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# THE JOAN TIMES

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## Isn't this Amazing?

Those of you who have read *Embracing the Yes! - A Life Recycled* may remember my "call" back in 1979. It was to a traveling ministry which seemed to take the shape of giving seminars or talks all over the country.

Well, here I am! These days I drive from here to there offering *Come to the Water, Come to the First Century*, and talks on a wide variety of subjects! Read on . . .

## Come to the First Century

This is my most exciting development in a couple of years. Now the teachings I brought back from Israel have expanded into a two-day event! Participants are even invited - if they wish - to bring along bits of clothing to help them feel properly dressed as they step into first century Palestine.

Included in the format are *Come to the Water*, my unique dramatization, as well as an authentic Passover meal as celebrated in the first century (before the rules of a "Seder" meal were created in 90 a.d.)

At present, just three of these retreats are scheduled; one in northern California in March, one in Arizona in April, and one in Milwaukee this summer. Eventually I hope to have at least one per month in communities all across the land. Want to help me put one together in your community? Let me know. I can certainly use any help offered!

In addition, I am happily booking with any interested parties my *Come to the Water* dramatizations.

## Speechmaking

In case you haven't guessed, I have a lot to talk about. And I'm spending a lot of energy these days seeking opportunities to do just that. Retirement Communities, Women's Clubs, Service Organizations and M.O.P.S. (Mothers of PreSchoolers) are prime targets for my marketing as they all seem to be on the lookout for unique programs to share with their membership.

My repertoire includes, but isn't limited to:

### *Let's Make the ClutterFly*

organizing tips geared to the audience

### *I Didn't Know That About Biblical Times*

details from recent archaeological discoveries

### *Embracing the Yes!*

learning to identify God's nudges and invitations

## *I Ended Up in China Because I Decided to Have a Garage Sale*

## *How to Love Your Closets -- and Everything in There* *Adventures of a Modern Day Nomad*

choosing to be homeless & watching where that leads

## *Living in Modern Day Israel*

my personal experiences

This is really fun and rewarding for me, and helps keep the bills paid, too. I'd happily accept your help in booking speaking dates, as well.

## Scheduling My Year

It may be hard for you to believe, but making commitments to speaking dates and retreats has me actually planning months ahead. So I can tell you that I plan to be in Northern California until about the end of March and Arizona in April, in Oklahoma for a day-long seminar on organization at the beginning of May, then Milwaukee and the midwest for the summer. Shall I head south before the snow flies?

## Homeless No More

Be on the lookout for my wonderful 1987 Winnebago "Minnie Winnie" to come tooling down *your* road! This spectacular self-contained home on wheels is taking me everywhere. Currently, from Orlando, Florida to Pleasant Hill, California over a five-week period in January and February.

The purchase was made in Arizona and subsequently I had the major challenge of establishing my residence therein, gathering my goods from Indiana, Connecticut and elsewhere while getting rid of enough to make life workable in a 24-foot motorhome. It drives like a dream and makes my life on the road a new kind of joy. I actually pinch myself sometimes, driving along, saying, "Is this for real, Joanie? Are you truly driving across the country in your very own motorhome?"

As it has been many years since all (or most anyway) of my stuff has been collected in one place, it's both delight and challenge. The organizer in me is most anxious to reach the point where there is a defined place for everything. Since there are so MANY components of my busy lifestyle, this is not simple, but it is, I'm convinced, do-able. Gritting my teeth and discarding more and more helps. So do many of the tricks of my trade as a professional organizer.

A necessary adjunct to this lifestyle is a cell phone, so you can now reach me at 405-205-7421. I also bought a special

modem and cable to enable my laptop computer to access my email through the cell phone! Amazing. It's cumbersome, however, and painfully slow. So I won't be checking for mail too frequently while on the road. Don't let that deter you, though, from sending.

### Wanna Join Me?

I'm very interested in having some of you on the road with me for a month or more -- to lend assistance, share the driving, and add companionship and fun. Three of you have expressed interest so far, and I'm looking for others. If it appeals at all, let me know when you might be available. But think it through carefully. You wouldn't be able to bring much along as space is so limited. And I *will* put you to work some, according to your skills and interest. And consider, too . . .

### Is it All Fun & Games?

I purchased the motorhome in Mesa, Arizona, then drove to Tucson to see Maureen with whom I had worked on Beginning Experience many years earlier. Her mother now lives with her there and we all had a lovely visit.

Then a pre-dawn start toward Oklahoma and Indiana revealed no lights on the instrument panel. Oh, dear. Letting a flashlight tell me how fast I was going, I began to wonder if my tail lights were lit. I left the expressway to have a look, and on the isolated side road, my engine stalled. In trying to restart, I flooded the thing. *Okay, Joan, just sit here for 20 minutes letting the flood dissipate.* What discipline was needed to wait that long, sitting in the dark and flashing my turn signals at those rare moments when a car came past.

Back on the freeway, I activated the turn signals whenever a vehicle approached from the rear, until once when a semi was hot on my trail (tail?) I decided I had better go ahead and exit after I had been indicating a right turn -- so he wouldn't run up over me. And there I was on an endless, straight, shoulderless Arizona country road with absolutely no crossroads, businesses, driveways, or ANYTHING resembling a place to turn around! After several miles I bit the bullet and got the camper turned completely around on that narrow roadway.

After daylight I got help to discover a broken fuse and soon had full light power. Except for running out of gas on another morning before daylight (the gauge is not quite accurate and many stations weren't open so early) things went pretty smoothly as I moved along.

Later, however, on this cross-country jaunt from Florida, I had some excitement. Late on a Saturday afternoon I suddenly heard a loud clattering sound and thought the suitcase I had tied on the roof must have come loose. Wrong!

Fortunately my AAA Plus membership brought someone out to put on my spare after the outer of my left rear tires had spewed out a bunch of its treads! (Still plenty of air in the tire, so no blowout.)

At about the same time the very next day, I had to call for a tow when the same thing happened on the right rear. A lovely young man towed me 40 miles, and where do you go for tires on a Sunday? At WalMart I bought two new tires and followed the recommendation to have one of them put into the spare compartment, as my previous spare was brand new.

Onward I continued until soon stopping in Houston for a few days. Remember the danger of issuing invitations to Joan Huguenard? These lovely folks had met me while they were on a tour of Israel and now here I was on their doorstep. I was warmly welcomed, but what a shock the next day to discover that my left rear tire (my former spare) was going very flat!

Some detective work at a Houston WalMart revealed a grievous error by the original service provider. The valve stem from the inner tire, squashed between the two rather than pulled through to the outside, wore drastic holes in both tires! I was assured that had I not stopped in Houston, I WOULD have had a blowout on the road. Very soon. Thanks, Lord.

Dry rot was the culprit for the other tires. The vehicle had sat in the Arizona sun with little use for its previous few years. So I ended up buying five tires in all (though I hope to be reimbursed for two), all new belts and hoses, and a rebuilt carburetor when a huge leak was discovered. SO now I'm really roadworthy, and after a three-week catch-up stop in a Tucson RV Park, I am presently completing my first-ever cross-country drive.

### My Error

I was wrong to expect you to tell me if you wanted the Joan Times mailed, so a lot of you did not see the last issue. If I didn't hear from you, Number 37 is enclosed with this. If you receive this by U.S. mail and are willing to get the next one by email, just email me that information.

### Be in Touch - Please and Thank You

To **Get on my mailing list** for the Joan Times,  
To **Get off** said mailing list, (I won't be offended)  
To **Book** "*Come to the Water*" or "*Come to the First Century*  
To **Order** "*Embracing the Yes!*" (Most people say, once started, they can't put it down!) (\$20.+\$5 for S&H; in CA+1.45 tax)  
To **Send** me an update of YOUR activities,  
Or to **Just say hello**, use any of the following methods:

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