



“... God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ...”

Galatians 6:14

OCTOBER 2015

Meditation	
<i>Remind Me</i>	1
Editorial	
<i>Looking Back 42 Years</i>	2
Reader Response.....	5
Conservative Anabaptists on Trial.....	6
School Matters	
<i>The Vision for Christian Education is Worth Passing On</i>	9
Musings from Martyrs Mirror	
<i>Hans Brael, Part 1</i>	12
Marriages.....	14
Cradle Roll.....	15
Ordinations.....	17
Obituaries.....	18
Observations.....	23
Mission Awareness	
<i>What Is a Missionary?</i>	27
Helpers at Home	
<i>Aging Gracefully</i>	31
Junior Messages	
<i>Seven Things God Hates</i>	33
Youth Messages	
<i>Amish Mennonites Talk About Their Work #1: Lois Yoder</i>	35
Thought Gems.....	back cover

Remind Me


Donna Lowry, Hutchinson, KS

Remind me when I'm hurting, Lord,
That You were hurting too.
Remind me of the pain You felt,
As nails were driven through.

Those precious feet that walked
This earth in silent agony.
Knowing that Your path must lead
To darkest Calvary.

Remind me when I can't go on,
When my heart's been torn apart,
Of how they took the soldiers spear,
And pierced your gentle heart.

And when I'm lifting heavy hands
To heaven in a prayer,
Remind me how your hands did bleed,
While you were hanging there.

Remind me that I'm not alone,
Nor will I ever be,
And how by grace my soul was saved,
Because You first loved me. 

Looking Back 42 Years

Sometimes I am asked what happened with the charges brought against us who operated residential schools in Northwestern Ontario for Indian children (“First Nations” is the term now preferred) in the 60’s and 70’s. In my editorial in *Calvary Messenger* of January, 2010, entitled, “I Must Tell Jesus,” I explained in general the charges that had been brought from the late 1960’s against us and others who worked at Poplar Hill Development School (a residential school). Because I served as principal there in the years 1966 to 1975, my name was attached to the legal charges brought in falsified incidents that were to have occurred nearly 40 years earlier.

I think I should now inform our readership that although these charges were not pleasant for us, they did not result in any monetary penalties against us. Apparently, later government payout to all residential students forestalled further legal action. We must not, however, assume that all racism negatives have been resolved. A

tidal wave of resistance had risen that precipitated the closing of all residential schools across Canada. These closings including Poplar Hill and Stirland Lake (Cristal Lake had been integrated with Stirland Lake a few years earlier). The residential schools in NW Ontario, operated from the late 1950’s to the early 1990’s by conservative Mennonites, were closed in 1989 and 1991.

We did not mean to hold these precious boys and girls in contempt or disrespect. Today, I am encouraged with how we approached the schooling of those children (grades 1 through 9) which the parents eagerly sent to us with no persuasion from us.

My friend of 60 years, and missionary of almost that many years, Bro. Clair Schnupp, recently sent to me a letter I had written to him in 1973. We were both living in NW Ontario at that time. The Schnupps have stayed and have deepened their ministry with biblical counseling. Their material is life-changing and is being translated into other languages. They are now reaching people around

the world with it.

We moved to Kansas in 1975. It is now 42 years since I wrote the following letter. As you can tell, I was struggling with how to relate in life-affirming ways with the students in our care. Sharing this letter allows me to illustrate our goals, however imperfectly we carried them out.

Here's my (slightly edited) 42-year-old letter. -Editor

Feb. 19, 1973

Dear Bro. Clair,

In our recent visit, I was telling you about some of my feelings in trying to teach Canadian history. As usual we did not get to finish all the visiting we would have enjoyed.

I shall try to to put some of my thoughts on paper so that I can be more logical because I found myself not expressing my thoughts well as we talked.

I have just finished reading the book, Bury My Heart At Wounded Knee, which tries to tell the untold part of American history in the latter half of the 19th century. It is a pathetic, but apparently true, story of some white men's exploitation of many of the Indian people. I consider the white men's behavior insensitive, disgusting, greedy, and ruthless. In reading it, I marveled that God has waited so long to bring the West to judgment. But I think He is definitely doing it. He has said, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay,"

so He doesn't need my help.

I've been using Fair Domain to teach Canadian history up to 1800. I find that it deals fairly respectfully with the Indian until the Indian starts to interact with the European newcomer. Then words like, "butchery," "massacre," "drunken," and "brawling" are used to describe them. And I still haven't quite figured out why words like "brave," "squaw," or even "papoose" must be used for them when "young man," "woman" or "lady," or "baby" would do as well.

Here's one paragraph on page 66 that I reacted to: "Champlain was but a short time at Quebec when he realized that his settlement was located between the lands of warring Indian groups. Indeed, it is possible he suspected this condition before he established the settlement. Jealousies, quarrels, and power struggles were as common in North America as in Europe. North of the St. Lawrence were the Algonquins and Hurons. In the vicinity of Quebec roamed wandering bands of poor Montagnais. South of the river was the League of the Iroquois composed of five tribes welded together into a single nation. The tribes of the League were the fiercest, the strongest, and the most intelligent Indians in North America. Not content to live in flimsy wigwams, they erected sturdy lodges protected by palisades; not content to rely for food on hunting and fishing, they cultivated

crops of grain and vegetables in their own fields.”

I grant that war was not imported from Europe since 1497. The potential for war was here ever since human beings were here. There were enough wars before 1497 to vouch for that. But to say that the Iroquois were more intelligent than the others, as was evidenced by their larger, more durable houses and their farming, I wonder about that.

The genius of the nomadic Indians was that they could subsist in a harsh environment and have hardly any earthly goods to tote along. Then, too, they seemingly were the first and perhaps best conservationists in North America. Which is seen as more enlightened today—a careful use of game and earth’s resources or more concentrated population centers with pollution flowing freely from their excesses?

True, British greed, hatred, and jealousy are no worse than Iroquois greed, hatred, and jealousy. But they are no better, either.

Nationalism is always blind and foolish and I can see where our nationalism is no better than theirs was. But I don’t think Christians need to be militantly patriotic to be loyal to their rulers and their land.

So my aim is to teach the good with the bad in history. War does not become “savage butchery” depending on who does it. Human nature is

universally the same. I do no student a favor by ignoring the wrongs and rights I choose to ignore. If any good is to come from the study of history, it shall tell the whole story, not half-truths. Thus Bury My Heart At Wounded Knee is better (though sad in the extreme) because it attempts to tell the whole story.

Clair, you and I know that our forefathers suffered severe religious persecution. Should we today note what religions these were and try to even the score by despising members of these religions and talking against them? You’d agree that we’d hurt ourselves by doing that. We could correct no real problems of the past. Hatred is, after all, self-destructive. Only love and forgiveness are life-giving.

Your wife’s parents’ people (who came to Canada in 1922) suffered severely at the hands of the Bolshevik Communists. Why doesn’t Clara, your wife, launch hate-Communist meetings? I doubt that she respects Communism; I certainly don’t. But she is wisely making a difference between the things which can and those which cannot be changed. She is not letting others’ sins become her problem. Today [1973] Christians are still suffering in Russia. I feel we should try to alleviate their suffering. I think if we focus mostly on the sins of wrong doers, it becomes very difficult to pray Christ’s prayer, “Father, forgive

them,...they know not what they do.”

Well, Clair, this is the way I resolve some of these knottier problems. Sometimes I feel very sorry for the Indian child. But I have come to realize that if I urge him to feel sorry for himself, I am doing him no favor.

The man who pities himself and he who hates another are both on a dead-end street.

Praise the Lord, we don't have to even the scores!

Sincerely, your brother, Paul

-PLM



CASP Announcement

CASP dates, three terms: January 4 to 29; February 1 to 26; and February 29 to March 25, 2016.

NEED: House parent couples. Contact Dan Byler, 479-790-3084, huntsvillepantry@gmail.com.

YOUNG MEN wanting to serve. Contact Dathan Stoltzfus, 585-259-2098, dathan@frontiernet.net.

Thanks,
Timothy D. Miller

reader response

**Re: “Let The People Praise Thee,”
August, 2015.**

Brother Paul,

Thank you for encouraging hymn writing in your editorial, “Let the People Praise Thee,” I suspect that we have few hymn writers among us because we worship little. We are distracted by many things that pass away—knowledge that puffs up,

hobbies and sports that fill our hours and shrink our hearts, the pursuit of gadgets that pass away, investments—worldly stuff.

Yes, as you note many of us are not gifted in singing, but we can learn. And some are gifted. Some can write hymns—and some are.

We are blessed that Lamp and Light Publishers is producing *Hearts and*

Voices, a valuable four-times-a-year periodical to foster appreciation of quality music and a *capella* singing. Readers will also read edifying hymn stories and well-researched articles on the history of music. They will learn what makes a tune appealing, how to write harmony, and more. And every issue introduces new songs and hymns written by conservative Anabaptists in our generation. Reading this periodical

may inspire CM readers to write fresh hymns to bless us. Would CM publish them?

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Ernest Strubhar, Perkins, OK

We are glad to publish original songs in Calvary Messenger. Editor 

Conservative Anabaptists on Trial

David L. Miller, Partridge, KS

The title of this article includes two words that are not found in Scripture (KJV), They are “conservative” and “Anabaptist.” But for readers of this publication to be interested in such a subject does not need explanation.

The word “conservative” is widely used outside of religious circles. “Anabaptist” has been a significant religious identity for nearly 500 years. At present, there is a wide diversity of practice by groups who consider themselves Anabaptist. This is true of lifestyle, as well as understanding of and response to Bible teaching. In wider religious circles the terms “conservative” and “liberal” are commonly used to describe differing responses to Bible teaching. Conservatives generally try to honor the authority of the Word

and liberals tend to consider authority as more or less subject to expediency and interpretation.

Conservative Anabaptists generally have their roots either in Mennonite or Amish background. Some are more conservative than their roots and others are more progressive, or a blend of the two. Their common interest is to live lives committed to faithful obedience to the Lord and His church. It is important to remember that high ideals are essential to faithful obedience. But it is only realistic to realize that an ideal, however noble, is not its achievement. The awareness that we are human is an important part of the equation. Let us idealize a faithful response to God’s faithfulness. We owe it to ourselves and our posterity.

The facts of history are troublesome

reminders that inter-generational faithfulness is not a foregone conclusion. For that reason “on trial” is included in our title. Let us consider a two-fold proposition. Failure in faithfulness is always a possibility. Failure is never God’s will nor His fault. Yet, it is an ever-present possibility. How does it happen? Following are several perspectives that I believe contribute to instability and failure:

- Make an effort to spiritualize and merely internalize practical applications of Bible principle.

- Apologize for our Anabaptist heritage. After all, how could history centuries ago possibly be helpful now? These are modern times.

- Minimize the importance of visual religious identity. Is not salvation an inner experience? Intentional non-emphasis can reduce the importance of outward appearance to a non-issue.

- Notice that many “Christian” women have cut hair and do not wear a head covering. Do not be concerned if coverings are worn so as to be hardly noticeable because they blend into a prominent display of hair. Think of the covering as symbolic rather than as a literal covering.

- Teach the importance of modest dress but carefully avoid church guidance in the matter. Why make sisters uncomfortable with appearing different from other “Christians”?

- Be self-conscious and guarded about teaching on non-conformity and separation.

- Avoid mentioning the heavily

traveled broad road and the narrow road and strait gate, for that will surely make some active Christians uncomfortable. People like leaving a worship service feeling good.

To follow the above guidelines will certainly lead to the demise of conservative Anabaptism. In its place will be something far more conventional and not readily distinguishable from the larger cultural scene.

I realize that the above guidelines are essentially negative. We know that the speaker or writer that is only negative can be a real endurance test. Not only that, the sum total of many negatives is still zero.

The Apostle Paul was eager to affirm and encourage the churches to which he wrote. But his pastoral integrity sometimes called for strong corrective language. In his farewell meeting with the Ephesian elders in Acts 20, he had this testimony (paraphrase): “My hands are clean. I did not side step sensitive issues of God’s counsel.” 2 Timothy 3:16 tells us that God’s Word of divine inspiration has four ingredients: “Doctrine, reproof, correction and instruction in righteousness.” As pastors under the guidance of the Holy Spirit bring sound teaching, corrective measures will be helpful for conservative Anabaptists to be preserved blameless in these perilous times.

Our knowledge of the Swiss Brethren, now remembered as the founders of the Anabaptist

movement, is really very limited. We can be sure that they were fallible humans. Their commitment to follow God's Word of authority, whatever the cost, was not easy—but it was right. Now we do not have the threat of martyrdom to follow their example, but failure to acknowledge God's rightful authority in our lives does have very serious consequences. May we embrace God's enabling grace for victory and blessing.

It occurs to me that some further comment to the above lines would be appropriate. In our branch of the Anabaptist family, there is a very significant presence of profound concern that we do not unwittingly (or intentionally) allow the prevailing culture to define our lifestyle. The ultimate outcome of such a route is spiritually disastrous. Historically, groups with Amish background have often become acculturated, apparently considering Christian identity unimportant. Certain dynamics among us now draw us in that direction.

But that is not the whole picture. The devotional booklet, *Beside the Still Waters*, has a very orthodox statement of Christian faith. They solicit contributions from brethren who are members of congregations who do not permit radio or television in their homes. There is no shortage of contributors coming from the larger body of conservative Anabaptists. They print and distribute well over 200,000 booklets six times a year. Our brethren in Costa Rica print

and distribute a periodical, *Torch of Truth*, in several languages. Six times a year they too print over 200,000 copies for distribution. Both of these publications reflect conservative doctrine, theology, and lifestyle. This obviously runs counter to the idea that we must "become like them to win them."


It is also noteworthy that sometimes Christians not associated with conservative Anabaptists discover and apply Scripture with a strong resemblance to practices of conservative Anabaptists. Such persons generally express their appreciation for our rich heritage, but are concerned that we may be losing touch with our heritage. They also have concerns how wrong use of electronic technology can erode basic Christian values.

Trying now to take a thoughtful look at our constituency is certainly not all encouraging. It is a fresh reminder that we are not immune to the perils of the times. But there are some reasons to be encouraged. The prayerful concern of many people coupled with God's faithfulness are good reasons to be encouraged. There are many youth with honest desires to have peace with God and to do what is right. In spite of our loose structure favoring local autonomy, there are a number of boards elected by the constituency. I believe such boards are in a good position to give stability to our evangelistic outreach, our service units, and conservative Anabaptist Bible schools.

A large number of service opportunities sponsored by other groups in the conservative Anabaptist family exist. This awareness should help to keep us from becoming ingrown and self-centered.

An integral part of Christian doctrine is separation and non-conformity. But that need not bring about an isolationist mentality. A

willingness to learn from others allows us to “prove all things and hold fast that which is good.” Stagnation is not productive.

Finally, let us not yield to a fatalistic spirit of helplessness. God is still “able to do exceeding, abundantly above all that we ask or think.” He that is for us is much greater than he that is against us. 

School Matters

The Vision for Christian Education is Worth Passing On

Nathan Yoder, Free Union, VA

We should all ask ourselves, “*How clear is the vision of Christian education to me today?*” Perhaps teachers feel it is the parents and the church that need to ask themselves about the future of Christian education. But it is also easy for parents to relegate the burden of this vision to teachers. After all, *they* are responsible for the education of the rising generation. While this may be partly true, the vision will only live on if it burns in *all* of our hearts and is lived out in our lives.

Mankind seems always to have encountered difficulty in successfully passing on a vision to the next generation. One generation has

a conviction, a burden, a strong and passionate belief and they are concerned that it is passed on to the next generation. While often the next generation does have something of that same vision and goals, it seems that with time the inspiration wanes. Over time, people tend to develop a lackadaisical attitude about the very things the previous generation thought were extremely important issues.

How can we best transmit the vision of Christian education to the next generation? Probably many younger parents and teachers haven’t given this a lot of thought yet, but eventually the time will come to

“pass the baton” on to someone else. In a relay race, one runner can run only so long with enthusiasm and speed before he tires and needs to pass the baton to someone else who carries it on with diligence and commitment. I hope you see yourself in this picture—baton in hand, running with passion and motivation, and then passing it on to younger hands who will do likewise.

Sometimes we ask ourselves, Will they run faithfully? Will they run with enthusiasm? Will they have the vision? Part of this answer depends on the effectiveness of our “vision transmission.”

The Scriptural premise for this concept of passing things between generations may be noted in the Psalms. Several times David talks of passing on the story of God’s goodness. *“One generation shall praise thy works to another, and shall declare thy mighty acts”* (Psalm 145:4). This verse carries such a precious concept! David goes on to speak of the goodness of the Lord, and the next generation picks that up and the process repeats itself. What a beautiful picture!

Sometimes we talk about generation gaps, and we don’t have to look very far until we see them. We see them in homes, in churches, and in schools. Can we get our vision of Christian education across generation gaps?

Momentum is a concept that dramatically increases efficiency

and effectiveness both in the physical world and in passing a vision on to future generations. Think of the engine in your car. What if the car engine would make one revolution and then stop? And then another crank, and another stop? Even in walking there is a certain amount of momentum involved. Can you imagine taking one step, stopping, another step, and a stop, and so on? What if your heart stopped between every beat? You get the picture—momentum is very valuable.

In our efforts to transmit truth, vision, and values from one generation to the next, we are often hindered because we lack momentum. The vision doesn’t maintain its strength. It continues to weaken until someone in the next generation realizes, “This was not only important yesterday, it is important! We need this!” Then the values are refreshed and the vision burns brightly for a time before dying out again. While this model may be the historical norm, I don’t think this is God’s intent for our homes, churches, and schools.

The psalmist gives us a window into the heart of God and how He desires for this to work:

“We will not hide them from their children, shewing to the generation to come the praises of the LORD, and his strength, and his wonderful works that he hath done. For he established a testimony in Jacob, and appointed a law in Israel, which he commanded our fathers, that they should make

them known to their children: that the generation to come might know them, even the children which should be born; who should arise and declare them to their children: that they might set their hope in God and not forget the works of God, but keep his commandments” (Psalm 78:4-7). How many generations are mentioned here? I see at least four!

This is similar to Paul’s instruction to Timothy, “*And the things that thou hast heard of me among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also*” (2 Timothy 2:2). These verses show the momentum of vision where the burdens and passions of one generation are effectively transmitted to the next generation that in turn passes on to yet another succeeding generation.

Worth Passing On

As we ponder our Christian schools, what are the values and blessings we have that are worth passing on? The following ideas are things that are worthy of passion—yes, worthy of lost sleep, emptier wallets, and pay cuts.

Service mentality. Service is not a very popular concept today, but hopefully it is part of our school culture, and it is worth passing on. Our schools, reinforcing parental teaching, can help our children learn in a practical way that, like Christ, they are not here to be served, but to serve others. By nature we tend to act like the universe revolves around us,

but that is not so. In a public school, our children would not be taught the value of humble service and commitment. In a Christian school, they can be!

Godly mentors. What is the value of having men and women of God being our children’s mentors? That is something worth being excited about. For most of my school days I attended a public school, so I didn’t have godly mentors as heroes and examples to impact my life. *Where Has Integrity Gone?* is both a title of an excellent book on the subject and a question we need to address with our children.

Curriculum. What about the Christian curriculum we have? Is that worth getting excited about? I think it is a tremendous blessing that we have access to curriculum today that just a generation ago was not available. To our children, it’s normal to have Christian books and curriculum. They may assume, for example, that *Christian Light* and *Rod and Staff* books and curriculum have been in our schools ever since George Washington was president. Of course, we know that’s not the case.

Truth. Are we excited that teachers can pick up the Bible and expound it to our children morning after morning? That is a tremendous blessing. I don’t recall any of my teachers ever holding a Bible in their hands at school. I do remember teachers who taught evolution, but none that held up a Bible and told us,

“Students, this is truth. This divides the right from the wrong. What this says is absolute. It will endure into eternity.” We should be excited that our children are exposed to this teaching time and again in school—not only in Bible class but as the basis for every subject that is taught!

We should be excited that our children are being taught the truth about creation in a day when they are bombarded with the theory of evolution. I have heard some people scoff at evolution and say, “We know man didn’t come from monkeys; that’s absurd! Evolution is a joke.” But I’ve heard polished evolutionists make their case in a very convincing way. I read part of an article on evolution in the encyclopedia recently, and they can make the theory of evolution sound very credible. I’m thankful that we have the Word of God, and that we can take it to our children and say,

“This is the way it all started, and here is proof, and we know that it’s true.”

Worldview. It is important that the concept of the two kingdoms is the basis of our children’s worldview. The issue of nonresistance doesn’t really make sense any other way. Many people will agree that turning the other cheek is a good thing, but when it comes to an issue like fighting terrorism, these same people will label it a just cause and rally around it. In our schools, we need to teach our children how nonresistance works itself out in our lives.

How do you feel about your school? How committed are you to helping provide the children in your community the opportunity of a Christian education? The generation before us saw the need for Christian schools and worked hard to make them happen. Is our zeal as intense as theirs?



Musings from Martyrs Mirror

Hans Brael, Part 1

Tim Miller, McKenney, VA

In 1557, a few days before Ascension Day, Hans Brael was arrested while on a journey (probably a missionary trip). A judge, who didn’t recognize him,

had spoken with him and passed on, but his clerk paused to ask where he was going. Hans replied that he had been visiting his brethren. The clerk asked whether the Baptists

were his brethren. “Yes,” he replied. The clerk seized him; the judge came back and they bound Hans with his own belt.

Hans was then made to keep pace with the horses to the castle about three miles away. By the time they arrived he was so tired he couldn’t stand up any more, but fell down in the yard. Everything was taken from him and he was put in prison.


Hans was questioned twice with the judge trying especially hard to find out who had helped him on his journey. Not succeeding in that, he questioned him the third time on the rack. “After this they brought him forth again and took him to the rack, where he himself took off his clothes, lay down before them and patiently submitted to the torturing ropes, so that the eyes of the bystanders filled with tears, and they could not refrain from weeping.

The executioner suspended him by the rope but the judge earnestly admonished him to spare himself, and to indicate the persons required; but he said he would betray no one but would bide whatever God permitted them to inflict upon him.” They then tied a large stone to his feet. The judge became angry when he perceived that he could accomplish nothing, and said: “You swear to each other that you will not betray one another.”

Hans replied, “We do not swear, but we do not betray anyone, because it would be wrong.” They left him hanging by the rope and went away, but the executioner stayed with him. In the meantime, the officers assembled and he was admonished to confess; or they would not cease racking him until they would have rent his limbs asunder. He replied that he would bide what God should permit them to inflict upon Him, since they could do no more than God permitted them.” (*From Martyrs Mirror, pp. 560, 561*).

This brother’s confidence in the sovereignty and the goodness of God sustained him with the courage he needed to endure such severe torture. His commitment to endure whatever God permitted was based on his faith that God would not permit him to endure more than he could bear. That faith was rewarded when the lady of the castle intervened to stop this torture session.

May we be encouraged by the witness of our brother to embrace with joy and confidence the purpose and presence of God in the difficult situations we experience in our own lives.

That the trial of your faith might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ” (1 Peter 1:17). 

marriages

May the homes established by these marriages be little substations of heaven, where God reigns and His blessings flow.

Bear-Hostetler

Bro. Paul, son of Mark and Evelyn Bear, Kingston, ID, and Sis. Rhonda, daughter of Raymond and Tura Hostetler, Belleville, PA, at Locust Grove Mennonite Church for Pleasant View A.M. Church, on April 18, 2015, by David J. Peachey.

Birky-Miller

Bro. Allan James, son of Vernon and Elizabeth Birky, Fairfield, MT, and Sis. Gloria Lynette, daughter of Paul Ray and Irma Miller, Newcomerstown, OH, on June 27, 2015, at Maranatha A.M. Church by Roman B. Mullet.

King-Byler

Bro. Jason Merle, son of Ivan and the late Barbie King, Kinzers, PA, and Sis. Rosalie Faith, daughter of Freeman and Mary Byler, Nakuru, Kenya, at Bethany Mennonite Church for Zion Christian Fellowship, on July 11, 2015, by Laban Kaufman.

Martin-Stoltzfus

Bro. Kevin, son of Glen and Mary Martin, Reinholds, PA, and Sis. Kendra Jan, daughter of Ben A. and Regina Stoltzfus, Morgantown, PA, at Hinkletown Mennonite Church, on June 13, 2015, by Glen Martin.

Martin-Sweigart

Bro. Eldon, son of Amos and Glenda Martin, Worthington, IN, and Sis. Regina Sweigart, of Foxworth, MS, at Tylertown Baptist Church for Darbun Mennonite Church on August 7, 2015, by Lyndon Burkholder.

Miller-Hershberger

Bro. Josh, son of Freeman and Ida Miller, Oskaloosa, KS, and Sis. Grace, daughter of Gabriel and Rachel Hershberger, Oskaloosa, KS, at Church of the Nazarene, McLouth, KS, for Ebenezer A.M. Church, Oskaloosa, KS, on August 7, 2015, by Mervin Graber.

Rocke-Gingerich

Bro. Matthew Aaron, son of Daniel and Rhoda Rocke, Arcola, IL, and Sis. Lisa Renee, daughter of Ivan and Carolyn Gingerich, Arthur, IL, at Sunnyside Church for Trinity Christian Fellowship on June 6, 2015, by Wilbur Gingerich.

Ropp-Gerber

Bro. Richard James, son of James and Mary Ellen Ropp, Monkton, ON, and Sis. Bethany Joy, daughter of Ronald and Elaine Gerber, Newton, ON, at Faith Mennonite Church for Fairhaven A.M. Church on August 1, 2015, by Arnold Jantzi.

Stoll-Falb

Bro. Conrad, son of Clyde and Mary Stoll, Odon, IN, and Sis. Sharon, daughter of Howard and Mildred Falb, Dalton, ON, at Berea Mennonite Church, for Mt. Olive Mennonite Church on August 15,

2015, by David Wittmer.

Stoltzfus-Martin

Bro. Douglas Wade, son of Ben A. and Regina Stoltzfus, Morgantown, PA, and Sis. Kelsey Lafay, daughter of Ken and Lucy Martin, Stevens, PA, at Bethany Grace Church on April 4, 2015, by Ben A. Stoltzfus.

Swartzentruber-Overholt

Bro. Dwight, son of Daniel and Karen Swartzentruber, Huntsville, AR, and Sis. Renita, daughter of Paul and Darlene Overholt, Dickson, TN, on June 26, 2015, at Dickson First Assembly for Lighthouse Mennonite Church by Lavern Eash.

Yoder-Bontrager

Bro. Jason, son of Gerald and Rebecca Yoder, Goshen, IN, and Sis. Jennifer, daughter of Lamar and Joanna Bontrager, Topeka, IN, at Fairhaven Church for Woodlawn Church on May 30, 2015, by Dean Miller.


Yoder-Funk

Bro. Christopher, son of David and Dorothy Yoder, Oskaloosa, KA, and Sis. Charla, daughter of Wilmer and Vivian Funk, Chambersburg, PA, at Shippensburg Christian Fellowship, for St. Thomas Christian Fellowship on July 25, 2015, by the bride's father, Wilmer Funk.

Yoder-Herschberger

Bro. Darrel Lee, son of Paul and Marilyn Yoder, Sullivan, IL, and Sis. Linda Dawn, daughter of Menno and Barbara Herschberger, Arthur, IL, at Trinity Christian Fellowship, on May 30, 2015, by Wilbur Gingerich.

Yutzy-Yoder

Bro. Christopher, son of Alvin and Naomi Yutzy, Huntsville, AR, and Sis. Eunice, daughter of Joe and Twila Yoder, Partridge, KS, August 15, 2015, at First Presbyterian Church for Center A.M. Church by David Yoder. 

cradle roll

The children which the Lord hath graciously given . . . Genesis 33:5

Bontrager, Wayne and Linda (Miller), Kalona, IA, fourth child, second daughter, Sadie Ryanne, July 3, 2015.

Coblentz, Arlan and Rachel (Cross), Millwood, KY, second child, first daughter, Margarita Rose, July 9, 2015.

Eicher, James and Debra (Stutzman), Millwood, KY, fifth child, second daughter, Jenna Hope, July 29, 2015.

Esh, John and Dorothy (Stoltzfus), Narvon, PA, third child, first daughter, Violet Michelle, August 12, 2015.

Garber, Lamar and Kimberly (Yoder), Clarkson, KY, third child, second son, Jadon Lamar, June 24, 2015.

Gingerich, Zachary and Allison (Yoder), Plain City, OH, first child and daughter, Jerusha Joy, August 12, 2015.

Hostetler, Matthew and Keturah (Yutzy), Huntland, TN, fourth child and daughter, Rosalyn Joy, August 28, 2015.

Iwashige, Shane and Dorcas (Kuepfer), Partridge, KS, third child and son, Cedric Blake, August 8, 2015.

Kauffman, Alton and Barbara (Swartzentruber), Oakland, MD, ninth child, third son, Gabriel John, August 9, 2015.

Knepp, Abe and Janelle (Wagler), Washington, IN, fifth child, second daughter, Adara Leigh, August 13, 2015.

Martin, Jesse and Lydia (Troyer), Goodspring, TN, second child, first son, Bradley Jesse, May 6, 2015.

Mast, James and Glenda (Hochstetler), Wesley, AR, third child, first daughter, Marissa Jewel, July 30, 2015.

Miller, Darrell and Hannah (Gingerich), Uniontown, OH, fourth child, first daughter, Emileigh Katrina, July 22, 2015.

Miller, Darrel and Megan (Yoder), Townville, PA, first child and daughter, Alexa Faye, June 30, 2015.

Miller, Freeman and Lydia (Graber), Oskaloosa, KS, third child, first daughter, Janessa Brooke, August 23, 2015.

Miller, Philip and Jessica (Graber), Oskaloosa, KS, third child, first son, Deejon Kade, August 5, 2015.

Miller, Titus and JoAnn (Beachy), Patrauti, Romania, seventh child, sixth son, Matthias Nathan, July 10, 2015.

Nissley, Maynard and Suzanne (Lehman), Sunbury, PA, second child, first daughter, Serenity Brielle, August 11, 2015.

Overholt, Travis and Lisa (Yoder), Riverside, IA, fourth child, third daughter, Laura Susan, June 22, 2015.

Stoltzfus, Andrew and Keturah (Miller), Advance, MO, second child, first daughter, Andrea Faith, August 21, 2015.

Stoltzfus, Nate and Martha (Byers), Mifflinburg, PA, seventh child, second daughter, Jolyn Grace, July 23, 2015.

Stoltzfus, Sheldon James and Veronica Dawn (Petersheim), Kinzers, PA, first child and son, Felix Ben, May 12, 2015.

Stutzman, Brian and Loretta (Beachy), Leon, IA, third child, second daughter, Miya Raine, August 5, 2015.


Wagler, Virgil and Rebekah (Petersheim), Leon, IA, fourth child, second daughter, Zoe Charis, August 1, 2015.

Wagler, Wes and Kendra (Lapp), Montgomery, IN, third child and daughter, Cassidy Jane, July 8, 2015.

Yoder, LaVon and Angela (Yoder), Salisbury, PA, first child and son, Jasper Von, August 4, 2015.

Yoder, John and Sharon (Hostetler), Lyndon, KS, first daughter, Lori Mae, born May 13, 2011, and third son, Darrell John, born April 9, 2012. Adopted on July 22, 2015.

Yoder, Ray and Rosa (Stoltzfus), Advance, MO, first child and son, Austin Moises, August 7, 2015.

Yoder, Sam and Brenda (Miller), Goshen, IN, second child, first son, Jensen Elliott, June, 9, 2015. 

ordination

*May the grace of God be upon our brother as he ministers faithfully.
Let us pray for him.*

Bro. Andrew Wells, (wife April, nee Festavan), 35, of Vivian, LA, was called by voice of the church and ordained as deacon at Lighthouse Christian Fellowship, Blanchard, LA, on July 26, 2015. Preordination messages were given by Elmer Gingerich, Carl Gingerich, and Eldon Hooley. The charge was given by Chad Lee.

The Deacon

A deacon is a servant
That the church has set apart
For the work of faithful giving
Of his time and strength and heart.

The servant must be grave
And do his work for God.

His tongue must not be double
But speak truth in every deed.

He's not given to much wine,
Not drawn away by greed;
He holds the mystery of the faith
With conscience pure indeed.

A deacon first is proven
For a time, until it's known
His life is pure and blameless
And his love for God is shown.

The deacon's wife must also be
Found grave, not slandering.
Her heart is sure and sober;
She's faithful in everything.

A deacon must be husband
To one wife, and her alone;
Ruling well his children,
And ruling well his home.

The office of a deacon,
Used well, has the reward
Of purchasing a good degree
And boldness for the Lord.

When God supplies a deacon,
It's no trivial affair.
It's a treasure and a blessing
To have men that serve and care.

We owe these men our gratitude,
Our faithful love and prayer.
We owe the Lord thanksgiving
For the servant He prepared.

Thank You, Lord, for raising up
A deacon for our church.
Fill him with Your Spirit,
And empower him to serve.

*(This poem, based on 1 Timothy 3:8-13,
was written by a sister who witnessed the
above ordination. She wishes to remain
anonymous.)*



obituaries

Bontrager, Faith Darlene, 53, died at Gentry House in El Dorado, KS, on August 8, 2015. She was born May 12, 1962, in Hutchinson, a handicapped daughter of Eldon and Mary Ellen (Yoder) Bontrager, Arlington, KS.

She was an honorary member of Arlington A.M. Church.

Survivors include the parents, siblings: Carolyn Bontrager, Myron (Ilene) Bontrager, both of Arlington; Phyllis (Gareth) Yoder, Timpson, TX; and Marilyn (Dan) Korver, Ladysmith, WI; sister-in-law, Mamie Bontrager, Arlington; and numerous nephews and nieces.

She was preceded in death by a brother J. Lavon Bontrager and two sisters, Lynette Bontrager and Regina Bontrager.

The funeral was held at the Arlington Church on August 13, with Arlen Mast, Delmar Bontrager, and David Yoder

serving. Freeman Yoder conducted the committal at the West Center Cemetery.

Flores, Benita Lopez, 91, died August 28, 2015, in Paraguay. She was bedfast for the last several years and was staying in the home of a daughter at her passing. Her final week was one of intense suffering, but her comfort was that if it is of the Lord she accepts it willingly. She lived in widowhood for over 24 years.

She was known fondly as "Mamita" and was a faithful member of Luz y Esperanza congregation since the time of her conversion over 40 years ago. Her hospitality and generosity were well-known, and those close to her knew her for her sincere faith and her prayers.

She leaves behind 15 children, 84 grandchildren and 10 great grandchildren.

She was preceded in death by her husband, all her siblings, one daughter, one son-in-law, two daughters -in-law, two grandchildren and one great grand child.

The funeral was on August 29, with Mario Quevedo, Stephen Eichorn, and Samuel Bontrager serving. Burial was in the Luz y Esperanza cemetery.

Miller, Beulah Evelyn, 98, longtime resident of Culp, AR, died on June 29, 2015, at Wellman, IA. She was born May 9, 1917, in rural Wellman, daughter of the late W. H. and Naomi (Hooley) Slabaugh.

Her husband Floyd, was long time pastor of the Bethel Springs Mennonite Church, situated across from Calvary Bible School campus. She was a dedicated member of the church, serving the Lord as a pastor's wife, a Sunday School teacher, and tireless servant of the congregation. Her many talents included writing poetry, gardening, teaching, singing, and hospitality. Floyd died in 2003. After that, she lived with her sister, Helen Yoder, of Wellman, Iowa. She is survived by her daughter, Brenda and son-in-law, John Weller, of Pryor, OK; three grandchildren, seven great grandchildren and one great great grandchild; four step-grandchildren, 15 step grandchildren, a sister-in-law, Marilyn Fisher and many nieces and nephews.

She was preceded in death by two sisters, Emily Blosser, and Helen Yoder, two brothers, Donald and Dwight Slabaugh, two step sons, Patrick Weller, and Jeffrey Kalvig, one great

granddaughter and one great grandson and one great great grandson.

She was laid to rest beside her late husband Floyd at Calico Rock Mennonite/Baptist Cemetery.

Floyd and Beulah were married on Nov. 30, 1951.

Beulah wrote the following verse to be sung to the tune of "The Church in the Wildwood."

The Church in the Valley

Beulah Miller

There's a church in our valley by the hillside,
It's stood 50 years with our Lord,
It's weathered the storms that have come
through the years,
And with God, it can weather many more.

Through the years there have come many
blessings –
The Lord has provided so well!
There's been sadness and tears--
We'll go on, and the Gospel we'll tell.

Now we've seen 10 more years in God's
service,
How swiftly the years come and go--
And it's time to remember God's blessing
again,
He is faithful and kind to all men.

CHORUS:

Oh, come, come, come, come,
Come to our church in the valley,
Oh, come to our church in the vale;
It's stood 50 (sing "60" for the third verse)
years by the side of the stream

And with God, it can stand many more.

[Note: We are grateful to have the above obituary submitted for publication by Sandra Nelson, Oxford, AR.]

Nisly, Amanda Mae (“Mandy”), 79, of Hutchinson, KS, died at her home March 30, 2015. She was born June 14, 1935, at Hutchinson, to the late Dan M. and Lizzie (Borntreger) Nisly.

She was a faithful member of Center A.M. Church. She taught school for a number of years and worked in senior care in later years.

Survivors include three siblings; two brothers, Sam and wife Esther, Abbyville, KS; Harvey, Hutchinson; and one sister, Anna, widow of the late John Coblentz, Lamar, MO; two sisters-in-law, Lena Nisly, widow of Perry, of Aroda, VA; and Susie Schrock, widow of Mahlon and wife now of Amos Schrock, Gladys, VA, 18 nieces, 12 nephews, 35 great nieces and 46 great nephews, 19 great great nieces and 14 great great nephews.

She was preceded in death by three brothers, Roman, Perry, and Mahlon; three sisters, Fannie, Clara, and Barbara, one brother-in-law, Eli B. Helmuth, (husband of Fannie), one sister-in-law, Edna Nisly, (wife of Harvey); one niece, Anna Keturah Nisly; one great nephew, Kyle Borntreger, and one great great niece, Emily Sue Helmuth.

The funeral was held on March 2, with LaVerne Miller, Arlyn Nisly, and Julian Nisly serving. David Yoder conducted the committal at the West Center Cemetery.

Peachey, Elsie M., 95, of Belleville,

PA, died March 21, 2015. She was born March 11, 1920, at Belleville, daughter of the late Joseph Y. and Fannie (Renno) Peachey, at Belleville.

She was a member of Valley View A.M. Church.

Survivors include one sister, Linda E. Peachey; nieces and nephews, Joe Y. Peachey and family; Leroy A. Peachey and family; Mary Wert and family; Lewis A. Peachey and family; David J. Peachey; Sara Ann Peachey and family; Arlene R. Peachey; Lester M. Peachey and family, and numerous great, great nieces and nephews and three great great great nephews.

Preceding her in death were an infant brother, a brother Aaron J. Peachey and a sister Leah R. Peachey.

The funeral was held on March 24, with Eli King, Earl Peachey, and Loren Yoder serving. The committal at Green Lane Cemetery was conducted by Matthew Peachey.

Peachey, Rufus A., 79, died from pneumonia and multiple fractures sustained in a car accident, January 30, 2015. He was born at Belleville, PA, March 2, 1935, son of the late Rufus A. and Annie L. (Zook) Peachey.

He was a member of Valley View A. M. Church.

On Dec. 15, 1955, he was married to Fannie S. Kauffman, who survives. Other survivors include: Eva R. (Ezra) Kanagy, Belleville; Sam R. (Barb) Peachey, Belleville; Anna Mae (Calvin) Koehn, Belleville; Wilmer R. (Regina)

Peachey, Belleville; Ida M. Peachey, Belleville; Melvin (Judy) Peachey, Belleville; Shana J (Darvin) Yoder, Belleville; 24 grandchildren, and 27 great grandchildren. Close relatives surviving: Lizzie (David) Peachey, Oakland, MD; Jacob J. (Juanita) Peachey, Belleville; Jesse (Faye) Peachey, Raymond, Alberta, Canada; Barbara (Henry) Byler, Belleville; David Z. (Linda) Peachey, Belleville; brother-in-law, Sam J. Peachey, Belleville, and sister-in-law Katie Peachey, Belleville.

Preceding him in death were three sisters: Katie Kanagy, Mary Peachey, and Annie Peachey and two brothers: Israel Peachey and Henry Peachey.

The funeral was held at Valley View Church with Loren Yoder and Abner Kauffman serving. Roman Kauffman conducted the committal at Locust Grove Cemetery.

Schrock, Willie D., 83, died at his home in Kalona, Iowa, of congestive heart failure May 1, 2015. He was born July 15, 1931, son of the late David and Edna (Miller) Schrock, at Medford, Wisconsin.

He was a member of Sharon Bethel A.M. Church, Kalona.

On Dec. 25, 1952, he was married to Sally M. Beachy, who is deceased. On Oct. 20, 1996, he was married to Elizabeth Beachy. She survives. Other survivors include six children: David and wife Lorene, Shipshewana, IN; Paul and wife Mattie Ann, Kalona, IA; Willis and wife Mary, of Warsaw, MO; Omar and

wife Mary, Burlington Jct., MO; Henry and wife Grace, New Paris, IN; and Irene McDowell, Kalona, IA; 23 grandchildren, and 11 great grandchildren.

Also surviving are two brothers, David Schrock, Arthur, IL; and Perry Schrock, Hardyville, KY; and four sisters, Anna Yoder, Sarasota, FL; Rachel Hershberger, Sarasota, FL; Polly Hershberger, Arcola, IL; and Susie Coblentz, Bloomfield, IA.

He was preceded in death by a son, Kenneth, and three brothers, Joe, Andy, Mahlon.

The funeral was held on May 4, with Delmar Bontrager, Jacob Yoder and Gabriel Beachy serving. Interment was in the Sharon Bethel Cemetery.

Tice, Sara Elizabeth, 81, of Grantsville, MD, died July 8, 2015, at the nursing home at Goodwill Retirement Community, Grantsville, MD. She was born August 31, 1933, daughter of the late Eli D. and Mary (Yoder) Tice.

She was a member of Mountain View Mennonite Church. She was active in the sewing circle of the church. She was employed for many years as a secretary at Yoder's Locker Plant, Goodwill Mennonite Home, and The Casselman. She also worked several years in voluntary service at River Forest Nursing Home in Michigan, and at Hillcrest Home in Arkansas.

She is survived by a brother, Henry (Marie) Tice, five sisters, Lena (Alvin) Beachy, Verda Tice, Martha (Simon) Beachy, Rachel, widow of Brenice Wolfe, all of Grantsville, MD; and Miriam,

widow of Sanford Bender, Bittinger, MD She was preceded in death by one sister, Edna Kinsinger and a nephew, Marvin Kinsinger.

The funeral was held on July 12, with Terry Yoder, Merlin Beachy, and Daniel Tice serving. Burial was in the church cemetery.

Yoder, Laura (Helmuth), 93, died August 17, 2015, She was born at Nappanee, IN, on Oct. 17, 1921, daughter of the late Andrew and Clara (Hershberger) Helmuth.

She was a faithful member of Sunnyside Mennonite Church, Sarasota, Florida. Laura blessed many lives with her deeds of kindness, quilting for charitable organizations, baking cookies for prison ministries, gathering pennies for MCC projects and blessing friends and family with her cinnamon rolls and donuts as well as other good cooking.

On Oct. 15, 1961, she was married to widower Henry J. Yoder of Thomas, OK. They lived in holy matrimony for nearly 40 years.

Left to cherish her memory is her sister, Fannie Beachy, Sarasota, FL; step children: Emery (and Mary Ellen) Yoder, Parsons, KS; Ivan (and Polly) Yoder, Burrton, KS, and Mrs. Roman Yoder, Thomas, OK; 15 grandchildren, 18 great grandchildren, and many nieces, nephews, church family, and friends.

She was preceded in death by her husband, Henry; two brothers, Crist and Henry, three sisters, Katie Raber, Martha Helmuth, and Minnie Yoder;

stepchildren Alvin, Elmer, Roman, Paul, and Mary Lorene.


The funeral was held on August 20, with Lester Gingerich serving. Perry Miller conducted the committal at the Sunnyside Mennonite Church cemetery.

Yoder, Lester A., 99, of Goshen, IN died at Greencroft Healthcare where he resided since 2003. He was born August 1, 1915, in Thomas, OK, son of the late Amos E. and Sarah (Schrock) Yoder.

He was a charter member of Woodlawn Amish Mennonite Church, where he helped found and build the church in 1959. Lester continued maintenance and janitorial work at the church until his retirement.

On Feb. 14, 1937, he was married to Mary Leah Schmucker. She died in 2002. Survivors include children: Romaine Yoder and Miriam Wengerd, both of Goshen, Esther (David) Kern, London, Ontario; Devon (Linda) Yoder, Purvis, MS; Pauline Yoder, Goshen; and Harold (Eileen) Yoder, Millersburg; 15 grandchildren, 18 great grand children, two great great grandchildren, and a brother, Raymond A. (Wilma) Yoder, Goshen.

He was preceded in death by a grandson, Todd Yoder; daughter-in-law, Nancy Yoder; son-in-law, Lewis Wengerd, three brothers, Clarence Yoder, Harry Yoder, and Perry Yoder, a sister Edna Mae Hochstetler, and an adopted sister, Edna Ellen Bontrager.

The funeral was held on Jan. 18, with Dean Miller officiating. Burial was in Miller Cemetery, Goshen. 

Jim Shinstock is a retired junior college teacher. He recently entitled a column “Good to the Last Drop.” He says that while he was teaching he averaged 10 to 15 cups of coffee a day. When he’d come home, he’d switch to iced tea. He says that in retirement he has cut down, but the bottom line is: “I still need my caffeine.” Many soft drinks include caffeine which encourages habitual consumption. The sugar content is considered a health hazard. Soft drink consumption in this country is believed to contribute to obesity and other health problems.

I was a bit startled when I recently read somewhere that coffee ranks second only to the first-place petroleum industry in world market ratings. No wonder the coffee breaks and constant access to coffee has become an integral part of modern culture.

In earlier times, the Postum industry promoted their non-caffeinated product as a means of getting rid of coffee nerves. Now Postum (toasted grain) is no longer available and I am not sure how coffee nerves are defined.

I can understand that some readers may question whether this subject

is worthy of taking space in this column.

- Contrary to earlier opinion, coffee use is now reported to have some health benefits.

- It is a non-food item and has some addictive potential.

- I assume that if coffee were suddenly unavailable, there would be worldwide panic.

- I have known a few persons who were non-users because of personal conviction.

- I do not think of this as a religious issue. I regularly drink coffee on Sunday morning to help me stay awake throughout the church service.

- To be temperate in all things surely includes coffee consumption.

- Finally, if we use coffee, to choose the Strong Tower brand is to support an important Christian ministry in El Salvador.

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Don Kraybill is likely the best known present-day scholastic authority on the Amish of today. He is quoted to have said that there are 42 different groups of Amish. This seems to say that while there are some features common to all Amish groups, there are also many differences. Probably most of them

are quite trivial.

Adams County, Indiana, has a large, old settlement of Swiss Amish. They came to America later than those coming to Pennsylvania that spread westward from PA. The culture and language In Adams County is recognizably different from those with non-Swiss background. The Swiss Amish from Berne, Indiana, have colonized to various places where most of their distinctive features are still evident.

Amish homemaker and columnist Lovina Eicher, with her husband Joe and eight children have moved from the larger settlement in Indiana to a smaller settlement in Michigan. Her column, "Lovina's Amish Kitchen," appears weekly in *The Hutchinson News*.

She recently described the wedding of their daughter, Elizabeth. There were more than 500 guests that were served both a noon and an evening meal. The menu in terms of quantity and variety were impressive, to put it mildly. Colors of clothing worn by attendants and cooks were carefully chosen.

The one thing that is clear to an outside observer is that these people have maintained a very strong cultural identity. Only God knows the quality of their relationship with Him.

It is not for us to look critically at groups whose practice seems strange

to us. But it is very important that we by God's grace are willing to examine ourselves and our group practices in light of godly principles.



Visitors in church are welcome and appreciated. But visitors coming to our home are more personal and more special. How about a daily visitor who brings a thoughtful meditation to remind us of our Lord and things eternal? These meditations are accompanied by the name and addresses of real persons that we may or may not know personally. But they are members of some Christian community that forbids the foreign presence of radio and television in the home.

The many unfamiliar names and places are evidence that these people believe in practical expressions of separation and non-conformity. The widespread circulation and use of *Beside the Still Waters* is a bright spot of encouragement in these troublesome times.



The CASP board is planning to do three projects in 2016, in Hutchinson, Kansas, in January, February, and March. At this point (8-27-15) several house parent couples are still needed.

This is also a reminder that a relatively small number of volunteers can be used (8 volunteers for each 4-week period). We encourage you to make your reservation early to

assure your participation in this brief Christian Service opportunity. See the CASP announcement elsewhere in this issue.

CASP teams will again work with Interfaith Housing Services who reach out to the special housing needs in Hutchinson. CASP volunteers often work with special-needs people in Hutchinson.

-DLM



A healthy local church provides a sturdy framework within which important events in life are celebrated, legitimized or otherwise marked. I'm particularly thinking about weddings and funerals, and to a lesser extent, baptisms.

Each time any of these events occurs some members of the congregation are more involved than others, giving rise to a tension that we always struggle with. That tension can be expressed with this question, "Do these events belong to those persons most closely associated with the event, or to the church?" Since these events are not "solo" events and come with the assumption of the congregation's involvement, we should assume that these events belong at least as much to the church as they do to those most affected by them. It shouldn't be surprising to us that the church then has a keen interest in how things are planned and executed.

Since these events are inherently

unique in some way, those involved have a vested interest in the proceedings. However, when legitimate and intrinsic uniqueness become our pursuit rather than the result, we move toward, if not onto, the slippery slope of performance, competition, and frivolity. Uniqueness comes built into these events due to the diversity of people involved in them. However, "Christ-centered" believers have Christ in common, and these events are wonderful opportunities to underscore that life isn't all "about us," but that we are part of a larger "family of faith."

When we key in on what we have in common, Christ is exalted, but when we key in on uniqueness, people tend to get that focus. A focus on Christ isn't likely to lead to practices of cloudy merit and questionable influence.



In early August many from our local congregation traveled to Buffalo, Missouri, to hear 91-year-old Holocaust survivor, Joseph Hirt, tell his story. He spent about eight months during his teen years at Auschwitz before escaping. Mennonite writer, John Ruth spoke for the first half hour or so about Mennonite involvement in Nazi Germany.

The evening was a grim and uncomfortable reminder in a number of ways:

•Many of the Mennonites who were concerned about the compromise of the church had left Germany before the idea of supporting Hitler (or at least looking the other way) became an issue. Hence, much of the group's conscience was missing when they left. When we hear about Mennonite German soldiers marching into battle with "God With Us" engraved (in German, obviously) on their belt buckles, it's worthwhile for us to spend a bit of time considering how we are different or similar to those who took that path.

•Those who administered the holocaust must have subscribed wholly to the idea that those they were mistreating were indeed subhuman. That is what Nazi ideology alleged.

•The guards and soldiers who ran the concentration camps included professing Christians. But the distinction between those who named the name of Christ and those who didn't wasn't usually apparent to the prisoners. It is truly astonishing to consider the depths of depravity that mankind sinks into when compromise has borne its fruit, whether or not they call themselves Christian.

•The enabling grace that God provides for His children is always available. Whatever our suffering is or will become, let us be faithful so that we are in a position to experience it.

• Christ's teaching of loving

our enemy is the bedrock of the Mennonite doctrine sometimes called nonresistance. That peace witness hasn't been tested very rigorously in America in recent decades. When we live that witness out in our brotherhood relationships and with our neighbors in our communities, we display how this works now and develop preparation should we be called to demonstrate this in more visible ways in the future.

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Ashleigh Madison is a website that advertised itself as a forum where married persons can find willing persons to engage in extramarital affairs. Their slogan was, "Life is short; Have an Affair." Their assurance to their clientele of impeccable confidentiality looked pretty hollow when hackers accessed the data of some 38 million subscribers and released the information they found. There was plenty of consternation to go around between those who ran the website and those who used it. It is reported that there were only three zip codes in the entire USA who didn't have somebody subscribing to this service. One community was in New Mexico, and two were in Alaska, where internet service is spotty and residents are few.

The siren song of anonymity sometimes simply reveals and sometimes actually feeds debauchery.

-RJM 

What Is a Missionary?

Audrey B. Shank

A chapel talk given on Feb. 17, 1964

A missionary is one who has never become accustomed to the tramp of Christless feet on the road to eternity. He is one who reads Paul's word to the Corinthians, "Awake to righteousness and sin not, for some have not yet come to a knowledge of God. I speak this to your shame," and he is ashamed of his lethargy, ashamed of the times when he has spoken or listened or sung lightly of Calvary, ashamed of the times when he in his spiritual plenty has tossed the crumbs of the Gospel to the Lazarus under the table.

A missionary is one whose heart is broken by the things that break the heart of God. He is one who believes heaven and hell to be what God says they are. He is one who hears the soundless sob of the multitude, bewildered and bitter, and knows it for what it is. He is the one who cries in return, "Lord, here am I, send me," but then in a horrible moment of self-knowledge, adds hopelessly, "Ah, Lord

God, I cannot speak, for I am a child! I know not how to go out or to come in." And he hears his Lord reply, "Say not, I am a child for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I shall command thee thou shalt speak. Be not afraid of their faces: for I am with thee to deliver thee, saith the Lord" (Jeremiah 1:6-8). A missionary hears these words and finds them enough. He knows that the key to spiritual fruitfulness is not self-knowledge, but the knowledge of Christ and the power of His resurrection and the fellowship of his sufferings, and he thanks God that the power of the resurrection comes before the fellowship of His sufferings.

A missionary is one who ponders deeply the last words spoken on earth by his Lord. "Ye shall be witnesses unto me in Jerusalem, in Judea, in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth. Go ye." He is first very certain that he has something to witness to, that he has himself tasted

deeply of the water of life which he hopes to hold to the parched lips of the world. Then he ponders deeply the words “God,” “Jerusalem,” “Samaria,” “the uttermost parts.” He knows that his place of service is already decided for him in heaven and he is ready to “go” ten miles or ten thousand, across the back yard or across the ocean, around the corner or around the world. When a decision is imminent, he remembers that the sheep know the shepherd’s voice.

He thinks much, however, of the region beyond, of the uttermost parts, and because of the great inequalities, he knows that his “special” call will have to be to stay at home. He remembers the story about the moving of the log, with ten men at one end and only one at the other, and he knows that he cannot run to the aid of the ten. He remembers too, that the disciples did not, in feeding the five thousand go again and again to the front rows while those in the uttermost parts starved.

Wherever he is located, a missionary remembers that his field is the world. If he needs to stay at home on the farm, he will hear a news bulletin, read an article, think a random thought, and will recognize it as the call of the Spirit to pray or give or write a letter. If he is called to Nigeria, his prayers and concerns will be still for

the church in Formosa and Italy and America. He reads much of other missions and considers their work an integral part of his own. When he writes to the homeland he assures the Christians there of his love and support. If he is a medical man, he retains a deep interest in radio work and the publishing ministry. If he is a pastor, he does not disparage the work of the evangelist. A missionary is one who bears burdens, and they are not all his own.

A missionary is one who takes deprivation for granted. He is one who comes home, picks up the telephone and forgets which end to speak into. He is the man who, splendidly trained in aviation, lands a MAF plane on a muddy cow pasture and breathes, “Thank God” as it jostles to a stop. He is one who may have given up the prestige of a Ph. D. because he heard the voice of the Lord, “Thy brother’s blood crieth unto Me from the ground; The night cometh when no man can work; Other sheep I have which are not of this fold.” So instead of going from a plush office in a plush car to a plush home, he had breadfruit and salt fish and powdered milk for dinner. He may live on an allowance of \$75.00 a month, buying out of this his food, his kerosene, and his clothing. He probably does not even feel heroic in doing this.

A missionary is one who knows how to do with the people nearest and dearest to him. It is the man who, stunned, grips a telegram, "Mother passed away. Heart attack. Postponing funeral arrangements until word from you." It is a woman who, in gentler grief, looks at a picture of her last grandmother, at whose funeral all the family were present but she, and she writes the simple words to a friend, "Grandma looked so sweet. I cried." It is a woman who helps her children adjust to a new culture, new language, new faces, when she is herself alone and bewildered. She is the woman who wistfully waves goodbye to her husband as he leaves for another administrative trip, a woman who braids her small daughter's hair for the last time before she leaves for nine months at boarding school or a mother who, going back to the field after furlough, feels her heart shriveled with loneliness for the daughter left at school.

A missionary is one who learns to expect the darts of the enemy attacking body, spirit, and soul. It is the woman who, ill from amoebic dysentery because a national helper failed to properly boil the vegetables, flies from Central America to admit herself in a strange hospital in New Orleans. It is a young man in

northern Canada nursing frost-bitten toes. It is a man in the Congo too sick with malaria—his third attack—to even pray. A missionary is a nurse in Honduras who spends weary night after weary day treating mangled victims of a drunken brawl, wondering within herself whether it counts for eternity after all.

A missionary is one who knows what it is to try to prepare a talk with the hopeless monotony of tom-toms shattering the sultry night. He knows what it is to preach with hecklers shouting outside, to be cursed in the street, to be blamed for crop failures, and epidemics and earthquakes because of his new, strange religion which offended the gods.

Worse, he knows what it is to face disintegrating misunderstandings with his fellow missionaries, to be very humanly irked by their personalities, to be tempted to self-defense and jealousy and blame. He knows how it feels to groan upon his knees seeking victory and forgiveness and power when all of Satan's forces seem massed against him almost tangibly.

A missionary is one who weeps upon his knees for those who do not pay their vows to the Lord, for those who pass by unheeding, content with the husks, choosing the pleasures of sin for a season. He is one who

continues to wait, to hope for these, to search himself lest the channel of blessing to his people is somehow choked. He remembers that when a stone cutter breaks a stone to pieces, it is the first stroke and the last stroke and every stroke between which breaks the rock, and when he is dealing with stony hearts, he tries to be patient.

A missionary is one who, in his zeal to get as many as possible into the Kingdom, is tempted again and again to convince himself that a shallow believing on Christ is all that matters. Then he remembers that only half of the Great Commission is to go; the other half is to make disciples, and he knows that the way of discipleship is the personal, loyal, loving obedience to the Lord of his faith. But he finds that this is a narrow way, and that sometimes there is not peace but a sword. He looks at the masses who taste gingerly of a mere “milk-and-water” religion and then at the few out of whose innermost beings flow rivers of living water, and he knows he dare not compromise.

A missionary is one who joys with the angels over a sinner that repents. He is the one who receives an egg from one whom he has gone to serve, and knowing that the egg was part of the necessary daily bread in that little thatched hut, feels the egg almost too

heavy to carry home. He is the one whose heart leaps to the sound, “Si Cristo mi ama, La Biblia dice asi.” A missionary is one whose heart clings to the fearful brown faces as his flight is announced when furlough is due.

Who is a missionary? A missionary is one whose heart beats with the heart of God, who grieves with the Savior over the multitudes scattered abroad as sheep having no shepherd. He is a co-laborer with the God of Heaven, and is thrilled with the mystery and honor of it. And he it is, to whom the Chief Shepherd shall say, “Come thou good and faithful servant. Enter thou into the joy of the Lord.” And he satisfied, shall enter.

So Send I You

So send I you—to labor unrewarded
To serve unpaid, unloved,
unsought, unknown,

To bear rebuke, to suffer scorn and
scoffing,

So send I you—to toil for Me alone.

So send I you—to hearts made
hard by hatred,

To eyes made blind because they
will not see.

To spend, though it be blood, to
spend and spare not,

So send I you—to taste of Calvary.

As the Father hath sent me,

So send I you.

-E. Margaret Clarkson 

Aging Gracefully

Mary June Glick, Seneca, SC

October arrives with all its autumn splendor. Brilliant reds, yellows, oranges, and greens cover the landscape. Goldenrods, mums, and late bloomers adorn the flower gardens. The tomatoes, peaches and cucumbers are preserved in jars and stored in the basement. Apples and grapes are waiting their turn to be pressed into cider, apple sauce and grape juice. My mouth waters in anticipation for fresh “grape mush.” I remember with nostalgia the hundreds of jars of canned foods we carried to the cellar in the past.

There was a sense of accomplishment and fulfillment in seeing the provisions for our growing family in preparation for another hard winter. It is rather easy now to forget the aching backs and tired legs we had after a hard day of processing the summer’s bounty.

I enjoy each change of season, but fall is one of my favorites with the hint of winter in the air, crisp

frosty mornings, and bonfires in the evening. Our great God is creating His magnificent autumn canvass again.

Life has seasons as well. I like to think of myself as being in the “autumn season of life.” However, realistically, I may be moving into the “winter season.” Life’s autumn can be a very happy season. We know we are growing older. We become aware of changes in our bodies, however, we are still able to enjoy life. We feel useful. We enjoy helping our children and caring for our grandchildren. Traveling, hosting people in our homes and church activities are an important part of our lives. Our minds, thoughts and memories are still clear.

It is a time to be aware and to plan for old age. What kind of person do I want to be? I must take a good look at myself and ask myself this question, “Will I grow old gracefully or will I be a burden (not physically, but emotionally) to my family?” “What can I do now to prepare for the winter

season of my life?” I do not claim to have the answers but let me share some thoughts on aging gracefully:

•**A personal relationship with God is imperative!** As we grow in our love for God we will develop a longing for heaven and anticipation to be with Jesus. I believe it is good to talk about death with your family in a positive way. Let them know you are not afraid. Talk about heaven to your grandchildren. Also make preparations for the things you will leave behind. Make it easy for your family.

•**Developing a grateful spirit is definitely a key to graceful aging.** Learn to thank God for your blessings. Write them down on paper—you may be surprised at how blessed you are. Thankfulness produces joy. Grumbling and complaining are sin. Remember most people do not want to hear all about your problems. At the same time, don't be ashamed to admit that you do have problems. Accept help graciously.

•**Stretch your mind.** Learn something new. It is easy to stay in our comfort zone and refuse to try anything different. It can be as simple as learning to knit or crochet or trying new recipes. (I just now remembered that I had bread dough rising and found it running over the counter.) I am experimenting with

different types of flour for more healthful breads, so that has been stretching.

I have mentioned the computer before and I know some of you are afraid of computers. However, it has been a great learning tool for me. There are many good, worthwhile things you can do on it. It can be your servant or your master—you make that choice. My brother turned 80 this past year. He wants to do 80 new things in this year and is keeping a list of each accomplishment.

Be at peace. This may sound like unusual advice. I believe older minds tend to think in the past and remember old hurts, mistakes, and failures. The temptation is there to dwell on them and condemn oneself. We must remember that as we confess, God forgives. We need to forgive ourselves and forgive others. I don't believe it is important to go back to others (unless it involves a deliberate, intentional sin) and ask for or extend forgiveness. We may actually cause unneeded or unwarranted pain for the other person. Confess it to God. Claim His forgiveness and go in peace. Peace is a heart at rest. It is quiet and calm—without fear or worry. Peace is God's gift to us.

Determine to Grow Old Gracefully.



Seven Things God Hates

Mary Ellen Beachy, Kisumu, Kenya

GOD HATES:
(Proverbs 6:16-19)

• **A proud look.**

Remember the story of the men who built the tower of Babel? They wanted to be BIG. They wanted to be noticed and seen. They wanted a name and fame. God was not pleased. He stopped the building of that huge tower. (Read Genesis 11:1-9)

• **A lying tongue.**

The devil is pleased if you are not truthful. But God hates a lying tongue.

At market one day Markus gave a little girl a 25 Bible Story Book. She ran off happily. After a while, she returned and asked for a book. She said that she had not been given one. Markus remembered her face and furthermore he could see the outline of the book hidden in her dress. He told her that she has a book and that she should not be telling lies.

• **Hands that shed innocent blood.**

Today many people do not love or want children. They think children are a bother. Some doctors and

trained health care workers help them get rid of their babies by aborting them. Their hands are shedding innocent blood. God hates this evil practice. Children are a gift from God and are to be loved and cherished.

• **A heart that deviseth wicked imaginations.**

James* did not like to work. If he could devise a way to get some money or other things without working, he was happy for it.

He had a strong voice and led the singing well. He interpreted for the pastor. Though he looked good on the outside, the heart of James was full of selfish falseness. One day he told the pastor, "My mother is sick and in the hospital," he said. "While we were gone thieves broke into our hut and took a bag of shelled corn, my mother's blanket and other things. I do not have enough money to pay the hospital bills."

The pastor thought James was telling the truth. He gave him some money to help with the hospital bill.

His wife gave a warm blanket for his widowed mother. Later, the pastor learned that James was making up stories about many difficulties in the hopes of receiving aid. He had a wicked heart. One man said, "All the words of James are lies."

• **Feet that be swift in running to mischief.**

In a Central American country Jose* was hunting for iguanas on the school property. He kept his eyes open to anything that he could easily "thief" as well. The school room was locked, but through the window he saw a cell phone and a computer on the teacher's desk. Everyone had gone for lunch. It was hard to pry out the window, then with a long stick, he pulled the cell phone within his reach. Grasping the prize, he raced away.

The director of the school went to Jose's house. Jose denied having the phone, but when he was told the police would be called, he handed it over. Jose's mischievous feet were found out.

• **A false witness that speaketh lies.**

I heard an African story about a mother who stole corn from a neighbor's field. She took it home roasted it, she shared it with her child, and they ate it. When she was done, she carefully burned all the

husk and any evidence that they had eaten fresh corn.

When her child grew up, he did the same things. He had been taught to steal corn by his mother's example. When a neighbor complained about his corn being taken, they just kept quiet.

God is pleased when we live with nothing to hide.

• **He that soweth discord among the brethren.**

This might be someone who causes trouble in church or at home.

In Africa, people live on dallas (homesteads). A grown son will build a house close to his father's house. Jacob* and his wife and two small children lived close to his parents' dalla. They had a beautiful dalla with tall shade trees and a big mango tree. But Jacob did not talk much to his parents. He did not get along well with them. He also did not like his sister-in-law, Pamela*, who lived in a house nearby.

On a bright sunny day, Jacob and his wife put corn outside on a tarp to dry. While they were away, they saw a rain storm coming. Jacob rode home as quickly as he could on his bicycle. He rushed to get the corn inside. Pamela came over to help him. They put the corn in sacks as fast as they could, but they were soaked when the corn was all safely inside.

Pamela walked over to her house thinking how strange it was that though she helped Jacob, he did not say one word—not even, “Thank you.” Jacob was not willing to talk to people he did not appreciate. That was his way of punishing them. Jacob was sowing discord on his dalla.

Think about the opposite. What are seven things the Lord loves?

- God loves when we give Him the glory for any good we do.
- God loves when we are honest.

- God wants us to be life giving. We can bless and love children.

- God wants us to praise Him from our hearts and to think of good things to do.

- God wants us to be eager to do right.

- God wants us to speak the truth at all times.

- God wants us to be peacemakers at home and in church. With His help we can do it.

(*Names have been changed.) 

youth messages

Amish Mennonites Talk About Their Work #1: Lois Yoder

Gideon Yutzy, Hutchinson, KS

Several months ago, Lois Yoder assisted in bringing our daughter Charlotte into the world. I noted her work, though routine on one hand, is quite unusual. During the final stage of Charlotte's birth, something happened that, for me, symbolized this unusualness: the clock stopped. Time stood still. I imagine that in each of Lois's 3375 births there was some sense of time

standing still. One thing is clear from the interview that follows: despite any difficulties, Lois finds great joy in her work. Read on.

What made you decide to become a midwife?

As a young teenager I read a book about a midwife in the hills of Kentucky that sparked my interest in midwifery. Unfortunately, I don't remember the name of the book.

Perhaps one of your readers can give me a lead.

Give me some stats, please. How many babies have you delivered? In how many countries? Over how many years?

I have attended births in El Salvador (32), the USA (402), and Paraguay (2940) for a total of 3375 as of August 1, 2015. These were done over 36 years with the majority in Paraguay during the 17 years I served at Clinica Luz y Esperanza. I returned to the USA in 2001 to spend more time with my family and help take care of my parents.

What do you suppose would be the biggest surprise for the rest of us about the midwife profession?

It is a lot of work, a lot of routine day-after-day checkups, with the excitement of birth being a relatively small part of the whole picture.

Have you ever felt like quitting?

It is hard when you feel like a decision you made results in a less-than-ideal outcome. It was very hard on me when a patient in Paraguay, a member of the church and a friend, died during labor. We never knew exactly what happened but in this situation it was probably nothing I did wrong. A doctor who came to help us said, "This will affect you a lot." He was right; it was very difficult. I don't remember that I really felt like

quitting but it made me more fearful for a while.

Another difficult factor is the legal climate in the USA as it is more stressful than it was in Paraguay. I get tired of all the insurance hassles and the hoops one has to jump through here. I've never been involved in a lawsuit, thankfully, and hope I never will be.

What keeps you going?

The enjoyment of the interaction with people and the love of the work. It is gratifying to see happy families with the excitement of a new baby. It is rewarding to have a successful birth after a long labor. I remember one patient at 4:00 in the morning in the midst of a long labor who said, "I can't imagine doing this for a living." It seemed like a logical comment. But then those times pass again.

Have you assisted in any unusual births?

I did not attend this birth but there was a situation in which the patient arrived at the clinic in Paraguay with big problems. After we got her stabilized we listened to her baby and found, not surprisingly, that the baby was dead. She was transferred and had a C-section. She was the wife of one of the squatters who had been giving a lot of hassle to the colony in which I lived. But at the moment of crisis it made a difference and was an

opportunity to return good for evil. I believe we saved her life.

Have you attended births in which the mother was also delivered by you?

Only once. I was visiting in Paraguay in 2008, and I was able to attend a 20 year old mother.

I hope it will be a while before Charlotte shows up at your birth center.

I doubt I will be practicing by then. Of course, Sara Viola Miller of Indiana, who worked with me at Luz y Esperanza (the clinic in Paraguay), is eleven years my senior and still works at a birthing center as a nurse.

Do you have any words—encouragement or discouragement—for young ladies who are considering the midwife profession?

It is a big commitment and involves a lot of responsibility. You have two lives in your hands, that of the mother and her baby. When I was interviewed for my midwifery


program, I was asked how I respond to stress, that is, a time of crisis. It is very helpful to be able to stay calm in the midst of a difficult situation.

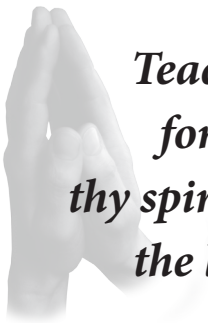
There are several routes to becoming a midwife. Any of them require a minimum of several years' training and it might be wise to serve at a mission clinic before committing. I became a nurse first and then went into school, so I am a nurse-midwife. Others attend a direct-entry program.

What does a midwife do in her free time?

I like to read, sew, cook and bake, and entertain guests. I also love to give away food that I have made.

Final question: What words of advice do you have for young people who are trying to decide on a noble life's work?

Well, our work should benefit humanity. That, and I think our interests should guide us, too. I wanted to be a nurse at a very early age and I've been fortunate enough to follow my dreams as an adult. 



*Teach me to do thy will;
for thou art my God:
thy spirit is good; lead me into
the land of uprightness.*

Psalm 143:10

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Periodicals

THOUGHT GEMS

*About the Christian and Dress
Excerpted from the writings of George R. Brunk I*

Some teach “form, form and no heart;” others teach “heart, heart and no form;” but the Scriptures teach both.

.....

The Bible teaches dress that is neat, modest, useful, comfortable, and economical.

.....

Where there is no church regulation there will be a gradual drift worldward. We know of no exceptions to this rule.

.....

It is never right to violate a Bible principle to gain influence with men.

.....

If small manifestations of pride in dress are insignificant, they ought to be easily given up.

.....

Both being slovenly and being stylish are conforming to the world.

.....

Real beauty is never out of date: blue sky, twinkling stars, fleecy clouds, blooming flowers, waving trees, smiles of children, the ruddiness of youth, the white locks of the aged—all are naturally beautiful.

.....

Why do soldiers and sailors wear their uniforms with high gratification, while some church people wear their scriptural uniform like prisoners wear their stripes?

.....

Whenever a truth is not welcomed, it will soon be lost.

.....

Pride, display, and extravagance are manifest in those that are out of harmony with God. Humility, simplicity, and economy are found with such as are in submission to God.

[Excerpted from the Gospel tract, “The Bible and Dress,” published by Rod and Staff Publishers, Crocket, KY.]