



Calvary MESSENGER

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

Galatians 6:14

OCTOBER 2016

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Purpose of Calvary Messenger is:
 To propagate sound Biblical doctrine;
 To stimulate a deeper study of God's Word;
 To anchor and fortify the faith of Christians;
 To point lost and dying souls to Christ the Savior;
 To welcome prodigals back to the fold and family of God;
 And to help defeated Christians find victory in Christ Jesus.

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Editor: Paul L. Miller
 7809 S. Herren Rd., Partridge, KS 67566
 Ph/Fax 620-567-2286
 paullmiller@btsskynet.net

Assistant Editor: Elmer D. Glick
 P.O. Box 400, Slanesville, WV 25444
 elmerg@frontiernet.net

Associate Editor: David L. Miller
 P O Box 73, Partridge, KS 67566
 620-567-2376

Contributing Editors:
 Simon Schrock, Enos D. Stutzman,
 Aaron Lapp, Ronald J. Miller

Missions Editor: Floyd Stoltzfus
 186 Skyline Dr., New Holland, PA 17557

Youth Messages Editor: Gideon Yutzy
 4114 S. Herren Rd., Hutchinson, KS 67501
 gideonyutzy@gmail.com | 620-615-2967

Junior Messages Editor:
 Mrs. Mary Ellen Beachy
 PO Box 2102
 Kisumu, Kenya, East Africa
 maryellenbeachy@icloud.com

Helpers at Home Editor:
 Mrs. Mary June Glick
 1080 Return Church Rd., Seneca, SC 29678

Circulation Manager/Treasurer:
 Enos D. Stutzman
 7498 Woods West Ave.,
 London, OH 43140
 614-460-9222

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Fulfilling God's Pattern

Stephen Miller, Belle Center, OH

There is a message in God's Word,
Dear friend, for you and me.
It's something that we all have faced,
I'm sure you will agree.

No two of us are made alike,
I think it's so unique;
The color of our eyes and hair
Or dimples on our cheek.

The finger prints upon the hand,
Or beating of my heart;
God gave us all our very own,
To set us all apart.

Then, too, He gave us all a gift,
Or maybe two or three;
Our talents all are so diverse,
Designed some just for me.


God has a special work for me,
A special place for you,

And what He really wants of us,
Is that we serve Him true.

And so the place He has for me
He fitted me just right,
That in my weakness and my strength,
I magnify the light.

And so it is with you, my friend,
You have a place to fill;
And thus He made you as you are,
To do His perfect will.

So while you labor in your work,
I also will in mine,
And if our brothers do the same,
Then everything is fine.

For in the building of the church,
So fitly framed and true,
God has a special place and work
For ALL of us to do! 

Witnessing in Prison

Why is prison work reported by friends more effective than yours or mine? Wait—maybe yours is effective. If so, praise the Lord! Mine—well, it’s not what I’d like it to be.

Our witnessing in prison is that once a month for about the last 12 years, Martha and I visit an inmate in prison. Our current inmate is the fifth man assigned to us since we started these visits. Earlier men we visited were moved or released. Our visitation program is called Match 2, (M-2), a program sponsored by Offender Victim Ministries (OVM) headquartered in Newton, KS. Several other OVM programs include anger management, shoplifting, family violence, and having the offender face the victim of his crime.

Have we made a difference in prison? We hope so. Whenever possible, we offer personal testimony to honor Jesus. We also talk about what the inmate wants to talk about, which is often about “life when I get out.” We don’t probe about what

offense put our friend behind bars. We try to practice good manners by not interrupting a monologue, regardless of how long it is.

Some folks might perceive this program as our opportunity to proselytize. We’re a religious minority which might hinder that, so why would we go into prison to proselytize? More importantly, we don’t expect that teaching discipleship is the place to start to lead men to God. First steps to God are repentance, confession of sin, faith in and commitment to Christ. These first steps come before an obedient walk with the Lord.

On our way into the prison visiting area, we pick up a few snacks at the commissary. These help pass the time in an hour-long visit. Keeping profitable conversation going isn’t always easy, but we try to keep things pleasant with optimism and good humor.

While having the inmate find and hold a good job sometimes follows release, relapse (recidivism) is common. A prison nurse recently

told me that some men apparently deliberately re-offend to get back in, thus to get medical treatment or dental work done gratis. After all, prisoners are wards of the state and so our tax dollars help make such free treatment possible.

In an effort to protect M-2 volunteers from complications, rules are in place that prohibit having the inmate call on his M-2 volunteer after the inmate's release.

Typically we see signs that the inmate we visit may be interested mostly in getting time away from his boring cell, which is not climate-controlled. Or he might be thinking of ways to take advantage of the M-2 volunteer as he senses our keen desire to help.

But dramatic exceptions do occur:

One inmate who came to Christ through another prison witness program finished his sentence and is doing very well. Besides being financially responsible and holding a job, he attends church regularly, gives to charity, is eager for fellowship, offers hospitality, and seeks church membership. Obviously, this Christian brother is not just a taker; he's a giver.

Who of us can say that he has never been a taker when we should have been a giver?

Even though HCF (Hutchinson

Correctional Facility) is a maximum security prison, we are not afraid when we go in. We M-2 volunteers are always escorted in and back out by one or two officers. There have been only a few lock-down situations that kept us out for a time. The prison officers tell us that M-2 visits noticeably brighten the institution's atmosphere. So our visits apparently bring hope to the slow-moving tedium of prison life.

My reason for writing is to get testimonials of others involved in prison witness who have found ways of making prison outreach effective.

When we take in singing groups, interest really spikes, although long-term improvement may not follow. After a recent singing program given by our young people, one inmate decided that he knows what he wants to be when he gets out. He stoutly declared, "I have decided to become a Mennonite!" Unfortunately, the next time I saw him he had considered that we are "pacifists," so he'd already decided that he was not willing to give up his long-held dream of serving in our country's armed forces. Thus he had already abandoned his dream of becoming one of us. In spite of such short-lived goals, we will again—probably—take in singing groups. We see these as interest-building events. Furthermore, it expands the

horizons of the singers.

Obviously, there are different ways of nurturing genuine interest in life-changing commitments to the Gospel. May I hear from others who witness in prison—*what have you found that produces good results?*

I acknowledge that winning souls for Jesus does not depend on human effort—it must be done in cooperation with and energized by the Holy

Spirit. We are not interested in a man-centered approach that leaves out the Spirit's active involvement. Jesus said it very clearly, "**No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him...**" (John 6:44).

So my question really is: **What have you found that cooperates best with the Holy Spirit as you witness in prison?**

-PLM



CBS Announcement

We are again soliciting help from folks like you for the annual clean-up effort at Calvary Bible School, scheduled this year for **November 7-9, 2016**.

This short-term Voluntary Service opportunity features a lot of good old-fashioned work for young (like recent CBS alumni) and old (like less recent "grandparent" type CBS alumni), as well as others who know how to handle rags, vacuum cleaners, window cleaning liquids, and the like! Also included in the experience will be ample opportunities for fellowship while working alongside others, generous portions of good home-cooked food and free lodging in the CBS dorms.

Should you, other family members and/or a number of friends from your church or youth group be willing to volunteer or if you have more questions, please contact Lowell Swartzentruber at lowswartz@wetel.net or 864-446-3155.

Thank you very much for your assistance in the past and in the future!

Norman R. Kauffman

For the Calvary Bible School Board of Directors





Deeper Life Ministries

5123 Converse Huff Rd., Plain City, OH 43064

(614) 873-1199

info@dmlmohio.org

2016 Faithful Women Seminar, October 1, 2016

Please Register by September 19th

Theme: *Messes, Mercy, and the Titus 2 Women*

Hope in the Midst of Messes – Dianna Overholt, Seymour, MO

She's Better and Who Cares – Barbara Coblentz, Guys Mills, PA

Child Training: Don't Wait Til Dad Comes Home –

Marietta Shank, Rochelle, VA

Homemaking: Catching God's Vision –Dianna Overholt, Seymour, MO

2016 Faithful Men Seminar, November 12, 2016

Please Register by October 29th

Theme: *Excelling in Fatherhood*

Portraits of Fatherhood – Ben Waldner, Plain City, OH

Arrows in the Hands of a Father – Ron Miller, Ft. Wayne, IN

Avoiding the Trap of Mediocrity- Dave Snyder, Plain City, OH

Maximum Impact- Nolan Byler, Mt. Eaton, OH

Contact Deeper Life Ministries for more information and to register. 

*We mustn't scrawl our blessings in
dust with a finger, then chisel our
complaints in marble.*

Why Johnny Can't Wait

Aaron Lapp, Kinzers, PA

Waiting is not meant to be an exercise in laziness. Laziness is an exercise of doing nothing, or at best, pursuing a project for one's purely selfish purposes. Laziness is a minimal activity by those either being bored, or having lack of vision, or regarding the segment of life they're in as having no purpose.

Laziness is being habitually late. Late start, late finish. Late in getting out of bed, late in personal hygiene, late to church, late to appointments, possibly late in going to bed starts the lazy cycle.

Laziness is thoughtfulness going backwards. It is inconsiderate of others. It scarcely bothers the person, not giving thought as to how our world would be if even half of the people reasoned like that. Some lazy people compensate their lack of hands and feet activity with an abundance of talk, much of it about themselves or what's wrong with other people.

But our German ethnicity gives us another problem. Many Germanic Johnnys can't wait. They are too

driven—driven to succeed, driven to be in the forefront, driven to be early with projects, driven to start new ventures, driven to do more.

Johnny can't easily accept the lazy brother. It doesn't bother him to think of how our world would be if even 50% of the people were like that. He actually thinks a good many others could and should do like he does. A lot of good things would happen if people were more diligent, you know, like himself. "Just do it," he says to himself, as he thinks of others he sees as lazy.

Our Johnny's favorite verse is 2 Peter 1:5a, "Giving all diligence." "That's it," he says. "Even the Bible encourages putting your all into your projects." Transliterating from Luther's German, we get this, "Apply all your energy or activity or busyness to your doing."

Johnny is too driven to read the whole verse, or certainly not the context for this clause. The entire context says, "And beside this, giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance; and to

temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity” (2 Peter 1:5-7).

Some Johnnys can scarcely wait to hear out such a long text. A word study on each of these nine words could really bring a great deal of balance to Johnnys who can't wait. Especially, the virtue part, the temperance aspect, and the patience issues. Waiting on God is a discipline of trust in appropriate preparation, in eventual readiness and in genuine humility. Failure to wait on God can spoil a whole program of how God planned life to be. Waiting is a means of building up strength for the journey. Impatient men do not make good leaders. Impatient moms can burn out before their time. No time is lost for those who wait on God.

I know, some of this was me. Did I say “was”? Maybe even now, too much of it *is* about me. A board meeting is to start at 7:00. “Why is this person always late? Actually, not always, but too often. Let's just start the meeting at 7 and maybe embarrass him a little.” Fortunately, we don't wait to start our church service until everyone arrives. There, too, everyone is in the regular column, most are always on time, and a few are nearly always—you know what.

Waiting on God is different from waiting on people. God is never in a

hurry, but always on time. Waiting on God is clearly a command from Him. “Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him: fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass” (Psalm 37:7). Waiting on God is logical, since He sees all things, knows all things, and can do all things. He can guide without manipulating, control without being despotic, and heal instead of creating again.

Waiting on God is not a cop-out. It is not always the easier path. Waiting on God is not like the store clerk who “waits on” customers. Or the bridegroom-to-be who waits for the wedding day. Or the young girl who waits for her 16th birthday. Waiting on God usually has no calendar date, no set of circumstances lining up with a time expectation, no alarm clock that suddenly goes off, no bell that rings.

When I was widowed, I had a plan. Nothing worked. Then I met Ferdinand (name changed, of course). Ferdinand told me he is also pursuing marriage. He found the right one. Only one problem: she won't accept his overtures (plural intended). I told him how I found peace by giving it all over to the Lord, even by telling the Lord I would be willing to live alone for the rest of my life, if that is His will.

Ferdinand said, “I could never do

that.” Then he added, “I pray about her every day, even to the point of agonizing in prayer. I fast and pray often.” Impressive, is it not? And then he said something very revealing, which gives us our clue: “I *commit* this all to God in my agonized prayer and fasting.”

Committed to God? That is the question. Is praying and agonizing and fasting the primary ways of committing our interest, our aspirations, our goals to God? Waiting on God, having power with God, getting His attention may at times be best accomplished by no outward acts of desperation, even the very spiritual acts such as the most earnest prayer, or the most focused fasting.

Our surrender can be more basic than what most times passes for commitment among us. Commitment can still include my approach, my plan, my goals, my strategy, my timetable. But it’s all about me. Some people’s commitment has made them irritable, more impatient, less open to advice, less inclined to consider other options. What generally passes for commitment can actually be more about the individual than about the Lord, or about one’s spouse, or the church and its institutions.

Surrender doesn’t insist on its own way. Surrender accepts the terms it is given. It can, as needed, back up without getting off balance. People

of surrender become servants. That is why people in warfare are so intent on winning, wanting to end up as lords—not as servants.

On the other hand, commitment can keep struggling, looking for a desired breakthrough, assuming that the desired goal justifies the means required to reach it. That is why a person can have a very committed spirit and at the same time be difficult to live with.

Our surrender is not only toward God. Surrender is more of a mark of faith than of commitment, but we must not exclude commitment altogether. Abraham is held high for his faith. The Bible says of Abraham, “Who against hope believed in hope, that he might become (future) the father of many nations....And being not weak in faith, he considered not his own body now dead (past the hope of offspring) when he was about one hundred years old” (Romans 4:18,19).

How does one “against hope believe in hope”? Another translation says, “He believed in hope when nothing remained in which to hope.” Waiting on God has a very lively dynamic of making the unlikely, the improbable, the incredible to happen. Our prayers at times tell God *how* to answer us. That keeps our faculties in motion. But no such activity is required to fulfill our waiting on God.

For many of us, being of Germanic descent, we need action. If God is too slow for us, we “have to do something.” Waiting *with* long-range mental plots and plans, or multifaceted exertions on several different fronts, is God’s agenda for us as we are called upon to wait on Him.

“I must have this certain employment.” *Wait on God.* “I must have a replacement vehicle.” *Wait on God.* “I badly want to travel to Israel.” *Wait on God.* “I, more than anything else, wish to go into foreign missions.” *Wait on God.* “I need to be in a courtship.” *Wait on God.* “I must have a business of my own.” *Wait on God.* “I wish to be ordained as a preacher.” *Wait on God.* “I must have...!” *Always wait on God!*

“Yea, let none that wait on thee be ashamed: let them be ashamed which transgress without a cause” (Psalm 25:3).

“I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait I say, on the Lord” (Psalm 27:13,14). Waiting builds up strength for the call when it comes.

Back to Ferdinand: Waiting on God is not done by the most spiritual exercises, like prayer and fasting, which of themselves have times and places to commend them. Waiting

on God is not done by the noblest disciplines in order to impress God or to manipulate His favor. Waiting on God is primarily an act of surrender.

Since my own strategies brought only negative responses, I told Ferdinand I am willing to do without a wife. He told me that was an impossible approach for himself. I told him I scarcely pray about it anymore. In my Adam-like sleep, life is lived in a distinct rest—a peaceful freedom.

It seemed to be altogether incomprehensible to Ferdinand, even though he was very focused and committed. In my six-month “sleep,” I awoke when God said “Esther!”

Esther and I were married. As for Ferdinand, God let him struggle for some time. But God is loving and kind and the time finally came when Ferdinand’s choice became his wife. Esther was God’s gift to me by way of a peaceful surrender. Ferdinand’s Twila came by way of human and restless commitment.

The Bottom Line is that waiting on God can take more strength and resolve than pursuing one’s own course of action. Church teaching emphasizes having goals, not wasting time and being committed. Waiting on God should be somewhere on our list of goals and commitments. Surrender should be considered first and always, instead of last, when all else fails.



Musings of a Seeker

Dear Pastor,
Thank you so much for the great series that you have been preaching on. It is a topic that has many branches... like the family tree! I was very inspired thinking about the various relationships, and glad you were interested in the congregation's feedback. It got me to thinking about my relationship with your church. These are my observations. My observations started long before I even saw the church, if that is possible.

My first impression of Amish-Mennonite people was at the Farmer's Market in Ohio. I was about five. I remembered being stunned that there were hundreds of folks, including children, dressed plain. They fascinated me, and how I longed to join them. When the opportunity came for me to live in Lancaster PA. I was thrilled, but I soon realized the improbability of joining the horse-and-buggy folks. I continued to study their ways and pretty soon I found that I no longer like reading secular books. I only wanted to read about the Amish and found much contentment knowing that I was in

a safe place, free from bad language and worldly ways. Living away from PA and Ohio, it never dawned on me that there were Beachy Amish Folks around, but one day I heard that there were in fact several groups. I looked on the map and saw your church. That was the day I called the school and they gave me your number.

Imagine my trepidation driving to your home to meet with you and your family. Everyone was so kind and welcoming. (No one commented about my hands shaking as I attempted to help your wife set the table.) I had about four hundred questions in my head, and yet only a few came to the surface. I was very relieved that you all thought it was fine for me to attend. Although there have been hurdles—the biggest one being a second marriage with the disappointment I felt knowing that I could not join under these conditions. I have to admit, that I was a bit angry at first, but not with your church. I was angry with the Methodists. I felt a bit betrayed. They had gone to divinity school. What were they studying? I suppose that sounds judgmental, but it was how I felt. Why hadn't any of those

ministers said “Hey, Karen and Keith, we know you feel hurt by your former spouses but did you know that the Bible tells us the only way you can remarry is if your original spouse dies?”

All of this said...the relationship of the church and the responsibility it has to the members, or guests is very crucial. I have been in church all of my life. I have served as an active member in many venues, but I have to admit, in the short time that I have been here I have witnessed first-hand what a real relationship with the church serving as the body of Christ is all about. I recognize that you have plenty of material on relationships and in that case mine might be a bit irrelevant but I felt led to let you know how your church’s relationship with each other and extending welcome to me has changed me in a very profound way.

Most people who decide to have any relationships are probably going to start out in the backseat (metaphorically speaking—back pew, in this case) and observe before they are brave enough to venture forward. Keep in mind that I was raised in the Methodist Church, however I have visited many denominations and styles. I have been in formal cathedrals with massive pipe organs and enormous choirs and full string

orchestras. On the flip side I have been to backwoods independent Baptist country churches where you expected you might see a few snake handlers. I have witnessed an evolution of church styles in my lifetime and the verdict seems clear. People are seeking to be entertained and the churches have been rolling with that tide.

If I had a nickel for every time I have heard the phrase, “Well, if it takes rock and roll Christian music to bring in the young people, what’s wrong with that? It could probably fund your school for a year!” One of the biggest mega churches in my town started in the 90’s by touting, “You can come as you are and wear whatever you want—including bathing suits. Anything goes!” I really started thinking—there has to be more! What has happened to discipline? What has happened to doctrine? What is happening to the people?

I came into your church that first Sunday terrified. A very friendly young man shook my hand wearing a smile and handed me a bulletin. Suddenly I felt at ease. I went in, sat down and looked around. No decorated altar, no ornate brass cross, no huge expensive flower arrangements, no velvet pews, no stained glass windows. The beauty

and serenity of “PLAIN” was awe-inspiring. Suddenly I saw people reaching for a real hymnal. Thank heavens, the church filled with music spilling out not from instruments, but from voices. Voices that had been singing together for a long time. Voices which could sing parts. It was the most beautiful sound I’d ever heard.

Afterwards many different people took the time to ask me who I was and how I was doing. I looked around. Something was really different. In all of my 55 years I have always seen everyone rushing for the door on Sunday to get out and either rush to eat out or go home. People here were lingering. No one seemed to hurry. They actually wanted to have a RELATIONSHIP with each other. Afterward folks asked me to their home for lunch! Wow, now that was different! But wait, it gets better. After lunch no one seemed in a hurry to leave. Folks talked and laughed and had a great time.

In the coming weeks and months this pattern never changed, it was just added to in so many surprising ways. The second Sunday a young girl of about 15 came up to me and told me she wanted me to come outside, she had something for me. She proceeded to give me the most beautiful prayer shawl I have ever

seen. She had created this and had a lovely card included, wherein she let me know that she knew I had been going through a hard time and was praying for me. What made this the most surprising was the fact that this was a teenage girl. I have worked with teens in school and church and I can honestly say that I do not know many teens that would have done this. She stepped out of her comfort zone. I found this to be the “norm”.

The children of your church are a rare breed indeed. To have children age 3-4 greet adults...and strangers at that, is highly unusual. The first time I ate at your fellowship meal evidence of relationships unfolded before me as I witnessed a strange sight. I was in the kitchen washing dishes with the women. That in itself was wonderful—just women chatting and having fun. I looked out in the dining room and saw all of the children huddled around a table. But wait—they were not having individual relationships with their cell-phones. They were talking and seemed to be engaged in something. I inquired and was told they were solving a verbal puzzle of sorts. They must have sat there figuring for almost an hour. I could not believe my eyes. They all were having a relationship that age and gender did not hinder.

The relationships of your church

is that of limitless friendships and an aura of acceptance despite the fact that Keith and I have been previously married and have not grown up in the Beachy faith. The congregation continues to reach out, invite, include, inquire. All of you are truly a LIGHT in a very dark world. You have patiently answered questions, explained doctrine and have ministered to us in so many ways that we could never begin to pay back. It has been less than a year that I have been attending, but I have found more love and friendship than in all of my years in other churches. I wistfully look at all your members and hope that everyone in the church

realizes just how very lucky they are to have the privilege of being here and being raised in this faith.

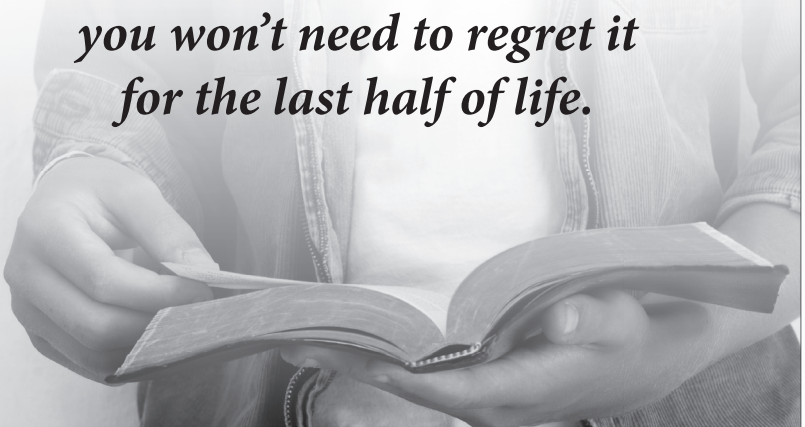
If the summation of your local church as the effective body of Christ was boiled down to one word...for me it would be RELATIONSHIP of LOVE.

Sincerely,
Your neighbor

[The Amish Mennonite minister who submitted this testimony changed it enough so it could speak for itself without casting excessively negative or positive reflections on anyone. May God receive all the glory! -Editor]



***Advice to young people: Live
the first half of life so that
you won't need to regret it
for the last half of life.***



marriages

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

Coblentz-Bontrager

Bro. Matthew, son of David and Betty Coblentz, West Farmington, OH, and Sis. Renita, daughter of David and Thelma Bontrager, Middlebury, IN, at Clinton Frame Mennonite for Woodlawn Mennonite Church, on May 7, 2016, by Steve Miller.

Eash-King

Bro. Benji, son of Lavern and Carolyn Eash, Cumberland Furnace, TN, and Sis. Charity, daughter of Dave and Faith King, Cumberland Furnace, TN, on May 13, 2016, at Westgate Church for Lighthouse Mennonite Church, Dickson Co., TN, by Lavern Eash.

Eigsti-Overholt

Bro. Dustin, son of Mose and Terri Eigsti, Auburn, KY, and Sis. Janice, daughter of Arland and Dorothy Overholt, Auburn, KY, at Plainview Mennonite Church, on May 28, 2016, by Felix Hershberger.

Gingerich-Miller

Bro. Elmer Gingerich (son of the late Moses and Katie Gingerich), Mountain View, AR, and Sis. Sara Viola Miller (daughter of the late Moses and Lydia Miller), Shiphewana, IN, at Rosewood Fellowship Church, Shiphewana, IN, on July 30, 2016, by Virgil Hershberger.

Gingerich-Miller

Bro. Joshua, son of James and Rhonda Gingerich, Leesburg, OH, and Sis. Jonessa, daughter of John and Irene Miller, Malta, OH, on April 16, 2016, by LaVerne Yoder.

Kauffman-Wagler

Bro. Dwayne, son of Herman and Christina Kauffman, Fredonia, KY, and Sis. Marcia, daughter of Leon and Marietta Wagler, Fredonia, KY, on May 20, 2016, for Fredonia Mennonite Church by Titus Troyer.

Kauffman-Wagler

Bro. John, son of of Herman and Christina Kauffman, Fredonia, KY, and Sis. Emily, daughter of Leon and Marietta Wagler, Fredonia, KY, on July 29, 2016, for Fredonia Mennonite Church by Titus Troyer.

King-Yoder

Bro. Lovell, son of Calvin and Judy King, Harrison, AR, and Sis. Yvonne, daughter of Ray and Ann Yoder, Guys Mills, PA, at Plainview Gospel Fellowship, Guys Mills, PA, on August 20, 2016, by Roy Hershberger.

Peachey-Overholt

Bro. Micah, son of Louie, Jr., and Olive Peachey, Woodville, NY, and Sis. Kayla, daughter of Wayne and Elva Overholt, Russellville, KY, at Franklin Mennonite Church on July 2, 2016, by Jonathan Overholt.

Petersheim-Stoltzfus

Bro. Andrew John, son of Amos and Esther Petersheim, Narvon, PA, and Sis. Marlene Jo, daughter of Ben A. and Regina F. Stoltzfus, Morgantown, PA, on July 9, 2016, at Pequea Church by Ben. A. Stoltzfus.

Petersheim-Stauffer

Bro. Timothy Lee, son of Amos and Esther Petersheim, Narvon, PA, and Sis. Leanna, daughter of Tim and Robin Stauffer, Hershey, PA, at home of the groom, on June 18, 2016, by Tim Stauffer.

Wagler-Lapp

Benjamin Abraham, son of Mark and Rose Wagler, Hartville, OH, and Sis. Andrea Ruth, daughter of David L and Mary Stoltzfus, Gap, PA, on August 20, 2016, at Ridgeview Mennonite Church by Ben A. Stoltzfus.

Zook-Schlabach

Bro. Josiah, son of Galen and Karen Zook, Georgetown, OH, and Sis. Amanda, daughter of Delbert and Susan Schlabach, Ripley, OH, at Georgetown Church of Christ for Still Waters Mennonite Church on July 30, 2016, by Dave Miller.



ordinations

May the grace of God be upon our brothers as they minister faithfully. Let us pray for them.

Bro. Arlin Beachy, 29 (wife Kayla Wray) was ordained as minister at Bethany Fellowship Church, Kokomo, IN, on June 26, 2016. Preordination preaching was by Henry Hershberger, LaGrange, IN. The charge was given by Henry Hershberger, Maynard Nisly, and Marvin Beachy. Larry Schrock and Kenneth Graber were also in the lot.

Bro. Matthew Stutzman, 29, (wife Mindy Yoder), of Bloomfield, MO, was ordained as deacon at Crowley's Ridge Mennonite Church, on July 31, 2016. The preordination messages were given by Leon Yoder, Lyndon, KS. The charge was given by Floyd Lengacher. Omar Stoltzfus and Ethan Stutzman were also in the lot.

Bro. Henry Zehr, 51 (wife Rose Schmucker), was ordained as minister at Rock Haven Mennonite Church, Flat Rock, IL, on August 7, 2016. Preordination messages were given by Wayne Helmuth, Rosebush, MI, The charge was given by Roy Hershberger, assisted by David Witmer, sharing the lot were Joseph Beachy and William Beachy.

Bontrager, Perry N., 82, of Millersburg, IN, died June 11, 2016, at IU Health Goshen Hospital, Goshen, IN. He was born May 27, 1934, to the late Noah and Lena (Eash) Bontrager.

Perry was a retired farmer and faithful member of Woodlawn Mennonite Church.

On Oct. 11, 1962, he was married to Mary H. Yoder. She survives. Also surviving are two daughters: Linda Bontrager, Goshen, IN; Anna (Steve) Helmuth, Plain City, OH; four sons: Gerald Bontrager, Goshen, IN; Richard (Becky) Bontrager, Westminster, SC; Arlen (Anna Mae) Bontrager, Millersburg, IN; and Nelson (Jennifer) Bontrager, Goshen, IN; 10 grandchildren, two sisters; his twin, Mary (David) Smucker, Shpshewana, IN; Luella (Lloyd) Yoder, Middlebury, IN; three brothers: Daniel (Susie) Bontrager, Topeka, IN; Sam (Esther) Bontrager, Middlebury, IN; John (Esther) Bontrager, North Canton, OH.

The funeral was held on June 13 at Woodlawn Mennonite Church with Dean Miller and Steve Miller serving. Glen Miller conducted the burial at the Woodlawn Church Cemetery.

Fram, D. (Jim), 74, died August 1, 2016, at Laughlin Memorial Hospital, Greenville, TN. He was born Nov. 2, 1941, in Constantia, NY.

Jim attended Greene County Mennonite Church as long as health permitted, along with his wife, a faithful member.

Jim is survived by his wife, Kathleen, a daughter, Michelle Brock, Sevierville, TN; a son, James, Indianapolis, IN; three grandchildren, two sisters, one brother and several nieces and nephews.

The funeral was held at Greene County Mennonite Church on August 5, with Roman Kauffman, Raymond Fisher, and Andrew Miller serving. Burial was conducted by Marlin Stoltzfus at the church's cemetery.

Miller, Menno, 82, died March 18, 2016, in Phoenix, AZ. He was born Nov. 20, 1933, son of the late Lewis L. and Fannie (Miller) Miller, near Kalona, IA.

He accepted Christ in his youth and was a member of Sharon Bethel A.M. Church.

On Nov. 20, 1958, he was married to Elizabeth Chupp, at Chouteau, OK. She survives. Also surviving are three sons: Nelson and Glenda Miller, of Fay, OK; Lloyd, Moundridge, KS; Larry, Wellman, IA; four daughters: Lovina, Glendale, AZ; Ruth and Manuel Miller, Wellman, IA; LaVertta and Randy Hochstetler, Grabill, IN; and Lucille Miller, Kalona, IA, and 10 grandchildren. Other survivors include

two sisters: Katie Ann and Dennis Shetler, Kalona, IA, and Mattie and Joe Yoder, Colon, MI; and two brothers: Wilson and Lois Miller, Kalona, IA; and Fred and Ida Ellen Miller, Nashville, AR.

He was preceded in death by a grandchild, Brittany Hochstetler; a brother, Lewis Miller, Jr.; and a sister, Cleola Yoder.

The funeral was held on March 25 at Fairview Mennonite Church for Sharon Bethel A. M. Church with

Delmar Bontrager, Jacob Yoder and Gabriel Beachy serving. Interment in Sharon Bethel Cemetery.

Nisly, Lizzie Irene, 82, of rural Hutchinson, KS, died August 3, 2016, at her home. She was born Sept. 13, 1933, daughter of the late Daniel D. Jr., and Amanda (Schrock) Nisly at Hutchinson, KS.

She was a devoted charter member of Center A.M. Church, giving generously to those in Christian service.

Lizzie Irene co-owned Nisly Bakeshop with her sister, Fannie Viola, for many years. She enjoyed working outdoors, gardening and flowers, her flock of sheep, her family of cats, and feeding and observing birds. She also loved needlework, embroidery, and jigsaw puzzles.

Survivors include many cousins and friends.


She was preceded in death first by her mother, Amanda (July, 1991), then her father, Dan (May, 1992), then by her sister, Fannie Viola (April, 2004).

Fannie's death left Lizzie sole survivor of the family for more than 12 years.

The funeral was held on August 7, with David Yoder, Dwight Miller, Oren Yoder and Gary Miller serving. Burial was at West Center Cemetery, with Paul Miller conducting the committal.

Peachey, Andrea Kate, daughter of Johnny and Wanda Peachey, Wytheville, VA, was stillborn at Wytheville Community hospital on April 26, 2016.

Surviving in addition to her parents are a brother Travis and a sister Amy.

A memorial service was held at Light of Hope Christian Fellowship on April 27, with John Beiler, Winston Miller, and Millard Yoder serving. Burial was in the church cemetery. 



Together in the Work of the Lord, written by Nathan Yoder, Harrisonburg, VA, is a history of Conservative Mennonite Conference. They had their first conference meeting in 1910. Their present headquarters are at Rosedale, Ohio.

Their early history predates my memory, but a significant portion covers an era in which I also have some memory of events and people.

Elmer G. Swartzentruber from Kalona/Wellman, Iowa was an influential and respected bishop. Here is a quote from him, “A fear of traditionalism has resulted in a serious wave of accommodation to our cultural surroundings, bordering on the worship of man-made standards that are far more than is scriptural or good.”

Ivan J. Miller was also a respected bishop whose father and father-in-law were also ordained leaders. The following quote from him is offered because to me it seems thoughtful and thought-provoking, “Sometimes I think it is more virtuous to be narrow minded than to be double-minded.”

This 543-page book is available from Herald Press, Harrisonburg, VA.

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TECH is the acronym for Training and Evaluation Center of Hutchinson. It is a government-supported ministry that reaches out to help persons with various levels of disabilities. An interesting part of their work is to receive non-functioning electronic equipment that would otherwise go to the county landfill. TECH clients with suitable ability can disassemble the computers, microwaves, etc., that come to them for reusable parts. The sale of parts of these salvage items generates significant income through the labor of persons with limited manual skills. Last year TECH kept over 200,000 pounds of e-waste out of landfills. (*The Hutchinson News*, August 8, 2016).

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Pathway Publishers, Aylmer, Ontario, are widely known in plain communities for their publication of periodicals: *Family Life*, *Young Companion*, and *Blackboard Bulletin*. These and other items of publication have caught the attention of some Old Colony Mennonites in Bolivia and Argentina. It is commonly reported that there are serious problems of alcohol use and sexual

inappropriateness in some Old Colony Mennonite circles. There are those among them who are concerned and would like something better. Amish teaching appeals to them.

In contact with Old Order Amish at Pathway, they realized that having them come to them in South America is difficult, since most Amish do not travel by air. So New Order Amish were contacted since they do travel by air. After about a year of discernment, several New Order members moved south last fall. A bishop originally from Ohio is organizing this work in response to their plea. There are about 50 persons, mostly in Bolivia, who meet for worship. This bishop has recently baptized nine young people. (Reported by Rich Preheim in *Mennonite World Review*, August 15, 16).

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Kansas is experiencing an unusual growing season. Rainfall for the year to date is 28 inches, which is considered normal here for the entire year. Wichita, about 50 miles distant after greater amounts has experienced flooding at different times. Ideal growing conditions this summer have brought record-breaking grain and hay production. The prospects for abundant corn and bean yields have area grain elevator

operators wanting to empty their bins to receive the fall harvest. But what can be done with the wheat still in these bins?

Concrete surface left over from the U.S. Navy air base (developed in World War II) near Yoder, KS, has become the place where at least five million bushels have been piled for temporary storage. The grain is covered with a plastic cover and the pile is over a quarter mile long. It is not clear how we should respond to these unusual circumstances. But it is always God who gives the increase.

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Separation and nonconformity is a biblical teaching. Practical application and visual expression is not apparent in the majority of churches. To allow the surrounding culture to define our lifestyle to us seems misguided. There are other ways in which a Christian lifestyle may be misguided. It is possible for our manner of life to become ingrown and self-centered. It is wrong to assume that our appearance will keep us from sin. Only a live relationship with Jesus is able to do that.

Is it then also true that the person who is following the Lord would not want to misrepresent Him with questionable outward appearance? It is especially shameful when groups

who isolate themselves from the world and other church groups have a high incidence of moral failure. Jesus prayed, "I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil" (John 17:15). Verses 16 to 19 of Jesus' High Priestly prayer remind us that our Lord has prayed that our separation does not become isolationist and corrupt.

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There is another reason that church groups should not become too close-knit and ingrown. Our young people should have acquaintance with potential marriage partners who are not so closely related that it creates health problems for their children. One could mention several cases where this has become a problem.

-DLM

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Our 75-year-old neighbor related an incident with his father about 55 years ago. Our county advertised that they were looking for someone to operate the road grader. Jim thought that skill would be useful, so he told his dad he'd like to apply for the position. His father objected with this rationale: "Son, receiving tax money from 'the people' is only for those who are really down and out. I don't want you on the government dole." So, Jim passed on that opportunity.

I'm pleased that a portion of our local taxes go toward road maintenance. Operating the road grader seems to me like an honorable service to our fellowman. So I don't identify with Jim's late father's perspective on the job. However, the mindset he displayed is the polar opposite from the one that milks the welfare system for all it's worth.

In Howard Bean's book "Daily Truth for Godly Youth" he cites some interesting and arresting statistics related to alcohol consumption. For example:

Trained typists experienced a 40% increase in errors when they consumed only a small quantity of alcohol in one trial.

The consumption of 3 beers made the subjects of one study temporarily lose 13% percent of their memory.

In 2014, 9,967 persons died in the US due to drunken driving.

A person's ability to think well and speak well, are noticeably impaired in the early stages of inebriation. This is often much more evident to observers than the persons affected.


It is true that some people feel there are real therapeutic benefits to alcohol consumption in small quantities. Indeed, some medications that are used to treat symptoms of the common cold contain alcohol. But Scripture is clear in warning

against drunkenness. The cost of drunkenness in our society both in lives torn apart, and economically is well-supported and documented. This alone raises serious moral questions about supporting this industry with responsible discretionary alcohol consumption.

You might wonder why this merits a mention in *Calvary Messenger*. I heard much about the evils of alcohol in my childhood and youth. The preachers of my youth talked about it. As a grade school student I memorized speeches about the tragedy of drunkenness and participated in Women's Christian Temperance Union speech contests. But, drunkenness doesn't seem to be very common in my social circles, so I don't talk very much about it and don't hear much about it these days. However, I have also become aware that the idea that "'responsible' social alcohol consumption isn't really so bad," is being discussed among some of us. Some who have tried it don't find it as terrible as they thought and even somewhat enjoyable. Where this idea takes root and is practiced, the casualties of irresponsible use by some cannot be too far behind. Maybe it's time we bolster and reinforce the concept of alcohol abstinence as a faithful, responsible, and very worthwhile choice.

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A PAC (political action committee) has been organized by the Republican party targeting the Amish vote in the upcoming elections. As of this writing, about \$40,000 had been raised. It is doubtful that percentage-wise, many Amish will vote. But it is noteworthy that the position of Amish non-participation in the political process is ambiguous enough that some people are willing to throw their dollars at the cause. Maybe there won't be many Amish voters, but there will likely be some. The appeal being made to the Amish by Trump supporters, is predictably selective in its content. The idea that he is a successful business man and a professing Christian, will play much better with the Amish audience than some other realities.

Sometimes, we have been urged to vote as a matter of Christian and civil duty. That pull never was very strong for me and I've never voted in a national election. However, in this election cycle I feel a much stronger urge than ever before to abstain from voting. Maybe one positive result of this election is helping those of us who are part of the heavenly kingdom understand more clearly the wisdom of non-participation in the election process of these earthly political structures. -RJM 

Will You Shine like the Sun?

Simon Schrock, Catlett, VA

A rainbow was upon his head, and his face was as it were the sun, and his feet as pillars of fire. (Revelation 10:1b KJV).

Are God's angels the only ones who shine with glory? The exciting answer from Scripture is that God's saints will also be arrayed with ineffable glory.

The prodigal son took his inheritance and left home. He traveled far away from his father. He spent his money on foolish living. He found a job feeding pigs and longed to eat their food. He came to himself and went back to his father. He confessed he had sinned and asked to become a servant. His father instructed the servants to get the best robe and put it on his son, to kill the fatted calf and have a banquet. When the prodigal put on that best robe, he was ready for the banquet.

When sinners receive assurance of forgiveness, their sins are covered with a garment of salvation provided by Jesus Christ. When Jesus died on

the cross, He provided the robe of salvation.

The angel was clothed with a glorious cloud. The disciples of Jesus will be able to stand before God covered with a robe of righteousness. The scars of sin will not be seen. "He has clothed me with garments of salvation and arrayed me in a robe of righteousness" (Isaiah 61:10).

We choose how we will meet God. We can be clothed with a robe of righteousness in Christ, or we can stand before Him in nakedness with all our sins exposed.

Today give thanks for Christ's righteousness imputed to you.

[From page 130 of Revelation Day by Day, by R. Leslie Holmes and Richard A. Bodey, Eds., Published in 2001 by Baker Books, a division of Baker Publishing Group. Used by permission.]



***One good way to escape evil
is to pursue good.***

Football Season Wrap-Up

Tim Myers, Keysville, GA

Is demonstrating athletic prowess, or using violence toward another for whatever reason, the purpose for which God created us? I see preoccupation with sports and the tendency toward “warriorhood” as being more in line with our fallen nature than with the “new man” personified in Jesus Christ.

Sports are about winning, showing that you can do something better than another. Did God create our bodies for us to show off how much stronger, how much more coordinated, how much more dedicated, how much smarter we are than others? Something within me cringes at the suggestion that God endorses such a mentality.

It seems the issue of sports has always confronted the church. From the beginning, athletics were held in dim regard or outrightly prohibited for the Christian. The Olympic Games were held in disrepute for, among other things, their dedication to paganism (it’s still there in some versions of the official anthem of the Games) and their nudity.

Early Christians were part of some of the Roman athletic contests, but as

neither spectators nor contestants. They were not there of their own volition, but they left their testimony in the sand of the Coliseum.

What the early church fathers said about sporting issues may seem surprisingly contemporary. Tertullian wrote, “You will never give your approval to those foolish racing and throwing feats, and yet more foolish leaping. You will never find pleasure in injurious and useless exhibitions of strength. Certainly you will not regard with approval the strivings after an artificial body that aims at surpassing the Creator’s work....And the wrestler’s art is a devil’s thing.”

Novatian expressed disgust at the fervor people had for horse racing, even memorizing the pedigrees of their favorite horses. (See “Sports” and “Olympics” in Bercot’s *A Dictionary of Early Christian Beliefs*.) Even though the Apostle Paul mentions athletes and soldiers as illustrations for the Christian life in Scripture, neither case represents an endorsement.

While the Super Bowl is probably the pinnacle of the sports empire, the

whole system illustrates the Apostle John's definition of the world and its values: "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life." Its values are antithetical to those of the Christian. Can you imagine a locker room displaying a poster listing the Beatitudes?

Professional athletes dedicate their lives to getting to the top of the heap, to winning. Those who attain their dreams are heroes, adored by millions because of their dedication and abilities. The majority who fail are quickly discarded, many experiencing long-term physical ailments for the abuse their bodies have sustained. The pressure to excel has led many to use illegal performance-enhancing drugs with their unhealthy side effects.

I am certain that sports have had a corrupting influence on the morals of our culture. There are a few Tim Tebows, but many more grace the front page of newspapers for their wrongdoings. I realize that non-athletes do the same things. but these disgraced stars are still surrounded by their worshipers, and I am convinced that their lives, right along with those of the celebrities of entertainment, have a very negative influence on individuals who follow them. If we are their fans, we are hardly immune from that influence.

We become what we admire.

You wisely state that following sports is a moral issue because it promotes the wrong use of time, because it can degenerate into a "worship of the creation rather than the Creator," and because sporting events often engender debauchery.

The problem with sports goes much deeper, however, than these surface issues. The egotism that drives a person to the nth degree of his endurance to prove that he can exceed the other as well as the passion of spectators are inherent in the system, not just peripheral issues ungodly people drag into it.

Think of all the attendant evils that many sports generate: the betting, the cheerleaders, the huge amount of wasted finances and time, the fan worship, the pride, the violence, the advertising, and the undress.

Perhaps the most insidious evil of all is the direct competition that fascination with the sports world can bring to the lordship of Christ in our hearts.

Can we as followers of Christ, make professional sports part of our lives? Just a little, just like a little alcohol, a safe practice for our people? I think not.

You may agree with some of the arguments I make. If otherwise, I challenge you to consider them

seriously. Sports have proven to be a seductive arm of the “world,” along with entertainment and materialism.

I write this because of a concern for the church, particularly our youth, who are most at risk from these popular enticements. How many may have had their curiosity piqued enough to go check it out for themselves? And to go back to other Super Bowl performances?

I believe it is our duty to warn people of the enchantments of sports, rather than to casually endorse

participation in the system.

[Bro. Myers wrote this article some time ago in response to someone who said, “I believe sports can be a reflection of God’s glory as He made us to be warriors and He made our bodies in amazing ways; as we demonstrate that with a spirit of good sportsmanship, we can bring glory to God.” Obviously, Bro. Tim has some wistful thoughts about that position statement. Reprinted from Life Lines, March – April, 2016. Used by permission.]



Learning to Pray

Hannah Nisly, Altamont, KS

Prayer is perhaps the most private undertaking possible. It is no small thing to approach the Living God and speak to Him. His absolute holiness makes me keenly aware of my own insignificance, yet I am significant, because He loves me. He wants me to come to Him, not only in fear and awe, but in trust, as a child comes to its father. To stand before God, knowing who He is and who I am, is a thing that cannot be shared with anyone else.

Yet despite this, there are times when it is right and necessary to

pray in public. Throughout the Old Testament, priests and leaders offered praise and petitions before vast crowds. These should not be confused with the public prayers of the Pharisees, which were for show. Solomon’s prayer at the dedication of the temple, Elijah’s prayer on Mount Carmel, Ezra’s prayer at the river of Ahava—these were all sincere expressions of worship. We encourage others and honor God when we proclaim who He is.

For years I dreaded praying aloud, but it had not always been so. At

three and four I volunteered to ask the blessing at meals, prayed for sick friends, and asked God to help me find my dolly's bottle. But as I grew older, enthusiasm gave way to self-consciousness. I was afraid of saying the wrong things, of not saying enough, or of sounding silly. The elemental questions of life were also beginning to rise in my mind. Can God be trusted? Why does He allow pain? Can I know truth? I couldn't honestly go on praying the simple, confident prayers of a five-year-old.

At 12, I was old enough to participate in Wednesday night small group prayer meetings. I always asked for at least one other girl my age to be in my group so my prayers would not seem so conspicuously short. The older ladies' prayers astonished and intimidated me. How on earth could they pray out loud for five minutes at a time? A person would have to know an awful lot about God, I thought wistfully, to have so much to say to Him. Another year passed, while I diligently avoided talking in public about anything, and most of all, something so private as what I thought about God.

Then came intermediate Sunday school. There were four of us who stayed together for a long time because there was no youth class for us to move into. One teacher began the practice of asking us to teach the

class. Subsequent teachers picked up on the idea and we all benefited. It certainly helped me overcome my fear of speaking up in a church setting.


When I started fourth grade, Mom added prayer time to our morning schedule. After breakfast, we were all together in the living room, so we could pray together and discuss our plans for the day. Each was assigned certain days of the week on which we were to lead the prayer. With this regular practice, I gradually became more comfortable with praying in public. Meanwhile, I was also learning to be more intentional in private prayer and finding that the more I prayed alone, the better I knew God, and the easier it was to talk to Him around other people.

What helped more than any of these was praying with my little sister. One night she simply would not stop talking. I got upset and asked sarcastically if she was determined to stay up all night. She admitted that she always delayed sleeping as long as possible for fear of nightmares. My irritation changed to sympathy as I remembered my eight- and nine-year-old self whispering the alphabet and the Lord's Prayer over and over, as fast as I could, hoping to crowd the vague terrors out of my mind long enough to fall asleep. I offered to pray with her, and she agreed in obvious

relief. It became a nightly ritual, soon growing beyond merely asking for protection to include praying for each member of our family, and for anyone else who came to mind. I felt safe since only God and my little sister were listening, and having overcome the difficulty of praying aloud in one situation, I found it decreased in others as well.

As a small child, I had spoken freely to God because I knew He loved me. Then, as my understanding of Him expanded, I was overwhelmed with awe at His holiness and scarcely dared to address Him. When I finally

realized that He in His holiness loves me, though I am insignificant and flawed, I could confidently approach Him again as my Father.

“Seeing then that we have a great high priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession. For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need” (Hebrews 4:14-16). 

mission awareness

As You Go, Make Disciples

Does the Great Commission apply to a few specially-chosen believers who are to go specifically to “be missionaries”? Or does it apply to you and me today as we go about our lives? Making disciples can (and should) take place anywhere.

Christ’s Commission—What It Means

We have all heard sermons about the importance of mission work and carrying the Gospel to foreign countries or to large cities. We have likely heard reminders that this must “start at home.”

Yet, too often we forget that Jesus’ command in the Great Commission is not so much to *mobilize (go)* as it is to *disciple*.

The literal meaning of Jesus’ command in the original language is, **“Going, therefore, disciple all nations.”**

The translators use of the imperative verb form *go* instead of the progressive form *going* has led many to emphasize the *go* instead of the *disciple*. This is unfortunate because when people hear the Great Commission mentioned, their minds typically run to far-off lands and jungles, to different people groups and cultures, or of ghettos and rescue missions. These certainly are areas for discipling men, but *going* to them is not the point of the Great Commission.

What Jesus meant was, “In your going, disciple.” This includes all our going—our everyday running to town or to the neighbor’s house, as well as any specialized “going” somewhere specifically to witness. In whatever land, culture, race, city, or work, we find ourselves living, the going is already part of our life. We are a *going* people. Jesus, in the Great Commission, told us what to do *as we go*.

Jesus exemplified this principle. After being brought back from Egypt as a baby, He spent the rest of His life within a very small area. However, the Gospels show Him constantly discipling (teaching) those He rubbed shoulders with every day.

Teaching—What It Is

The word translated *teach* means “make disciples.” This is the heart of

the Great Commission. To disciple means to teach, yes, and to bring to Jesus also. But it means to make people into followers and students of Jesus: disciples.

Although one cannot make another person into a disciple of Jesus, discipling involves helping, encouraging, teaching, supporting, and praying for others, helping them choose to follow Jesus and to grow into His image.

Those who disciple others teach and exemplify Jesus’ requirements of discipleship. He said disciples must “take up the cross daily.” They must hold to Him above family, rank, and possessions. They must deny themselves and forsake all. But the blessings of discipleship far outweigh the cost.

Discipling—How to Do It

To disciple does not mean simply to add church members, to pass out tracts, or “to go to the mission field,” although all these are good to do. To disciple is to bring into daily commitment to Jesus. To accomplish this, we live along side of, work with, and spend time with people we disciple. We not only teach but also “example” people into disciples of Jesus.

This is why Jesus said, “Going, therefore, disciple.” No part of our going is exempt from the call to disciple others. We disciple

by everyday words, actions, and decisions. We disciple at home, in the car, and in the shop. Discipling is done in the worksleaves of going.

We may think of “ministry” as working in full-time, paid Christian service or doing volunteer work. But every believer can be ministering to and discipling others. Anyone in a God-honoring business can be used by God to daily minister to others. A workman in a retail store, a factory, or a business office will not be able to spend time with every person he meets. But the Christian can use these environments to point others to his Lord as he follows the promptings of the Spirit.

Even more important than discipling at work is discipling in the brotherhood, where each person is a member of the family. We are each responsible to some degree for the spiritual well-being of our brothers and sisters. Discipling includes edifying, encouraging, loving, and serving each other as we provoke each other to love and good works and growth. Being busy in ministry but not having time to serve and disciple our brothers and sisters is not discipleship.

Discipling is investing time, energy, and love in others for Jesus’ sake. Such investments by disciples always pay dividends. Furthermore, that mutual love in the spiritual family

witnesses to the power of the Gospel and enhances our efforts to disciple the lost.

“Going Therefore”—Your Life Shines

As you think of influencing the world for Christ, realize that you are an example of what God can do in a person’s life. You are a miracle of grace! Your appearance, speech, and deportment testify to the life-changing grace of God.

You may have opportunities to sit down and teach individuals or groups by explaining Gospel concepts to them. Your life might bring you into a position of being able to explain the faith in scholarly debate. One reason to be constantly in prayer is that we do not know when such opportunities will come.

We are all teachers. We instruct our children, friends, co-workers, or strangers. We should strive to be good teachers, using the gifts God has given us. To do this effectively, we must read and know the Word of God.

“Going Therefore”—Your Words Shine

As a disciple of Jesus you have the answer to man’s needs. A personal testimony can effectively lead unsaved friends toward discipleship. It can also serve as a discipling tool by inspiring others. As a disciple of Jesus whose goal is to disciple others,

make sure Jesus is the focus of your testimony.


Determine to speak for the Lord whenever you can. Ask God to help you know what to say. Make a conscious effort not to be hurried in your “going,” for taking time to talk about Jesus is more important than “getting there.”

Think about people you could speak to. Do you have unsaved acquaintances? Consider the age and family settings of the people you relate to regularly—are there those with whom you feel more comfortable? How could you integrate your testimony into conversations with co-workers? People differ; ask the Lord to show you how to approach each individual case.

You may find it helpful preparation to write your testimony. Write how

life was before you came to the Lord. Tell how He worked to save you and of the blessings of knowing and serving Him in the family of God. Writing it will refresh your memory and may help bring pertinent thoughts to mind as you talk with people. Writing your testimony should also inspire you as you consider God’s marvelous love, what He saved you from, and what He is doing in your life now.

As Jesus’ disciple, God is working in you. As you grow in Him, your Lord is becoming more precious to you and your life is becoming more like His. It’s a glorious life! But never forget, the purpose of this glorious life is to bear fruit (which includes bringing others into discipleship) for God’s glory.

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helpers at home

October, a Season to Love

Mary June Glick, Seneca, SC

I am so glad I live in a world of Octobers.” (A quote by L.Montgomery)

October is one of my favorite months, especially this year. After

an extremely warm and dry summer, we will be happy for cooler weather. Autumn brings a sense of anticipation as we enjoy God’s handiwork all around us. It also gives a feeling

of urgency in preparation for the winter ahead. The squirrels are a good example as they scurry around gathering the black walnuts on our driveway, storing them for winter. I have been a bit like the squirrels feeling the need to gather in whatever I can find.

I used to enjoy a walk through the woods finding dried weeds, leaves and nuts to create wreaths or other dried flowers for winter arrangements. Apples and pumpkins give us delightful ingredients for pies and other pastries. October is a mellowing experience. It is not too hot or too cold. The trees are clothed in splendor, the sky is clear and blue. The autumn flowers are giving us their brilliant display of color. Somehow it reminds me of life. For those of us who are getting older, we have left the glory of spring and summer behind and we are preparing for winter.

Mothers are experiencing quieter days with children back in school. This is a good time to catch up on those things you may have neglected during the busy summer months. It is also a time to reflect on your life as a mother. Am I meeting the expectations of my family? How do I feel about my role as a mother? Do my children feel loved and appreciated? Motherhood is a

privilege not to be taken for granted. It is a season of your life filled with joy and happiness. I know there are also many disappointments and frustrations. You hold the key that ensures happy memories for your family. I know there are exceptions where the father is not doing his part, but even in spite of a situation like this, God can use the mother to bring love and happiness to the family.

Here are a few suggestions which may help you create happy memories for your family:

Love your children's' father.

A good relationship between husband and wife brings security to a child. In a world of broken marriages, children want to know Mom and Dad love each other. It is important to express affection and respect to your husband in front of your child. It is also imperative to say, "I am sorry" if you have spoken unkindly to your spouse. Your child needs to know there has been forgiveness between you.

Celebrate the little things.

Each day is a gift from God, meant to be enjoyed. Take time to celebrate the little things. At the first snowfall of the season go outside and make a snowman with your children, then enjoy cups of hot chocolate together. Tuck a note in the lunch boxes expressing your love on birthdays

and other special times or fix your child's favorite food after a big test at school. Life is full of things to celebrate.

Choose your battles.

Are you always saying, "No" to your toddler or your teenager? There are some things that really don't matter such as whether the clothes match or are things done exactly how I would choose. Choose battles wisely, then when it does matter, say, "No" and mean it.

Enjoy meals together.

Meals should be eaten together around the family table as much as possible. Meals should be a time of sharing about the day's activities, a time of quiet laughter and fun. Meals should be eaten without the help of technology. If necessary collect all cell phones, even Mom and Dad's at mealtime.

Help your child discover his gift or special niche in your family.

I believe each child has a special gift which needs to be developed. Study your child; find out what he enjoys, what he does well. Encourage him in finding his place in your family and also in life.


Love with compassion.

Jesus was compassionate. He often showed his compassion with a touch. Don't hesitate to snuggle and kiss your little ones, however, continue as they grow in to teenage years with hugs and even a simple hand on their shoulder. We all need to be touched with love and compassion.

Enjoy October.

Let it be your time of reevaluating and refreshing.

Delight in the beauty of God's handiwork all around you.

Celebrate it with your family. 

junior messages

Every Secret Thing

Mary Ellen Beachy, Kisumu, Kenya

There was once an African pastor in an Anglican church who was living a double

life. His church did not approve of polygamy (having more than one wife). This pastor secretly had

two wives. When his father died, people from his church came to the funeral. They wondered about another woman they saw at his *dalla*. He had tricked them, but now they had the truth.

In Africa where polygamy is common, it is a big temptation for many men to have more than one wife. They are tempted to have another wife if the first wife is barren, or only has daughters. Some people look up to the man who can manage to provide for more than one woman. Thankfully, though, there are also many men who believe it is best for a man to have only one wife.

In the beginning of the world, how many wives did God create for Adam?

In this Anglican church they also had a savings group. The pastor took care of the money for them. People could withdraw money when they needed it. One day some of the members came for their money but the money had disappeared. They were very upset and took the pastor to court. He was told he had to pay the money back. The people said, "Ah, pastor, you are even a thief." They did not want him to be their pastor anymore.

To be a leader is a serious responsibility. God wants a leader

to be a good example. He wants a shepherd whom the sheep can safely follow.

When we are tempted to do wrong we need to remember the words in Ecclesiastes 12:14, "For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil."

Time To Go Home

In Africa, the children run and play with other children in the village. They have much fun all afternoon. Thankfully, when darkness is coming, their mothers want them to come home.

One evening Idah, who was five years old, did not come home when darkness fell. Her mother and grandmother called and called for her. They were worried when she did not come.

At eight o'clock, Idah finally came home. Their next-door neighbor had a television set and Idah had stayed there to watch a movie.

Mama and Grandma were not at all pleased. They decided that Idah must be punished. So she was given a caning. She screamed and sobbed.

Thankfully, this small girl learned a valuable lesson. Her mother told me that now when darkness is falling, or rain is coming, Idah runs home, where she should be.

Happy are the children who obey their parents.



Adventures in a Refugee Camp

Regina Yoder, Dunmore East, Ireland

One midnight this past summer I woke up to see a full moon shining on the hills of Athens, a breathtaking view. The plane was landing. Hours later about thirty Middle Eastern refugees filed into “church”—a large room where scores of volunteers from the Charity mission known as i58 sat in rows on the floor. I was on the Greek island of Lesbos to volunteer in Moria refugee camp.

Several miles from camp was a fishing village where the volunteers lodged. Pink, red and white oleander was blooming everywhere. There was jasmine, grape vines, roses, bougainvillea, palms, citrus, olive trees... It was a poor village—but a paradise compared to Moria.

On my first day there, another riot broke out. It started, some said, when the police didn’t give the people the papers they wanted. The rioters lit dumpsters on fire and pushed them down the steep road running through camp. Different

ethnic groups fought with rocks and pipes scavenged from the flimsy dwellings. Angry men chased and tackled i58’s manager. Thankfully he was able to escape and run to a taxi.

I will never forget the first time I walked into the Moria camp. Ladies in brightly coloured burkas; quiet, sad men; noisy children clamouring for “high fives”, hugs, and attention. People sat at tent entrances, bored. Over 3,000 of them were crammed onto five acres, their colourful tents everywhere.

i58 was responsible for distributing food, milk, tea, and clothing as well as guarding the gates of the family compound (a safer area of the camp). I was assigned to the latter. I found myself among Syrians and a few Iraqis, including several dozen children, who swarmed around us immediately.

In my first hour on duty, a young woman held out a glass of warm sweet tea to me and, in a roomful of Syrian Kurds, I drank it. They

freely shared their food and water with me. Soon a friend arrived and went off in an angry spiel about the riot two days earlier. They told me he wants me to pray for him, so I did, not realizing that this kind of public prayer would soon be strictly forbidden at camp. Then one of them also prayed, to Allah. They made me promise to come back the next day.

Later I saw a man and his wife shouting, then tussling, and a small crowd formed immediately. Some men began tackling the husband, and he fought back. A noisy and growing group of people moved around here and there, sometimes right in front of me. As I soon discovered, fights like this happened almost daily.

Sometimes I'd put cardboard or a blanket on the ground, and someone would soon come to write, talk, draw, or just sit. Many spoke English. If not, we communicated through hand motions or translators. I heard heartbreaking stories of war, ISIS, young boys forced to become soldiers, bombs, beheadings, children tortured, the Taliban, the perilous journey through Turkey, theft, slavery, abuse, trafficking, injustice, the traumatic boat trip from Turkey to Lesbos.

At Moria, because of the constant fights and crowded living conditions, they would find only more trauma. Now no country wanted them. They were waiting—for how long, no one knew—until politics changed and they somehow got to go somewhere.

Cots and blankets were used to make walls and shelves. Because of my dress I felt a special kinship with the Muslim women and experienced much hospitality and openness. Once I sat in a small, curtained-off women and children's area. The conversation soon went to our beliefs and one lady asked for help with studying the Bible, a common request. This was dangerous because there were some militant Muslims around, and we kept it a secret.

Then one day i58 leaders soberly told our team that some ISIS members in our camp were very angry because of Bible studies and baptisms. They had actually caused the riot that happened on my first day and, although they tried to make it appear as though there was a different cause, it was meant to target us. Now they had plans to incite more such riots. They wanted to kill one of i58's leaders and kidnap some of our women. Thanks to some refugees who risked their lives to inform

us, our leaders found out about these plans. (These same refugees had also predicted the earlier riot, although no one had taken them seriously.)

The i58 board decided that most of the volunteers should head home to safety. The remaining handful of us were asked to spend three days in fasting, prayer, and Bible study. This was a wonderful time during which we banded together for safety reasons. We focused then on street evangelism and preparing a community center in town for refugees.

On the streets, many refugees were walking to town and back. Others fished on the seashore. One day I accompanied an evangelist walking to Mytilene and back, talking to refugees all along the way. Almost all of them wanted a Bible as well as help in studying it. They freely gave their phone numbers for further contact. I've never seen such openness to the Gospel!

Eventually we returned to Moria and were enthusiastically welcomed back. But now things were different. No longer could we work in the family compound. We were given many new rules about safety. We were to be non-confrontational and extremely careful in speaking about

Jesus. Male volunteers had to escort all groups. We were to stay tuned to our radios, ready to evacuate at any time.

More fights had taken place. The clothing tents had been broken into and all the clothing taken. The tea tent had also been taken apart and all the soup and tea stolen. There were no tents, tea, or clothing to distribute anymore. These were very sad days. We felt despair and depression throughout the whole camp. A lot of clothing was hidden somewhere, but those who needed it were not able to get it.

What could we do? People came to ask for things, but there was nothing to give them. I sat with them in the intense heat. I talked with the adults. I held their children, colouring or drawing with them. I taught the ladies to crochet. I experienced a taste of what it's like to be a refugee in a camp where time passes slowly and the future looks hopeless.

One morning we found the road outside camp lined with men under blankets. During the night there had been a fight between the Afghans and Pakistanis. The Afghans burned a lot of Pakistani tents. My young Afghani friend sadly told me about her husband being injured, about all the children crying in the night as

they tried to find a safer place.

All day I watched sad people go up and down the hill or come ask us for tents or clothes (of which we had neither). Some were very persistent and it was heartbreaking to turn everyone away. Tempers were short. Fights were common.


This camp in Lesvos is one of many. There are huge camps on the mainland, and many more in Turkey, Italy, and across Europe. In 2015 over a million refugees entered Europe, the worst humanitarian crisis seen there since World War II. Volunteers are discovering a huge human trafficking trade linking Turkey, Lesvos, Athens, and the rest of Europe. Poorer refugees stay in Turkey in huge camps even more miserable than Moria. The most unfortunate ones, however, are those who stay at home in Damascus or Aleppo where the bombs keep falling.

I've never come face to face with pain and suffering on such a large scale. I've also never seen such an awakening! History is being made in the story of Islam and Christianity. In the last twenty years an unprecedented number of Muslims have become Christians. God is using unrest in the Middle East to bring people closer to Him.

I now have a much greater respect for the Arabic people. A small fraction of them cause problems, but I've seen many more who are outstanding leaders, intelligent and formerly wealthy business people, kind-hearted and caring family people.

Fewer boatloads of refugees are arriving, but now refugees are being held in squalid camps. Governments and charities provide basic food and clothes. We have an opportunity to help distribute these resources and, more importantly, to share Christ with the many lost souls. Also, we have the ability to organize, clean up, and implement better conditions in the camps, such as happened in Moria when i58 started there last December.

If our faith is real, it can no longer lie sleeping. The sorrowful and destitute are coming nearer to our doorstep! It falls to us to bring the only hope they have in this world—Jesus.

The writings in Thinking Generation, all previously unpublished, attempt to address the issues today's Anabaptist young people are (or ought to be) wrestling with. Submit your comments, as well as proposed material for the column, to gideoniyutzy@gmail.com. 

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Periodicals

THOUGHT GEMS

The wind of anger blows out the lamp of reason.

• • • • •

Backsliding is the easiest thing to do—it simply asks that we do nothing.

• • • • •

Cultivate your character to be like what you wish to see in your neighbor.

• • • • •

It's not easy for children to practice better manners than they see.

• • • • •

Let us live so that when when people get to know us, they get an idea of what Jesus is like.

• • • • •

Far too many church members have been starched and ironed, without first being washed.

• • • • •

The best sleeping pill is a clear conscience.

• • • • •

A dewdrop does the will of God as much as does the thunderstorm.

• • • • •

Let us live well and let God handle the stress of how long we live.

• • • • •

If Jesus is kept outside, there is something wrong inside.

• • • • •

In a land of plenty, we must learn the value of what we can do without.