as a team. He was very intentional about everything, and it was also fun to just hang out with him and be crazy as a team, too.

In light of this, I wondered why I was tired. (And, it was not as if this was something that was new. All over Denmark, we have people that work so hard for us, making sure we have good food to eat, time to sleep, and that things are organized for all of our programs.) But then I realized that in the midst of all of the craziness of our lives that we had been busy, and that it was okay to be tired.

I know that it has been said before, but every once in a while, Paul's writing in 2 Corinthians pops back into my mind. In the midst of my exhaustion, it was beautiful to see God working even more powerfully, to see what happened when I was completely out of the way--conversations with teammates, local contact people, students, families, and more. It has been my prayer to fall in love with the people we meet, to love them as Jesus does. But after a weekend of incredible rest and much time to pray, I remember that no matter how much I care about the people we meet, Jesus



**Jenny Brockman**

will always love them more. And that is a good thing because it is the most incredible love, a radical love that loves us beyond what we deserve or beyond what we can comprehend. The power of God's love, of the cross, is an incredible picture.

'My Jesus I sing this love song to You.

You know exactly where I stand, all I've been through.

You've carried me so far, I can't stand on my own feet.

There's beauty in this brokenness, Your love is so complete.

How can I forget, how You love me?

How can I forget, this grace You've shown?

How can I forget that Your Name is enough?

My Jesus, I love thee. I love thee.'

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**Date:** 3/14/2006

**Submitted by:** Jim Pfrogner

**Journal Entry:**

We had heard so much about Tonny from last year's Watermark that it didn't seem possible for him to be that cool. However, we were wrong, and our week with Tonny will go down in the history books as one of the best and craziest we have ever had. Here is an account of what we did the past few days.



**Jim Pfrogner**

Monday we met the man, the myth, the legend that is Tonny, a youth consulate at only 29 with spiked platinum blonde hair, sharp looking glasses, and a mischievous grin. We went over the week, talked about our expectations, and told him that we would love to climb a windmill. (That had been a big thing last year.) He said he would try to make it happen, and we left to go to our first concert. As we are driving Tonny pulls off the road, runs up to our van and says, "It will have to be today to climb the windmill. Everybody ready?!" We said sure, kinda surprised, and then went to do our concert. The concert went awesome, and then off we went to go climb a windmill.

The windmill was about 180 feet tall, and you get to the top by hooking yourself into a climbing harness and then climbing straight up a huge ladder. It takes about ten minutes but is a lot of fun and more tiring than you think it would be. It was more than worth it. I went up first with Josh, and sitting on top of a windmill where you can see almost everything in the entire country because you are up so high (and Denmark is flatter than Kansas) was just incredible. We watched the sunset up there and truly felt free and at peace.

Wednesday and Thursday were a blur of concerts and team time as Tonny lived in Søren's and my room at the boarding school and shared our one team bathroom. It was a lot of fun, and he prepared us for and hustled us around to the five concerts and four classroom visits we needed to make in those two days. It was amazing time spent with him. Truly a young man of God who is making a difference where he lives.

Finally, Friday he had a challenge for us. Come to the camp he was running that was medieval in theme. So no electricity, no lights, nothing but candles and do a concert for a bunch of kids purely acoustic. Of course we would! The girls got into medieval dress, Mary doing the entire concert in a 1500's style dress, and we played a fully acoustic concert under candlelight, surrounded by thirty awesome teens who went crazy and jumped around for most of our songs. Just an awesome night of praising and worshipping.

Then the week was over. We had a weekend off, which was amazing, but we had to say our goodbyes to Tonny. It was tough, but hopefully this time next year I will be back there working with him, trying to help the youth in Denmark find what they seek.

May God be with you always,

Jim Pfrogner

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**Date:** 3/19/2006

**Submitted by:** Jim Pfrogner

**Journal Entry:**

Here we are in Lolland, a rather large island off the coast of southern Denmark. As I sit here, I am reflecting on the week we have just had. It has been a good one and that really stunned me because when we arrived the first thing our contact person told us about Lolland was that there were not any Christians between the ages of 18 and 28 on the entire island aside from him and his wife.



**Jim Pfrogner**

Yet we had a great time, every concert went well and almost every church we played in was filled to capacity to see us. Funny how God can use music to touch people and use the places we come from to open other people's minds and hearts.

This has been a different week for me for another reason as well. I am now starting to actively look for jobs in Denmark for after team, but I have had many openings and invites. I sit here with the great possibility that most of my next years will be spent in this country helping youth find Jesus and find themselves. It makes me wonder how in the world I got here.

Two years ago at this time, I had just started a job at Best Buy to earn money so I could go on Kindred for a year. I was offered a management position if I stayed on and didn't go on Kindred. I would have made six figures and had a house of my own by now...I didn't even think about taking it; it didn't feel like the right place for me.

Before that I was beginning the application process to enter the FBI as a field agent, a position I probably would have been granted, given the people I know and my own performance in school. By now I would be out in the field, working on catching high profile criminals or working anti-terror. But I never submitted that application. I tore it up and instead applied to Youth Encounter.

Last year at this time I was singing in Colombia in Spanish, a language I never wanted to learn, with hair down to my shoulders, and playing a drum I never thought I would learn to play. I was preaching the Gospel and trying to learn what in the world it meant for me. At that time all I knew about my future was that I would probably go back to Florida, and hopefully my beautiful Danish girlfriend would like the States, or we could figure out a way for me to get to Denmark some day. I felt God's call to do team again, and I felt a pull toward this small country but I had no idea why. When Jeff Rowdon, the Recruitment Director, asked me if team again was something I still wanted to do, the answer was an immediate yes and Denmark was where my heart was leading me.

Seven months ago I was crying as I left my Kindred teammates who had become closer to me than family, and I was wondering how I would find the strength and the energy to make it through another year. But God equips the called, not calls the equipped, and he gave me all I needed and more. I prayed deeply for direction and knowledge in the future, and now here I sit with a place to go, jobs to do and a calling too loud to be ignored.

Still, all this time I have made decisions that made sense only to me, made mistakes

and learned from them, and simply tried to follow the path God wanted me to. So here I am, and once again I can feel myself at the start of a whole new journey: anxious, excited and nervous as always, assured in the knowledge that when I make my move and jump from this cliff I am standing on that God will catch me, and nervous because it is a long way down. Yup, always that nagging mistrust in there. Still, I will jump when He asks me.

It is just so amazing to me to find myself here and be able to look back on how this entire thing started, see how God has moved in my life and asked me, dared me to follow. As it says in Lord of the Rings, "It is a dangerous business going out your front door; you step into the Road, and if you don't keep your feet, there is no knowing where you might be swept off to." It is a dangerous business being a Christian, one never knows where God may lead you, but it is exciting, it is incredible, and it is nice to be able to rest in the knowledge that the one you are following is the only one who knows what's best for you.

May the road rise up to meet you,  
May the wind be always at your back,  
The sun shine warm upon your face,  
The rains fall soft upon your fields,  
And until we meet again,  
May God hold you in the palm of his hand.  
Jim Pfrogner

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**Date:** 3/21/2006  
**Submitted by:** Josh Black  
**Journal Entry:**

So this week has been pretty good. We finished off a good week in Lolland, a smaller island. Dan, Søren and myself stayed with our contact Lars. He is a cool guy. We had fun hanging out with him at the end of each day and just having some guy time. I think he definitely needed some guy time since he has a wife and a daughter that keep him busy. They are really sweet, though. So now we are on the lovely little island of Fyn. Today we went into the classrooms of a Christian boarding school called Tommerup. The kids were very interested in what we had to say, and they also had some great questions, some that we haven't even been asked yet. Then we ate lunch with them and a couple people went and played volleyball with them after that. Then the program was really awesome. Since we had gotten to know them during the day, we were really excited to play some music for them and they were also excited to hear us. I just loved their energy and also the things they asked us afterwards. I have to say that it was a great school and the kids are amazingly friendly, to not only us but to each other. It would have been nice to stay there for this week, but I am just glad that we were able to go there.

This past week I was just so tired from the early mornings and late nights, but I think that this week has been a blessing so far, with being able to sleep in a bit. Tomorrow we have to play three concerts in a row at a prison. It will be good, but I pray that God will strengthen each of us to have the energy to sing that long and to be able to handle the smoke too. I know God will provide as he always does, so I have no doubt that everything will be okay. Sometimes it is just hard to picture that he has taken care of everything before it even happens. I guess that is where faith and trust come in, huh?



**Josh Black**

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**Date:** 3/22/2006  
**Submitted by:** Dan Schmidt  
**Journal Entry:**



**Dan Schmidt**

Go Directly to Jail. Do Not Pass Go.

Well, okay...yeah, I did go to prison, but not for any crimes I had committed. We played three separate concerts at a maximum security jail here on Fyn tonight, and it was interesting. They had to split the inmates up because some people can't talk to others in different groups, etc. Most of the prisoners actually wanted to hear what we had to say, so that was a good thing. Some laughed, some poked fun, but all in all, they were good crowds. We also met an Irish bloke named Finton, and he was actually really encouraged by us being there. He had even written a few Christian songs and we got to hear one of them. Tomorrow we'll play at a school in the morning, and we get to teach some classes after the concert. That's always fun. Hopefully the students will have some good questions to discuss. Anyways, things keep trucking along in Denmark, and there's always table tennis to be played. God bless!

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**Date:** 3/25/2006  
**Submitted by:** Mary Weinauer  
**Journal Entry:**



**Mary Weinauer**

It's been another incredible week here as part of Watermark Denmark. An amazingly busy but fantastic week. We have been in Fyn, the middle island of Denmark. We've had every kind of concert from a program at a boarding school for sailors to three prison concerts. In between, we were at some incredibly energetic Christian schools and two great boarding schools, too. It was a fun and full week.

There are so many incredible memories to share from this week alone, but I will talk about...wait, I'm drawing one out of a hat...okay. Yes, the day at Tommerup Efterskole!

The day started out with us walking into the building to see a pile of Lost and Found with a Watermark t-shirt from last year sitting right there. It was funny; we all joked about how this school must really like Watermark if they care about their t-shirt so much. But the minute we stepped into the classrooms, we felt at home.

Many times we will go into classrooms and introduce ourselves and bring up topics to discuss and ask questions about. Sometimes the students are hesitant to speak English, but this class just shot their hands up asking questions about everything. They were amazing at English, and it was fun to see them develop confidence over the hour we were in there. We knew it was going to be a great day.

Next we had lunch with the students and had students coming up to us and asking to talk later. I'm still marveling at the openness this school had. In fact I've been facinated with the amount of questions the students ask here in Denmark and their willingness to talk about everything. It is wonderful and exciting.

Throughout the day, we had many conversations with students. In the hall, in the bathrooms, playing volleyball, and of course, before and after the concert. They were a crazy and friendly group. Full of smiles and energy, but also human like the rest of us. During the time when we talked about the hard times in lives you could see them thinking and contemplating, and I just knew that these kids have problems like all kids and adults. But you could see the light in their eyes. The light they get from knowing there is something bigger then themselves. Everyone is at a different stage in life, but it is cool to see how they come together as a family at boarding school and support each other in life and faith. I continue to be amazed by the incredible experience boarding school is here and Denmark and look forward to more visits in the next two months.

Thank you, Lord, for all you do in my life and in the lives of all of Your children. Days like the day at Tommerup Efterskole remind me of the power of Your love and the fellowship it creates. And they remind me to be grateful, for You are everywhere taking care of all Your children.

Lovingly in Him,



**Date:** 3/25/2006

**Submitted by:** Jenny Brockman

**Journal Entry:**



**Jenny Brockman**

I rolled over in bed this morning, trying to figure out what time my alarm clock said that it was. But I couldn't see...no contacts or glasses that early. I realized that it was too early to be out of bed on my day off, so I lazily rolled over and went right back to sleep. It's too bad that I haven't always had that luxury this week. So often, I would look at my alarm clock and struggle to see what time it was.

It's a funny thing (not the getting up early and looking at the alarm clock), if you think about eyes. They're sometimes more important than you give them credit for. I only notice that I have problems seeing, in fact, when I don't have my contacts in. I realize that this might seem like another one of my random tangents about life (it probably is, actually), but I've spent a lot of time thinking about 'seeing' this week. We have met so many different types of people, there have been so many different perspectives on life, different ways to see it.

This last week, we spent in Fyn (for those of you keeping track, that's kind of like the middle of the three major islands in Denmark). Our first program was in a sailor's school. We were a bit nervous about the concert because we didn't know if any of the sailors would actually come. As we threw up our gear in a small classroom, I remember praying and begging God that He would send people. Not so we would look cool having people show up to hear us, but just wanting them to hear about peace that comes in Christ. Before the concert started, about half of the room filled up with a local youth group, and the other half of the room quickly filled up with sailors. I just smiled and thanked God. Laughing at how I could forget how incredibly faithful He is. Afterwards, they were so excited to stay and talk with us. To begin to have crazy conversations about life, to show us around their school with such excitement and enthusiasm, and help us tear down all of our sound equipment. It was an incredible beginning to the week as God showed us the crazy perspectives and ways people saw Him and the world. I remember walking away from that night hoping and praying that they had heard the words that Jim had spoken, that they would see God in a new way.

Tuesday morning came quickly enough...as we spent our day at Tommerup Efterskole. As many days begin, we started out by teaching English classes, telling about ourselves, and asking for their questions. I think one of my favorite questions of the day came when a student asked if we had a secret message that we were telling people about? We had never been asked that question before. But the simple reply was that we only came to tell people about Jesus, for people that had already heard--that their faith would be strengthened, and for people that had questions--we would love to talk. And all day, talk we did. We heard more stories than I could ever imagine. The students were really interested in everything that we had to say. Apparently, they had heard some extreme speakers...people who focused on the punishment for not believing in Jesus. They wanted to know if we brought a message about grace. How did we see Jesus? Were we open to admitting that we didn't have all the answers? Did we care enough to listen to what their struggles were? Did we want to hear their stories? By the time the concert came around that evening, I was blown away. This group of students listened, thought, jumped, and praised God. But the most incredible things happened after the concert, as the students continued to share their lives with us. I talked with one student and his eyes burned so brightly with the light of Christ, it seemed to set other people on fire. He was afraid, though, that the church was going to die. Who would care for the students and the youth of today? Who would be brave enough to answer their questions and dare to step out of their comfort zones? My only response could be that after what I had seen at Tommerup, I was not afraid that the church in Denmark would die out. You see, I had seen God's children praising Him that evening with a fire that seems impossible to put out. These students will have hard times when they go back into the 'real world.' But I believe that God is preparing them for something greater; they will only be able to hang on for the wild ride that He has in store for them as they share with their friends, family, and country about this incredible love that has changed their lives. I am so excited to see them in Heaven, and to hear their stories about telling the world about Jesus.

On Wednesday, we knew it was going to be a different kind of a day...three concerts at a maximum security prison here in Fyn. After being cleared through the various security checkpoints, we saw a different kind of life. The one where freedom is a dream. We had three different groups of prisoners come to see us for one hour each. The most difficult thing was not being able to talk with them before or after the concert because we had such a tight schedule to keep. It was an incredible

evening, one that I'm sure I won't forget. The thing that I remember most though is a prisoner named Charlie who was at the second concert. In the middle of the concert, he changed seats and came and sat closer to the front by himself in an empty row. He didn't want to miss anything we were saying and was concentrating so hard. After my sharing was over, Charlie held eye contact with me for almost five minutes...his eyes filled with questions and a desire for hope--his eyes showing that He was searching. I spent the rest of the program praying for him. Charlie talked with someone for just a minute after the program, saying that he only had two months left, and he was going to do some serious thinking about what he had heard. My prayer is that in the middle of a crazy evening, that God opened his eyes to the freedom that is found in Jesus Christ.

To be honest, I don't remember much of what happened on Thursday, it seems like a blur. I remember where we were on Thursday evening...looking up in the middle of one of our first songs and seeing one of the girls crying, tears streaming down her face. I remember looking in the back left hand side of the room to another girl who looked like she could cry, her face showing only hurt and pain. In those moments, I wished again that my grasp of the Danish language was even a remote possibility, because Danish was all they spoke. So as I told them goodbye and thanks for coming, I prayed for them. It was the best I could hope for, that somewhere in the midst of the evening that God had put questions in their mind or sent amazing adults and others to give them answers for what they were searching for.

Friday was a day of adventure as we journeyed to Skårupskolen. From best I could tell, it is like a boarding school with an emphasis on practical things, mainly cooking. We had some seriously good food there, too! We spent the morning getting to know the students and helping teach English classes. After lunch, we set up all of our stuff, again, and started praying like mad crazy. You see, the school wasn't a Christian school. I think that was most prominently pointed out to me when we didn't pray before lunch or sing at all. (Many times we visit places that aren't Christian, but there is still the tradition of prayer before eating.) The concert began and the students went crazy....they loved all of Dan's guitar solos, clapped after everything we said or did, and absolutely died of laughter during the puppet show. They listened so intently to everything that was said and translated. You could see the focus that was in their eyes. So often we pray that people wouldn't see us at all, that would be transparent and that they would see Jesus. I have to be honest and say that while I was there, in the middle of the concert my prayer changed...I remember telling God...fine, let them see us, let them have fun rocking out, let them remember how much fun they had when we were here, but let them remember who our focus was, how we spoke about freedom in Christ, how we told them that You would never leave their side no matter what and that You love them just as they are. The students left right after our concert to go home for the weekend, but it is still my prayer that that was a starting place for so many of them, and for the Christian students we met there, that we were some kind of an encouragement to them.

There are so many more stories about all of the people we have met, I couldn't remember them all even if I tried. But all this week, I have to tell you that I kept watching people's eyes...sometimes I saw joy, other times only pain. I spent my week working on trusting that God would take care of all of the people that we met...

As I look ahead to what next week holds, there is a prayer that I can only dare to pray...that I would see people through Jesus' eyes. It's a dangerous prayer to be sure, definitely not a safe one. Because that means being ready to deal with extremes that I would never imagine. But I pray that He would give me the eyes to see, His words to share, joy in the midst of extreme circumstances, strength to keep going, and a love for His beautiful and incredible children.

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**Date:** 3/26/2006

**Submitted by:** Jim Pfrogner

**Journal Entry:**

Cotton or Tissue?

This is the question you need to ask yourself if you are coming to a Watermark Denmark church service and are over 65. Don't worry, I will explain.



**Jim Pfrogner**

So today we played for a small church in the middle of Fyn, which is an island in the middle of Denmark. The concert was originally supposed to be small, but because of the friends we had made during our stay here on Fyn, the church planned for sixty

people to show up instead of the originally expected forty. So when God stepped in and over one hundred and twenty people filled the church, the wonderful church workers did what any good church worker does in that situation...they called for more pizza. We had a rocking service filled not only with praise and singing, but filled with our friends from some of the schools we played at during the week.

This week we played in three awesome schools, which I will refer to as Schools of Rock. Number one was a sailor school, a school where you learn to be a sailor. It was awesome; they have an entire class on tying knots, and another on making hinges...I am not making this up. We were incredibly well received by the school's forty men and two—that's right, two—girls. Seriously, Danish Viking Women, you need to step it up at this school (also, Danish Viking Women is a great band name). Anyway, we played for an hour and change and then hung out and toured the school with Tonny and Bjorn, who were just awesome guys and who showed us everything the school had to offer. Tonny came today along with our mate Thor; they traveled over two hours and were just awesome to see again.

School of Rock Number 2, Tommerup Efterskole. Okay, we have been in a lot of awesome boarding schools, but in none of them did I have as much fun or feel so at home as in Tommerup. After teaching an English class in which we got great deep questions, we got the opportunity to join in gym class and play volleyball with the teens. It was awesome. I was on a team with Chris, an incredible young man who not only is an inspiring Christian, but he can also play serious volleyball. At one point, he bicycle-kicked a ball that was sure to hit the floor over the net with the force that I get on my best spike....it was awesome.

At night we played one of our most memorable concerts, the whole crew at Tommerup stood for most of the concert and jumped like crazy, just praising and letting go. The kids there had so much life, faith, passion...it felt so good to be in their presence and feel the power of the Holy Spirit in the room. Talking to Simon afterward, I realized that I would give anything to work there, but more than that, I hope to someday have youth in my group that are as intelligent and faithful as that crew. Simon, Chris, Christina and some other friends came to see us today and seeing them praise made my heart just tremble.

The last School of Rock for the week was a House-Holding school; that's right, it is a school that teaches you how to cook, clean, be personable, have good manners, and just be all around cool. We had an awesome time with the school's forty girls and seven guys. Danish Viking Men, seriously, you need to tuck in the beard and put on an apron if you want to be able to work in today's society. The guys at this school could not only go out and catch a fish, but they can cut it, clean it, fricassee it and then tell you what wine will taste best with it. Now that is what I call a Viking!

We started the day by going to music class and singing "Imagine" and "Hey

Jude" by the Beatles, and then "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." Once again, not making this up. The school really loved to sing, and after we sang, Josh and I were invited to feed the school's herd of Icelandic horses. It was cool; they look like what you would get if you crossed a pony and a bear. They are rather short but twice as wide as a normal horse and covered in fur.

After feeding them we went and taught English...like ya do...and that went great. The class was very interested in what we had to say and asked us great questions. ("Why Christianity?" was my favorite; it only took about 45 minutes to answer.) Next it was time to go back to the music room to sing "Summer Lovin" from Grease and a few other classics I could not believe I was singing in a Danish public school. It was great. Next was lunch cooked every day by a different group of students and looking and tasting like you had just entered a gourmet restaurant in California. The food was amazing. On the menu: chicken, turkey, king prawns, salmon wrapped in feta cheese, potatoes, salads,

eggplant covered in stuff, and other foods too hard to pronounce. I tried everything that wouldn't kill me.

Our concert started when we were able to move again from the amazing food and lasted until school ended. We said goodbye to more incredible students and then headed for home, stunned by what an awesome day it had been.

So our concert today ended, we finally arrived back home, and I asked our host mom what she thought of it. She said it was very good, and she really enjoyed it once she had filled her ears with tissue. She said it was just too loud for people her age, but for the youth it wasn't loud enough. A friend of hers had offered her cotton to put in her ears, but she was fine with tissue. I thought that was hilarious; I had never heard that before. "Well," she said, "my friend was there who is 95. I asked her what she thought of the program. She replied that it was the best afternoon she had had in the last two or three years." "That's probably because it was the first time she has heard anything in two or three years," replied my host dad.

So yes, things are good here in Fyn, we have had a great week, and tomorrow we head off into the unknown of København. I hope that this finds you well and that God always provides for your every need, be it cotton or tissue

Jim Pfrogner

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**Date:** 3/29/2006

**Submitted by:** Mary Weinauer

**Journal Entry:**

We had an interesting day today in North Zealand. Well, interesting in that it was full of surprises! The morning started out early with a confirmation class. Much like many morning programs, the students were a little sleepy. But we tried very hard to get things moving with "Cast Your Burdens" and a little Green Day. It seemed to work, and we had students clapping along. Also typical in Denmark, we had a break halfway through for frisk luft (fresh air) and chatting. It is awesome to get a chance to speak with the students, laugh a little bit and have a more open atmosphere for the rest of the program. The program was going really well, when in the back I saw our contact Poul get up to talk to an older woman who is a member of the church. He then came back in rather hurriedly and grabbed his cell phone. About three minutes later during our last song, this same woman walked right through our set up. Just came and walked right in front of Josh and suprisingly made it through Jenny and Søren without stumbling. We were all holding back our smiles as it was so funny to have someone walk right through your stage in the middle of a song.



**Mary Weinauer**

It wasn't much later that the students were gone, and we were told that the church choir was rehearsing in the room we had set up our sound equipment. The woman who walked through was part of the choir and was not happy that we were in her space. As the previous plan stated, we were to have a program later in the day in that same room, but that was not okay with the choir, so we were to take down all of our equipment. So we weren't sure what to do...as we paced around the room wondering what to do, Poul was again on his phone. The school where the students are coming from phoned to say that the students were getting out of school early today and could come for the program at 12:30 instead of the agreed 2:30 time. That was great with us, then we could leave up the equipment and have less down time before our night time commitments. So we had lunch with the pastor, who has now become our great friend and supporter (we saw him two months ago when we first arrived in Denmark and were able to see him again). Then headed back to the Mission Hus for the concert. Well, 12:30 came and went and there were no students. We were then told, maybe the students would come at 1:30...so more waiting. We rehearsed a song or two and then 1:30 came and went. At this point Poul told us to take everything down because the choir did need the room at 2:30, and we didn't think the students were coming anymore.

We were just finishing packing the van around 2:15 when a few students showed up for confirmation. Oh no, we didn't have a place to play, our equipment was taken down and students

were here to hear us. So Poul asked us what we wanted to do. We weren't required to do the concert, but if we wanted we could do it at the pastor's house in a small room. Without hesitation, we all said yes and arrived at the pastor's house, leaving Poul behind to tell the students where to go.

Surprise number 126! The door to the room was locked and the pastor was not home. "Oh no! What now, we are doing this concert!!!" We said. We contemplated setting up outside (it was about six degrees Celsius/42 Fahrenheit), but decided to find another way. The front door was open, so maybe we could go inside and search for a key. Would that be right? Oh yes, maybe Poul has a key. We phoned him and asked, and he said, "Maybe. I'll be right there."

When he arrived, it wasn't very promising. None of the keys would quite fit, or if they did they wouldn't turn. But by the miracle of God, we tried the last key...and voila, it worked! So we had a place to give the concert. We quickly set up and had a half acoustic set for about ten students. It was a lot of hassle, but it was completely worth it. The ten students there had a great time, and we talked for awhile afterwards. It was just so amazing to see God working through all of this. In the midst of troubles, we could have easily given up and gone home. But God gave us the strength to keep searching, searching for other options and ways to speak His Word!

This whole situation showed me how God works in the small things. He is there to push us and encourage us so that when life does become a little tough, we have the strength to keep going. To trust in Him and find another path, His path. To fight through adversity, knowing God's will for us to be happy and speak of Him! Tusind tak, Lord, for always pushing us and helping us through every situation. Thanks for being there today and every day!

Lovingly in Him,  
Mary

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**Date:** 4/1/2006

**Submitted by:** Kirby Schultz

**Journal Entry:**

Hey everyone.

Denmark is still amazing, and I am getting more used to driving on the other side of the road. I am up to driving on the left side of the road only three times now, all still when there have been no cars, so for that I am happy! And so are my teammates.



Well, the last couple of weeks have flown by. I can't believe that it is April already. I am wondering if any of you did any April Fool's tricks. **Kirby Schultz**

So we have been to many more islands here in DK. We were on Fyn (Foon) recently. This is an island where most people just drive through it to get to Zealand or Jutland. They pay a toll and maybe get some petrol, but other than that, it is just a draw bridge for many. Fyn, my friends, is a wonderful place where the famous and much loved H.C. Andersen comes from. We even tried to find the house he grew up in, but alas, to no avail. We only saw some gardens that had a few statues and benches to sit and read his works. It was still really cool to see where he was from. Fyn was also the place where Dan, Jim and I stayed on a pig farm. Farms over here are a lot different from home. You see, a law here is that you must have your animals close to your house. So what they do is have the house on one side and then on the other three sides are sheds to put the machinery and all the animals. There is a little opening where you can drive into the square to park or get to the house. I saw many big tractors and familiar items that we had on our farm. Our host dad was really nice and gave us gum boots to wear. We looked so funny with the over sized gum boots over our jeans. We really wanted to see the cute piggies; however, the only way we could do this was to stand on a stool out side the door and peer in. Otherwise we would smell for days!

This week we have stayed at a great boarding school called North Zealand boarding school. It is an appropriate name as it is in the north part of Zealand. The students were really great, and we got to teach some English classes. They wanted to know about racism and asked me some questions regarding the Aborigines. Hopefully they realise how bad racism is and how people hate to be



misunderstood.

Again we were able to get to Copenhagen and saw a street where people go shopping. I know that that is not very specific, but that is what we were told. The fashion over here is very expensive, so a lot of people go to second hand stores. Cheaper option!

In Copenhagen, Mary and I ran down the street trying not to step on the cracks (we did not want to break our mothers' backs). A few people gave us weird looks! Oh well, we are tourists! Then Jim and I saw this cluster of dirty, dirty pigeons. We ran through them and almost kicked some on the way through. I am not mean, they were just close to my feet!

I can't believe that we have six weeks left here in DK. We have only four weeks worth of programs and three more contact people to meet, then that is it. We are finished with our ministry here in the land of the red and white flag.

Serving. To be a servant is something that I am working on while on team. Serving my teammates, serving the young people and especially serving the Lord. I have a long way to go before I become wise in this area, so please pray about this for me. Also patience and wisdom to stay in the moment. To look to far in the future I think is dangerous, as it will have its own problems.

Love you all from a sunny day north of Esbjerg (pronounced S-P-R!)

Kirby xx

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**Date:** 4/2/2006

**Submitted by:** Jim Pfrogner

**Journal Entry:**

Fear the Uglies!!!

So, time and time again, I get to do something on this tour that I never imagined possible, and time and time again I am blown away by the strange ways God touches people's lives, especially mine.

Saturday, a very excited but rather tired and ill Watermark Denmark team rolled into a teen camp in North Zealand led by Pastor Thyge. He is an incredibly exciting and inspiring man who holds this camp once every year for his new confirmation students. It is such a hit that many of the students from the year before come again the next year to be leaders, as well as youth groups from other parts of Denmark. He takes them in from his region and actually has some youth bussed in from other parts of Denmark who have been through hard times. Needless to say, you have some tough and angry kids there who are wondering what the point of this confirmation thing is anyway.

A lot of the kids just wanted to fight the night they arrived (Friday), to show off or prove who was coolest. Pastor Thyge solved this difficult situation by telling them that if they wanted to fight then they were allowed, but they could only fight him...so that night he wrestled six teenage boys and came out the undisputed winner. I love this guy.

So when we arrived on Saturday the first thing I did was take Dan to the doctor to get him checked out; Dan had a virus which had kept him up all night. Turned out he was okay, so I came back to find every boy in the camp and all the counselors outside standing in a big muddy field. When I say muddy, I mean the entire field was nice and squishy dark brown mud, wet and soft like any self respecting pig would dream of. I quickly asked what in the world was going on. Pastor Thyge said that it was camp tradition to play mudball, which is a mix of rugby and American football, every year.



**Jim Pfrogner**

I was soooo excited. I asked where I could get clothes since I didn't have any clothes that could get ruined with me. Thyge immediately found me some and a big pair of farm boots and made me the captain of a team. My team assembled, came up with the name "The Uglies" and immediately began to practice. It was so much fun to teach these Danes how to throw a football and attempt to teach them plays and how to catch as well. We came out ready for our first game and just went nuts. I made sure everyone on my team got to play and catch, run, or throw the ball. I also tackled the heck out of everyone I could and also got tackled myself quite a bit. When it started to rain, the game really got good and I began to enjoy the squashing sound of my face and body hitting the mud as I tackled a kid.

The game lasted for two of the most exciting hours of ministry I have ever been a part of. I ended the matches covered in mud from head to toe but with a deep respect for everyone who played. All the tough kids loved seeing me tackle the camp leaders and loved tackling me as well, and we became friends instantly. Also, my teammates and I bonded, and The Uglies came in tied for second in the tournament. After the hours of mudball, I was exhausted and sore but pumped up from the fun and insanity of it all.

Next on the agenda was dinner and then a concert, which would be interesting since many of these kids, though they had had a lot of fun, just didn't seem to enjoy Christian music or want to look like they did in front of their friends. I knew the concert would either be amazing with the kids getting into it, or it would just die. I prayed as always, and so did the pastor, that God would be there with us and touch these kids.

The concert started great, high energy and loud as always, and then something unexpected happened. The counselors started a mosh pit. Yup, that's right, the camp leaders started moshing during "Boulevard of Broken Dreams" and just going crazy. We weren't on a stage or anything, so I had to dodge a mosher from time to time, but I was totally psyched to see them so excited and basically jumped around with all my might.

The concert only got crazier. After the sharing (I did my personal sharing, and the kids were totally respectful and listened the entire time) and the puppet show (Thyge's favorite part of the night), we played "Meant to Live" by Switchfoot, our newest song, and they moshed again. Then "Take My Life," and suddenly I saw confirmands crowd surfing!!! This was totally unexpected; apparently one of the team builders they had done was lifting the kids up and "flying" them around, so why not do it to your favorite song?

Then we played "Står Her Nu," a traditional Danish hymn that we have redone to more of a dance beat and then a rock part where we shout "Prise og ære" (praise and honor) to God. Well, the first time we shouted "Prise og ære," the kids went nuts, moshed like crazy, and then a group in the front started to crowd around me. I noticed them coming closer and closer and then motioning for me to put my microphone down. I was confused but not going to argue. As Watermark smashed into another chorus of "Prise og ære," I was grabbed and lifted into the air and suddenly found myself staring at the ceiling being tossed up and down and hearing a chorus of one of my favorite songs played by...the band I am in!!!! It was incredible to feel so alive and praise so hard. I just wanted to scream and thank God for this moment. I truly felt like I was flying, and for a moment, I felt like I had a glimpse of heaven...

The kids put me back down to finish the song and the concert went on. At the end, we played for about an hour and a half. After a thirty minute break, we were on again doing an hour of worship. It was awesome; the greatest thing of all for me was the very end of the concert. We played "Open the Eyes of My Heart," and the entire camp stood and sang together, the tough kids and the rest, side by side singing praises. Then we played our punk rock version of "Beautiful One," and everyone came up front to mosh, but not rough. They linked arms and jumped up and down singing and praising. When I noticed that Pastor Thyge was in the middle of the mosh pit, I couldn't stop smiling. Picture your pastor in the middle of a mosh pit praising the Lord with his arms locked around a

tough-looking kid on one side and a tiny girl on the other, all with eyes closed and mouths screaming.

I have seen many things and been to many concerts, I love going crazy for God with others, and I love to praise. But there is something about a pastor, or any person really, who will put aside everything and get right next to kids, understand them and care about who they are, and most importantly, show them who Jesus is and where he is in their own lives that touches me. Deeply. Getting right into the lives of those who no one else wanted to touch or bother with was something Jesus did constantly, and every time he was able to show them that, number one, God was there for them, and number two, they were great people and he loved them no matter what. He even loved the uglies.

I saw Jesus yesterday.

Jim Pfrogner

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**Date:** 4/4/2006

**Submitted by:** Kirby Schultz

**Journal Entry:**

Flødeboller. Or Fulla bolla. This is a type of slice type of cake thing. It has white marshmallow on the inside, a wafer base, and hard chocolate on the outside. It is a great desert to have with coffee or while you hygge it up. So we were at a teen club last night in a town called Tarm. We did half set up, or 'prison set up,' for about 15 young people. Mary was trying to say one of the girls' names but was mispronouncing it, causing a great laughter to come from all the other girls. After the concert, we went up to the youth room where we had hygge and hung out with the kids playing pool and games. I was sitting down on the couch minding my own business, not being distracting, just about to eat my Flødeboller when SMACK, one of the girls smacked her hand onto the Flødeboller which smashed all over my face and cheek. I had marshmallow and chocolate all over. After that, war was on!! I had to get these girls back so I tried to smash one into their faces. Josh and Jim joined the action, and I was running up and down the stairs trying to get away from the evil Flødebollerses that wanted to attack me. I think I lost though, as I fell backwards and landed on one. It was all over my back and my jeans, and one was smashed into my ear! It was totally disgusting but worth it as we had so much fun. It was a little difficult to communicate sometimes in English, but this made up for the lack of communication.



**Kirby Schultz**

Teen clubs are awesome. So are boarding schools. That is where we are right now, at Søren's old school called Frøstruphave. There is one girl here, Katrina, who lived in Australia for seven years and has just come back to Denmark. I sat with her at lunch and asked her all the things that we both miss about OZ. She also played a sport called netball that I also used to play. No one at all really knows about Nettie (Kirby-ism), so it was great to chat in Aussie lingo again.

I hope and pray that you are preparing for the Easter celebrations and remembering that he has risen indeed!

Love Kirby xx

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**Date:** 4/8/2006

**Submitted by:** Jenny Brockman

**Journal Entry:**

'I write these things to you who believe in the name of the Son of God so that you may know that you have eternal life.' I John 5:13

I think if there can be a theme verse for the last two weeks, it can be this one. It

seems like everytime I open my Bible, there is some reference to it. It always seems to be popping into my head at the strangest moments. It is an incredible encouragement to me when times can seem so dark. Because again, our lives have been filled with extremes in the last two weeks.



**Jenny Brockman**

Sometimes it seems like we write the same stories over and over again. But the people we meet each and every day never cease to amaze me. For example, take Friday of this last week. We started off with a concert at another boarding school, where not many were Christians. The kids weren't really excited to talk with us when we got there (then you know you're in for trouble), but during the concert and especially during the sharing, there were a couple of kids that were hanging on every word we would say. I only wish we really could have talked with some of them more afterwards...you could see the searching in their eyes.

After the concert, we were supposed to have a fifteen minute break, but instead we were asked to do an encore puppet show for the teachers who were all in a staff meeting. I have never seen anyone laugh so hard in my life. They thought it was hilarious. Then off for 40 minutes to classrooms to help teach English (aka...answer questions about anything and everything). Then for me, a quick game of foosball before tearing our sound system down and driving quickly to the next place.

Next, we were at another Christian boarding school that was considered to be one of the best in Denmark where we quickly ate lunch with the students, set everything up, had an amazing concert. The extreme? This school was filled with students who believed in Jesus. (They always get so excited when we sing some of their favorite Danish songs, it's so fun.) Then, tearing down our sound system, hanging out with students for an hour and driving to a church about 40 minutes away.

During the 40 minute ride...time to sleep? Are you kidding, sleep is for wimps! The time was spent talking with teammates discussing struggles from the day and hopes for the days to come. We jumped out of the van, and set up in a church...oh, and not just any church, a gorgeous church that they think is at least 1,000 years old (maybe older, but the records from back then were pretty sketchy so it's hard to tell). Dinner with the priest and his family (where his youngest 10-year-old son was so excited to tell us every word he knew in English) and then off for another concert. After the concert, we went to have coffee and cake at the mission house...followed by, that's right, another impromptu time of worship (only about 30 minutes acoustic, give or take a few minutes). By this time it was 10 PM, and we were getting rather tired after only having a few hours of sleep and leaving the school at 7 AM for our day...so we went and tore down all of our equipment and drove for 40 minutes back to where we were sleeping... I look back at the day and think it can only be blur of people and music...

But one story sticks out the most from our time yesterday. In our last concert of the day, there were some families and young adults, but also a group of confirmation students. In the middle of the concert, one of the girls sent a text message to a friend while we were playing the song 'Boulevard of Broken Dreams.' You see, Sarah is a Christian and she desperately wanted one of her friends to come that night, but she didn't. However, Sarah's friend is a huge Green Day fan. So, as soon as she could, she came over to meet us. Sarah's friend arrived in the middle of our worship time at the mission house with coffee and cake. As soon as we were done, they raced up to me, and Sarah's friend asked why we played 'Boulevard.' I was a little confused until I heard the whole story about what was up. So I got to explain to them the reason that we like to play that song is because it's familiar to people, something they recognize and they know from the radio. But the real reason we play that song is because it's something that we can relate to. The song talks about feeling alone and lost. How it talks about us wishing someone would find us in the midst of our lives, that someone would come to rescue us. And that's something we understand because it's something that we all feel in our lives. But then to take it a step further, that Jesus is the one that rescues us...He comes and walks beside us, carries us, loves us in the midst of everything, and because of Him, we are never alone.

Sarah's friend seemed satisfied with my answer and with the fact that I would just be honest with her. So I asked if she would keep coming after confirmation, but of course the answer was a shake of her head, that things weren't really that interesting.

By that time it was 10 PM, and way past time to go. I was sad to leave that conversation, wishing that I had more time to just sit and talk about life with those two awesome girls. As I walked across the street to the church to tear down sound equipment, I saw the extremes. Sarah wanting her

friend to believe...to know Jesus as more than just some guy that people talk about around Christmas time, but to know Him as Savior, to know about the eternal life that has been given to us and the freedom we have. It is my prayer for these two girls that God would continue to strengthen Sarah's faith and allow her to fall more in love with Jesus every day, and that God would give Sarah the encouragement, words, and love as she seeks to show and tell her friend about the amazing love that is found in Jesus.

So in the midst of the extremes we find ourselves in--the amazing times of worship, the times when people want nothing to do with us, the times we see people with incredible faith, and when it feels like we run head first into a brick wall as we preach the Gospel--it has been a blessing to cling to this Bible verse. To know who we belong to, to hear again about the incredible love Jesus has for us, and to know that it is His love that has rescued us and made us His own.

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**Date:** 4/8/2006

**Submitted by:** Mary Weinauer

**Journal Entry:**

Wow, today is an awesome day at Frøstruphave Efterskole. We have been here all week but have been very busy. However, today was our day off, so we had lots of time to hang out with the kids. Kirby and I have been playing a lot of sports and just chatting with the students! So much fun!!! Iversen, our contact for the week, has been here hanging out with us too, and he is a wonderful person. He is great to talk to about anything and is also very crazy and fun. I will be sad to say goodbye to him tomorrow.



**Mary Weinauer**

So yes, it has been a great day, but the highlight was when a group of 15 Germans showed up at the school. They are a youth group who are staying at Frøstruphave Efterskole for this upcoming week. When we first met them, it was a craziness of languages mixing. Many Danes speak German, but their English is much better, so it was interesting to hear the combination of German/English/Danish sentences. I took German classes for three years in high school, and I can barely remember how to say "My name is Mary" in German anymore because I have been learning so much Danish. To make matters worse, I found myself speaking Danish to the Germans all day. What in the world....our brains certainly have had a work out today.

But aside from the fascination of the language combinations, it was incredible to see how so many cultures can come together in the name of God and function so easily. The body of Christ is all around the world and language cannot be a barrier when you have His love in your eyes. His love shines through His children without even saying a word. But it was definitely fun to try to speak each other's languages.

Tonight while playing a Volleyball tournament, we had the Germans against the Danes and others, which meant the Australian and us from the US. We had four different countries represented. The scores were being said in English, German and Danish, and we all understood. We learned new team chants and what to say if you will hit the ball next. Once again, I was in awe of God working in all of us. I am so thankful to have been put on Watermark, to travel elsewhere in the world and see Christians just like me searching, struggling and growing in faith. When it seems we have nothing in common except a nose and some eyes, God always shows us we are all the same to Him--perfect children of His, and His love goes on!

Lovingly in Christ,

Mary Weinauer

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**Date:** 4/17/2006

**Submitted by:** Søren Madsen

**Journal Entry:**

Hello everyone!! I think it's time for me to write a journal again.. And what better time than now when it's Easter. We now



official have less than one month left here in Denmark--wow, time flies. We have experienced so much here, much more than I ever thought you could in the small kingdom of Denmark. The last three months have been busy, and we definitely have grow a lot as a team and children of God. I have seen more of my own country than I have done before, met more people then I thought you could, and played enough concerts to give me blisters.



**Søren Madsen**

We have been talking to so many people about God's love, and sometimes you forget that it actually also applies for you, too. You can get caught up with feeling the need to tell people about the wonderful things God does in your life that you don't think about it yourself. That's why Easter (and Easter break) was refreshing for me. Because as I read through the Bible this week, I have found great joy in the Gospel stories of Jesus dying on the cross, and more importantly, that he rose again. That message is what we are trying to tell everyone we meet this year. That Jesus loves us all for who we are and that we are something special in His eyes. So special that He died for our sin. He loves us that much. It became more clear to me than ever what it was Jesus had to do for us and He did it with love. Easter is a time for sorrow but definitely also for joy. Jesus wanted us so bad to have a future with Him in Heaven that He did what was necessary, He walked the long road to the cross and He did it for you and for me. Greater love has the world never seen.

God's peace.

Søren Madsen

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**Date:** 4/24/2006

**Submitted by:** Dan Schmidt

**Journal Entry:**

We arrived in Skive today and met our new contact, Brita. It's going to be a really tough week here in Denmark with concerts at 7:00 in the morning and also late at night, so I'm hoping that God will keep us in check and let us get the rest we need. I'm a little disappointed that I'm gonna have to wake up at 5:40 on my birthday and not really get a break all day, but as is life, I suppose.



**Dan Schmidt**

Last weekend wasn't too bad. We did some street ministry in Hølestrøbo on Saturday night and that went great. I got to talk to three people who really had a lot of questions about faith and God on their minds. They said that they didn't really have a belief in anything and were wondering why some guy from thousands of kilometers away would be standing on the cold street at 2:30 in the morning telling them about Jesus.

I guess that maybe sometimes I wonder why I'm over here doing what I'm doing too. I've come to realize that's it's not about me or that it's not even really up to me. Yeah, I could quit at any time and pursue something else, something that could make me a lot of money or be easy enough that I wouldn't have to think so much, but that's really not for me right now. I've dedicated this year to serving God and finding out more about his people and his creation and who he really is. I feel that I've grown immensely in my faith and matured a lot as a person as well. I can't really explain it right now, but I know that looking back upon this year, I'll find a lot of peace.

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**Date:** 4/26/2006

**Submitted by:** Jenny Brockman

**Journal Entry:**



**Jenny Brockman**

Well, in the last two and a half weeks of life, there has been one thing that has been consistent...that our lives on the road are very inconsistent. You never know what will happen from one day to the next or from one moment to the next. I thought I'd share a couple stories from the past couple weeks (because telling you everything that has happened would be a full length novel)...During Holy Week this year, we had vacation time. To be honest, I can't remember the last time that I've had that time off. Working in the church, that's one of the busiest times of the year. So it was a blessing to find sleep, find my voice again, read more books than I can count, and just chill out. A few of us decided to spend some time in Germany for our break...Unexpected things that happened in Germany? Having an amazing free tour of Berlin, finding bathrooms that you didn't have to pay to use, meeting one of our roommates at a hostel and having devos with her, remembering to always carry money around in our pockets for the bathrooms we did have to pay to use, and seeing old friends that I never thought I would see!

Our last night in Germany we drove to meet the main contact for Watermark Germany...I was excited to see Cecily again (I had met her six years ago during training for my year on Captive Free South Central)...just to catch up and see a familiar face. The only problem was actually getting to her house. You see, there had been a lot of flooding in the area and so a lot of the roads were closed, in fact almost all the roads were closed, and us being the people from the U.S., Australia, and Denmark, had not a clue where we were going (I'm sure you're shocked by this!). We finally get to where we should be taking a turn, only to find another road closed sign...As we approached, a car started honking and flashing its lights at us. We were like, what now? Well, it turned out to be Cecily's dad, Johannes. He jumped out of his car, ran up to us, and said (in a big German booming voice)... "Welcome Watermark! I am Johannes! Follow me, if you can!" Which began another great adventure of our lives as he drove right around the road closed signs at about 120 kilometers per hour on a road where we were supposed to go 80 kilometers per hour....he wasn't joking about saying 'follow me if you can!' We arrived to an amazing dinner at 10 PM with the whole family...an incredible time to relax and just talk...to see old friends and to meet new ones! We talked about the next day, and what it would bring...Johannes told us that he wanted to give us a tour of Wittenberg, if we could make time in the schedule...We said for that we would make time because it was only another hour from where we were at. It was an incredible day, as Johannes took us to all kinds of crazy places...We ate lunch in Luther's favorite pub, toured his home, saw the church where the 95 Theses were nailed, saw the University, the city church, and more. It was really cool to see the things that I had studied about for so many years coming to life before my eyes, to see where history had been made, and to see how God had used a common man to share the Gospel with so many people that has influenced us today. But as we saw all of those places, I think it was amazing where my thoughts turned to. You see, the places we visited were cool, but I didn't really stand in awe of them by any means. My favorite parts of the day were when Johannes shared the Gospel with us, when he just straight up told us about Jesus. It was such an incredible blessing to have someone truly speak the Gospel straight into our lives.

The rest of Easter break was spent sleeping, watching movies, checking email, and sleeping some more in the city of Århus. But we actually spent Easter day with Maria and her family. It was amazing, just walking into their home and feeling like family. We went to church with them, and it was even more of a blessing to have the sermon translated for us. The pastor told the story of Easter, nothing fancy, or trying to cram a year's worth of sermons into one...just speaking the Truth. I didn't realize how much I needed that.

Back to the real world of team after an incredible vacation...To be honest, most of last week has been a blur. I've spent most of today trying to remember it! I think one memory sticks out more than the rest for me. On Saturday evening, we drove to a city named Holstebro for an acoustic concert (okay, half acoustic concert) and then we would go out to do night ministry with a group from the Mission House there. We thought there might be ten-twelve people there. As we set up our equipment, there arrived what I think was about 60 people (you'd have to ask Kirby for the real details). It has to be one of my most favorite concerts in recent memory. It was beautiful to see people sing worship songs in Danish and English, the funniest puppet show we have almost ever had, and some incredible people we got to meet. I think what made that concert special for me was during the sharing. They had asked us to give a sharing having something to do with evangelism

(because of the night missions going on). I honestly didn't have a clue about what to tell these people. It was amazing in my weakness to see God show up in incredible ways. I told the story about hurting my knee a couple years ago and all of the incredible people I got to meet in the process. You see, the polite question to ask when you see someone on crutches is 'how did you hurt your knee?' The answer they don't expect is... 'You see, I work for a church and last summer when I was at a teen camp...' You can imagine where the story goes from there. So I shared about one of those crazy people--John--who dared to ask me how I hurt my knee, how we became friends, and his search for the love of our Savior. You see, I still pray about the conversation I get to have when I go back to California because when I left to go on Watermark, John wasn't ready for me to leave. He didn't want the conversation to be done. So I promised I would come back and we'd talk some more. While John's story doesn't have a definite ending, I just keep praying that God would open his eyes, that he would keep searching, and that someday He will realize the incredible gift we have in the love of Jesus Christ.

After our concert, we met to go out into the streets of the city and give away free coffee to those who walked by, hoping to start a conversation with them. We weren't out in the street very long before people started wandering out of the pubs and taking us up on the offer of free coffee. And then there was Josef, he literally ran into us...riding his bike, he ran into the sign we had advertising the free coffee and the people we were working with. I introduced myself and told him I only spoke a little Danish, and asked if he spoke English. In perfect English, he replied, 'I don't speak English!' I told him that he was speaking English right then, to which he responded, 'I am?' I spent the next few minutes explaining to him that I could totally understand every word he was saying. After a while, he decided to show us how he could break dance. We chuckled, and then he began a conversation with someone else. A few minutes later, he literally walked away from the person he was talking to and walked back to me, yelling... 'tell me about Jesus.' I have to be honest, and tell you that I pray he remembers our conversation (in between showing us all of his dance moves of course), or at least wonders and asks more questions to other people that he meets the next time he has the opportunity.

Already, a new week has begun, and the faces of so many people flash before my eyes. Some of the sweetest people we have meet, the faces of those worshiping our Savior, and the ones who are questioning and daring us to tell them why we believe. In the midst of all of the inconsistency of our lives on the road, I praise God for being the One that never changes in my life. He loves me the same each and every day...an incredible love that I can only begin to understand. In the last week, I have found sweet peace in one of His amazing promises. 'The Lord your God is with you, he is mighty to save. He will take great delight in you, he will quiet you with his love, he will rejoice over you with singing.'--Zeph 3:17

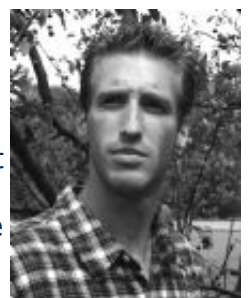
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**Date:** 4/28/2006

**Submitted by:** Jim Pfrogner

**Journal Entry:**

So I know I haven't written in a long time, you must forgive me. We have just been so busy that I just didn't have time or energy to spare putting down my thoughts and words these last few weeks. Things have been going well for the Watermarkers, we are still having fun, laughing and smiling, the Lord is still awesome and we still get along...so that rocks.



**Jim Pfrogner**

This week we are in the city of Skive which is a really cool city in the middle of Denmark. Things have been insane for me specifically because as some of you may know I have been looking for a job here in Denmark so that I can return as soon as possible once our tour is finished. Well, I had been praying about it a lot over the last week, and all of a sudden, out of the blue, people started calling me and asking to set up job interviews! So my days off became time for interviews and making calls, and then all of a sudden, I began to get job offers! Three, to be exact!

So on September fifteenth I will be moving to Denmark to live in the city of Aalborg and work with youth there. I really am in shock myself. I could not have asked for a more perfect job in a better city. God answered prayers that I dared not pray and put me right where I wanted to be. My main job will be to learn Danish for the first six months, which

will be spent in language school, and then to work with youth groups and preach in boarding schools and such. This has all happened so fast that I have not had time to take it in since we are still doing concerts all the time. This week has been crazy but great so far, doing three concerts a day as well as teaching workshops on all sorts of stuff. We have sold out of all of our t-shirts and only have six CDs left. It has just been insane; it is like God filled a need here with us like plugging a hole in a dam. We are just about blown away trying to remain in place and letting his Spirit pour over us.

Today we played in a school in Sønbjerg; it was a lot of fun, the students were great and we spent most of the day with them after an early morning confirmation class. We did workshops on drama, music, and the U.S. and Australia, which were a lot of fun, then a quick meal and then concert. The greatest thing about the time in Skive has been the conversations after the concerts and even in our spare time. People here seem to really enjoy talking about Christianity whether they agree with our beliefs or not, and they have been so open and questioning in their search for Truth.

I will write again soon to try to fill you in more on the craziness and wonder of God these past few days, but really, it is still sinking in for me. Just know that God is incredible and there is nothing he can't do. Also know that if you feel called to go somewhere or do something, just go for it. Don't think, don't reason, just go if God puts it on your heart, because no matter how difficult or impossible the world thinks it is, our God created the world, so he can figure out a way. May his peace be upon you, and may Christ shine through you so that all those who walk in darkness may find the path.

God bless,

Jim

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**Date:** 4/29/2006

**Submitted by:** Josh Black

**Journal Entry:**

So, it is crazy to think that there is not very much time left in this wonderful place called Denmark. We have done so much since we have been here. We have been to boarding schools (efterskolen), churches, confirmation classes, mission houses, prisons, and even some street ministry opportunities. So many stories, and it has all gone by so fast. It has been very busy at times, and yet it is not so bad. It is something you get used to but is different every time. I hope someday I have the time to soak it all in and just wonder how that changed my life. Some things I can understand what God is trying to teach me at that moment in time, but other times he will teach you something later on in your life. I am excited to see what he will teach about this overall experience, this journey through which he is letting me share his love with people around the world and to learn about him in a different way.



**Josh Black**

It has been great the last year and a half to be more culturally aware of the rest of the world. To think that things work different in different places. Just because I am used to the way things happen in my world does not mean that it has to be that way everywhere else. I can't expect everyone to fit into my idea of what I think is best, but to be open to what others have to say and to decide what is best for them as well for myself. That is just one thing God teaches me every day. He is always going to be teaching me something, and I hope that I will actually listen to him when he is speaking because that can be hard to do sometimes.

These past few weeks have gone by sort of slow but have been good. Last week we were in Herning with Susanna and this week we have been in the Skive area with a new youth

consulate named Brita, and no, she is not named after a water filter. She has been very nice to us, and it has been an encouragement to be able to be her first Watermark. She has not even seen a Watermark before, so she has learned some new things as well as letting us try our best to support her in what she is doing. This week is getting even better because of not having a sore throat anymore. I have gone the last three weeks with a sore throat and not even being sick. I have been able to sing pretty well but just having a nasty throat along with it. I am thankful that it is finally gone and hopefully won't be returning any time soon.

Another random thing happened this week. Two things, actually. First is that we have met a lot of people who are either former missionaries or volunteers in Tanzania, going to Tanzania, or know someone that is in Tanzania. So when I say I met missionaries there last year, I try naming the missionaries I met, but still no one knows them. So I finally met someone who knew the missionaries I met. She happened to be there herself. She also went to the same language school I went to, so it was cool to have that in common. Then the next day we went to a boarding school, and I started shaking this guy's hand, and immediately I recognized him. I asked if he was a missionary and he said, "Yes." I again asked if he was in Tanzania. He again said, "Yes." I told that I was on Cross Fire last year and I met him. It was really crazy to meet him in that place out of all the places I have been in the last year and a half. It was a very nice school, and it was great to get to talk to some students who have interesting questions and just want to get to know us as well. We led three different workshops there. One for drama, one for band, and one for facts about the U.S. and Australia. Kirby and I led that one on the U.S. and Aussie Land. We had a quiz with multiple choice questions and some T/F questions and split them into teams. Then we just let them ask any questions they had for us and then a really exciting thing happened. We got to play...Ultimate Frisbee! It was fun teaching them how to play. It was thankfully one of the nicest days outside, and so it was a perfect setting.

That's is about it for now before I write another book. Peace!

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**Date:** 4/30/2006

**Submitted by:** Kirby Schultz

**Journal Entry:**

Hello!!

Time flies!! I cannot believe that we have five days left of programs.

I have actually learnt something about possessions--mostly material possessions. You see, we went to a boarding school on the island called Fyn. There were some girls who wanted Jim's Denmark bracelet that his girlfriend gave him and also Søren's pink one that he got from the U.S. Jim and Søren were, at first, maybe a little reluctant to give them away, but afterwards they were totally OK with it. Last week we did night ministry in Holsterbro. I knew that it may be cold, so I wore my beanie. It is a pink one that Nick made for me.

So we were on the street and this guy came up and wanted "pinkie." I was like, NO, it is mine. I told him that my boyfriend made it for me, bla bla, but he was not really interested. Being drunk and not speaking English very well, I am not sure he really understood. I was thinking back to when Jim and Søren gave their arm bands away, so I thought, OK, here you go and handed him pinkie. I was actually really sad! I had no idea how attached you can get to a hat. I apparently was really attached, though.

Matthew 6 v 19-21 says: 'Do not store up for yourselves treasures on Earth where moth and rust destroy, and where thieves break in and steal. But store up for yourselves treasures in Heaven where moth and dust do not destroy, and where thieves do not break in and steal. For where your treasure is, there your heart will be also.'

I realised that I put too much importance on the beanie rather than getting to know the fellow who wore it for golf the next day. It was worrying me that I had to tell Nick that the beanie he made for



**Kirby Schultz**



me was given to a drunk guy. When I did tell Nick, he said, 'Kirby, it is just a material possession. Don't worry, I can make you another one.' I told him that I sent prayer with it!! So good luck to the guy!!

Spring is slowly coming, which I am most happy about. I have found that it is very difficult to say Danish spring 10 times really fast!! I think so anyway!

I hope that this finds you all well. Please keep praying that our team relies on the Lord in this last week here. We have planted seeds, some on rocky ground, some on very fertile ground. No matter what the Word has been spread. I am a little sad that we may never see the impact of our short stay. I am so glad that the Lord sees everything!

Blessings to you all.

Love

Kirby in Skive!

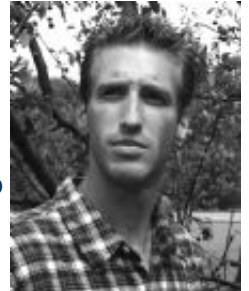
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**Date:** 5/5/2006

**Submitted by:** Jim Pfrogner

**Journal Entry:**

Now I must say, as our time here is coming to an end, that Denmark is truly an awesome and amazing country and that you should definitely come here to visit if you have the slightest chance. Now I would like to take the time to write down a few memories that I have from Denmark that I have not been able to get out of my head.



**Jim Pfrogner**

Danish bees. There are few things that Denmark has that are frightening or worrisome in any way. No vicious animals, no poisonous snakes, nothing like that. I thought the country was harmless and had lost the last of its Viking reputation until I saw giant Danish bees. Oh my gosh, these things are huge and furry. It looks like they have covered themselves with the skins of the animals they have stung to death, that is how big they are. We first saw one flying outside of the house we were in, it frightened Dan and Søren so badly that they literally got up from where they were sitting even though it was outside. These monsters are just incredible. Then the other day...the unthinkable happened. One got into our van. I am not sure how it fit through the window, but Kirby managed to pull over so that we could get it out of the van before it killed Josh and then carried him off to its lair...crazy Danish insect.

Playing in a haunted castle. So there is a school in Denmark that is inside what has once a huge castle and is now a huge school building. The castle is famous for being Spanish in design and being haunted by the ghost of a woman who apparently died there. She is known as the white lady and is very popular at the school, as you might expect. It is also rumored to be haunted by her children as well, but really, who knows. Still, we got the chance to do a full set-up concert for the entire school, played in the castle in what used to be the dining hall but is now a performance hall with stage...nice. It was awesome. The kids were mainly non-Christian, so we geared to more rock and more evangelism and just had an amazing concert with the kids really getting into it and having a blast. The atmosphere was sooo cool with that feeling you get when you are walking in the midst of history, mixed with the feeling you get from playing really loud electric guitar and singing about Jesus. It was a good time and, standing there looking at the tower in which the white lady supposedly lived, I had the distinct feeling that we were able to give the kids something a lot more real to think about.

Jakob. So we did a concert in a nice church in Hjørring for the youth there and sitting in the front row, listening intently and head-banging on occasion, was Jakob. A really nice, happy kid of fifteen who just seemed to soak in everything we said about Jesus. Later in the evening we came to a mission house and hung out with the people and the kids there, and there was Jakob along with his brother Søren. Søren and I talked for about an hour about faith and our lives and how we had seen God working. Jakob stood with us and occasionally said something in Danish to his brother and joined in the conversation.

Finally, I noticed that they both talked with their hands a lot when speaking, and I asked about it.

"Oh, Jakob's deaf," said Søren.

What.

Søren went on to explain, with the help of Jakob, that until last year, Jakob had only 3% hearing in his ears and could not speak at all aside from using his hands. Then last year, he went through a revolutionary surgery in which they drilled into his head, inserted a computer chip behind his ear and a magnet in his skull and then gave him a device that connects the two. With it, he can now hear 80%. Holy cow. He has then, in the last year, learned to speak. He could read my lips just fine when I spoke Danish to him, so I did that for a bit, but English he can't lip-read yet, though he had learned the words or could sing along to "Open the Eyes of My Heart" and a few other songs we played. It was insane; you could not tell at all. He was like looking into the eyes of a miracle. He had just heard music for the first time only a year ago. Before that he would just turn on a CD and crank the bass as high as it would go and feel the vibration of the sound. Jakob was awesome, as was Søren who both came again on the last night we were there and watched another concert. Jakob again sat front and center. Afterwards they stayed a bit and talked to us, teaching Jenny and me a bit of Danish sign language, which is different than American sign. Finally, we exchanged email addresses and promised to meet again once I returned to Denmark. Watching Christ work is something I never get tired of, and that young man was inspiring. He had a hunger for knowledge, a hunger for words, a hunger for music and sound and a hunger for God. Can you imagine how often we take for granted the gifts we are given such as hearing and sight? I met someone who didn't take it for granted at all. Every new sound was a new blessing...man, that was incredible. God is so good!

Lastly, a quick story. Dan this year has been knocked unconscious by hitting his head into a wall, so sick that he lost his voice for three weeks, hit by a car in Philadelphia, and now set on fire.

He is fine.

We were in a mission house after a concert one night hanging out with kids and contacts and such. Dan was at a table with a few people and was asked to pass some peanuts. He reached to get them, his sleeve hit a candle and WOOSH, Dan's arm was on fire like he had soaked it in gasoline. I think the fibers in his shirt were just flammable because it should not have happened like that. Anyway, Dan did what any sensible human would do in that situation, which was flap his arm around like a mad man and get up from the table. The flapping put out the fire, and he sat back down after making sure his arm was out and continued the conversation, his blue shirt now a bit black on one sleeve and smelling ever so slightly like popcorn. Dan is amazing. Jesus even more so.

God's peace be with you all,

Jim

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**Date:** 5/13/2006

**Submitted by:** Jenny Brockman

**Journal Entry:**

Hi all!

Well, the last journal you will get from Denmark, I think... It has been the last week here and we've been on vacation. We've had tons of 'fun' adventures all over the world in this last week, and some I would really say were fun, too. I spent the first four days of my vacation week in Ireland. It was absolutely gorgeous. The people were really

friendly and always ready to help, the food was good, and the top sites to see on my vacation were the beautiful countryside, St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin, and the Dublin Castle. However, I think the craziest part of my vacation came the day when I was in three countries and in a train, plane, and automobile all in one day. (Sorry, couldn't leave out the movie reference on that one!) But it's been a beautiful time to rest before heading home, and we've been back at the Bible School, seeing friends and saying goodbye. Of course watching movies, laundry and lots of sleep!



**Jenny Brockman**

With all of the time I've been able to spend on planes, trains, and automobiles in the last week, I've had plenty of time to think. Thinking about how all of our time in Denmark, all the people we've met, the amazing and incredible things that we've seen God doing, and especially about our last week in Denmark when we were staying at a boarding school near Vejle. On Wednesday, we had been gone almost the entire day from the school. We had left before the students had gotten up in the morning and it was almost time for them to go to bed when we returned home. I noticed a group of students hanging out in the entry way, so I went and hung out with them for a little bit. They were absolutely crazy! The kind of craziness that happens when you know it's the end of the day and it's almost time for bed. We were chilling, being crazy together, and they were trying to teach me Danish. Every once in a while, someone would come and have a business question for me, so I would tell them, okay, give me two minutes I'll be right back, and I'd run off. Each time, I would leave my bag there, so they knew I'd be coming back. So, in my head, I was wondering how many times would I have to leave before they would hide my bag. Well, after the third time, they did... I came back and started laughing (not the reaction they were hoping for!). I jokingly said, 'Well, I wondered how many times it would take.' Then they realized that the joke was really on them.

So they brought my bag back and my Bible. To which I responded, 'You guys even stole my Bible...seriously!!!!' (Please note the intended sarcasm that was even at that moment crosscultural humor...LOL!) One of the kids thought that was seriously funny... So I handed him back my Bible and said, okay, tell me your favorite Bible verse. I was expecting some laughter right back at me (and then I would share with them my favorite verse) because this was a Christian school that functioned more as an outreach. There were some Christians there but most were simply searching. To my utter shock, the student responded... 'Yeah, it's in Hebrews.' He then shared with me that his favorite Bible verse comes from Hebrews 11:1...while he shared it from memory, then he translated in his own words into English before we looked it up in my Bible. ('Now faith is the assurance of things hoped for, the conviction of things not seen.') By this time, I was sitting there with about the biggest smile ever, as I asked why it was his favorite verse. He looked me straight in the eye, in front of all of his friends, and responded: 'I like it because it really talks about my life. We can't always see God, but we have to know that He is there. That He will never leave us.' I just sat there in awe, thanking God for calling this child as His own, and asking Him to continue to send people to remind this student of Jesus' incredible love each and every day as he wanted to share this incredible love with everyone at his school.

As I walked back to my room that night, honestly, still a little in shock....I was thinking I smelled something familiar, but couldn't place it. So I stopped dead in my tracks and just looked around. It was an Easter lilly! I had really missed having tons of them around this Easter here in Denmark. It was one of my favorite things to open up the doors to the church on Sunday morning and just smell them. (I have to admit, after I realized the Easter lilly was there, I would make excuses in my head for reasons to just walk past it... Yes, I know I'm a dork!)

The next day, I was talking with Søren and telling him about all of that (okay, picture him laughing right now) and then talking about how everything seemed to be fitting together. You see we had just done a devotion with Luke 24 as the text...which may just be about my favorite chapter in the entire Bible. It's right after the resurrection as the disciples are walking down the road to Emmaus. As they are on their way, a stranger comes up beside them and asks what's going on in Jerusalem. The first thought in the disciples' head must have been, 'duh!' but they patiently explain to this stranger what's happened...about Jesus being crucified. It's after that that Jesus (the stranger) explains all of the Scriptures to them. The disciples invited Jesus to stay and eat with them, still not recognizing Him, until He broke the bread...

While I've read that story more times than I can count, in the middle of this crazy week with amazing students telling about their faith in Jesus and Easter lillies, I remembered a thought from long ago in reading Luke 24. You see, when our world is in turmoil and we have trouble seeing straight, when God's Word doesn't seem to make sense to us, when we feel alone, when we wonder where God is, there is a place that He has promised to always meet us. He promises to meet us in the breaking of the bread, in the drinking of wine at His table...at the Lord's Supper. It is the same place that He met the disciples, and the promise is true for us today. Just like the student said, God

promises to be there.

It's been true of our time in Denmark also... There have been times that have been absolutely incredible, and days when it seems like there are more challenges than I have strength to endure. But I always find peace at the Lord's Supper--where my sins are forgiven, just as surely as I can taste the bread and the wine in my mouth. There is Jesus...as present as He was that day with the disciples, and still today, holding us in the palm of His hand, never letting us go. And that is an amazing place to be...in hands that were pierced with nails for us.

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**Date:** 6/2/2006

**Submitted by:** Jenny Brockman

**Journal Entry:**

Hi all!

Well, if you're keeping track by now, you would have realized that it's been about three weeks since you've heard anything. This could be for three reasons...

1. We didn't make it back into the States.
2. We haven't had a lot of Internet access.
3. We just haven't taken a lot of time to sit down and write since we've been back.

If you answered numbers two and three, you are correct. Although Soren and Kirby took some time getting through customs in Chicago before we all boarded our flight to Minneapolis (which is an interesting story in and of itself), we all made it home safe and sound, and not even too jet-lagged!

To be honest, I've been trying to think about what I should tell you about being back home in the United States. So a few funny things to start with...

1. Meeting contact people at churches is much different now that the primary language for both of us is English.
2. The keyboard for the computer is different so sometimes our e-mails look funny as we hit keys that don't do anything anymore.
3. We don't spend as much time after programs hanging out with people because they go back to their homes more quickly...no more cake and coffee time.
4. I still eat with both my fork and my knife at dinner...can't give that one up just yet, it makes things so much easier instead of just using my fork!
5. My cell phone works again!
6. While people appreciate the songs we sing in Danish, the excitement level isn't quite the same as when we were in Denmark.

Those things are the funny parts of us getting used to our own culture again, I suppose...We have had so much fun in our first official week being back on the road getting to see so many familiar faces and feeling so at home...sharing our stories of our time in Denmark and having incredible times of worship. There are still new adventures and stories...having an awesome bbq on Memorial Day, having a chance to go water skiing, meeting people who 'farm' buffalo, and more.

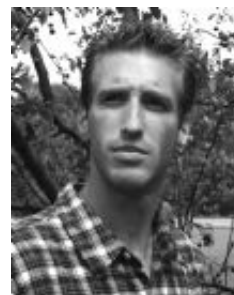
But as I reflect on the last four months in Denmark, and our last ten months on the road, there is one Scripture verse that I seem to find at least once a day that I can't seem to escape from. It comes from Zephaniah 3:17. 'The Lord your God is with you, he is mighty to save. He will take great delight in you, he will quiet you with his love, he will rejoice over you with singing.' As my heart aches and misses our time in Denmark and at the same time, is excited to see friends, family and familiar faces...God is there. When I'm tired and ready for a nap...God is there. He is there in the exciting parts of our lives and the day to day tasks. In the times when my heart aches for the people we meet that know nothing of Jesus' love or don't want anything to do with Him, He is still there...with an outstretched arm. He is still the great Rescuer of our souls, chasing us down when we least expect it...when we want everything to do with Him and when we want nothing to do with Him. When we struggle with people and struggle in relationships with friends and family, He is always the One that delights in us. The joy that is found in His love for us is so amazing, radical, and unfailing. It is still the most extreme love. And in the times when we have unspeakable joys and sorrows, Jesus is still the One who quiets us with His love. He holds us in the palm of His hand...the hands that were pierced with nails for each one of us.



**Jenny Brockman**

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**Date:** 6/6/2006



**Jim Pfrogner**

How was Denmark?

This is the question that we get every day. Sometimes people ask us, truly curious about what we experienced. Sometimes they ask hoping to hear a funny story or touching moment, and sometimes they ask waiting for a one word answer of "good" or "fun". I am terrible with this question because honestly, "good" just doesn't cut it. How can I explain a life-changing experience, four months of trials, applause, sweat, tears and God in a quick one word answer?

How can I explain the smell of the air in Denmark, like a touch of cold, the crispness of the sea, and a mix of the farm all rolled into one? How about the beauty of the Danish sunset or the size and span of the night sky?

How do you tell someone about the first conversation I had with a student in Denmark, a young girl who wanted to commit suicide since she didn't feel loved and life had no meaning, the darkness and sadness in her eyes and the feeling of desperation that I felt as I left hoping and praying that God would touch her?

How about when you meet someone who is so inspirational and full of the Spirit that you would gladly talk to him for hours soaking up his knowledge and love for the Lord. How can you convey his knowledge and depth?

What words can I use to correctly describe the searching, longing, seeking look in the eyes of confirmation kids and their hunger for God but also their fear of Him?

How about the hopeful and pleading look in the eye of an older youth when they told me that they hoped we would play well since the youth group had forced their pastor to have us at their church under the threat of the entire youth group leaving if he refused to have us. Their search for Christ and demand for a change to a life of fully following God in a real living faith that would start with our music and testimony...

How can I correctly describe the light in my friend Simon's eyes when he talks about Jesus, like the light of Christ himself is bursting through his retinas? How can my thoughts convey his depth of character, joy in Christ and sadness as he has had to come to terms with his father's sickness? How should I explain the depth of my sadness in learning of his father's death? Will people understand Simon's faith if I tell them about the letters he has written me explaining his knowledge that God is with him and that his father would have been happy with his funeral...the people there praising God.

How do you explain to someone you have just met that you miss Denmark deeply and that you ache to return and continue the work that your team started and pray that the doors that you were able to walk through and in some cases smash open will still be open for you when you return. That this little country that you visited calls to you and that you see the people there in your dreams. That you still don't feel like you are back "home".

All these thoughts rush through my brain when the question is asked "How was

Denmark?" Then I look someone in the eye and hear myself say "Cool" and wonder how I could give such a pathetic answer. It was amazing, it was everything I hoped for and nothing I expected. It was like walking through a fire with God holding your hand.

May he always be there for you.

Peace

Jim



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**Date:** 6/9/2006

**Submitted by:** Jenny Brockman

**Journal Entry:**

Greetings from Youngstown, Ohio!

A fun story for you from today! We went to a nursing home to play and be the afternoon 'entertainment' for them. Sometimes, it's tough to go and visit people who are older but whose health is not good. But it always is so important that they get a chance to hear about Jesus and a reminder that His love is still incredible for them exactly where they are at!



**Jenny Brockman**

Today we were almost done with our program and we were playing 'Open the Eyes of My Heart.' It was amazing to always play it in Denmark because it was a favorite of many people that had been made popular by Michael W. Smith's visits there. When we would play that song, whispers would go through the congregations or loud cheering would erupt. The incredible thing would be was that 90% of the time when we would begin playing that song, the Christians in the room where ever we were would automatically stand up. Now that we are back in the United States, every time we play it here we remember those times.

Well today, partway through the song, a doctor walked into the room. It must have been the time that he had set up to check on a few people so he just came in and did it quietly while we were playing...but the cool thing was, he was an eye doctor!!!! He gave one woman her new glasses and was checking the eyesight of a few other people! How cool, during 'Open the Eyes' to have such a good picture right in front of us as to what Jesus does for us! He literally opens our eyes, gives us glasses to see for real...to see Him and the incredible gift of love and freedom He has given to us! And to see the smile on the woman's face with her new glasses so she could see! It must be how we look to God when we really begin to 'see.' How crazy is that!!!

Just an amazing example and gift to see Jesus working in people's every day lives...a blessing to us.

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**Date:** 6/9/2006

**Submitted by:** Mary Weinauer

**Journal Entry:**

Wow we have been back from Denmark for three weeks already. I must say I experienced a bit of what they call reverse culture shock when I returned to the United States. Now it's not because I dislike the US, but it's because I absolutely loved Denmark. It was an amazing adventure in so many ways, but extremely amazing for my faith. To see 15 year old kids with a faith stronger then I've ever imagined was incredible. And to see 15 year olds talking about Jesus with their friends who definitely did not think it was cool to talk about Jesus was also breath taking. I remember being 15, and I know I was trying to fit in, and like most 15 year olds, I didn't want to appear too different and especially not say things that I knew others didn't agree with. But some of these kids I met were so strong in their faith and so strong in their self worth and how God thinks about them, that they didn't care who made fun of them. If they were the only Christian in the room while we were giving a concert, they would stand up to their favorite song and be the only one standing. This was truly inspiring.



**Mary Weinauer**

Since being back in the United States, I have had a much more connection with my own Christianity. It's not like I ever tucked my cross into my collar on purpose, but I now wear it where it can be seen. Because I am happy to be a Christian, I am glad to call myself a child of God and of Christ and I am not afraid of it or having others find out. I have realized that my faith is much more a part of me then I ever thought. It is what makes me excited to get out of bed in the morning, what helps me to love my neighbors, both strangers and long time loved ones, and what I turn to in hard times and happy times. It is the trust I have gained to believe in something I can't necessarily see, but to know even on the days I don't "feel" God is there, that He is.

I remember just two summers ago I worked at a summer camp with primarily Jewish campers. Many times they would ask me if I was Jewish and I would say no. Then they would ask, well are you Christian then? And I would reply rather meekly, that yes I was a Christian and end the conversation there. Now I see how I have grown and would probably answer the question differently. I would be delighted to tell them about my religion and my faith. Not necessarily to "convert" them, but to show that it is a passion in my life. Something that I am not embarrassed about, but instead very passionate about.

I am excited to meet many people this summer that ask us how Denmark was and what learned. And excited to share this story with them. A story of 15 year old kids who have changed my heart forever, of 15 year old kids who allow God to be so present in them, and of 15 year old kids I miss very much. My prayers go out to all of you and to the country of Denmark. God's peace is flowing throughout this entire world in every country, and I am glad we are all called children of God.

Guds fred (God's peace)

Mary Weinauer

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**Date:** 6/11/2006  
**Submitted by:** Jim Pfrogner  
**Journal Entry:**

Hello again,

You know, one wonderful thing about being on team is that you get to a point where you feel completely free in trying new things. I think this has a lot to do with you only being somewhere for a short period of time and only having six other people who you see every day rather than all of your friends or schoolmates and so on. Anyway this gives you the cool opportunity to try fun stuff like new styles, crazy sports, or speaking different languages.

For me, I don't deal much with style in the general sense of trying to wear clothes that match. I don't go for style, I go for presentable and occasionally clean. But I love messing around with my hair. In my two years on team, my hair has been down to my shoulders, only an inch long, worn in a faux-hawk, worn in braids, covering my face, not on my face at all, in goatee form, soul-patch form, and the famed I-haven't-shaved-in-



**Jim Pfrogner**

a-week-and-don't-really-remember-where-I-am-because-I-am-so-tired-but-I-am-still-smiling form.

So now I finally let myself go and had my buddy and teammate Dan shave my head into mohawk form because, hey, if you are going to get a mohawk, it should definitely be done in the bathroom of the pastor that you are staying with, with his wife's trimmers, by a guy who has never cut hair before in his life but plays a wicked guitar. I mean, seriously. So I had been considering it for a long time and figured, hey, what better time to do it than now during summer where it will at least be cool and the kids in VBS might enjoy it or try to copy it...hahahaha.

So I was really wondering how people would receive me, since I don't look as normal as usual. I guess I look how I act now. I have noticed that I get a few more stares than normal, and I tend to frighten the elderly at first, but here is the thing. People seem to open up to me much quicker. I am not sure why this is. People usually like to talk to me, but I keep having great conversations with people of every age and it is really exciting for me. It's like once people overcome my outward appearance, they want to delve inside to see who I am and tell me who they are. It's very exciting.

I also find myself trying to be more open, honest, and friendly to overcome the way I look. I really wish I acted this way all the time when I didn't look quite so crazy. I feel like I am finding a lot out about myself and the way people treat each other. It is also important to state that little children seem to love it. They don't seem to judge my appearance at all; quite the opposite, they think it's awesome. I love kids.

So yes, I know this is a random journal, but I feel that it's important to look past just our outward appearances and see into the heart of each person we meet. Punks, goths, rough kids, ghetto kids, they are all God's children. I try to remember that each day as we go and talk to people all over this great country. I wonder what Jesus would look like if he was here today in person. I bet he would have a sweet mohawk.

God's Peace,

Jim Pfrogner

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**Date:** 6/25/2006

**Submitted by:** Kirby Schultz

**Journal Entry:**

C'ya from Australia  
Welcome to the United States of America  
Thank you for staying in the USA  
Velkommen Til Danmark (Welcome to Denmark)  
Hej Hej fra Danmark (Goodbye from Denmark)  
Welcome to the United States of America



**Kirby Schultz**

So many hellos and goodbyes. I have been so fortunate to have the opportunity to visit many countries while on Watermark. USA, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, just to name a few or all of them. Culture shock is something that they tell you about, explain it in detail, then let you find out how it feels. I really like staying in the moment, though, and to quote Amber Harder, "enjoying the process." Enjoying the right now. Not thinking, "Oh, this week should be like this..."

So some things that I found interesting...

- \*I found out that a lot of snow and not the right shoes makes your feet wet.
- \*That spring after the snow is my favorite time of the year.
- \*The US has a bucket load of fast food places and places where you can eat out.
- \*So many people drive on the right hand side of the road. (crazy!!)
- \*You can buy Christian books in Target and such places.
- \*Everyone I meet are amazing and really nice.

\*Some Americans like to drink cups of tea. (I really thought that no one drank tea over here in the USA because I thought that when you sank the cargo of tea shipment in to the river in Boston when the Boston tea party was on that no one likes it or you never wanted to drink tea again! - True story)

\*A lot of the pronunciation of words that I say in Australian are very similar to that of the Danes! Solarium (or tanning bed in American) is one of these words.

\*Some Americans get very excited when watching a football game and the players go forward one yard or something like that. So excited that they actually jump out of their seats and scream. I just thought that the exciting part was the touchdown or the cross over the line and don't put the ball on the ground. To me, that is more exciting! I suppose I need to watch more games to truly understand this game where they wear padding!

I really has been great to get back to my temporary home of the United States. There are days where I miss the wildlife that we have in Australia. Driving on the left hand side, eating some Australian foods. I am so happy though that we have a chance to reach out to kids by the way of VBSes. They are so cute and sweet, and I actually can talk to them and they can understand most things that I say to them.

The warm weather is nice also. But I do miss Denmark. Some of the people like Susanna, Maria, Jesper, all the people at Borkop Bible School, I would like to say G'day to again. Many people are branded in my memory and heart, and we still have two months to go. I know many more will follow.

My last thoughts... Yeah for VBS!!!! (Vacation Bible School)

Blessings

Kirby xx

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**Date:** 7/3/2006

**Submitted by:** Dan Schmidt

**Journal Entry:**

Learning to Live Left-Handed

So, last week was ... great and interesting. We arrived in Virginia Beach and were excited to do a Vacation Bible School at a familiar place with new and old friends and just have a blast. The days were packed with little kids yelling and screaming, eating great food and even getting some time to soak up the sun and see the sights. We hit the beach on Wednesday, had amazing steak with the Muth family on Thursday and Josh and me even got to go go Busch Gardens on Friday. Of course, there was VBS in all the mornings and we took a little time to rehearse and have meetings throughout the week as well.

So, when Thursday morning rolled around, we had gotten to know most of the kids and people that were helping. While Kirby and I were outside cleaning the van, the games crew brought out a rope and decided that the older kids could learn about Jesus through a game of tug o' war. I thought that we should test the game out since Jim happened to show up and I figured that Jim, Kirby and myself could take on the games coordinators. So we grabbed the rope, saddled up and ... they pulled. I was in front and just happened to have the rope kinda bunched around my hand and when they pulled, the rope snapped my right hand and left me with a really bad feeling. I immediately walked away and grabbed some ice before telling Jim that I would probably need to visit the local hospital. When the x-rays came in, it was bad news. I broke my ring finger metacarpal on my right hand. They threw a soft-cast on, put my arm in a sling and set me up to get a hard-cast at an orthopedic specialist the next day. Thank God I had finally gotten health insurance the week before. So it's life in a cast for the next 4-6 weeks, which pretty much is the rest of the time on the road. It's ok, though. I can still play one-handed lead guitar (thanks to uber-distortion and hammer-ons) and the whole incident is a nice conversation starter when meeting new people. So, just for a recap of what has happened to me on the road this year so far:



**Dan Schmidt**

- run over by a car in Philadelphia
- set my arm on fire at a Danish lunch
- knocked unconscious (slight concussion?)
- lost voice for three weeks in strange blood infection
- bitten by big Danish spider
- and now ... broken right hand.

I guess there's not much time left to do other stupid things, so that's a bonus. I can be thankful that I've been able to laugh it all off thus far.

This week we're back in NYC doing a music camp-ish kind of thing and just getting to know people. It's been pretty fun so far and I'm learning to adjust to relying on help with things that shouldn't be so hard ... such as writing one's name legibly. It's all good, though. I can take comfort in Phillipians 4:10-13:

"I rejoice in the Lord greatly that now at last you have revived your concern for me; indeed, you were concerned for me, but had no opportunity to show it. Not that I am referring to being in need; for I have learned to be content with whatever I have. I know what it is to have little, and I know what it is to have plenty. In any and all circumstances I have learned the secret of being well-fed and of going hungry, of having plenty and of being in need. I can do all things through him who strengthens me."

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**Date:** 7/19/2006

**Submitted by:** Jenny Brockman

**Journal Entry:**

Life in the United States as a challenge? Hmmm...I never thought that coming 'home' to the States would be a challenge after being overseas. I knew I would miss the amazing and incredible people that we had met, the amazing things that God has shown us, the good food and candy, and even the language...but adjusting to life back home, that was a new concept.



I still find myself from time to time hearing some of our words and phrases in Danish, and find myself asking, did Soren say that in Danish or in English, because I'm not sure. I realize that almost all teamers have to adjust to life back in the States and culture shock is inevitable, but in the meantime my prayer has been asking God to show me the incredible people that are His children in the States. (Please note, that while I intended to write a lot of journals about these incredible people, I was a slacker and didn't. Sorry about that! So here's a summary for you all!)

The story of Dalys...There are some smiles you just don't forget. We met a beautiful young teenage girl in Pennsylvania that still makes me smile. Her laugh was incredible and her story even better. It was late one of the first nights when we were there with her and her family, and we were laughing pretty loudly, telling embarrassing stories, and generally causing trouble. Things turned slightly more serious as she asked us about what we were doing and how life was on the road. You see, Dalys hasn't always had an easy life. But things changed for her in an extreme way when her parents Michael and Cat adopted her. She felt loved in a different way, chosen as someone special by people. For her, she sees God in a different way because of that. It means so much to her in the same way that Michael and Cat chose her, that God has chosen her too. For her, God's love is an extreme love because God has loved her so much to die for her sins and to give her this gift that she has not earned or deserved, a free gift of life. It's mirrored in her everyday life with her family. While she wasn't raised in the church, she's always known that God has protected her and loved her, and what a great day when she really began to understand how incredible Jesus' love for her is. And now, where is she? She's helping in Sunday School, hanging out at youth group events, and talking to her friends about Jesus. It's common to hear her asking her friends on the phone, so do you believe in Jesus?

On to Virginia Beach...that's right, infamous for being the church where Dan broke his hand. But more than that...it felt like being home. When you walk into a church and know the faces, know where your things go, and the smiles. My favorite memory from our time there was the concert



that happened midweek. After things got underway, I looked to the back of the sanctuary, and one of the adults had moved the chairs out of the way and created a mosh pit area. Well, not so much a mosh pit, but an area of 20 teenagers with this adult jumping up and down and praising God. They were singing so loudly from the back of the sanctuary I could hear them even over our sound system. For me, looking into their eyes and seeing them so utterly lost in the love of their Savior, it was a little glimpse of heaven. I think that's the reason I really felt at home. What else could I dream of? Telling them, I'm excited to see them again and praise God with them, even if it is as far away as being in Heaven was spoken with true joy and amazement, wonder and awe.

In the middle of our time in New York City, God surprised me once again. Upon arrival, we girls found ourselves staying in an incredible host home. Have you ever met people who are truly excited about being dependent on God? This family was originally from Eritrea and Ethiopia, and had lived in the same area where the church I previously worked for had sponsored missionaries. It was exciting to see the incredible fire and passion they had for Jesus as they talked about their home and the people they longed to see come to faith.

As if that weren't enough, last week we met an incredible woman in Atlantic City named Sister Jean. You see, Sister Jean used to work as a chef in Donald Trump's casino. Well, one day coming home, she saw a homeless person and decided she would feed him. From there it grew to feeding people out of her own apartment, to various churches sponsoring a soup kitchen, and now finding a more permanent home. Because of Sister Jean's passion, about 900 meals per day are served. While she's been recognized by many famous people, she doesn't care. She only tells them to please keep donating food and she would love a permanent building. This is a woman who is so driven and passionate at 80 years old, it is almost impossible to tell her no. And feeding her guests is not enough for Sister Jean. All of her guests hear about the Gospel. When we had the privilege of being there, Sister Jean told us to bring them the Word. After our concert but before meals began for the day, we had the opportunity to talk with people and just hang out. It was incredible to see the light of Christ shining out of their eyes. How Sister Jean's passion for feeding people--food for the body and soul--had changed people's lives. There were so many stories of how God had truly taken care of people in the best and worst of times. I just smiled.

And now I find myself just outside of Washington, D.C. near Bowie, Maryland in a crazy YE team church. This year, there are three teamers from this church, and many more to come. After playing crazy games with the middle school and high school students here and a long day of VBS, it was time for another concert. But from the beginning to the end, it was all about Jesus. The high school students that were dancing, clapping, and singing about the great love of our Savior in the front row changed the entire congregation. Looking into their eyes and seeing the light of Jesus exploding from them was a blessing to me. I can't wait to hear their life stories years from now, to hear about the things that God called them to do and the people that He made them to be!

So here I sit, typing away, getting used to being back in the States, and loving the people that God has put in our path, for the incredible ways we have seen the extreme love of Jesus, and the amazing ways He continues to mold and shape our lives.

'The Lord Your God is with You.

He is mighty to save,

He takes great delight in You

He will quiet You with His love

And rejoice over You with singing."

Zephaniah 3:17

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**Date:** 7/31/2006

**Submitted by:** Jim Pfrogner

**Journal Entry:**

We have seven days left on tour. Wow. How is that even possible? Being on

team, talking to different people, singing about Jesus and driving until you are sure you will run into the horizon has been my life for the past two years. I haven't spent more than three weeks in any one place. My official address would be Camp Luther Dell since that is where I have spent the most time over the last two years.



**Jim Pfrogner**

On team I have been to thirty states, nine countries, three continents, and played roughly one thousand programs for roughly fifty thousand people. It has found me sleeping on the floors of ghetto's in Ecuador and in beds in million dollar homes. Playing basketball in schools in Denmark and prison in Mexico. Talking to children in English, broken Spanish and abysmal Danish, yet still trying to find the words.

It has led me to put more and more faith in myself until finally realizing that is futile and putting faith in God instead. I have learned to see my pride and arrogance and selfishness and try my best, with God's help, to think of others before myself. I have felt the joy of Christ grow in my life and tried to follow steps trod by him and countless warriors before me.

I have seen God in places I didn't imagine I'd find him in. I have seen the desperation of poverty and belief on the faces of those hard pressed on every side. I have seen the sneer of ignorance and the empty eyes that cannot hide their inner shame. I have seen fear in the eyes of the arrogant and courage in the eyes of the blind.

The people I have met on my travels have changed my life forever. A blind pastor who knew me without seeing me and had been praying for my safe travels before I ever knew I was coming to his section of the world. An eighty-four year old woman who runs a soup kitchen, who gives all she has to the poor and unlucky. She has done nothing but follow Christ and serve others for the past forty years, and because of her love and giving, has been recognized by no less then the President himself. When Bush told her he was proud of her service to the homeless, she replied, "Please do not call them homeless; they are my guests." The President then apologized.

I have met hundreds of people who are deeply inspiring and been blessed to live in a van with eleven teamers who have changed my life even more. Following their examples, learning from them, with them and about them has led me to the understanding of more truths about life than any book you could ever read...except one.

Through all the difficulties, trials, long days, early mornings, disagreements, bad directions, late nights, bad food, sicknesses, stress, and storms, one thing has held true. God is with us. All of us.

Would I recommend team to just anyone? No. Do I think it is one of the most rewarding experiences possible? Oh yes. I have changed a lot over the past two years and am so grateful that I have had the opportunity to go, sing and preach. I joined team to go out and serve and help others find their Savior. Instead, I have been greatly served and have come to know Him in a more personal way than I ever thought possible.

So now we come to the end of our time this year, and more adventures await as life is ready to take hold. I thank God for my time on team and for my wonderful teammates and all the adventures we have had together, and I thank you for all of your prayers and support. You have no idea how often your prayers have protected us.

May God bless you and keep you always, until we meet again.

James "Santi" Matthew Pfrogner



**Jenny Brockman**

### A Day in Denmark?

Yesterday was an incredible day. It actually felt like we were back in Denmark, except the church wasn't 800 years old and 98% of the people who were at Trinity Lutheran Church in Pell Lake, Wisconsin, spoke English as their first language. But what reminded us of Denmark?

1. Seeing familiar faces that provided incredible encouragement. (There were at least five former teamers who met us upon our arrival with huge smiles!)
2. Having one worship service and two Family Night Programs in a span of 4 1/2 hours!
3. The worship service/Family Night Program that was at 11 AM was absolutely incredible. People were so excited to worship our Savior, they couldn't stay sitting in their pews! But my favorite was seeing the group of teenagers on the left hand side of the sanctuary who were jumping up and down, raising their hands in praise, and singing at the top of their lungs. It reminded me so much of Denmark, it was incredible. The incredible fire that would be in the eyes of Christians both so far away and so near. To hear people singing 'Open the Eyes of My Heart' with such passion because it was really their prayer! It was again like having a taste of Heaven here on earth. To see God working so powerfully amongst his people, to watch their eyes as they heard the Gospel spoken into their lives, and to see how God had lit each of their hearts on fire was more than I would have ever dreamt of yesterday.

As we drove away from the church to our next destination, I realized that only a year ago, I officially signed my letter of call. A year ago today, I was in the midst of packing up my apartment, finishing up work at my old church, telling family and friends, and wondering what this year could bring. While I knew beyond a doubt that God was calling me to come back to team, to go to Denmark, I really had no idea what He was calling me to do. Hang on for the wild ride was the only thing I could dream of.

And what a wild ride it has been...the incredible people we have met in the United States. The servant hearts that we have encountered, the people that work so hard every day in preaching the Gospel, in serving as called pastors and youth workers, farmers, accountants, lawyers, plumbers, musicians, electricians, and so much more. Humble people that have touched our hearts and spoken the Gospel into our lives.

Flying to Denmark and meeting incredible people...Christians that are so on fire that nothing can contain the passion that Jesus has given them as they seek to proclaim the Gospel in word and deed no matter the consequence. Meeting so many students who were searching, who opened themselves up to ask us the difficult questions about life, who played countless games of football (soccer) with us, table football (foosball), ping pong, games, and more. Hearing all of the stories of our contact people and the youth consulates in Denmark... Seeing their excitement, joy, and love of their own culture and people and being so excited to share with us (even though we could only speak a few words of their language). Falling completely in love with this country and the people there... The stories that we have heard and the stories we are privileged to share...

Officially, this year our theme 'Stand on the Rock' came from Matthew 7:24-25, but unofficially our theme really came from Joshua 1:9 which says: 'Have I not commanded you? Be strong and courageous, do not be afraid or dismayed, for the Lord your God is with you wherever you go.' As you look at our programs, a theme has emerged from the way that the flow of the program is--the glues, the sharings, the skits and even the puppet shows both in the United States and in Denmark...God's promise is that He will always be there for you. He will never leave you or forsake you. His incredible and extreme love, the ultimate fulfillment of His promise is seen on the cross. 'But God demonstrates His love for us in this, while we were still sinners, Christ Jesus died for us.' (Romans 5:8) While we never officially planned our programs this way, it just kind of happened. And time and time again, we saw the truth of God's promises in our lives. Whether it was getting the van out of the ditch because of all the snow, keeping us safe, opening doors for us to proclaim the Gospel that should never have been open, granting people to come into our lives and speak words of encouragement just when we needed it, providing times to rest when we were exhausted, and carrying us more often than not when we were too weak to stand on our own two

feet.

And so here I sit, wondering what kind of wild ride I will get to 'hang on' for next year as I move to Colorado Springs to work as a youth director there...Wondering about the crazy adventures that I'll see. If this year is any indication, it will be incredibly amazing, crazy, filled with hard work, full of joy, and a blessing to see God working in the lives of His children.

So thank you to all of the incredible people who have supported us financially this year, planned our schedules, opened their homes to us, cooked us food, taken care of the details, prayed for us, and so much more. Know that you continue to be in our prayers and that we look forward to seeing you, if not here, then definitely praising Jesus together in Heaven!

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**Date:** 7/31/2006

**Submitted by:** Kirby Schultz

**Journal Entry:**

VBS (*VBS*)

I confess (*I confess*)

You will see (*You will see*)

God treasures Me (*God treasures me*)

(The Italics are where you repeat)

So what does this all mean you may ask yourselves? Well, we (Watermark Denmark and most of the other teams) are enjoying the summer with many children at Vacation Bible Schools, VBS! This week the theme is Son Treasure Island. They follow Bible stories or verses from the Bible and have activities, crafts, snacks and other things associated with the theme. It is so great to have little balls of energy running around or laughing or we also get the occasional crier (or eight). As the 'band', we bring coolness and loud rock music; actually, we have one hour where we can use our normal songs. The other three hours are all sing-along songs!! We have had the opportunity to participate in 6 1/2 VBSes this summer. I am actually really tired, as we have had one day off since starting the summer VBS tour.

We were out on the East Coast again visiting Atlantic City, Virginia Beach, New York, Washington. While we were in Atlantic City, we got to go to many different places. You see, the original VBS that we were meant to help at was canceled, and so they found us many other things to do for the week. One of these activities was that we were to help out and sing at a homeless shelter. Actually, it was a church where the homeless came for a meal everyday. We sang some songs, then Jim did a small testimony, then we helped and served them lunches. Atlantic City is a city with much gambling. There are about 10 casinos (one being Trump Plaza--Donald Trump). So many of the guests we served were involved in gambling. The main coordinator Sister Jean used to work for Donald Trump in the kitchen of one of his casinos. The story of how she got involved was that a person was rummaging through her bin looking for food. Instead of shooing that person away, she fed them. After that more people came for food, and she just couldn't keep up with the demand of hungry people. Instead of giving up, Sister Jean with the help of her Lord, confronted Donald himself and asked them to provide bread and other foods so that she could feed these people. She has also chatted to the President and is not afraid to tell them what she thinks they are doing wrong! It was a really amazing experience to serve Sister Jean's 'guests'. I was humbled quite a lot.

We also had an opportunity to go to a minor league baseball match--I mean, GAME. If you call it a match you will be in a lot of trouble, believe me!! It was Atlantic City Surf against some other team that I have forgotten. We had pretty good seats, but I was not happy sitting 11 rows from the field. I walked down to the first rows seats and struck up a conversation (weird, I know) with one fan that seemed to know all the players. Jimmy was this man's name. We had prime positions seeing the Atlantic City players right in front of us. One of the players was named Ozzie. Being the proud Australian that I am Jim, Josh, Dan and myself chanted the Aussie Aussie Aussie, Oye Oye Oye chant to this Ozzie player. As he walked past aI yelled out, 'Go Ozzie, I am from Australia, so it works for both.' Now I did not think that the players would actually hear me, but he must have told some of his team mates as one player came over and asked if I was from Australia. The reason he was interested was that he came to Western Australia and played in a baseball league there. He also went back to his dressing room or team room and gave me a ball!!!! I was so excited that they kind of singled me out!!!! Other fun stuff that happened was that there was an out fielder who



**Kirby Schultz**

jumped over the corner line every time they had to swap batting turns. We picked up on this and made an "Ohhhhhhhhh, JUMP!" when he did. I got 3three people to sign my baseball and a photo with one of the cute players!! Fun times.

We have seven days left on our tour, then we have ix days of debriefing before we as Watermark Denmark '05-'06 finish! The Lord is really present as we are still really good friends. He is helping us raise our patience bar and look beyond the petty tiredness of us all.

Please keep praying for us as we leave each other and start new lives apart!

Blessings to you all

Love Kirby xx

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