



Imagine Ministries
3 Short Lane
Simsbury, CT 06070
860-729-2557
www.imagineminiestries.net

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imagine

*Helping people discover
and follow the God
who is far more than
they imagine*

IN THE BEGINNING—HOW JESUS BROUGHT KIT AND I TOGETHER

Long before Kit and I met in Boston in 1972, the Lord was already at work, preparing two lives for a meeting neither of us could have arranged. Through earlier experiences, God was teaching trust—trust in His timing, His guidance, and in Jesus, who orders each step long before the destination is clear.

At the same time, God was leading Kit from Albuquerque to Boston. What seemed like a simple move was part of a greater design. Our meeting was not accidental, nor was the love that followed. God was faithfully weaving two stories into one.

That truth carries deeper meaning now. The reason I share this is because of the importance of remembering that the same God who brought us together has never loosened His hold—faithful in the beginning, present through the years, and steadfast even now as I walk the painful road of Alzheimer's beside my beloved husband and soulmate.

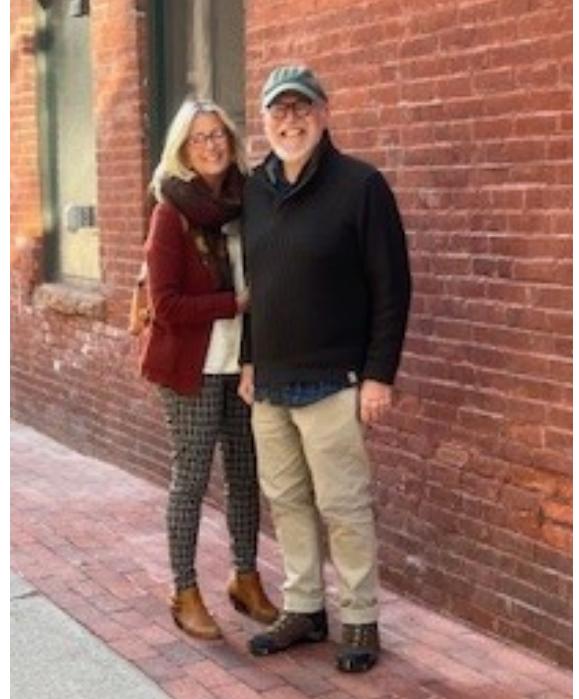
As a young woman just out of High school in 1970, I was seeking to live for Jesus full time and in a year-long committed Christian relationship. I was heading to Art school and He was finishing up his last year of college. As 1971 approached, I sensed that the future I had planned with this person, was becoming less defined and his pursuits were elsewhere.

Jesus kept me very close and helped me surrender this relationship fully to Him. During that time, I made a covenant with the Lord. It happened in June of 1971, when I was 18.

“Lord I will try to send this person a letter about some concerns and a desire to move forward under you, but if I get no response, I will agree to trust you and your plan for me to end this and let go of this person.”

For three months, there was no response. I knew Jesus was behind this. I wept, but I trusted Him to work out my future. In faith, I chose to transfer to another college in Boston to study art illustration in the fall of 1971.

In 1970 Kit was playing with his band, “Children at Play” and after performing at the Jazz Festival of Notre Dame their group won the Best Ensemble award and Kit won Best Jazz Drummer. He and other band members were given scholarships to Berklee College of Music in Boston, MA. Kit was a psychology major at UNM and was always exploring the meaning of life through books. As students and needing to bring in an income, Kit and his friend Rodger got a part time job at a restaurant called Zekes.



In January of 1972, I was still in art school and needed work to pay for my art supplies and I ended up working part time as a hostess at a restaurant close to my dorm and as God would have it, it happened to be Zekes. I was not a person who dated and felt I needed to be clear about boundaries and my commitment to my walk with Jesus. Yet, clearly I was enamored by Kit and we started to talk on and off. His friend Rodger approached me and asked if I wanted to go out. I told him that I didn't date, but would meet him for coffee or tea and talk if he would like. We met and I told him about Jesus. When he came back to the apartment where he lived with Kit, He told Kit, "It's really sad, she is nice, but she is crazy! She told me Jesus is her first love." With that said, Kit asked Rodger if he could ask me out himself. Rodger gave his approval but reminded him that, "I didn't date."

The next thing I knew we were at a muffin restaurant and I was telling Kit about Jesus. He was quietly self-conscious, wondering if anyone was overhearing our conversation. I stated we could be friends and could hang out from time to time, but that my relationship with Christ was at the center of my life. For about 2 months we explored Boston together, talked about what was truth and who God and Jesus were, but it came to a head when Kit mentioned he was falling in love with me and wondered what our future could be like moving forward. I cared for Kit, but was not in love with him. I knew I could not commit to marrying him unless he was a Christian and devoted to Christ. I knew at this point I had to be honest with Kit even though I knew it would hurt him. It was difficult because I sensed Jesus was calling me to set a boundary around a relationship that looked like it was not in Jesus's plan for me. Before I left to go home for school break, I told Kit that I was sorry, but we no longer could see each other. He professed his love for me but we separated.

While home, I sensed Jesus calling me to pray and make a covenant with him. I was weary of the push and pull of being a woman in the dynamics of male and female relationships. I told Jesus, if He wanted Kit to be the man I was meant to marry and spend the rest of my life with, then He needed to draw him to seek Him and see the need for him to come to Christ on his own.

At this time Kit is was trying to figure out what to do to be able to have a relationship with me and with God. All he could think of was to seek out Billy Graham. As humorous as this may seem, Kit knew Billy was a Christian and would have answers that he needed. Kit told work and school that he was leaving for a few days and got on a bus to Grand Central Station that would then transfer to a bus to Minnesota where Billy Graham was based. Once in New York, reality set in and he realized that he doesn't really know where to find Billy Graham. Being a man in love, he felt the next best thing was to go to my house in Farmington, CT and ask me a lot of questions and find out what he needed to do to be a Christian.

In the early spring of 1972 I got a 3am knock on my bedroom window. Kit had walked from Hartford to my house, which by car is about 25 minutes. How he got to my house I'm not sure, but it was definitely by the grace of God. I looked out my window and saw Kit. I opened the garage door, invited him in and proceeded to my parents' room to tell them that Kit was here and ask if it was ok to put him in the guest room. They agreed that he could stay until we were able to talk in the morning. Kit ended up staying for a week under the condition that we helped with work around the house. Our project became painting the eaves. During this time I took him to my mentor and art teacher from Farmington High School, Ralph Mattson. Ralph was now the headmaster of The Master School. Kit met with Ralph 3 times during that week and as they shared in their passion for music and creativity felt comfortable asking many questions. During their last session together Ralph asked Kit if He wanted to be a Christian. Kit replied that he did, but felt it was something he needed to do on his own.

At the end of the week I gave Kit a Bible and put him on a bus back to Boston. On the bus he prayed the sinner's prayer and asked Jesus, "If I give you me can you also give me Tricia?" Clear as day, very loud in his head, he heard. DONE! The blinders fell off his eyes and he knew Jesus was real. Kit got home, called me, and was so excited and joyful at giving his life to Christ. I hung up the phone, got on my knees and prayed. Jesus had set the path before me and had answered my prayers. In fulfilling our covenant, I prayed and chose to marry Kit and then asked Jesus to fill my heart with love for him. Jesus did just that, but also told me that I was marrying a Jazz musician, and that marrying Kit was the beginning of my healing, but that is a story for another time.

We got engaged about 4 months after we met. The Lord worked deeply in Kit. His non-Christian friends didn't understand his change and his faith and it created a divide. It hurt both of us, but Kit was fully committed to his relationship with Jesus and to me. We were married a year from when we met at Zekes.

I would like to end this with what happened on our wedding day. It was February 24, 1973. We were driving to the summer house in NJ for our honeymoon. As we were driving onto an exit road, I turned to look out the window at the highway. I saw a girl running on the grass towards us and heard a voice in my head to stop. I told Kit to stop the car and he turned to see her coming our way. We pulled off the road onto the grass and got out of the car to see a small car that had been hit behind by a large Cadillac. We both ran towards the car and I helped the girl. Kit went to the car and saw two other girls in the back seat. He checked on the father, who was severely injured and the mother who had her face in a towel. Kit quickly got the two other girls out of the car and brought them to me, they were 12, 14 and 17. At this time, other people had stopped to help. One person who stopped gave us their car to put the girls in as we waited for the police and ambulances. Kit and I held, loved on them, reassured them and prayed over these girls. They had small cuts and bumps, and one seemed to have hit her head. Finally, we were able to get them in the other ambulances and we got in our car and headed for our honeymoon. I had blood on my clothes and we were a bit shaken, but we knew how present Jesus felt there with us. This was a reminder to how God had called us together and as one.

On the inside of our wedding bands is this scripture from John 17:22b-23a. "That they may be one, as we are one. I in them and you in me." There are so many stories in our life where Jesus has intervened and overcome the impossible and still is. He teaches us daily to rely on the love He has for us.

HOW I AM SEEKING TO LIVE IN THE COMFORTING LOVE OF CHRIST IN MY SORROW, RATHER THAN IN THE TORMENT OF LOSS

For seven to eight years, Kit and I have walked a long path of suffering. Throughout it, I have seen again and again how Jesus invites us to rely on Him. He has encouraged, rescued, and comforted us. He has wept with me and helped me see God's beauty even in the midst of pain—His joy and delight for Kit and for me.

Often, Jesus uses scripture to speak directly into our circumstances. A verse may bring healing and truth in one season, and then later, He returns us to that same scripture to reveal something new. This is what He has recently done for me.

Though I am not new to suffering, Kit's illness has challenged me more deeply than anything else I have known. Since placing Kit in long-term care, I have experienced a greater sadness and sorrow. As a woman of faith and one who has a deep personal relationship with Jesus, I am not blind to my own brokenness, my humanity and my vulnerability in this. I am living in the tension of continuing life while constantly mourning the loss of my husband. I see him daily, yet I miss him terribly. I grieve the life we once had and the gradual loss of the man I love—even as I still catch glimpses of him at times.

This was not depression. Jesus helped me see that He was inviting me to walk through this season differently.

As I prayed, the Lord brought me to Matthew 5:4:
"Blessed are those who mourn, for they will be comforted." I have known this verse for years, yet this time I realized something painful—I was mourning, but I was not experiencing comfort. Something was blocking it.

As you know, our ministry is based on the truth that the Lord is close to the broken hearted. (Ps. 34:18, Ps. 109:16, Ps 147:3 and Is 61:1) We've often helped point others to this truth in their own journey's. I recognized that the torment of my broken heart was something very different and it wasn't a place I was called to live in. The torment of sorrow had an enormous weight to it. It was a heaviness that kept me from receiving comfort and from fully fixing my eyes on Jesus.



As I asked Jesus to help me understand, one word kept rising in my spirit: **torment**.

Torment described the heaviness I was carrying—a weight that clouded my vision and kept me from receiving comfort. While sorrow is part of the human condition, torment felt like something that captured my mind and spirit, burying me under its weight. I knew this was not where Jesus wanted me to live.

So I asked Him, what He wanted to do about it. I sensed Him say, *“Sorrow is one thing, but torment wants to bury you. It is not helping you run the race I have set before you.”*

Jesus also showed me the importance of honesty about my weakness. Admitting I had no strength left was not giving up—it was an invitation to let Him be my strength. Though I have walked with Jesus for many years, the changes of these past months, especially placing Kit in long-term care, were too close for me to see clearly. Jesus was helping me recognize my limitations, not to shame me, but to shift my dependence fully onto Him.

Then He led me to Hebrews 12:1–2: *“Let us throw off everything that hinders... and fix our eyes on Jesus.”* I realized that the weight I was carrying had grown too heavy for me—and that I had been trying to manage what only Jesus could carry.

Part of my gifting is fixing, planning, and managing. In crisis, those strengths can quietly turn into control. Over time, I had taken back burdens that were never meant to be mine. Jesus was inviting me to surrender—not give up, but let go—so He could lift what I could not.

Naming the torment was key. When I confessed it and asked Jesus to carry it, I experienced freedom. Admitting my weakness was not failure; it was an opening for Christ to be my strength.

I often tell others to pay attention when they feel out of balance in their relationship with Jesus. Something is usually pulling their focus elsewhere. Sometimes it is driven by our own inclinations or personality—our need to fix, manage, or control. At other times, the enemy works overtime, tempting us to look to ourselves or something else to meet our needs or solve the problem. Anything that draws our attention more than Christ seeks to take priority, rather than allowing Jesus to remain our authority, our strength, our peace, and our comfort—the very things He longs to be for us.

Once again, Jesus was faithful—lifting the weight, restoring peace, and reminding me that comfort is still His promise, even in the long goodbye.

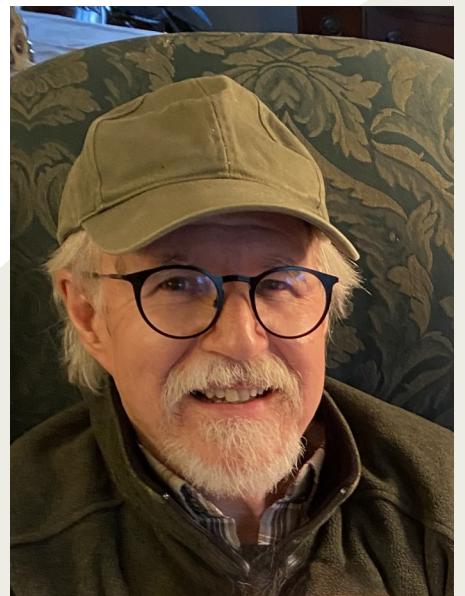
UPDATE ON KIT AND THE MINISTRY

In late August, I had to place Kit in a long-term care facility, Cherry Brook in Canton, Connecticut. Over the course of three months, Kit declined significantly. When my children wanted to take me on a two-week vacation, it appeared that Kit would be able to remain at Cherry Brook permanently under Medicaid.

However, while I was away, I was told that Kit walks too much and required a one-to-one aide, and that I would need to transfer him to another facility. At that point, I was unable to do so and could not find a memory care facility close to me. Cherry Brook kept Kit there and continued the one-to-one care for three months, which is quite unusual. Eventually, the aide was removed, though Kit continues to wander.

I have since brought Hospice in to assist with his care during the week, and I continue to visit him every day. Kit remains physically strong and active. He has limited ability to communicate due to aphasia, but he is friendly, smiles, and makes eye contact. At times he may recognize me, and at other times he may not. At Cherry Brook, they affectionately call him “the gentle giant.”

The Hospice chaplain turned out to be a retired pastor, Jim Wheeler—an old friend who pastored the Collinsville Church, where Kit and I ministered for over 20 years.



I am still meeting with people and continue to see the Lord's hand of healing in their lives. I have led a few small retreats, though I have pulled back somewhat this year. I am trusting in God's provision and His faithfulness to sustain both me and the ministry.

Our daughter, Eslie, has moved back into our home for a few months along with my granddaughter Addy. Due to a crisis situation, she needed a place to stay and has since found a new job as a pastry chef. Please continue to pray for them, as well as for the ministry, Kit, and me.

Thank you for your love, kindness, support, and the many blessings you have been to both Kit and me over the years. I have seen Jesus do so many beautiful things through the hearts of His body, the Church. Please know that I remember you all in prayer, and hope you will be richly blessed.

With love in Christ,

Tricia

Below are some quotes Kit wrote around Hope in his journal he called "*Kit's Quotes and Proverbs*".

"Hope has a fragrance that lifts the spirit to keep trying." ~KM

"Hope cannot wound the human heart." ~KM

"Hope is a stubborn fighter when all appears lost." ~KM

"Hope is armor when the path looks gone and the way forward is faint." ~KM

"Hope is God's idea so we might believe, and succeed." ~KM

"Hope is not a bully, hope is an ally and a friend." ~KM

HOW TO SUPPORT THE MINISTRY



If you would like to bless this ministry and see the much needed work of inner healing and spiritual direction continue there are several options below to donate. We are grateful for the continued support financially and most importantly through prayer. May you be blessed this Holiday Season.

Donations can be made through our website at:

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