

# ISSUE # 64,

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## We're Back!

We've just settled into our new home and for this newsletter we're going to bring you the update on our adventure. Sorry that there will not be a Serione's message this quarter, they will be back next time. For now here's our story.

We've all heard Emerson's quote, Life is a journey, not a destination. This was absolutely the case, in our lives since we first moved east in 1998.

In '98' I had given up a career in the nuclear industry to start our adventures having been "told" my writing was my future. But I had no clue as to what that looked like.

In 2005 I found my niche with a demolition company on Edwards AFB writing procedures for asbestos and being their Safety Officer. My time there provided some amazing experiences, like watching a Space Shuttle landing. Then that job evolved into a work from home position and finally after over a decade, I fully realized what Spirit had lead me too.

But after the first few years in BVS we became stagnant. Most of our friends and family were a two-day drive away. We wanted to move back to the Pacific Northwest, but our beautiful home in Bear Valley Springs had become a gilded cage, and we lived more like hermits.

Our hearts pulled north, while our brains said we had to wait it out until we had enough equity to buy what would likely be (at nearly 60 years both of us) our last home. Then Spirit provided a way. Long story short, everything aligned into a win-win opportunity that allowed us to fund a modest home in

our chosen area of Central Oregon, sell the Bear Valley home sooner, and make our move.

That was a huge synchronistic event, and as we have mentioned many times, God speaks to us through these small miracles and synchronicities, even when most humans fail to see these as more than mere coincidences. Well dear readers, I am here to testify that these are no "accidents".

The sale of the BVS home went easier than expected as the "Right Couple" appeared. But then, as things started moving fast the fear of the unknowns set in.

Sure, we've lived by faith since the 90's but we were also a lot younger then. Also, we felt rushed and out of control, with too many unknown's. In our hearts we had faith, but the mind hates the unknown and is the seat of pride. In our pride, we kinda felt like we should be past all the unknown stuff. "Surely Spirit could bring us an easier way to do this". As Diane and others have often said, the mind constantly fights for what is safe, secure and familiar. The most familiar thing this time was that feeling of another empty-handed leap into the void. So when the brain perceives lack of ease (in hindsight we were fine) it also feeds doubt. Our brains just couldn't conceive what was coming.



Flash-back to the Sunday after Thanksgiving 2016. Some of you may recall that we were leaving Central Oregon after our first “Recon”, heading South on Highway 97, when we hit black ice and slid off the road. Our Ford truck rolled gently up onto the passenger side, doing only minor damage to the truck, and none to us or the dogs. The on-coming truck stopped in time and we were left pointed back to the North, just two miles short of Crescent Oregon. They towed us to Crescent where we stayed in a cute little motel and fell in love with a kind of kitschy little old restaurant called the Mohawk.

Now forward again to about May 2017, we were having a hard time finding an RV park from which to start our home search and the old house was selling, so the clock was ticking. Diane called around to find that most parks were either overly expensive or booked for the coming eclipse. Then Diane “found” a small park, perfectly located in Crescent OR. The Manager was a short timer who was moving back east to be closer to family (sound familiar). She happily reserved us a space, and we arrive to realize it was only 20 minutes from Diane’s Ex-Brother-In-Law, Brian. He’s a great guy who loves family and who readily included us in his. As for the RV Park, it is a block from the Mohawk. On our first visit back there, I met and shook the hand of the young EMT that pulled us out of the truck. He welcomed us home with a big grin.

Want more synchronicities? A month before we left CA, I met a new employee for the company I write for. We had really clicked on the phone, but on this day we finally met in person. He asked where we were moving to, and we were both amazed to learn his parents had moved to LaPine two years earlier. Likewise, a friend of ours from North Carolina is now about 45 minutes North of LaPine, and she moved there long before we ever considered Oregon.

Before we left CA, we had thought we belonged in the Bend area, but soon realized that it was not energetically where we belonged. We originally thought LaPine was too far out but then we started meeting the people, and we had never felt more welcomed, or at home. Almost every new meeting contained some synchronicity, such as where they originally came from, whom they knew, etc. I can’t tell you how many times my head was playing the song “It’s a Small World”.

Diane and I left CA with some plans or ideas of how things might work out, but when we arrived we found that we vacillated and felt a bit lost. We started off good, when we got the best realtor ever, who had also moved from California to the Oregon countryside. We learned that her husband lived for years in Milton-Freewater OR, with his insurance office in Walla Walla WA where I grew up.

But lots of folks told us stories of taking over 6 months to find a place and winter was coming. I told Diane I had a gut feeling that our house was just not on the market yet, but at the same time I was dreading the idea we might have to winter in a place that got 4 feet of snow and -30°F in a thin skinned ultralight travel trailer.

Before we left CA, We had asked Spirit to have our Dad’s help us find the place that was perfect for us. One sunny Saturday morning, we took a drive to look at some vacant lots in a little subdivision, still back and forth on whether buying a lot and placing a new manufactured home was the best option. We were leaving the area and driving by a well-kept lot with no house, when Diane, completely out of character, pointed to it and said, “YOU sell me your lot”. As we drove by it, I spotted the “for sale by owner” sign on the neighboring homes gate and said, “then you might want to take that number, they might be connected”. She

## FUN FACT

On Google Earth, a straight line drawn on this road, pointing the same way as my truck, goes directly through our new home, about 7 miles away.



did and she called, but it would not be ready to show for a week. So, after another week of fruitless and disheartening searches, we finally got to visit the place. That morning in our manifesting (prayers) we asked again that our Fathers let us know if this house would be the right one. Honestly, I was not overly optimistic.

We walked in and Diane nearly screamed, “Oh my God, I love it” as she quickly bee-lined into what would become our kitchen, to touch the granite countertops in disbelief. What we “lucked” into was a place that had been a wreck that the Owner was rebuilding to flip. Later as he kept adding upgrades he decided to make it his home. But then, he too felt the calling to be near his family and decided to sell and move to Medford.

He said he didn’t like realtors, or the fact that the local market was selling crappy homes for well over appraised value. So amazingly, he insisted on a price that was well in our budget. We called our Realtor who came over. The Owner then offered that the realtor would work for us both, and he actually negotiated a lower fee on our behalf, and we made our offer at his asking price.

NEXT! The appraisal, it was taking up to 45 days in this over-busy and underserved market to get one. That would delay us a month, but Diane found one who was a Navy vet, and who normally did only VA loans, who after hearing our story and learning that we’re both Navy vets, did it for us in less than a week. Later as we neared closing, our realtor told us that the Owner had rejected two other offers on the house, one above asking, because we were both vets. In the end we bought our home for \$30k under the appraisal.

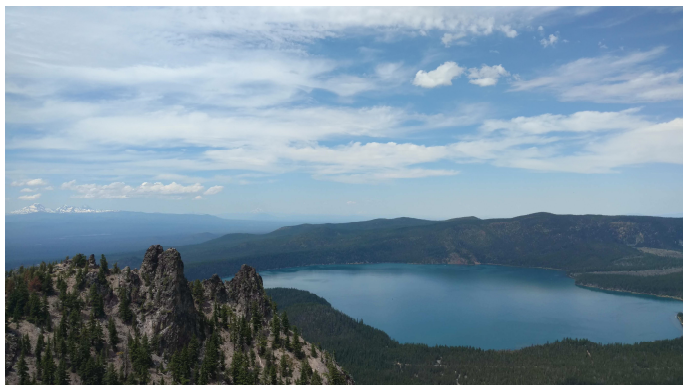
So yes, dear friends the Lord does work in mysterious ways. We got the home that checked off more blocks that we thought imaginable, the place that feels more like home than anywhere we have lived since 1998, and the timing... Before we left CA we asked to move out before my birthday and in before Diane’s. We Arrived in Oregon on June 14<sup>th</sup>, a week before mine. We moved in Labor Day week-end, just a couple days before Diane’s. All this, in a place where everyone was warning us it would take months, just to find a place let alone close the deal, and that we might have to wait until Spring.

Every time we moved we had doubts, which in hindsight prove unwarranted. We’re only human, after all. The mind always seeks to control, fear being its best tool, but look, we followed our hearts and here we are. God is great, and his Universe abundant.

**NEWS!**  
**Diane’s new phone number is (541) 382-3570.**  
**Please note this is the last paper newsletter.**  
**Please follow us instead online at:**  
**[www.serenitynews.com](http://www.serenitynews.com), where it’s**  
**downloadable in color and see our archive of**  
**past issues. Or you can email Diane:**  
**[diane@serenitynews.com](mailto:diane@serenitynews.com). To get on her**  
**Email list.**



A 15 min. drive to LaPine State park to walk the dogs.



30-60 min. drive in any direction to places like this or to reach hiking trailheads to hot springs and water falls. (this is from the top of Paulina Peak)

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PLACE  
STAMP  
HERE



*"It's impossible" said Pride,  
"It's risky" said Experience,  
"It's pointless" said Reason,  
"Give it a try" whispered the Heart.*

*~ unknown*