

Kirk I Reiten's autobiography

**This Autobiography will be growing over a few years,
starting in 2005.**

Where to start... Guess a good place tuh start is why I'm in this chair. You see, I have, as some of you know, what yuh call CP (cerebral palsy)... One way to get it, is to put a plastic bag over your head a few minutes,, turn blue, kill a few billion brain cells, and, well, presto,,, instant CP.

I know, I know, some of you might be tempted to try this at home so you can get those cool parking spots, but they're over rated. Besides, half of the time they're taken anyway.

Ok, now, way back when, just about the time this church was being built, I was being an active child inside my mom. My cord got kinked as I was being born and when I came out, well, the doc scratched his head and kinda said, "oops," which isn't a good thing.

The doc said they should probably get a box ready to plant me -- cuz -- well -- I was all yellow and blue -- neat stuff like that and basically I was hopeless... So my folks called their pastor. He rushed over and prayed for me. Guess what -- I didn't die.

A few weeks later, after poking and prodding me, the docs said "put him away someplace cuz he'll be a plant, a real live vedgey-tail character, or something like that." Well, mom got a tad ticked -- said no and took me home.

Five years past and the docs said lets put him on Valium so he won't shake so bad. As some of you know, Valium knocks you out, right? Well, turns out that I was allergic to the stuff. More prayer and shaking stopped.

A year or so later, we had prayer for my head or neck cuz my head would lop. Well, I guess He had plans for my head -- I talk and type with the thing.

I knew the Lord was real, and as you can see, was directing my life from the time that I was born. Looking back on it, I kinda scratch my head after the fact and say wow.

He pointed me to the right schools. When I was old enough for high school, a new law came into effect that made it mandatory that any high schools had to let the disabled in.

In high school, I made some good friends. We used morse code to talk. Then my guidance councilor got me an interview at Boeing.

In my junior year, Boeing hires me and a school bus would take me from school at 11am to Boeing where I would work 6hrs a day. It was a first for Boeing. They had never done something like that before. Boeing favored me from day one and for all 23 past years.

See what I mean by the Lord has guided my path? I didn't do anything but doors opened up and I just walked through them.

Prov 3:5-6 says "Trust in the LORD with all your heart and lean not on your own understanding; in all your ways acknowledge him, and he will make your paths straight." That is so true – even when I wasn't really walking closely with the Lord, He worked all things for my good – Romans 8:28

I knew God was real from when ever I could remember. Yet, something was always kinda missing, yuh know?

Ok, let me focus on 1988, June -- My church life was, back row, Sunday morning - liked it, felt the Lord, etc but it was kinda one way. On top of that, and you can laugh, but I was very, very shy. If over 5-6 people were here, you couldn't drag me up here to talk...

In those days I was a systems troubleshooter of a 4000 square foot room of computers. A troubleshooter is kinda like being a fireman but for about 40-50 computers. That meant I bored most of the time waiting for problems to come up.

Well, one night I was counting holes on the ceiling and just asked God "why aren't you close to me"; not really expecting any reply. This was 8 pm on Tuesday when the operations people were at lunch.

Five seconds after I asked Him “why aren’t you close to me” He replied, “why aren’t you close to me?” It was so clear, I looked around expecting someone to be there but I was totally alone.

A few minutes after that, I saw a line on the floor -- not literal, not a vision, but just the same, a line. At the same time, I felt, whom I refer to as “the idiot”, Satan, laughing at me.

That really hacked me off big time. I knew the line was fear and pride and the idiot was kinda going, “ain’t gonna cross it,” real sassy, thumm’n his nose at me.

OK, I was shy, right, but I was also strong willed. So right then and there I made up my mind that I would go forward the next Sunday. All week I thought about doing that... Sunday came -- my chair back then was a manual so I had to ask someone to push me up... Sweat’n like a pig I went forward.

Fear instantly was outa there... Cuz I listened and obeyed -- guess the pride thing was gone too. Now, I’m about as shy as a bull as you may have noticed.

From that point on, it’s been an up hill climb. Maybe not linear... To the algebra challenged, that’s a straight line between 2 points. It’s been a bit bumpy.

A year after this, the Lord said to start meeting young people. At the same time, I had to hire a driver to take me to Boeing at 11pm then pick me up at 6am.

So I called the high school and about 10:30pm, a guy comes and he lifts me in my old van with outa lift, chair and all. Oh ya, he was scared and clueless.

A few years before this somehow, God dropped “[Da-Head Thing](#), or “Kirkeese” on me, however, it was only used on 3-4 people at Boeing. Well, my driver saw me talking at Boeing to a few people and he picked it up.

It got to be a mentoring deal cuz he was kinda going to my church’s youth group and would take me – still in my manual chair... He teaches a few of his friends which got to be “the cool guys that can read Kirk” type of thing.

In 1990 he, his friend and I, went on a road trip, which was an instant hit. I’ve been doing trips from then on. It has turned into a tool – I’ll, talk more about that later.

Anyway, in 1992 I contacted my doctor to see if Boeing medical would buy a new chair. My dad had bought my chairs before. 4 weeks later I had an awesome electric wheelchair, which by the way, I rang “finished with engines” in May of 2002.

Anyway, 8 weeks before I got my chair in 92, Boeing put in disabled door openers... Oh, and if Boeing does something, they go all out. So, door openers all over the Boeing sites so I could go anywhere. 6 weeks after that, my job changes needing to go site wide. Everett campus could fit 15-20 king domes on it.

In 1993 I asked the Lord to let me speak to more people. 3 weeks later the youth choir director asked me to be prayer coordinator. He said I had to talk to all the youth. The next day I wrote a sheet that explained how explaining how I talked. You would think the sheets were gold. Everyone in the youth group wanted one.

I just happened to bring one to Boeing where someone saw it. The same thing happened. So many things have happened since then I could spend weeks telling you about them. However, I'll cut it short.

1998, December, I asked the Lord to speak to youth groups for some reason. 3 weeks later, a pastor in Olympia asked me if I'd speak at his church... Great, small town, small church, sure, I'll do it... 2 weeks before I was supposed to speak, I go check it out, just to see... Well, it was Evergreen Christian Center -- 120+ kids... “Kirk, huh-oh..”

The pastor comes up to me and asks point blank, “do you love Jesus” Yup... “Ok, we are going to plaster Olympia with fliers.” Ohhhhhh -- my, what did I get myself into... The Pastor was Pastor James Ludlow.

Two weeks later, I came, God showed up... Two tough guys and a girl gave their lives to Jesus. This stuff has happened over and over. Why, cuz God has my life. If he says to do something, I simply do it.

If He says “Go tubing with that guy” at a summer camp, I simply do it... Not “uhhh, Lord, I'll most likely DIE if I fall off and the guy can't get to me.” not “why,” not “what for,” simply, “ok lets go for it.” Or, He might say, “go meet to that guy” or “go simply say hi to that one.” “Speak this word to some other.” Does he tell me why, yes, sometimes. However, I've learned simply to trust Him.

The only question I have is, why has He blessed me with all of this.