



Calvary MESSENGER

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

Galatians 6:14

JULY 2019

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Calvary Messenger

July 2019

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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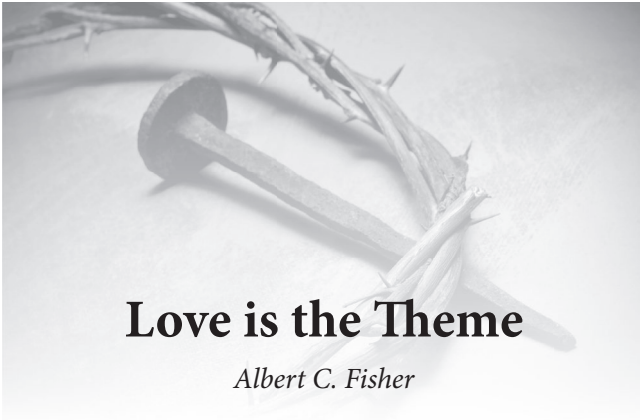
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Love is the Theme

Albert C. Fisher

Of the themes that men have known,
One supremely stands alone;
Through the ages it has shown,
'Tis His wonderful, wonderful love.

Let the bells of Heaven ring,
Let the saints their tribute bring,
Let the world true praises sing
For His wonderful, wonderful love.

Since the Lord my soul unbound,
I am telling all around
Pardon, peace, and joy are found
In His wonderful, wonderful love.

As of old when blind and lame
To the blessed Master came,
Sinners, call upon His name,
Trust His wonderful, wonderful love.

Love is the theme, love is supreme;
Sweeter it grows, glory bestows;
Bright as the sun ever it glows!
Love is the theme, eternal theme!

–Public Domain 

The Message of Calvary

One night in Palestine, around 2000 years ago, a prominent Pharisee waited until the cover of darkness gave him the courage to seek out the Teacher from Nazareth. This Teacher was in Jerusalem celebrating the Passover. He had made quite a scene in the temple court when He upset the marketplace that was selling birds and animals for the Passover. He also greatly upset the rulers and leaders who challenged His authority.

This prominent Pharisee, though an honest seeker, discovered where the Teacher abode and sought Him out. He admitted that He must be from God since the miracles He did could only be done by the power of God.

The Teacher gave no time for his first question but presented the seeker with the requirement for entry into the God's kingdom. The Teacher also confounded the seeker with a variety of spiritual truths but quickly brought him back to the well-known story of the brass serpent that saved the lives of believing Israelites who were bitten by fiery snakes.

The challenge to the seeker was evident; sometime this son of man will be lifted up as the brass serpent was lifted up. Sometime this human who says He came from heaven would bring life to seekers. Believing would result in eternal life he was told.

This begged the question; why would God allow this Teacher, this miracle worker, this son of man, this Son of God to be lifted up in death? Why does anybody give his life for another? What is the motivation for such a selfless act? The Teacher provided the answer. "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life" (John 3:16).

Such a love that induced God to give His only begotten Son to die for the world could not be described. The Teacher did not attempt to describe it but left the subject for everlasting contemplation. The prophets "enquired and searched diligently" (I Peter 1:10), when they prophesied of this act of grace. They would not see it but wrote by the

inspiration of the Holy Ghost so we might believe. “Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the LORD is risen upon thee. For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the LORD shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee. And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising” (Isaiah 60:1-3).

Such an indescribable love was too great for even the angels to understand. (I Peter 1:12) Was the position of the cherubim on the ark of the covenant not only a position of protection but also a position of astonishment and wonder at the mercy seat where the Shekinah glory gave fallen man a glimpse of the glory and love of God?

Did this seeker believe? Did the message of the cross bring light and glory to his sinful heart? Did it change his heart and give him courage to live a life of faith in broad daylight? Did the unfathomable message of God’s love from the cross give him the promised eternal life?

Yes indeed! His faith was growing when he challenged his fellow Pharisees to hear a man before judging him. (John 7:51)

Yes, indeed he believed, when he saw firsthand the horrible death of the cross. He believed, trusted, and

reciprocated this divine Love—this message of the cross that was now burning in his heart. He was willing to risk his reputation, his position, and his very life to care for the dead body of this Teacher, now his Savior. The whole universe must have been watching as he loved in return and gave this scorned and seemingly conquered Teacher a decent burial.

Various New Testament writers testify of the love radiating from Calvary. The beloved disciple wrote in his epistle about this love. “Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God:” (I John 3:1a). “Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us:” (I John 3:16a). “In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him” (I John 4:9).

Paul, the apostle, testified that God demonstrated His love to sinners. “But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us” (Romans 5:8).

Love is not the only message coming from Calvary.

For those who are saved, it speaks of the power of God. “For the preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness; but unto us which are

saved it is the power of God.” (I Cor. 1:18)

Calvary brought reconciliation between God’s chosen people and the Gentiles. “And that he might reconcile both unto God in one body by the cross, having slain the enmity thereby.” (Ephesians 2:16).

The message to the dying thief was peace and hope. We also claim peace and reconciliation with our Father because of Christ’s death on the cross. “And, having made peace through the blood of his cross, by him to reconcile all things unto himself; by him, I say, whether they be things in earth, or things in heaven” (Colossians 1:20).

The message of Calvary is the supreme example of God’s upside-down kingdom. He promises power and new life to those who are willing to be crucified with Christ. “ I am

crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me” (Galatians 2:20). What a privilege to have Christ living in us!

As I assume the responsibility of editing this periodical, I ponder on the name that was given at its inception. What message do you hear coming from the Cross of Christ? What message does our constituency hear coming from Calvary? May the message of Calvary be a continual astonishment and wonder that inspires us to love Him in return. May the divine Love radiate in brilliant light from our lives in spontaneous ministry to the “gross darkness” around us!

–Aaron Yoder 

reader response

Re: With Love, On Mother’s Day, May 2019, p. 33

I know this article was aimed at mothers, but as a young father and husband of a chronically ill wife, I found exactly what I needed to hear. Thank you for sharing!

Recently the story of the Good Samaritan came up in Sunday School here, and I realized that I’ve been in

attitude like the priest and Levite who were more concerned about doing other legitimate things than about loving their neighbor who was right in front of them. In discussion with a friend on the subject, he suggested that a man shouldn’t think of his wife and children as an extension of himself but rather as his neighbors. I agree wholeheartedly! This idea

has been a helpful way for me to be a better husband and father.

It's a significant temptation for me to look at others wishing I had the freedoms and opportunities that go along with their stage in life. But my current lot is one that is filled with opportunities to provide for and nurture my dear wife and our precious children. May we love God first and our neighbor as ourselves—no matter what is our station in life.

Luke Nisly, Oswego, KS

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Re: MMR Endorsement, June 2019, p. 23

I was disappointed to see your endorsement of the MMR vaccine in the June Calvary Messenger. I find the endorsement of vaccines which originated from aborted fetus highly objectionable, and I'm hoping you will either clarify or retract this seeming endorsement.

Thank you.

Jason Yutzy, Grove City, MN 

Announcement

Faithful Women Seminar

October 5, 2019

WALKING ALONGSIDE

- Relationships That Nurture – *Clara Byler, Mt. Eaton, OH*
- Barriers and Blessings, part 1 – *Lucy Miller, Guys Mills, PA*
- Barriers and Blessings, part 2 – *Michelle Knox, Cable, OH*
- Embracing Nurture – (*panel discussion: Jen Miller, Clara Byler, Lucy Miller, Michelle Knox, Thelma Beachy*)

Registration Deadline: September 20, 2019.

To register or for questions about the seminar, please call 614-873-1199 or email info@dlmohio.org

This seminar is hosted by:

Deeper Life Ministries

5123 Converse Huff Rd.

Plain City, OH 43064

www.dlmohio.org 

A Postscript to Father's Day

Aaron Lapp, Kinzers, PA

“And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into him the breath of life; and man became a living soul” (Genesis 2:7).

We will propose here a short view of the physical creation of the body of the man. I cannot refer to science, biology, or the various branches of medicine, such as doctor, surgeon, or registered nurse in which they would be easily conversant. I did not attend high school but had only eight years in a public school in our 1940's neighborhood, one room schoolhouse. The curriculum did not have science courses. We did have a class that was called “Health” with a basic book that was used for one class period per week. Predictably, I received more “health” from my lunch box every day at noon than I got out of that class!

We are assembling a few thoughts about how the omniscient, omnipresent, and omnipotent Almighty God proceeded to create the very first man. The chosen title for this book unashamedly designates it *An Introduction...*, which applies to every chapter and very obviously to

this section. The chosen word from the text, for our limited insight, is “formed,” suggesting an overall plan. Forms are what men use in the work of pouring concrete to provide shape, design, limit, size, and appearance along with utility. This project was not to be a statue but a living, pulsing, breathing, moving, walking, running, turning about, bending over, lying down, getting up man with muscles that can tense and relax, bones large enough for every function yet small enough to handle detail, muscle mass to minimize effort but maximize every possible task without being unduly cumbersome. The body must be compact for the sake of minimal maintenance yet renewable to overcome the unnoticed wasting of body cells. It must be covered with soft, pliable skin that minimizes tear and maximizes wear. It should sweat enough to stay cool through seemingly closed glands that open unnoticed for convenient secretion. The detail of some facial hair could

give a masculine appearance. The internal vitals for sustaining life need to be arranged for utility, being compact, utilizing food and water, along with a waste system that can dispose of the residual waste with a minimal inconvenience at reasonable intervals.

Now folks, for the unusual and seemingly impossible task of creating a man, of whom there was never anything nor anyone like it before in time or in eternity, the Lord God merely scraped together some dust and formed the very first man. This heretofore lifeless, physical, mature-sized man is not being prepared for a funeral and buried out of sight. This “work” is staged for an unpopulated world without so much as one spectator. This original lifeless form was the most handsome man in all the world. It was a specimen all its own, a sort of prototype for billions of this species to follow for thousands of years to come, without diminishing to extinction or evolving even in one detail toward something other! Neither was it a case of trial and error where the first several needed some changes and modifications.

Up to now this “form” had not moved so much as one inch nor did “it” have a name. He is first named as Adam in Genesis 2:19; previously he was just called “the man.” The first place it speaks of Adam returning to that same dust after he dies is in Genesis 3:19 after he had sinned.

The Bible says, “And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul” (Genesis 2:7). This was not an attempt at mouth-to-mouth resuscitation to restore breath and life; this is the divine record of the “origin” of life. God, the Creator, came down really close and breathed into his nostrils. The heart started pumping blood to all parts of the body, and the man began breathing on his own. Forthwith, every bone, muscle, and internal organ became operational simultaneously. The man was alive with the five basic senses, and the brain functioned in a managerial capacity for this brand-new world. “And God saw that it was very good.”

The physical properties of men that meet the eye are a curious study—how they appear overall. Their height is noticed, first of all, and their possible age. Next around for observation is the width, either side to side or front to back. Then we see the face, which can in these days be an instinctive assessment of too much hair as the bushy distractions appear on some men. At least we are sure then of “it” being a man.


And how is the specimen of men species dressed? Here we are faced with an incalculable reality, because of what can happen between the bedroom door and exiting the front door. We are always faced with an

unanswered question: is what this man is wearing today reflecting his own taste for his outfit, or does it reflect the needed oversight of a mother, sister, or wife?

How he walks is another subject, but most of all how he talks. A researcher did a study of men and women in their talking. We expect reports of shortest and longest, coldest and warmest, most and least in what they assume we need to know by all kinds of their studies. Well, the range of words spoken on an average day by men and women came in at a low of 800 words and a high of 47,000 words. The shocker is that both categories were carried by the men!

The Bottom Line is that God made man and woman for unique purposes.

It is an honor to be a man despite our weaknesses. It is just as much an honor for a woman to be a woman. We can never thank God enough for the “thought” that went into our original creation as a man or as a woman. Nothing can replace the way in which men and women complement each other as they abide in God’s appointed sphere. It was Abraham Lincoln who said, “Whatever you are, be a good one!” Amen!

P.S. This article is from the manuscript of a book by the author due for publication later this year, titled [An Introduction to Creation Principles](#). Next month we will present from this book a companion article “The Principle of the Soul and Spirit.” 

A Tribute to Dad

Alfredo Mullet, Lott, TX

You are the man I am most privileged to call Dad;
You gave me a home and family when I had none.
You became the provider and nurturer I never had;
I consider myself extremely blessed to be your son.

You allowed me a setting at your dinner table,
and gave me a place among your own children.
Although at times I was ungratefully incorrigible,
you did not disown me or mistreat me even then.

I know there were times when I tested your patience,
and you wondered, “Why did I ever adopt this boy?”
But as a grownup, I hope you treasure my presence,
and my manly maturity fills you with contented joy.

You adopted me long before seminars at Penn Valley
and CLP books taught how to do effective adoption.
Truly, your missionary exploits were more than theory
when this orphan child became your in-house mission.

Sometimes adoptive parents struggle with knowing
how to properly include an outsider into their family.
But somehow you just accepted me without repining,
naturally making me an integral part of your progeny.

I became the man I am because of your influence
as an exemplary follower of Jesus Christ your Lord.
As a child I may have been cheated of worldly affluence,
but in the end, your legacy is your faith in God's Word.

I hear of adopted children who long for biological ties,
so they spend much energy pursuing birth connections.
However, I can honestly say I am emotionally satisfied,
for our father and son bond supersedes blood relations.

In fact, our relationship is living proof that biology
is not the strongest link holding humans together.
Rather, it is the security of belonging in a family,
and the divine cord in Christ as brother to brother.

One evidence that this philosophical point of view
is true is that according to some people's observation,
in so many ways, I look and conduct myself like you.
Some say this in jest, while others do so in frustration.

As young children we saw you struggle economically
when we moved to the States from the mission field.
We observed that working as a long-term missionary
is not the profession that renders a high financial yield.

But yet, somehow you managed to clothe and feed us
and pay dearly to send the four of us to private school.
We knew we did not have an annual monetary surplus,
but without realizing it you bequeathed us survival tools.

Now moving from Belize to Holmes County, Ohio
was a somewhat complicated cultural adjustment.
As broke missionaries we did not fit the status quo;
sometimes this engendered a little bit of resentment.

Also, as a well-beloved and sought-after evangelist
you often left to edify and promote Christ's Kingdom.
Although in these extended absences you were missed,
we took advantage of trying to sneak things past Mom.

In all the years of your week-long evangelistic tours
I never questioned your commitment to your spouse.
Through that deep heart dedication to Mom of yours,
God provided a blessing of security within our house.

I understand you travailed many a sleepless night
for us when we showed no concern for our souls.
Your greatest passion was for us to see the Light
and invite Jesus into our hearts to take full control.

You would agree, I was your most rebellious child;
my stubbornness caused you much soul tribulation.
My siblings were of a nature more tender and mild;
yet God rewarded your pleas with my late conversion.

I fondly recall our evening dinner table discussions
of church rules, political news, and life philosophy.
Sometimes these debates aroused intense emotions,
especially when we disagreed with you vehemently.

An aspect of your temperamental nature we enjoyed
was your funny mannerisms and good sense of humor.
Often, though life was stressful and problems annoyed,
as a Mullet family we could work up a hearty laughter.

You were an excellent carpenter and a good craftsman,
but one thing you could not do was make a culinary dish.
One day Mom was gone, you pulled out the frying pan,
got out the powdered sugar and fried sweet sticky fish.

Certainly, your hands-on technical/vocational acumen
was the greatest life-skill you passed down to your sons.
Working with you is where we trained to become men;
we learned more on the job than from religious lessons.

You took us boys in as company associates/partners,
naming your construction business Mullet and Sons.
The goofing around when you hired non-family workers
though, prompted you to rename us Mullet and Clowns.

And now bringing your history to the recent decade,
you have exemplified how to move on with dignity.
Perhaps the first and most important change you made
was the rescinding of your long ecclesiastical ministry.

Another adjustment was starting a home business
where you and Mom could go to work side-by-side.
You also built a cabin in Ohio's Hocking Hills Forest
for when the path to the bird barn is too long a stride.

The latest decision that perhaps was the hardest for us
was the selling of our Texas homestead to our brother.
Yet you willingly let go of it without an emotional fuss,
and now we enjoy the view from the upgrade together.

You were the picture of healthy virility until recently;
it has been quite traumatic to see you grow weaker.
For all these years you were the patriarchal stability
we have relied on to keep us bound to one another.

But now with the diagnosis of dreaded leukemia
our plans for the future make us feel so insecure.
Your physical condition has produced a dilemma;
do we pray for healing, or for strength to endure?

We do not know what the near future holds for us,
but we will enjoy you whether time is short or long.
If it be God's will to take you, we will grieve our loss,
yet for Mom's sake, we will do our best to stay strong.

I've heard people say that a Conservative Mennonite
cannot truly comprehend the fullness of God's Grace.
However, your life clearly debunked that foolish insight,
for we can testify of the glory of Jesus on your face.

Indeed, your life touched so many people in this world
due to your broad evangelistic and missionary vocation.
And yet, the major impact was on two boys and two girls
who analyzed your daily-grind-profession of Salvation.

In living, you demonstrated to us how to surrender
to the will of our God and his divine sovereignty.
But today, in facing death, we tearfully remember
the peaceful anticipation of your celestial destiny.

We also want to submit ourselves to God's plan;
we know as believers this is the right thing to do.
Nonetheless we wrestle, for we do not understand
why awful diseases overtake good men like you?

Now, this rambling is not to paint you as superhuman,
or to disproportionately over-rate your saintly name.
However, it is fitting to appreciate you as a Godly man,
and I am certain the rest of the family feels the same.

I am sure you would be the first to admit your behavior
has not been all flawless since your new birth in youth.
Still, your authentic faith in Jesus Christ your Savior
God will honor, along with your sincere love for truth.

Considering everything that has transpired up to now
Our Creator God has indeed richly blessed our family.
We believe that whatever happens, we will somehow
be given the necessary courage to continue faithfully.

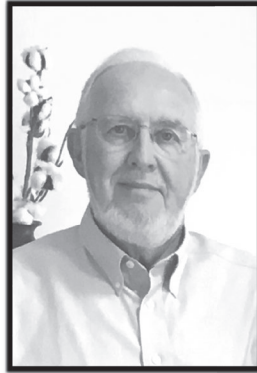
“Take good care of Mom and remain faithful to God”
were the last directives you conferred on your children.
Thus, with our Lord's grace we will diligently plod
along together until we all reunite with you in Heaven.

Now Dad, as we respectfully lay your body to rest
we grieve deeply with the awful pain of losing you.
At the same time, we rejoice for you are most blessed
to join the redeemed, with Jesus' face eternally in view!

-Alfredo Mullet 



In Loving Memory



Andrew R. Mullet

June 13, 1945–April 27, 2019

For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.
Philippians 1:21

Andrew R. Mullet of Lott, TX passed away on April 27, 2019 after a brief battle with leukemia. He died peacefully at his home surrounded by his family, at the age of 73.

He was born in Sugarcreek, OH, on June 13, 1945 to Roman J. & Amanda Mullet. He surrendered his life to Jesus Christ and was baptized at age 13. He married Edith (Yoder) on August 28, 1965 and was ordained to the ministry at age 22.

In addition to his wife, he is survived by his four children. Alfredo (Penny) Mullet of Chilton, TX, Kevin (Leona) Mullet of Lott, TX, Julia (Jerry) Maddox of China Spring, TX, and Teresa (Kevin) Weaver of Logan, OH, one brother Bill (Ellen) Mullet of Walnut Creek, OH, and sisters Ruth (the late James) Yoder of Lewisburg, PA, and Rosa Mullet of Sugarcreek, OH, six grandchildren Jose (Aranza), Teresa, Hunter, Grant, Destiny and Jackson. He was preceded in death by his parents and one brother, Edward (Wilma) Mullet.

Andy's great love for people was evident in his passion for ministry and missions. He served as a missionary for many years in Belize, Central America and Kenya, East Africa under Amish Mennonite Aid. He was involved with church planting in Liberia, West Africa and Australia. He also played a vital role in establishing Faith Mennonite Fellowship in Lott, TX in 1980.

He was a natural storyteller and captivated audiences with his preaching. He had such a unique gift of relating stories throughout his messages that even 40 years later people can still recall them.

Andy left a legacy of faith in God and a true example of a steadfast servant of Jesus Christ. He is now rejoicing in his reward and worshipping the Savior, who was so dear to him on earth. His greatest wish would be for all of us to "meet him in the skies".

Funeral Service Order

Faith Mennonite Fellowship
Lott, TX
April 30, 2019 @ 10:00 A.M.

Welcome & Prayer
Lee Fisher

Congregational Songs
Gabriel Beachy

Message
Elmer Smucker

Reading of Obituary
Brian Bontrager

Tribute
Alfredo Mullet

Interment
Clover Hill Cemetery
Lott, TX

Graveside Service
David Kauffman

pallbearers

| | |
|------------------|------------------|
| Levi Hershberger | Philip Friesen |
| Jerry Miller | Daniel Miller |
| Jalon Yoder | Samuel Stoltzfus |

marriages

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

Beachy-Yoder

Bro. Eric, son of Philip and Sue Ann Beachy, Millersburg, OH, and Sis. Angela, daughter of Oren and Joanna Yoder, Partridge, KS, at First Presbyterian Church for Center A.M. Church on May 4, 2019, by Philip Miller.

Bontrager-Schrock

Bro. Leland, son of Leon and Ellen Bontrager, Middlebury, IN, and Sis. Dorcas, daughter of Devon and Doris Schrock, Goshen, IN, on May 25, 2019, at Fair Haven Mennonite Church for Rosewood Fellowship by Lavern Miller.

Bower-Miller

Bro. Anthony, son of Arlen and Michaela Bower, Wellman, IA, and Sis. Kristina, daughter of David and Katie Miller, Wellman, IA, on Jan. 3, 2019, at Kalona Mennonite Church by Delmar Bontrager.

Funk-Fisher

Bro. Christopher, son of Wilmer and Vivian Funk, Chambersburg, PA, and Sis. Karen, daughter of Marvin and Kathryn Fisher, Woodstown, NJ, at Fellowship Bible Church for County Mennonite Church, on May 11, 2019, by Wilmer Funk.

Groff-Jara

Bro. Larry, son of Charlie and Arlene Groff, Myerstown, PA, and Sis. Rhoda, daughter of Justo and Barbara Jara, Aroda, VA/Paraguay, on May 4, 2019, at Covenant Church for Gospel Light Mennonite Church by Eldon Hochstetler.

Hochstedler-Wray

Bro. Carlin, son of Keith and Elmina Hochstedler, Amboy, IN, and Sis. Savannah, daughter of Brian and Carma Wray, Peru, IN, were married by Mike Wray on May 18, 2019, at Bethany Fellowship Church.

King-Mast

Bro. Jonathan, son of Andy and Anna Ruth King, Honeybrook, PA, and Sis. Melissa Mast, daughter of Keith and Linda Mast, on March 23, 2019, at Martindale Reception Center, for Summitview Christian Church, by Dave Stoltzfus.

Kuhns-Kauffman

Bro. Justin Lamar, son of Joe and RoseAnn Kuhns, Lancaster, PA, and Sis. Stephanie Jo, daughter of Norman and Wanda Kauffman, Bird-in-Hand, PA, on April 2019, at Weavertown A.M. Church, by Dave Stoltzfoos.

Miller-Stoltzfus

Bro. Matthew, son of Dan and Frieda Miller, Walhonding, OH, and Sis. Rachel, daughter of Chester and Rebecca Stoltzfus, Honeybrook, PA, on May

11, 2019, at Honeybrook Community Church for Summitview Christian Church by Floyd King.

Weaver-Miller

Bro. Jerald Weaver, son of Eldon and Susanna Weaver, Kokomo, IN, and Sis. Krista Miller, daughter of Reuben and Miriam Miller, Fort Wayne, IN, on March 30, 2019, at North Leo Mennonite Church.


Wingard-Yoder

Bro. Sawyer, son of Olen and Emily Wingard, Montezuma, Ga. and Sis. Sondra, daughter of Jonathon and Connie Yoder, Montezuma, Ga. on April 20, 2019 at Montezuma Mennonite Church by Donny Swartzentruber

Yoder-Overholt

Bro. Aaron, son of B. Truman and Marietta Yoder, Lincoln, MO, and Sis. Angela, daughter of Michael and Diana Overholt, Lincoln, MO, at Heritage Ranch Camp for Fountain of Praise Mennonite Church, on May 23, 2019, by B. Truman Yoder.

Yoder-Yoder

Bro. Neal, son of Floyd and Molly Yoder, Gold Creek, MT, and Sis. Lilly, daughter of David and Faith Yoder, Oskaloosa, KS, on May 3, 2019, at Western Hills Chills for Ebenezer A.M. Church by Mervin Graber. 

cradle roll

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

Beachy, Jevon and Abigail (Troyer), Free Union, VA, third child, second daughter, April Avonlea, April 19, 2019.

Beachy, John Wesley and Melissa (Schrock), Wytheville, VA, second child, first daughter, Viola Brooke, April 29, 2019.

Bontrager, Gary and Luella (Gingerich), Amboy, IN, seventh child, fifth son, Brent Allan, Jan. 29, 2019.

Burkholder, Scott and Suzanne (Troyer), Bremen, IN, fifth child, third son, Reid Donovan, August 21, 2018.

Byler, Kevin and Veronica (Mast), Vanleer, TN, first child and son, Asher Todd, April 24, 2019.

Esh, Julian and Cathy (Wengerd), Charlotte, TN, second child, first daughter, Zyana Kate, April 8, 2019.

Lapp, Curtis and Ella (Wagler), Mt. Pleasant, PA, fifth child, third son, Justin Friedrich, April 15, 2019.

Mast, Dale and Gale (Wagler), Ossian, IN, first child and daughter, Alexia Rain, Jan. 3, 2019.

Mast, Jared and Sara (Yoder), Mountain View, AR, fourth child, third son, Jaxson Kyle, April 22, 2019.

Miller, Anthony and Sherri (Chupp), Stuarts Draft, VA, fourth child, third son, Spencer Flynn, April 30, 2019.

Miller, Jared and Sara (Trujillo), Middlebury, IN, first child and son, Sebastian Drew, June 2, 2019.

Miller, Jolan and Regina (Schlabach), Newcomerstown, OH, second child and son, Jackson David, Feb. 16, 2019.

Miller, Josh and Angela (Lantz), Lott, TX, second child, first son, Rhett Joshua, May 31, 2019.

Miller, Myron and Leona (Lapp), New Holland, PA, first child and daughter, Cassidy Brooke, April 22, 2019.

Miller, Tim and Heidi (Yoder), Goshen, IN, sixth child, fourth daughter, Janessa Faith, May 8, 2019.

Showalter, Weston and Heidi (Miller), Baltic, OH, fourth child, third son, Adrian Israel, May 4, 2019.

Weaver, Ryan and Rebecca (Yoder), Montezuma, GA, fourth child and daughter, Havana Elise, April 9, 2019.

Yoder, Allen and Kayla (Yoder), Baltic, OH, first child and daughter, Hadassah Kay, April 22, 2019.


Yoder, Lavon and Angela (Yoder), Salisbury, PA, third child, first daughter, Sabrina Marie, May 13, 2019.

Yoder, Tim and Karen (Miller), Valley Falls, KS, first child and son, Alexander James, June 1, 2019.

Yoder, Vernon and Elizabeth (Yoder), Oskaloosa, KS, fourth child, third son, Kendyn Tyrell, March 19, 2019.

Yutzy, Dan and Sheri (Byler), Huntsville, AR, second child, first son, Jasper Nolan, May 30, 2019.

Z i m m e r m a n, J a v a n a n d Matina (Overholt), Oswego, KS, ninth child, seventh son, Lincoln Cole, May 25, 2019.

Zook, Nate and Celena (Yoder), Rural Retreat, VA, third child, second daughter, Lilly Cheylan, born June 1, 2016. Adopted April 29, 2019. 



Byler, Lester A., 87, Nappanee, IN, passed away peacefully at his home on May 29, 2019. He was one of ten children and was born December 3, 1931, to Andrew F. and Lydia (Troyer) Byler in Middlefield, OH.

He was first married to Elizabeth Ann (Lizzy Ann) Hochstetler on June 25, 1953, in West Farmington, OH. This marriage was blessed with sons, Philip and Larry, and daughter, Rhoda.

He married Ruby June Schmucker on May 5, 1972, in Nappanee, IN. This marriage was blessed with daughters, Ruth and Naomi.

He served at the Cleveland Hospital as a conscientious objector during the Korean War in the early 1950's. He lived in Ohio until after his second marriage, when he moved to Nappanee.

He will be remembered for his steadfast commitment to his Lord and Savior, and to his family. He loved spending winters in Sarasota, FL, where he was able to enjoy bird watching. His sense of humor and ability to laugh at himself even as his dementia progressed will continue to bring smiles to his family. Lester also loved singing and requested they have a hymn sing at his funeral.

He was a member of Maple Lawn Amish Mennonite Church.

He is survived by his wife, Ruby, of 47 years; children: Philip (Cathy) Byler, FL; Larry (Violet) Byler, KS; Rhoda (Adam) Rees, MN; Ruth (Nathanael)

Yoder, Greece; Naomi Byler, IN; 16 grandchildren; two great-grandsons; brother, Andy (Sue) Byler; sisters: Clara (Joe) Miller, OH; Kathryn (William) Byler, OH; and Lydia Ann (Joe) Petersheim, MO.

He was preceded in death by his first wife, Lizzy Ann; his parents; brothers: Albin (Martha) Byler, FL; Freeman (Sarah) Byler, OH; sisters: Anna (Joe) Mullet, OH; Irene (Andy) Yoder, OH; and Mary Ellen (Jonas) Bontrager, OH.

The funeral was held at Maple Lawn Church on June 2, with Paul Yoder and Clyde Byler serving. Gary Burkholder conducted the committal at the church cemetery.

Nisly, Emma (Yutzy), 84, of Hutchinson, KS, died May 17, 2019, at her home. She was born Jan. 17, 1935, in rural Hutchinson, daughter of the late Eli N. and Fannie (Miller) Yutzy.

She was a devoted member of Cedar Crest A.M. Church. She loved to make quilt tops for the local sewing circles. She was a behind-the-scenes servant supporting her husband's prison ministry and encouraging people with encouraging letters and homemade cards for her children and church family.

On 1956 she married Harley Nisly. He survives. Also surviving are six children: Duane (and Ruth) Nisly, Pital, Costa Rica; Christina (and James) Barkman, Kisumu, Kenya; Janet (and James) Shetler,

Hutchinson; Dwight (and Marlene) Nisly, Brooklyn, NY; Linda (and Arno) Miller, Hutchinson; Doris (and Matthew) Yoder, Hutchinson; 25 grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren; sisters: Elizabeth (and William) Nisly, Laura Yutzky, and sister-in-law, Alta Yutzky.

She was preceded in death by three brothers: Herman, John, and Raymond; a sister, Alma Fern Beachy; and an infant grandson, Nathan Edward Nisly.

The funeral was held on May 21, with Donald Miller, Lee Nisly, and Duane Nisly serving. The burial and committal was conducted by James Shetler at West Center Cemetery.

Nisly, Samuel D. 'Sam,' 89, of rural Abbyville, KS, died at his home on May 29, 2019. He was born in rural Hutchinson, KS, on Oct. 18, 1929, son of the late Daniel M. and Lizzie (Bontrager) Nisly.

He was a devoted member of Center A.M. Church, Hutchinson, KS.

On May 22, 1955, he married Esther Pauline Nisly. She survives. Also surviving are five children: Sheryl (Ken) Nisly-Nagele, Monticello, IL; Jana Nisly, El Resbaladero, El Salvador; Melody Nisly, Abbyville, KS; Arlyn (Brenda) Nisly, Partridge, KS; Wendell (Jeanene) Nisly, Harrisonburg, VA; and seven grandchildren. Other survivors include a brother, Harvey, Hutchinson; and a sister, Anna Coblentz, Lamar, MO.

Sam and Esther were deeply involved in prison ministry, in Gideons International, and in recent years, Hands of Christ in Hutchinson.

He was preceded in death by brothers: Roman, Perry, and Mahlon, sisters: Fannie Helmuth, Clara, Barbara, and Amanda Nisly.

The funeral was held on June 2, with Gary Miller, Paul W. Nisly, and David Yoder serving. Burial followed in the West Center Cemetery. The committal was conducted by LaVerne Miller.

Schrock, Henry, 94, of Hutchinson, KS, died at his home on May 22, 2019. He was born on May 10, 1925, in Amity, OR, to the late Joseph D. and Rachel (Christner) Schrock. Most of his growing up years were spent in Medford, Wisconsin.

He was a retired minister of Believers' Fellowship in Grove City, MN, and was a current member of Center A.M. Church, Hutchinson. He served with Mennonite Voluntary Service with Mennonite Central Committee in Gulfport, MS, and Espelkamp, Germany.

On June 8, 1952, he married Lizzie Miller. She survives. Also surviving are their four children: Althea (Raymond) Salomone, Mentor, OH; Virginia Schrock and husband Chris Moffatt, Richmond, VA; Mildred (Jonathan) Sheppard, Monroe, WA; and Wesley (Jean Ann) Schrock, Arlington, KS; and six grandchildren.

Preceding him in death were brothers: David, Joseph, Urias, Mahlon, Lawrence, Phineas, and Harley Schrock; sisters: Susanna Christner, Anna Schrock, Fannie Hochstetler, Phoebe Bartosiak, and Emma Schmiedeke.

The funeral was held at Center A.M. Church on May 26, with David Yoder, Dwight Miller and LaVerne Miller serving. Burial was in West Center Cemetery.

Shupp, Jean, 62, of Bourbon, IN, died May 11, 2019, as a result of injuries suffered in an automobile accident. She was born December 17, 1956, in Lancaster County, PA, to Elmer and Elva (Keens) Martin.

The Shupps moved to Indiana from Maryland five years ago. Jean was a member of Clay Street Amish Mennonite Church. She was a homemaker. She loved people and enjoyed her work as a taxi driver for the Amish community. She enjoyed flowers and loved sharing gifts. She was very close to her grandchildren.

Jean married Rick Shupp on November 21, 1981. He survives, along with their children: Marcus (Charlou) Shupp, Nappanee; Lucia (Shawn) Martin, Waynesboro, PA; Jordan (Jerilyn) Shupp, Etna Green, IN; Melissa (Derrick) Eby, Hancock, MD; ten grandchildren; mother, Elva Martin, Lititz, PA; and sister, Carol (Bill) Hess, McIntosh, MN. She was preceded in death by her father, Elmer Martin.

The funeral was held on May 16 with Scott Burkholder, Dean Myers, and Wade Burkholder serving. David Raber conducted the committal at Berea Cemetery.


Yoder, Elnora "Mae," 87, of Hutchinson, KS, died at her home May

9, 2019. She was born in LaGrange, Indiana, April 30, 1932, daughter of the late Albert and Saloma (Troyer) Yoder.

She was a devoted member of Center Amish Mennonite Church, 7611 W. Morgan Ave. She was a dairyman's wife and homemaker who had remarkable artistic skills.

On Dec. 25, 1952, she married Crist Yoder. He survives. Also surviving are children: Jerry (Ella) Yoder, Grantsville, PA; Irene (Merle) Yoder, Hutchinson; Betty Yoder, Hutchinson; Carol (Stan) Nisly, Altamont, KS; Arthur (Tiffany) Yoder, Baton Rouge, LA; brothers: Melvin Yoder, Hutchinson; Harry Yoder, Middlebury, IN; sister: Mary Yoder, Hutchinson; 18 grandchildren and 15 great grandchildren.

Mae was preceded in death by sons Daniel, Marvin and Delmar; daughter-in-law, Ruth Yoder; brothers, Thomas and Mervin; and sister Catherine Miller.

The funeral was held on May 12, with David Yoder, Paul Yoder, and Dwight Miller serving. The burial was at West Center Cemetery. The committal was conducted by LaVerne Miller. 



Gang presence with its collage of activity including organized crime, extortion, illicit drug trade, and violence exacts a terrible toll wherever the gangs operate. That cost is paid economically as well as in human suffering and loss of life. Persons involved in gang activity in this country represent a cross-section of ethnic and cultural backgrounds. So, obviously the scourge isn't limited to this country.

The narrative set forth by authorities in El Salvador is that some Salvadorean immigrants to the USA were oriented in gang culture while here. When their crimes earned a deportation back to their home country, they took with them what they learned. Gang activity has flourished in El Salvador to the extent that many of the gangs operate in various countries. Mara Salvatrucha 13, otherwise known as MS 13, is probably the best known Salvadorean gang with startling international notoriety.

A person who has joined a gang typically has a very difficult time ever leaving that gang other than by death. If he tries to leave, the gang

he belonged to will not trust him to safeguard the information he possesses by virtue of his affiliation. The rivals don't trust him either. Most gang affiliation involves loyalty expressed by tattoos that don't just disappear if a person decides to leave the gang.

A couple of my family members recently pointed out two different media reports that deserve mention here. The first one was related to gang members in El Salvador who convert to Christianity. I don't remember the news source, so I can't cite it here. There seems to be a cautious respect afforded to a gang member who converts to Christianity and is sincere in following Christ. One who makes this type of declaration is watched very closely by former enemies and friends, to try to ensure that this convert is sincere in his faith and not simply using it as a cover for gang activity. If the convert is judged to be sincere, he is usually left alone by the gangs.

The second article was a more detailed account from the Washington Post in an article dated May 17 that talked about gang members in Brazil who also enjoyed immunity from

retribution from the gangs when they convert to Christianity. Pastor Arnaldo Barrios estimates he has helped 500 gang members convert to Christ. Here again, if the convert is sincere, the gangs, both rival and erstwhile allies, seem to respect that decision and leave them alone.

Arnaldo Barrios records on his cell phone the conversions of those who are seeking to turn their backs on gang life and turn to Christ. Pastor Barrios pronounces them free and unaffiliated, then posts the video to YouTube, Facebook and WhatsApp. If a convert reverts to his old way of life, and he estimates that about 5% of them do, he reports them to the gangs. He doesn't wish to jeopardize the perceived legitimacy of the conversions of those who are sincere.

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As of this writing, many people who live in central USA are engaged in that age-old dance between civilization and the weather. Many people think we can change or affect the weather, but this comment isn't related to that aspiration.

Our area received about 20 inches of rainfall in May. Some nearby locations received even more. Area rivers, as currently designed, are not equipped to handle all the water

that tries to find its way downstream. But rivers are important, so towns and houses tend to be built close to them. Then when it rains more than we wish, the rivers get bigger than people planned, and big problems follow.

Man's efforts at taming the power of flooded rivers involves building levees. Levees are designed to keep the water in the river rather than damaging nearby structures and other financial interests. Of course, the more it rains the higher the levees need to be in order to function properly, since they are expected to contain the water in a relatively narrow channel that might spread out for miles if the levees weren't there.

The Arkansas River is projected to crest about 4 feet higher than it has ever been recorded in Fort Smith, Arkansas due to heavy prolonged rains upstream in Kansas and Missouri. The Mississippi River has been over flood stage in some areas since January. Some people are inconvenienced by flooding. For many farmers, homeowners, business owners, and municipalities, it's much worse.

I recently read that during the great Mississippi River flood of 1927 the river reached 80 miles wide! This

of course was before levees were constructed to restrict the river's sprawl.

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The wet spring leaves many in the ag sector somewhat uneasy and the markets a bit jittery. On May 29 the Ag Secretary said that the US corn crop planting progress is worse than it has been since 1995. Only about 76% of the expected US corn acres had been planted as of that date which is about two weeks later than normal.

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Alabama recently became the state with the most restrictive abortion laws in the country by outlawing virtually all abortions. This measure makes the ones performing the procedure the ones who would face legal consequences rather than the mothers of the unborn. This comes at a time when a couple of states have also outlawed abortion after the baby's heartbeat can be detected.


We should not be surprised that those who consider elective abortion to be a "right" are aghast at this erosion of, and in some cases elimination of, that "right", while those opposed to abortion champion these developments.

I am really pleased when fewer

babies die on the altar of parental convenience or preference. But I am also conscious that overall, the moral climate in this country doesn't seem to be improving. I don't see this as evidence that things are moving in a better direction in this country. I could be wrong, but this seems to me more like a pendulum swing. And we know how a pendulum works.

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I try to remember to pray often, "Thy will be done...". Then when things happen that seem to be His will, I sometimes forget what I prayed, and I don't like it very well. Shame on me. Does that ever happen to you?

I don't think that we should assume that all that happens is God's will. But part of being human is that we are left to wonder why it is that we experience things that we don't believe to be God's will and aren't our fault. I want to remember that sometimes the Lord chooses to gift us with grace to respond well to difficult circumstances, rather than deliverance from the difficulty. There is always a right way to respond to difficult situations. Concentrating on making that response is usually more productive than trying to figure out if it was God's will or not. -RJM 

Souls

Lynnette Hege, Shippensburg, PA

What do you see when you walk the busy, loud street;
Look into the car that has a steady, proud beat;
Pass the store window with some pictures of models;
Peer at the businessmen or drunkards with bottles;
Trot by the old beggar that says his usual plea,
What do you see?

Flat-billed caps and Hollister shirts, swaying chains and little skirts?
Polished expressions and manicured fingers, no signs of hurts?
Pin-striped suitcoats and high heels, Rolex watches and big glasses?
Old coats and outstretched cups, grimy faces, some of the masses?
Standing, sitting, dancing, shuffling, running, by you and by me;
What do you see?


What does God see?

Does He see the dazzling glitter, the hair gone free?
Does He see the color, the clothing, or the cars?
Does He see the status they have achieved, all stars?
Does He see the dirt, the brown teeth, the wild eye?
Does God see past that, way past that small outward cry?

What does God see?

Souls.

Souls who are crying, Souls who are quickly dying,
Souls who are still faking, Souls who are forsaking,
Souls who are being deceived, Souls who are sore grieved,
Souls who are pleading, Souls who are torn and bleeding,
Souls who are headed, somewhere, to eternity.

Lord, grant me Your eyes, that I may now realize,
To look past the looks, to see the silent heart cries,
To gaze beyond the broken shell; and God, I pray
Help me to tell Your hope, Your healing, and Your way
To the soul I see today. 

What I Learned at BEBC

Donavon Landis, Willow Street, PA

On May 11, 2017, I came to Bald Eagle Boys Camp. I came because it was not working for me to live at home because of my problems with anger, lying, and laziness. At Camp I have significantly improved on all three of those things. I would like to dive into each one directly and tell you how it looked at home, at camp, and how it looks now.

I will talk about my anger first. When I was in the second grade (2014), I started having issues with my anger. At home I was destructive to property. My outbursts were frequent at home, but it looked more like pure drama and stubbornness at school. As time went on, my parents tried hard to have me get help through varying agencies. The only reason why it did not help is simply because I did not want it to. My anger destroyed my relationships with children my own age and my family at home.


When I came to camp, I got in fights with others, and my Chief had to intervene often. That continued until May 2018. I stopped that for a while then continued again until September 2018. Now I get in arguments from time-to-time but not very much. Most of the times when I am angry, I am able to talk about it. But if not, I definitely do not go to the stage of getting physical.

Now I would like to talk about my

lying issue. Before Camp I would act like someone I am totally not. I was apparently as rich as Bill Gates and had everything imaginable, not to mention a ginormous house. Maybe not that bad, but you get the picture. My natural enjoyment of singing and videography I found somewhat embarrassing to talk about at school. Instead it was shoes and video games, which I actually cared nothing about, but I tried to think I did.

Now I would like to talk about laziness. Before Camp, I did not know how to get on my hands and knees and work. I would lazily stroll about picking a weed or two; put it in the trash can and go into my house. I had more important things to do than be a helpful asset to my family. To me, friends were more important. At Camp, on January 29, 2018, I finally worked hard—extremely hard. Now, that hard-working person is just who I am.

Working on these three attitudes helped with other things too, like talking about my feelings. I know how to be open and honest now as well. These are some things I learned at Camp. I am confident that I can be successful at home now.

From “Bald Eagle Boys’ Camp Newsletter.” Used with permission from Donavon, his father, and BEBC. 

You Don't Have TV?

Simon Schrock, Catlett, VA

Being in the survival stage of life involved a Sunday evening ride by the local rescue squad to the hospital emergency room. After determining I had a serious infection, the doctor ordered admission to the Intensive Care Unit. There the staff gave me caring attention and tried to meet my needs and to keep me comfortable.

One of the care givers asked, "Do you want to watch TV?"

I declined her offer with, "I don't even have a TV at home."

Somewhat surprised she wondered, "Why wouldn't you want a TV? What do you do instead of being entertained by it?"

"You see, I am a believer and follower of the Lord Jesus. TV doesn't offer much that is helpful in my walk with Him."

"What do you do with your time?"

"Well, let's see. I start my day by bringing my wife a cup of coffee to sip while she meditates and watches daylight brighten the day. Then I pour a cup for myself and sip it while reading my Bible. I also spend time reading other material that builds up my faith in Christ."

"Okay, I agree that TV doesn't offer much that builds up one's faith in Christ." Our conversation left the impression that she spends a lot of time watching TV.

My offer to get her a Bible was declined. That was followed with some disappointing comments. She has a Bible and a good supply of devotional books on a shelf at home. In earlier years she faithfully read her Bible and devotional books. What she described sounded like a young person in a daily walk with God. What really saddened me was that she drifted away from the good Word of God. Her comments gave me the impression that time with TV and the "cares and pleasures of this life" choked the Word that brings spiritual fruit of maturity. "And the seed which fell among the thorns, these are the ones who have heard, and as they go on their way, they are choked with worry and riches and pleasures of this life and bring no fruit to maturity" (Luke 8:14 NASB).

My assessment of our conversation is that the "pleasures of this life" choked her continuing fellowship with God. I've been exposed to enough

TV to know the programming is designed to keep a person “glued” to the screen. In the middle of reporting news events, the viewer is told to “stay tuned; we’ll be right back.” Then there are unrealistic commercials that are beyond real life. Much of the programming has the potential of becoming an addictive snare for people who “just want to get home and unwind in the easy chair” by watching TV. There they spend many hours being informed about evil and criminal activity around the world but neglect being “rooted and built up by him (Jesus) and established in the faith” (Col. 2:7).

Jesus warned of that danger. “And take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting [excessive amount], and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares. For as a snare shall it come on all them that dwell on the face of the whole earth” (Luke 21:34-35). TV can be such a snare to dwellers of the earth today.

TV is not the only thing Satan uses to snatch away our first loyalty from/to God. I could be a bit smug, maybe even self-righteous, about not having TV. But I’m not exempt from other potential snares Satan may place in my path. If plan A (snare A) doesn’t trap you, he then tries plan B. And

if that doesn’t work, he sets snare C. That’s what he did in the temptations (snares) he set for Jesus. (Matt. 4:1-11).

The Bible says, “Now the serpent was more subtle (not easily detected, crafty) than any beast of the field” (Gen. 3:1). Many of Satan’s snares are very subtle and not easily detected. The Bible also reveals that Satan subtly sets snares to bring reproach on believers and the church. “. . . lest he fall into reproach and the snare of the devil” (I Tim. 3:7b). The Bible warns believers of the snare of striving to be rich. “But those who desire to be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and harmful lusts which drown men in destruction and perdition” (I Tim. 6:9 NKJV).


Modern technology provides many gadgets, activities, and interests besides TV that can snatch away our first loyalty from/to God. Information Technology (IT) provides gadgets small enough to hold in the palm of the hand as well as large color screens portraying life-size images from around the world. This octogenarian, who started life during the Great Depression, shouldn’t even try naming the gadgetry Satan can use as addictive snares to distract our walk with God.

After Jesus issued a dire warning about Satan’s snares, He gave a

clear antidote for escape. “Watch ye therefore, and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all those things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of Man” (Luke 21:36).

Don’t let your Bible and godly devotionals lie dormant on the shelf while being snared by other attractions that disrupt your

fellowship with God through His word. Perhaps an honest prayer of confession before God could reveal a snare in your path you are not aware of.

“Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts; And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting” (Psalm 139:23, 24). 

Respect — Genuine Care for God, Self, and Others

Frank Reed, Manheim, PA

Everything begins with respect. Respect is to realize that we are living as God’s created creatures in God’s created universe. As such, we are common pilgrims here on earth where God has placed us. The only way to live is with respect to God, His creation, and His creatures of which we are each one. We can do that.

We begin with respect for God. Everything begins and ends with God. Are you OK with how He has ordered your life? Many things in life are not in your control. They are in God’s control. Are you accepting what God has given you and what He has not given you?

Have you respected the life He gave you? Have you done the most

with your capacities? How have you used the talents He has trusted you with? Someday you will give account for how you have used His talents. You will do that. You respect God by respecting what He has given to you and how you have used His talents. You can do that.

A wise man said, “Treat people the way you want to be treated.” How uncomplicated is that? We can do that. Honor people because they are created human beings. Likely someone or some event has dehumanized them. It is in your power to return them to their role in humanity by the way you treat them. Make them special in your life.

Being respected will change a person’s life. It will change their self-

perception. It will change their view of life and of you. You can do that.

Respect is manners and proper etiquette. It is going above and beyond the call of duty or expectation. A wise man said, "Go the second mile." We can do that.

Respect is not tolerance. Tolerance is allowing anything. Respect does not do that. Respect honors the right and the true. You can do that.

Respect is to honor others above yourself. Are there people who would die for you? Are there people for whom you would die? Are you living the "Jesus life?" You can do that.

It means respect for all of God's creation. It means blessing the unfortunate and downtrodden. It means accepting the hurting and helpless. It means never taking unfair advantage even when that may be acceptable by today's standards.

It means women blessing men and men blessing women. Respect, protect, and direct are the words that can guide our responsible relationships. We are not objects; we are hearts and lives that live and love and love to live. Make sure you are honoring that.

It means accepting the intent of another person who made a mistake that injured you but had no intent of injury. It means offering grace in those situations. Can you do that?

It means accepting the grace of one whom you have injured. To not accept that grace is to be too proud

to imagine that you could have done anything so bad that you needed to be forgiven. Can you do that?

Respect means accepting yourself with your flaws and failures and blessings. It means seeking and accepting counsel for your own life so you can be a blessing to others. It means owning your foibles and your errors and to be on a perpetual path of self-improvement and servanthood to make the lives of those around you more joyful.

It means to be open to correction by those who love you. It means to seek that correction. It means to respond kindly when you are corrected. It means living a life of vulnerability to God and others and improving other's lives as your life improves. It means to offer correction in gentle and kind ways to those God brings into your life. Respect flows both ways.

Examine your life. Are you respecting those around you? Are you respecting those for whom you are responsible? Are you respecting those to whom you are responsible? Are there people who must fear you because you may cause them harm? Are you ignoring people to whom you owe gratefulness for the blessing God has made them in your life? Are you living as a useful part of the body of Christ? Are you admitting your need of your sisters and brothers?

That is respect. That is the call of God on your life. It will cost you. It cost Jesus and it will cost you. It

means patterning your life after Jesus Christ who always sought counsel from His Father and is still offering that to His creation. He did that. He does that.

Too often, the Church is living the values and habits of the worldly culture. It is time to live the Holy Spirit Culture. That is a culture that will change the Church and the world around you. Worldly culture has lost truth, goodness, and respect and decency. We can begin by restoring

respect for self and others.

Respect is truth and love kept together in life. Respect is a language that everyone understands. Respect is a language that everyone needs. You can do that.

This article is Part X of a series entitled "Love as Healing for Desperation." You can find the complete series and many other articles at biblicalbrethrenfellowship.wordpress.com. Used with permission.



mission awareness

The People I Read About

Reuben Yoder, Rural Retreat, VA

The young ladies walking on the opposite side of the street in downtown Dhaka caught his attention. What he had been reading about in his Bible and what he saw in these strangers were one and the same. Until then he was not aware of such a clear consistency. Here is his story.

Samal's family lived in Dhaka, Bangladesh and was devoutly Muslim. Despite the teaching and indoctrination of his father, Samal was an agnostic. As a young man, Samal left his country and traveled to Australia in search for answers and an education. Mastering English

was a priority which in his mind also spelled America. While in college, Samal met and began courting Sally, a young professing Christian lady. By the end of his six years of study they were engaged to be married. Religion was obviously a frequent item of discussion and at one point Sally gave Samal a Bible. Having never been introduced to the Word of God, Samal was cautiously intrigued by this strange religious phenomenon. With more important matters on his mind for now, he laid this treasure aside as only a gift and souvenir from his girlfriend. One month before their wedding day, things changed


dramatically.

As a skilled acrobat and skydiver, Sally chose a day to take to the sky and make one final dive before their marriage. The day was perfect. The world below lay peacefully clothed in color and life. As the plane banked slightly, Sally made the plunge. Unknown to the happy couple, the next few minutes would change the course of their lives dramatically. On this day, Sally's parachute failed to open, and she fell to her death. Samal was crushed. His world had suddenly crumbled. With nothing else to cling to, Samal turned to the book Sally had gifted him and began to read. Somehow the words and message of the Bible brought something to Samal's heart he had never experienced before. In time he came to know its author and placed his faith in Christ.

With the completion of his education in Australia and the turn of events with Sally, Samal returned to Dhaka city to live with his parents. One day as he was walking along the street in the proximity of his home, he noticed several young ladies walking a distance ahead of him on the opposite side. Until now he was not aware of people that lived their lives the way he had been reading about in the Bible. He darted across the street and caught up with these ladies to discover they were part of an

American team of Anabaptists that were teaching English as a second language in his country. Samal was impressed and encouraged as they became acquainted. But still he queried; surely your modest conformities are only out of respect to the Muslim tradition and you probably can't wait to return to the west and wear your blue jeans and T shirts. The testimony from the ladies was unmistakable. The way we dress here is same as America with the exception of a few small conformities worn out of respect to Bangla culture. As Samal interacted further with our team he was convinced that the people he came to know and the people he read about in the scriptures were one in faith and practice.

Note: Characters in the story have fictitious names.

(We do not need to make an apology or be ashamed of our modest clothing based on Bible principles. Some people searching for truth can easily connect the dots of a peaceful facial expression, pure, wholesome speech, and clothing that covers according to the holy Scriptures. Reuben says that communicating with Samal has been sketchy. Reuben said he had discussed books like Doctrines of the Bible and Martyrs Mirror while he and Mary Ann worked in Bangladesh. He sent copies of both books to Samal to which he gave a positive response). -FS 

Our "To Do" List

Susan Schlabach, Ripley, OH



I was the eager nineteen-year-old secretary, beginning a new school term. I would work under the direction of the principal. His task today; orientation of the new secretary. Figuratively, he set me down. Literally, he instructed me.

“Ever since the Garden of Eden, and since the fall of humankind, we have this endless struggle. What I’m about to say to you has value in our working relationship as well as in a marriage and in all of life. God’s perfect plan is for man to take leadership and woman to respectfully follow that leadership. But since the fall, humanity has it in reverse. Women want to lead, and men allow them to. Under God’s order my negligence in leading does not open a space for you to step in and do my job. Though I may fall on my face because of my own passivity, you must not protect me from the consequences.”

The Principal’s words to me have held infinite value through the decades of my life. I’ve not always

heeded his words as ardently as they were given to me, but they formed a life lesson for me and the foundational setting for this article.

The following speaks more directly to wives, but a woman’s role vs. man’s role, be it father, employer, pastor, or husband, is still under God’s order. Similar applications can be drawn across the married/single lines.

This comes with random practical suggestions that if practiced daily can increase the likelihood that the men in our lives will feel respected and cared for by us. A number of these suggestions were shared by some of you readers. Others were given to me through life by reading, observations, and the Holy Spirit.

Defer to him. He has a suggested plan of action but yours is different from his. To defer to him means to choose his and to do so enthusiastically! Perhaps you hope to finish sewing your new dress this afternoon. He calls with a sudden inspiration to invite a family from church for an evening of food and

fellowship. How will you respond?

Deference becomes even more personal than time management. How about a detail regarding your wardrobe or hair? Or a child discipline issue you disagree on? (Warning; if you undertake to share this advice with other ladies, God will use real life to first drive this truth deep into your own experience. Sisters, this principle is not for decorative purposes nor is it an ideological illusion; it is for everyday use! It is God telling us what to do.)

A large number of men were asked to indicate on a survey which character trait they would choose first in a woman. The vast majority chose *sweetness*. I contemplate about what all that means. It helps when I visualize the opposite: The air is heavy between us. My tone is brusque, and the answer is short. I sigh audibly as I turn toward the sink full of dishes or the cluttered desk. My eyes dodge when I sense that he is looking at me.

Body language is powerful. Consider turning the above into a smile at the door. A light lilting voice. An understanding gaze into his tired eyes. An offer for water or tea, back rub, or foot massage, and you begin to define sweetness! Remember, your tone is everything.

A preacher husband states, "After I preach, the comments from our church people matter little to me in comparison to what my wife says." If your husband leads in a devotional or takes leadership in a group or in your family, **affirm** him with your words. Do so in front of your children.

Men value **companionship**. When he asks you to go somewhere with him, process this thought; he wants me to be with him. *Wanting me to be with him* is a compliment of highest degree! Think about the widow who longs to ride with her husband. (This *widow filter* works too, if his snoring bothers you.) If going with him wasn't on your "list of things to do today," put it there. Granted, there may be exceptions when circumstances interfere, but put *companionship* at the top of your list! So, you're on the road with him. Ask him how it makes him feel when you squawk at his driving. Work together at a plan that **honors** him and doesn't show distrust.

You've heard; man works from sun to sun, but a woman's work is never done. My man prefers in the evening when he's relaxing, that I join him instead of scurrying around doing what "is never done." That's also what **companionship** looks like to a man.

Make a habit of asking your husband, "How was your day?"

Listen actively to his response, giving him your undivided attention. Alongside this, learn how to dialogue kindly in a non-threatening manner. When you ask him, “What do you think about....?” listen to what he says and does not say. Repeat back what you understood him to say. Don’t prepare your response while he’s talking. Don’t interrupt with a question or suggestion. Make eye contact. Smile.

One sister stated, “**Tell God** everything. Tell your husband *most* things.” If you perceive imperfections in your husband’s character, you have a place to go with that. Go to God and Him alone.

Study your man. Figure out his love language, whether **acts of service, gifts, quality time, closeness, or words of affirmation** and go there. One step in this direction is to ask him how you can best help him, when you sense that he is especially burdened or busy. If he needs space, by all means don’t begrudge him that and don’t take it personally.

Ask for his advice on your own issues. For those times when you just need his listening ear without an instant remedy, don’t be afraid to specify, “I don’t need for you to fix this situation, just allow me to talk about it to you.” As a man, he feels obligated to repair what’s broken

around you, so be direct when voicing what you need from him.

As ladies, when we’re telling a story and another person interjects a detail we missed or got wrong, we’re usually grateful for the help. Not so much for your man. If he invites your help, that’s one thing. If you interrupt and correct, uninvited; in his mind - you are inadvertently telling the group that he doesn’t meet the criteria, and it makes him feel like a child. If you can’t quite figure that one out in your feminine brain, just accept it anyway. He will thank you. At the end of the day, does it really matter whether there were 50 dead chickens, (in his story) or 30?

Perhaps you scribble your “to do list” and mount it on the refrigerator where you see it all day. How about adding the following list to yours? I, for one, have work to do!

Ephesians 5:33b (Amplified):

...and let the wife see that she **respects** and **reverences** her husband [that she **notices** him, **regards** him, **honors** him, **prefers** him, **venerates**, and **esteems** him; and that she **defers** to him, **praises** him, and **loves** and **admires** him exceedingly].

(In a future article I hope to explore the ministry of women in prayer. I invite your suggestions, questions, applied wisdom and testimonies!)



Thankful in your Mansion?

Mary Ellen Beachy, Dundee, OH

We think a mansion is a large house that is all fine and fancy.

We do not consider our homes a mansion. We always compare ourselves with friends who have more and better. Yet in reality, when we compare our homes to those of many people all over the world, most of us live in huge mansions.

“One May Day in Kenya”

Some days God just impresses on your mind that you should take time to be kind. That you should go visit a poor widow or brighten the day for someone who is lonely and discouraged. God speaks to us to care about people.

Mark and I drove over a small narrow dirt track back to Margaret’s house. She was delighted to ride with us to visit her friend, poor Jane Onono. We bumped over the rutted road. Finally, we stopped beside a bush-lined bank with a small footpath leading up to her hut.

What a bright blessing it was to Jane to get visitors. Her wrinkled, old face beamed with smiles as she welcomed us into her humble hut. First, we all remained standing for

prayer. Jane stood as erect as she could for a stooped, small woman. Typically, Kenyans pray when visitors enter their abode.

There was one chair in the small two-roomed hut and an old wooden sofa frame with no cushions. After prayer we sat on the springs.

More than a year ago Jane had fallen and broken her hip. We did not know if she would ever walk again. After long, weary days in the hospital, and now after many months at home, she was able to creep around slowly with the aid of a walker. Jane had suffered much pain. She was especially pleased with a gift of painkillers.

She always expressed gratitude when we brought her a food parcel. Someone had gifted her some dresses. She raised her gnarled black hands in gratefulness to her heavenly Father Who had not forgotten her.

Jane lives in poverty. She would be so happy if she could walk to church, but she is not strong enough. She is too poor to pay a piki piki (motorcycle) driver to take her. Basically, she goes nowhere, unless she must see a doctor. The missionaries cannot provide transportation to the myriads

of widows in Kenya.

But for today, this bright May day, Margaret and Jane were praising the Lord for the good things in their lives. Jane was thanking God for her friend, another Margaret, who lives with her, cooks, and cares for her. At least she cooks when they have food. Some days food is very scarce.

Around the hut someone had hoed up the soil. Nice curved rows of sweet potatoes were growing well. In Kenya planting a garden may well be the step that keeps the family from starvation.

My two friends were happily chatting. My heart was weary and sad in the face of bleak poverty. I sat in that tiny two-roomed mud hut appalled at the many ants crawling over the floors and up the walls—walls that were pockmarked with insect holes. The chickens came in and out; they pooped on the floor. The hut smelled like fowls. The sun beat on the tin roof in that small African hut, heating it like an oven. It made me so tired. In that little hut with one small window I smelled other unpleasant odors, things like body odors and urine.

There was no running water. There was no bathroom. There were so many needs; we could never meet them all. Even the gift of a food parcel seemed insignificant.

The prayers we prayed, scriptures read, the gifts, and songs we sang

were sunshine in the lonely widow's day. It seemed like such a small offering to give for Jesus.

But Jane was grateful that day in her mud hut. She was thankful for the friend who lived with her.

She was so thankful that at least for now she had food to eat. She praised God that He had not forgotten her.

Are we grateful in our mansions? Are we giving thanks each day? Yes, each one of us lives in a mansion.

How many rooms does your house have? How many windows are in your home? A mansion is a large and impressive house with running water, bathrooms, and cupboards full of food.

Do you have comfortable chairs? A soft bed, a pillow for your head?

Do you have plenty of food every day? Does your house have running water and many rooms?

Even with all that we have, we need Jesus most of all. We need Jesus to help us to be kind, giving, and content. We have the best gift when we have Jesus. God's gift of salvation is available to all of us whether we live in a huge house or a tiny hut.

How wonderful that salvation is free, available alike to the rich and the poor in every land.

God is speaking to our hearts to be thankful. He is speaking to us to be kind to the poor.

Jesus, show us how.



Farewell, Dear Readers

Gideon Yutzy, Co. Waterford, Ireland

It has been an enriching four years, and I don't regret the experience. But now I must go.

When I was asked to write this column in the spring of 2015, I thought of the cons. First of all, the column was meant to be for young people, and it was my impression that not many young people read this publication. Incidentally, those fears turned out to be at least somewhat ill-founded; I have had regular interactions with, and contributions from, numerous young people.

Second, I remember thinking church periodicals have a reputation for preaching to the choir. Call it my inner prophet, but I tend to afflict the comforted more than I comfort the afflicted. And at all costs, such is my philosophy, one must never comfort the comforted. (Maybe I inherited it from my uncle; during an intense discussion someone pointed out that it was past time to stop for lunch, and my uncle retorted that he would rather debate than eat.)

In any case, I was afraid my proclivity for tackling controversial subjects would not always go over well. And I was not altogether wrong. The fine folks who oversee this publication have a mission statement (see inside cover), and they want to abide by it. That is only fair. There are appropriate and inappropriate forums for discussing volatile issues like dating practices or fantasy literature or ethnocentrism.

Then my wife and I moved our family to a rocky outcropping near the Irish Sea, and I began to feel as if I lost the pulse on issues surrounding today's conservative Anabaptists, controversial and uncontroversial alike; especially the issues that have to do with the young people.

So there you have it. The time is here for someone else to have a go at this, and I have confidence that it will be a reasonable, evenhanded, and competent person. I wish you every blessing, whoever you are.

Of course there have also

been pros. Being forced to write something on a regular basis is always a good discipline, and truly I have found writing to be, as T.S. Eliot put it, “a raid on the inarticulate.” Also, it was heartening to observe the people of various age groups who wanted to engage with different issues. Especially encouraging were comments like: *We talk about these things at home; you are not writing to a vacuum; I want to think about this more; this is an important issue for life in the Kingdom of God.* Did everyone agree? No, and I would have been alarmed if they would have. But the majority of readers were congenial and humble whether they agreed or not.

Another benefit was working with Paul Miller, departing editor of *Calvary Messenger*. He was an exemplary mentor, providing gentle criticism and affirmation as needed, and in many ways it seems appropriate that we terminate at the same time. In a recent email, Paul wrote to me, “I thank God for His good hand upon us as we labored together.” I agree. And I only hope I have as much energy as you do, Paul, if and when I become an octogenarian.

(I have often thought it would almost be worth the months of hard work needed to write a book just so

I could write a page full of whimsical acknowledgements. Today I get to do it without the sacrifice of writing a book.)

Forgive me if I ever came across as contentious, insensitive, or arrogant. Please know that every month, no matter what I put forward to be printed, it was my desire that we could see a little more clearly how God is working in the messy, human reality around us. And indeed that is my parting wish for all of us: that the eyes of our heart would be enlightened (Ephesians 1:18). No matter how unlikely it seems now, we must have faith that in the end it will be as Lady Julian of Norwich said so beautifully in the 14th century: “all shall be well, and all shall be well, and all manner of things shall be well.”

Finally, I wish to thank my readers. Thank you for your feedback. Thank you for your attentiveness. Thank you to all of you who live out life’s Great Truths through your everyday actions. Thank you.

Thank you, and farewell.

Writers for Thinking Generation wish above all to generate involvement in God’s Kingdom—especially among today’s generation of thoughtful young Anabaptists. Address correspondence about this article to gideonutzy@gmail.com.



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Periodicals

THOUGHT GEMS

Man's rules must never replace God's requirements.

• • • • •

Remembering Christ's *wounds* should help us remember to do His *will*.

• • • • •

One part of happiness is being able to laugh at one's own mistakes.

• • • • •

Happiness is more about *how* we live than about *where* we live.

• • • • •

The world wants good *mixers*; God wants good *separators*.

• • • • •

It makes no sense to call Sunday the Lord's Day if we spend it as we please.

• • • • •

If God is given a broken heart, He can make it whole.

• • • • •

God wants great men that are small enough to be useful.

• • • • •

Faith and friendship are not usually broken by one big act, but by many small neglects.

• • • • •

It is not enough to know Psalm 23; one must get to know the Good Shepherd.

• • • • •

Sympathy is two hearts tugging at one load.

• • • • •

We should not expect to lead someone farther than we go ourselves.

• • • • •

To get life's best, let's give it our best.

• • • • •

The measure of our love is equal to the measure of our willingness to sacrifice.