

# *Hannah's Legacy... Continues*

Earlier this spring, the ranch was blessed by the recovery of a small mustang mare that was rescued from grave peril of being poisoned. Having already lost one horse to poisoning, the previous owners had been keeping their one surviving mare in their garage to protect her from the same fate. When the ranch brought this little horse home, only God could know the chain reaction that would be set into motion.

The same day that we brought the mare home, the ranch was contacted by a family in Indiana that had just lost their teenage daughter in a tragic car accident. They wished to let us know how much their daughter loved our ranch and that instead of well-wishers sending floral wreaths to honor their girl, they desired that donations be made to the ranch instead.

It was with great sadness, humility and honor that we received their message.

As is customary on the ranch, we were in the process of searching for a new name for the small horse when this same family contacted us again and quietly requested that, "if it was possible and not too much trouble... could the ranch someday perhaps name a rescued horse after our daughter." To honor and carry on the legacy of love started by a young woman, 'Hannah' was named the following day.

To our great delight, it was shortly confirmed that our Hannah was not only successful in surviving her near poisoning... but had also managed to carry a foal through her ordeal as well.

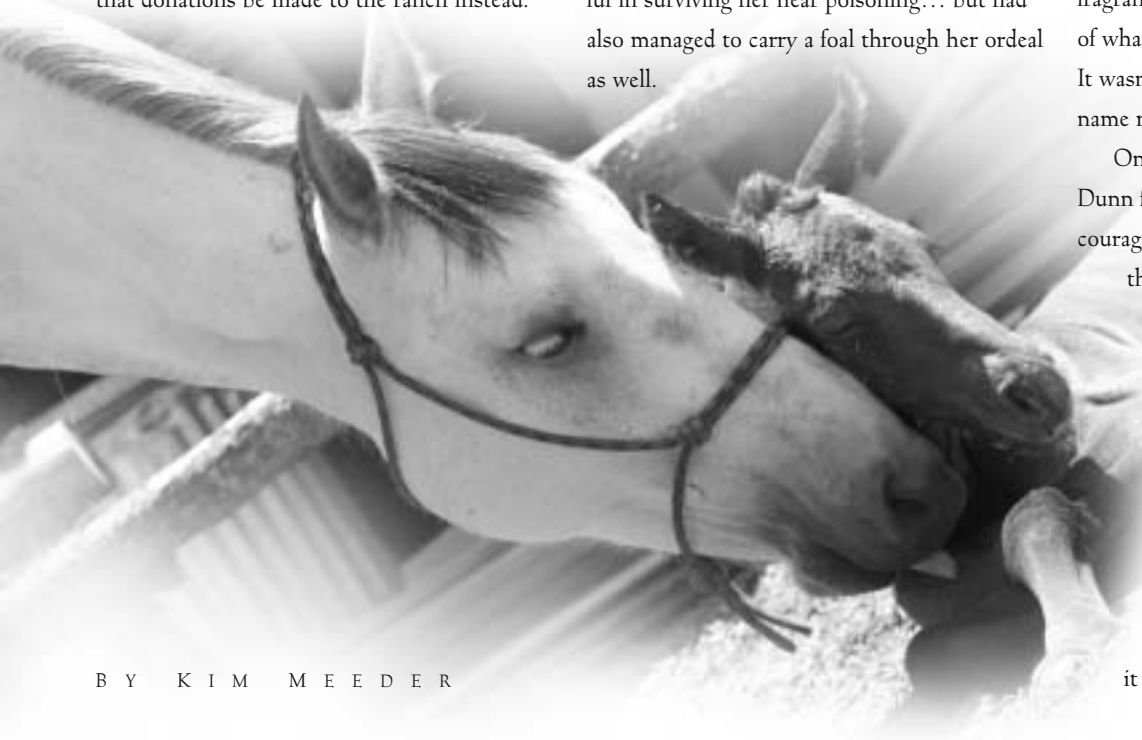


God is so good. The older I get, the more I fully understand that there is truly no such thing as a coincidence. Hannah delivered her beautiful chocolate colored filly on May twenty ninth... Memorial Day. It seemed only fitting that in loving memory of a courageous young woman, we name our new baby girl 'Hanalei' a shortened version of 'Hannah's Legacy.'

The name Hanalei... such a beautiful sound, it inspires such peaceful images of a far away land filled with exotic scenes and fragrances. I fell in love with the name because of what it inspires and who it represents. It wasn't until later that I learned what this name means.

Only months earlier, I came to love the Dunn family. I admired them for their incredible courage and faithfulness during the loss of their daughter, Hannah Marie Dunn.

I was also deeply moved by their choice to send financial donations to our ranch instead of floral wreaths to memorialize their beloved daughter. Through this amazing new circle of love and friendship, I was completely ASTOUNDED when I discovered what Hanalei actually means... it is Hawaiian for... wreath of flowers.



# Expanding Outside our Fence Line

BY TROY MEEDER



From all over the United States and Canada they came. Simple folks, people like you and me. Farmers from Missouri, bikers from Michigan, ranchers from Washington, youth pastors from Alberta. There were no superstars, no one with earth shattering skills or gifts. They were just ordinary people... with one remarkable attribute... passion. Each one came with a driving commitment to make a difference in the hearts of young people with in their world. Because of their passion, they were extraordinary... every one of them.

It was May 24 and the sun was greeting the ranch with another beautiful, warm Central Oregon day. Although the clinic was due to officially start at 1pm, our friends from abroad started arriving much sooner. I couldn't help but notice as each participant walked up the hill to the ranch... the anticipation in

their faces. I could see in the eyes of each individual the pure desire to serve, to make a difference. *Lord, I am so thankful you have given us the opportunity to share all that You are doing through our little ranch with these amazing people.*

The 2006 Crystal Peaks Youth Ranch Information Clinic was a four day rollercoaster of activity. Each day was packed with classes ranging from creative communication and strategic planning, to horsemanship and herd management... and everything in between. Yet, I'm certain that I share the sentiments of all when I say the most powerful part of those full days was the rich time shared together with 125 passionate friends in prayer and worship. We laughed, we cried, we made life long friendships, but most of all... we equipped *each other* through God's love to reach out and make a difference in this world.



For two years now, Kim and I have shared a passion to help others realize their own, unique dream of starting a ministry. Since 'Hope Rising' was first released, the calls have come almost daily, "How can I start a ministry like Crystal Peaks Youth Ranch?" In response to that resounding question, our Information Clinic was born. We are not 'franchising' the ranch. We are simply sharing what we know, what has worked and what has not, with those who wish to start a ranch of their own. Because of the 2005 and 2006 clinics, our Crystal Peaks 'family' of sharing hope to the broken... is growing!





This year, 17 new ministries have been started with the help of Crystal Peaks and are now shouldering with the 6 formed in 2005. Each new organization is its own independent charity, each a new ministry reaching out to their local communities with hope, compassion and care. The dream that started in our once abandoned cinder mine 11 years ago is now touching lives all across of our great country, Canada, New Zealand and soon, Tasmania.



The 2006 Crystal Peaks clinic has come and gone. Yet, those amazing days in May are forever etched on our memory. While looking back, I realize that the ministries this simple ranch has inspired... are looking forward as they each work hard to better the lives of generations to come.



# HAY DAY

BY RACHEL HANSON - MCBRIDE

Tonight I sit out on the porch. The heat of the day has given way to the cooling night. What a day.

My hands, covered with blisters, are not appreciating the task of writing. Hundreds of tiny abrasions speckle my arms and neck. My back aches. It is such a chore to move tonight. I know I will sleep hard.

This morning our hay barn was empty. Tonight it rests almost completely full. Nearly two thousand bales were moved today by the ranch team. It was sweltering, dirty and demanding work.

Throughout this arduous day, I couldn't help but think to myself: If I had to do this with any other group of people, I would hate it. The record heat our area experienced was only intensified by the lack of airflow, dust and rising heat in the barn. In addition, our small band of workers are physically far from the well-muscled group you would envision for a hay team.

And yet, at the end of this day, I am looking forward to the next time we get to buck hay together. I love this work. I love these people.

Their attitudes have changed everything for me.

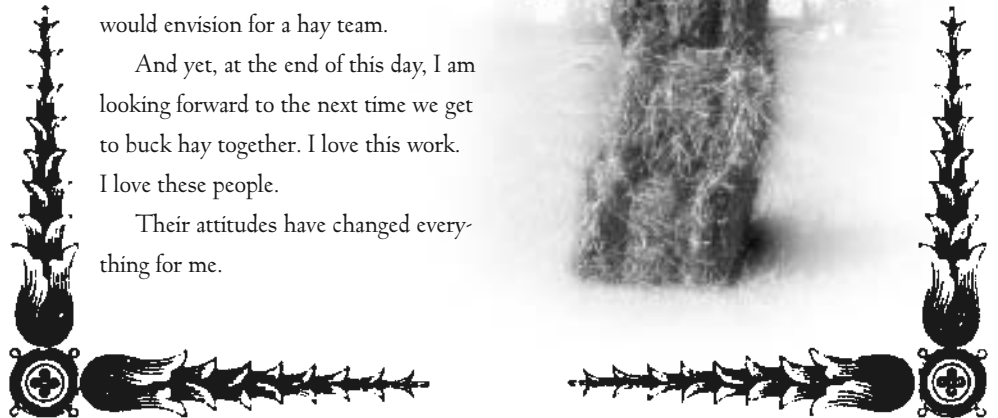


Not one mouth complained. On the contrary, excitement filled the group. Everyone was smiling, everyone was enjoying, everyone was giving it their all. The Father requires us to walk through easy days and hard days, but we choose our attitude.

By the attitude we choose to wear, we also decide what our day will become. Attitude can turn moments into memories, it can turn mishaps into ministry. Today... it turned hard work into incredible fun.



**Turning work into play, Troy wins the Hay Bale Olympics by clearing a towering stack of 3 bales!**



# FROM HOSS

BY TROY MEEDER, CO-FOUNDER

It was bitter that December night so long ago. The winter wind blew through the cracks in the stained glass windows of the old church. It had been a long time since the District of Columbia had endured such extreme cold. The tall, bearded man and his assistant had arrived late. Sitting in the back, they listened intently to the words of the young preacher. He spoke eloquently and powerfully, his words reaching deep into the hearts of both men. Because of his notoriety, the tall statesman always left a few minutes early to avoid causing a commotion after the service. In the carriage ride back to the White House, President Lincoln's aide inquired, "Sir, how did you like the service?" "Well," Mr. Lincoln replied, "the preacher had good content, was well researched, and gave a passionate delivery." "So you approved of the young preacher?" "I approve of the man yet he lacked one very important element in his teaching. He never challenged me to do anything. He never called me to action. It's one thing to say all the right words, it is quite another to put the words to work. I was never challenged to make a difference."

Those words spoken long ago have continued to challenge me. Because of that lingering challenge fueled by the love and mercy of God, Crystal Peaks Youth Ranch is making a difference in the lives of thousands, not just in Central Oregon, but now all over the globe. It has always been our long standing policy to

offer all that we do free of charge to the children and families that come. While the program here at the ranch is free, running this ministry is not. We exist because you have chosen to support us. Our hearts are filled because of your faithful generosity. Friends, from abroad, call or email to know how they can get involved in the support of CPYR. *My challenge to you*, our extended family, is to please pray for us. It's truly your faithfulness that helps sustain this ministry. As we continue to grow, the demands on Kim and I grow as well. There is nothing abundantly special about either of our abilities. We, like you, move in the grace and wisdom of an awesome God. Your faithfulness to this ministry enables us to continue to move forward in strength and assurance.

Thank you, dear friends. Thank you for continuing to believe in us. Thank you for shouldering with us as we look forward. We treasure each and every one of you.

In His grace,

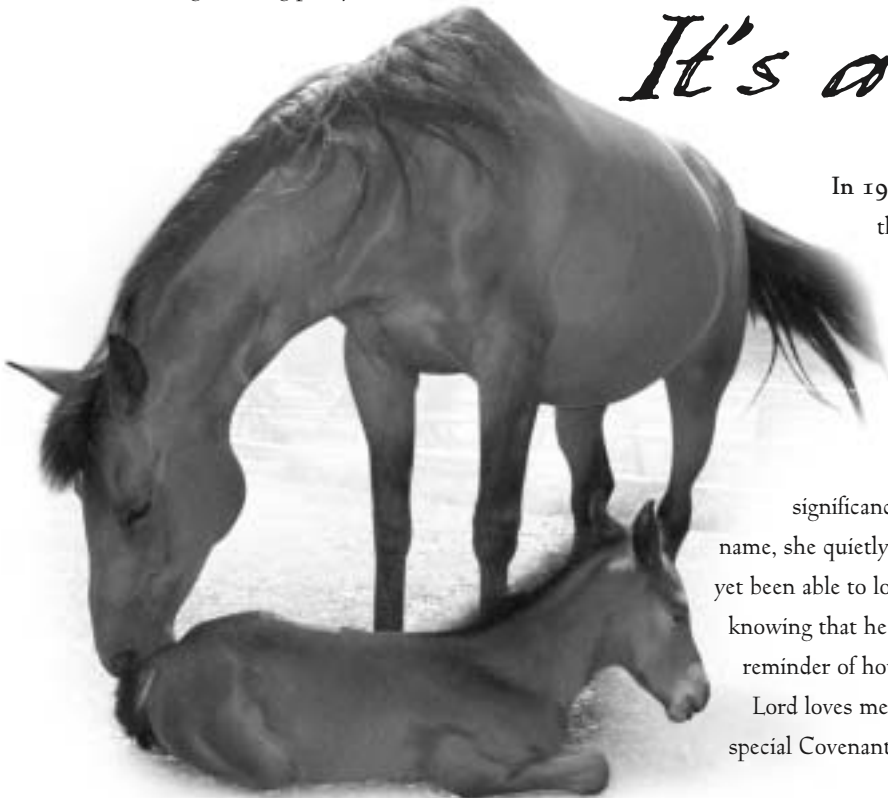
Troy

## *It's a Boy!*

In 1995, Kim witnessed a four year old mare being beaten so badly that a vet was needed to sew up her face. Six months after vowing to make a difference, Kim brought home the mare who not only became the foundation horse of what Crystal Peaks is today, she also became one of Kim's very truest friends.

On June twelfth, below a brilliant full moon, Ele gave birth to a spectacular bay colt. After much private contemplation, Kim chose to name him 'Covey.' When asked about the

significance of this unusual name, she quietly explained, "I have not yet been able to look at him without knowing that he is my four legged reminder of how very MUCH the Lord loves me... truly... he is my special Covenant."



# What Crystal Peaks Means to Me

BY REBECCA MILLER, AGE 14



Ever since I can remember, I have loved horses. About three years ago, some of our friends told us about Crystal Peaks Youth Ranch. We were so excited to be able to go and have horseback riding lessons in exchange for a few minutes of chores. It is such a blessing for me to go to the ranch and be a part of a Christian horse-loving family.

My two favorite horses are Cassidy and Halo. Cassidy, my first favorite, is an Arabian bay mare. She is an amazing little trooper, loving everyone who will pet and talk to her. Halo, my second favorite, is an Arabian light palomino gelding. He is very sweet and likes attention and kids who supply him carrots. Each horse has an amazing story of what loving care can do to rebuild trust. My favorite thing to do when horseback riding is definitely a posting trot. I also like walking, going over logs, doing figure eights and swerving around caution cones. Each time I ride, I learn something new and improve on the old.

Crystal Peaks has really been helping me this past year without realizing it.

For the past two or three years, I have gotten more and more quiet and reserved in front of people because I was afraid of what they might think of me. Then as I started going out to the ranch, I began thinking that the girls who work there don't worry about what people think and everybody loves being with them. One of the things that make the girls really fun, is they don't think about themselves or worry what others may think of them, they just play and are themselves. Ever since I started going to the ranch, I have wanted to be just like them. So I have started going out of my comfort zone to be the girl that God wants me to be most of all, and also to become outgoing and friendly, not worrying what people think of me.

I have been out to the ranch before when all we did was brush the horses, watch them run, then play in the hay. No matter what we do on a particular visit, I always have a great time. My family and I are so grateful for Crystal Peaks, and have so much fun at the ranch, that if you asked my brother or me, "Where would you like to go today?" the answer would and will always be, "We want to go to Crystal Peaks!"

Hawaiian day at the ranch.



Yes! I would like to help Crystal Peaks Youth Ranch fulfill their mission

Please use my donation for:

- Where it is needed most
- Future Property Purchase
- Endowment Fund
- For the children
- For the horses
- Ranch Equipment
- Staff education
- Volunteer program

Payment Method:

A check payable to Crystal Peaks Youth Ranch CPYR for \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Credit cards are accepted at:

[www.crystalpeaksyouthbranch.org](http://www.crystalpeaksyouthbranch.org)

Send donations to: Crystal Peaks Youth Ranch, 19344 Innes Market Road, Bend OR 97701.

You can also make your donation at [www.crystalpeaksyouthbranch.org](http://www.crystalpeaksyouthbranch.org)

Our current wish list is also available at our website

Name \_\_\_\_\_

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City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Phone \_\_\_\_\_

e-mail (please) \_\_\_\_\_

My Gift is \_\_\_\_\_ in honor of \_\_\_\_\_

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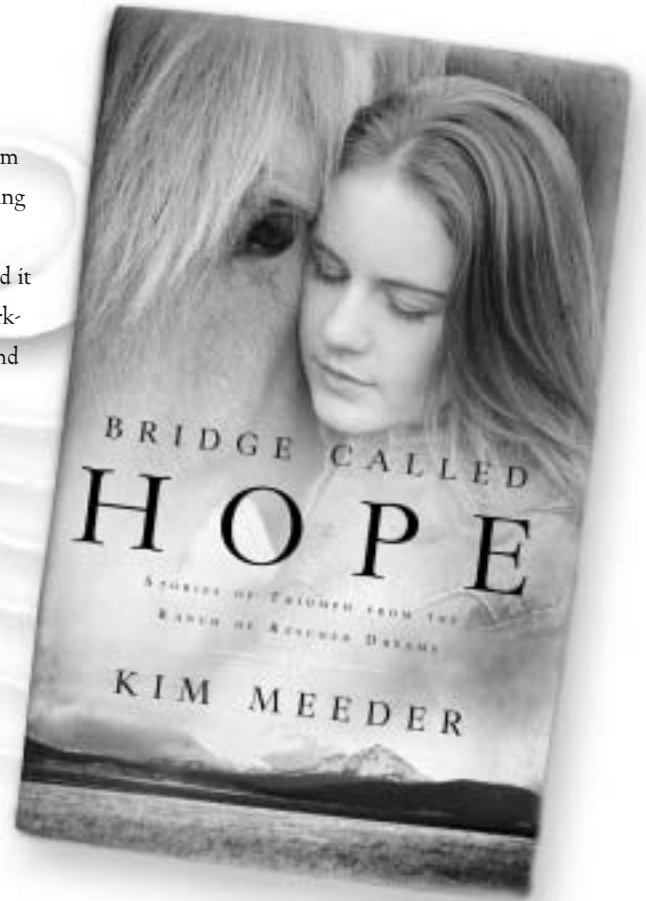
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# Bridge Called Hope

In *Bridge Called Hope*, the anticipated follow-up to her first work, *Hope Rising*, Kim once again weaves together inspirational true stories with fresh, lyrical writing, invoking raw emotion and hope into the hearts of readers.

“I was moved to write *Hope Rising* and *Bridge Called Hope* because, when I needed it most, someone shared hope with me and it saved my life,” says Kim. “During the darkest days I’d ever known, I was introduced to the unconditional love of a little horse and a merciful God, and my life has never been the same. Everything in our life is about choices. We cannot control our circumstances, but we can control how we choose to feel about them. The pain that we feel in this life is certain. What is equally certain is how we choose to feel about the pain. It can destroy us — or it can define us. The choice is uniquely ours.”

A beautiful collection of true and intensely moving equine-human accounts of tragedy succumbing to hope, *Bridge Called Hope* inspires readers to, regardless of their own circumstances, press on with faith and courage in the midst of adversity. The book’s universal appeal will capture the hearts of young and old alike, with its heartwarming message of extraordinary healing rising from the depths of brokenness and despair. A truly inspirational read for anyone, *Bridge Called Hope* serves as a much-needed beacon of light particularly for those burdened by dark times.



— M U L T N O M A H P U B L I S H E R S

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