

**Rev. Roger Krutz**

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**From:** "ClassisOfAlbany RCA" <classisofalbanyrca@yahoo.com>  
**To:** "Classis of Albany" <classisofalbanyrca@yahoo.com>  
**Sent:** Tuesday, September 06, 2011 10:40 AM  
**Subject:** Schoharie Journal from Lois Caulfield, Delmar Reformed Church

Expecting that I'd be working at Schoharie Reformed Church, I recruited two of the Burmese refugees whose large families I've been mentoring, and headed out from Albany at ten thirty this morning. The forty-minute drive took almost an hour and a half, the last forty-five minutes being a slow crawl from the exit off I-88 to the church. A local worker told me that most of that traffic consisted of "sight-seers," and they didn't have enough police officers to keep traffic moving smoothly!

We were assigned to a house down the street from the church, where I found the owner, an 87-year-old widower, standing around looking exhausted and leaning on an ice chopping tool for support in his empty, nearly gutted house. When I tried to persuade him to come back to headquarters at the church with me for a rest and some lunch, he declined to leave because he was expecting FEMA at any moment. Good thing I left him there, because the FEMA guy had arrived when I returned with a chair and some lunch for the homeowner. He did eat the food, and then spent the rest of the next hour going from room to room trying to describe what had been there before the flood. (His insurance company denied that it was a flood, so would not cover any of the damage. A hurricane, even though it flooded the village, doesn't count as flood damage!) Fortunately, his neighbors were with him helping him to recall every little detail for the FEMA rep.

There were at least fifteen or twenty of us at that house, which had a huge pile of wet carpet, padding, linoleum, dry wall, insulation, cabinets, and appliances on the side of the road waiting to be hauled away by the time we left. There was still water in the basement, although a loud pump had been working to drain it during the entire time we were there. Every other house on that little side street had similar damage and a crew of workers.

The stench was awful, but one of the neighbors said they were the lucky ones because they only got sewage, and no oil, in the water that invaded their homes.

On my way back up the street to my car, I looked down at the muddy mess and noticed two pennies lying in the mud. With a tissue from my pocket, I picked them up and said, "Lucky pennies!" As I neared my car, I met a woman and told her about the lucky pennies and the prayer they had inspired me to say, and offered to give them to her. She lived across the street from the homeowner. She said no, thanks, it might be better if I kept the pennies and continued to pray for all of them. She told me she had been luckier than some of the neighbors. I guess it's all relative.

It's like being in two different universes, Schoharie and Albany...

Lois Caulfield