



# Calvary MESSENGER

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

Galatians 6:14

## MAY 2021

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Calvary Messenger

May 2021

**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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## From the Women in My Life

From the women in my life I have learned:

- how to be in touch with my emotions
- how to tenderly nurture little children
- the reassurance of physical affection
- the wonder of God's feminine gentleness
- the security of God's unconditional love
- to appreciate the beauty of aesthetic creativity
- the powerful capacity for sincere empathy
- to see and hear human needs with my heart
- the wonderful pleasure of selfless service
- the intuitive aptitude to preempt danger
- the peaceful blessings of humble submission
- how to genuinely encourage another's talents.



I marvel at our Creator's wisdom and creativity in creating humans in His own image! He skillfully placed both His masculinity and femininity within humanity so He could express a more complete panorama of His Divine Personality.

Since I am a man, I tend to express His masculine qualities more naturally. As a redeemed male I have the added responsibility to ensure that my masculinity manifests itself in sanctified godliness.

Having said all this, I realize that God has designed that women will help fill any personal deficiency with their wonderful femininity. However, I must humbly admit my character weaknesses so I can develop these magnificent traits.

While there may be resistance to these gentler character qualities in men, cultivating these beautiful feminine-like characteristics has not in any way weakened, diminished, or stripped me of my masculinity. Instead, they have helped me enlarge my capacity for greater Christ-likeness. Indeed, I realize that were it not for the influence of these precious women in my life, I would not be the man I am today. Therefore, today I say, "God bless womanhood and long live femininity!"

*Alfredo Mullet, Chilton, TX* 

## Nesting Lessons From the Birds

*“And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up” (Deuteronomy 6:7).*

In early spring in temperate climates around the globe, an age-old activity takes place. Birdsongs fill the air as our feathered friends instinctively prepare their nests. They are following God’s instilled blessing and commandment that He pronounced upon them on the day that He created them, *“And God blessed them, saying, be fruitful, and multiply, and fill the waters in the seas, and let fowl multiply in the earth. And the evening and the morning were the fifth day”* (Genesis 1:22-23). Avid bird-watchers often use this time of frenzied activity to take note of nest locations for later observations when nests are hidden with leaves.

God has filled the earth with a grand variety of birds! And as varied as are their plumages, songs, and sizes, there are also great variations of nests. From the common nest of the robin, built sturdily of mud and grasses, to the almost-haphazard nest of the mourning dove that is made

with some loosely-placed sticks on a branch, there is an almost infinite variety of nesting habits among wild fowl.

After the nests are completed, the nature of birds changes dramatically from excitement and display to furtive and secretive actions. Birds instinctively reduce visibility of their eggs and hatchlings from the ever-lurking predators around them.

While birds fulfill their nesting and parenting skills from the instincts God has given them, mankind can take many lessons from them to protect their own offspring from infancy through the human fledgling stage. Let’s take a look at several of these.

### Nests

Doves are some of the most docile and non-threatening fowls on the globe. Their peaceable and mild nature is even used to describe people as dovish who are inclined to live in peace and avoid war. While Jesus told us to be *“harmless as doves”* in relating

to mankind, our nests (homes) should be more secure. It is not unusual for eggs to roll out of mourning dove nests and even baby birds can be pitched out of the nest in windy conditions. They are seldom hidden deeply among branches and seem to be easy prey for any hungry predator. May we plan our homes well and provide a safe place for our offspring.

Several ground-nesting birds focus on camouflage to hide their eggs in plain sight. It is always a challenge to locate a killdeer's nest when they go limping off to draw predators from their nests. While they find rocks and gravel where their eggs blend in almost perfectly, it still is not a good idea to do that in the middle of a gravel driveway. We are not called to raise our families in the most remote place on the planet, and God protects where He has called us, but we must be ever vigilant if we raise our toddlers in the highways and byways of the world.

There are also some birds that never build their own nests. They take advantage of smaller birds and lay their eggs in their nests. These invasive species' eggs usually hatch before their hosts' eggs and cause the host parents to neglect their own offspring. We should be willing to do what we can for the needy around us, but we do well to be aware of the ways

we can neglect our own offspring.

### **Parenting and Predators**

While it seems obvious in our time that predation is important for the predators in the animal kingdom to survive, it is highly likely that there was no predation among animals before sin came into the world. And it is true without doubt, that before sin came into the world there were no human predators. Of course, Adam and Eve didn't have any children before sin, so there are no parenting examples before predation.

In the greater animal kingdom, there are many creatures that seek bird nests for food. Some of the most common in our area are racoons, opossums, and squirrels. However, there are many birds that prey on each other's offspring. Many birds raise the alarm when hawks and falcons come flying around. Yet, there are probably more nests destroyed by smaller aggressive birds like the blue jays than by the larger birds of prey. Even the seemingly unaggressive house sparrow is a quite common danger to adult bluebirds and their nestlings. Unfortunately, mankind also preys on each other.

We should always be protective of our offspring. We should protect them from infancy to the time they become adults. It is our responsibility to be aware and observant of the

people that come in close proximity to our children. While we should not live in fear or suspicion, we should protect our nestlings from all predators around us. There may be the obvious “hawks” that raise fear in every parent’s heart, but they may not be the greatest danger to our nests. Some of the most dangerous and deceptive predators are those who take their time to build relationships with children and parents. They seek to build trust and secrecy. Be aware. If there is suspicion, remove the opportunity immediately and seek help. Jesus also said we should be “wise as serpents” along with being “harmless as doves.” Guard your nest!

Opportunity and distraction are two tactics used by predators in the animal kingdom. There are birds or animals that will attack nestlings when the parents are present, but the job is so much easier if the parents are not on guard. We also must leave the nest, looking for the juicy worm for our nestlings (bringing home the bacon), but we should be aware of the predators that use that opportunity to clean out our nests. Whether our enemy uses severe trials or extremely stressful and busy times as a distraction, we need to realize that we are likely leaving the nest wide open to predators to build relationships and instill lies. Guard your nest!

Unfortunately, it doesn’t seem possible for all fathers to work at home with their children. And it takes extra effort for fathers and mothers to work together when both are not always present to guard the nest. Parents, early spring is an excellent time to take a good lesson from a two-parent home where father and mother have a life commitment to each other. Find a wild goose nest and meander close by. Fathers, take a lesson from that gander! Do him no harm, but he is known for his dramatic attacks on dangers to his family. Many a predator or groups of predators, who thought baby birds or animals would be a juicy meal, have admitted defeat because determined parents faithfully fulfilled their Creator’s calling of protecting their vulnerable young. Guard your nest!

*“For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the LORD, to do justice and judgment”* (Genesis 18:19).

AY 



## *Announcement*

### **Single Ladies Seminar**

*August 6-8, 2021*

#### **T.H.R.I.V.E.**

Single women can sometimes feel that they don't belong or are useless. As single women, we want to be a thriving part of the body of Christ – useful for His kingdom.

Topics include:

The Will of God—TBA

Handling Finances—Karla Good, Logan, OH

Relating to the Church—Amy Byler, Seymour, MO

Indignities with Dignity— Kelly Kauffman, Thomaston, GA

Victorious Amidst Desires—Vicki Kauffman, Thomaston, GA

Excellent in Spirit—Naomi Diller, Summersville, KY

Hosted and Sponsored by:

Deeper Life Ministries

5123 Converse Huff Rd.

Plain City, OH 43064

**Pre-seminar registration required.** If you are planning to attend the seminar, please contact Deeper Life Ministries by July 16 at 614-873-1199 or [info@dmlmohio.org](mailto:info@dmlmohio.org) to register.

## *Announcement*

### **2021 Youth Fellowship Meetings Schedule**

*July 23 - 25, 2021*

**Locations for the five regions are as follows:**

Southeast – Clearview Fellowship in Montezuma, GA

Southwest – Calvary Fellowship in Paris, TN

Northwest – Sharon Bethel in Kalona, IA

North central – Canaan and Bethesda in Plain City, OH

Northeast – Nothing scheduled for 2021

## Seventy-Six Years Since

Aaron Lapp, Kinzers, PA

This month will commemorate 76 years since Nazi Germany surrendered to the Allied Forces. World War II was a long, horrible, and devastating war. As a writer, I also do a lot of reading. History and geography captured some of my boyish interests. I went to a public one-room schoolhouse for my eight years of school.

My wife knows my primary and secondary interests in reading. She occasionally gives me a book to read in my spare time. By my way of scanning it, I can “read” a book in two to three hours in a leisure evening, unless it is an informative book to my interests.

A few exceptionally large books captured my fancy which I mostly read word-for-word. Those take many evenings to digest mentally. One was the large, unabridged book, *Dietrich Bonhoeffer*, which followed one man’s life who lived in his prime in Nazi Germany during World War II. The turn of events is amazing—the glue for the eyes that makes one go to bed late.

A companion to that book is

another large book, *Unbroken*, of the World War II battles between Japan and the United States. It follows the life of an American who was captured and suffered horribly in a prison in Japan but survived. How enriching it is to read world history!

How do these introductory remarks qualify for a dedicated periodical like *Calvary Messenger*?

The history of World War II was made in the fatherland for many of us, the nation of Germany.

The focus was on the horrendous plight of the Jewish people who were killed by multiple millions.

The Jews had no homeland during that decade of death, 1935-1945. They had no nation of their own.

There was no nation on the earth that gave them an open entry where they could flee, not even the United States. The Jews, until that time, had flourished in large areas of Europe and Russia. The world population of Jews in that decade was said to be 18 million, with six million being killed principally in Germany and German-occupied Poland. Germany overtook the Netherlands and France as well as



numerous smaller countries to the east. The Jews were rounded up like cattle and sent by rail in cattle cars to concentration and extermination camps in Germany and Poland. Many died en route since at times they had no food or water for days.

Our own forebears were guided by God to leave their fatherland to go by less-than-ideal means to settle in a new land. It involved much sacrifice and many hard times. Some died en route. A two-volume work, *Unser Leit*, written by Leroy Beachy, describes these movements in some detail.

This month marks the seventy-sixth anniversary of the surrender of Nazi Germany to the Allied Forces; United States, Great Britain, and Russia. Hitler's regime forcibly and formally surrendered on May 8, 1945.

There are lessons we could learn by an informed interest. These lessons could humble us, make us more thankful and less consumptive, and heighten our participation in local church programs and in missions elsewhere in our world. History awareness and study always awaken an interest in the prophesied future and notable current world events.

Without this awareness we tend to become ingrown, parochial, self-serving, and unduly protective of

our own turf. There are important lessons that must be learned by each generation in order to keep pace with an ever-increasing world population of unbelievers and godless society. There is never too much salt and light if it is appropriately distributed.

We, as fathers and mothers, have a twenty-year window to influence our children, and by the extension of years, our grandchildren.

Instead of digging a hole to make room for all our own selfish pursuits, these considerations help us to construct, as it were, a roomy and upstanding superstructure with a personal world view. The name of this towering rotunda earns the title—PERSPECTIVE!

This article is a follow-up to my last month's article in *Calvary Messenger*, titled "Acculturation." In it, I featured Nahum Goldman who spoke of six things he sees as incremental losses for his people, the Jews. While I was writing that article, I also was reading in my evening leisure, a large book of 709 pages, *The Holocaust Chronicle*. (It additionally lists over two hundred books for "further reading!") The outcome of World War II set precedents for our modern world, only seventy-six years ago, that are highlighted by the many books written and available.

I finished my article's self-editing

on a given day. That evening, I was reading some more in *The Holocaust Chronicle*. There I found a picture of this Nahum Goldman after the war in 1945. He was one of the people who would figure in an important way in the formation of Israel as a nation that was still three years in the future. There was Mr. Goldman as a fifty-year-old, who was destined to become the president of the Jewish World Council. I was excited to see his picture! He somehow survived the vicious onslaught of the Jews and was a free man to pursue a future among his people. His picture is on page 628 of *The Holocaust Chronicle*. Many nations of the world are still anti-Jew and politically against Israel. The Bible says that God favors those who are kind to the Jews.

Goldman, 82, had an analytical mind and spoke of the tendency of his own people to disregard their history, identity, and purpose as a people in just one generation. In the

Old Testament they were set aside by God from the world to represent the Holy Lord God to the world.

**The Bottom Line** is that we should not suppose that we are exempt from side-stepping into the ways of worldliness that is always in a direction away from God. We have a heritage to appreciate and preserve and a future to examine with a confident expectation. We impoverish ourselves (make poor) when we despise our history or neglect to take interest in the prophesied future. It is possible to live well with only our present time and interests that can conform us to our era in a respectable average. It will require a greater-than-average application to gain a heightened perspective of our calling under God in the times in which we live. As a writer, I can only encourage the needed effort; as an individual, you must rise to pursue your God-given response.

## The Influence of Wives and Mothers on Their Husbands and Children

*Marvin E. Yoder, Meyersdale, PA*

**T**he purpose of this writing is to consider the positive and negative influences that

wives and mothers in the Bible had on their husbands and children. Although fathers are given the

primary responsibility of raising their children in the admonition of the Lord (Ephesians 6:4), I believe there is clear evidence that mothers often have just as much influence, especially in their children's younger years. Consider the influence of these mothers in the Bible.

### Old Testament Mothers

Eve means life, and she was the mother of us all. She was deceived by the serpent and influenced Adam to also eat fruit from the forbidden tree. Adam was not deceived (I Timothy 2:14). It is my opinion that Adam saw the immediate effects of Eve's disobedience and chose deliberately to eat the fruit rather than go through life alienated from Eve. Understanding the consequences of that decision explains why the world is as it is.

Sarah was a godly woman who honored her husband Abraham (I Peter 3:6). However, in a time of weak faith, she persuaded Abram to take Hagar to help God fulfill His promise of a son. The effects of that choice are still evident in our world today. Nevertheless, by faith Sarah received strength to conceive seed (Hebrews 11:11) and gave birth to Isaac. The events surrounding Isaac's weaning (Genesis 21:8-14) indicate how jealously she protected *her* son.

Rebecca influenced Jacob to deceive

his father Isaac and influenced Isaac to send Jacob to Uncle Laban to find a wife. The two wives that Jacob eventually acquired became jealous of each other and caused some dissension in the family. Of course, Jacob's favoritism to Joseph did not help the situation.

Jochebed was the mother of Moses. It is a wonderful testimony of God's providence that Moses's mother had the opportunity to nurse and to raise him. It is my uneducated guess that Moses was less than ten years of age when he was adopted by Pharaoh's daughter. Jochebed diligently instilled godly values and Hebrew culture and heritage into Moses's life. As an adult Moses *"refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the passing pleasures of sin"* (Hebrews 11:24, 25). The significant impact of Moses's life is familiar to all of us.

Hannah, the godly mother of Samuel, prayed fervently about her barren condition. God answered her prayer. After Samuel was born, she did not make the annual pilgrimage to Shiloh until she was ready to take Samuel also. Samuel may not have been more than six years old when he was taken to Shiloh to serve Eli the priest. Hannah's nurture and training laid the foundation for Samuel to

become Israel's last judge and an outstanding prophet.

### Kings of Judah and Israel

Solomon, the wisest man who ever lived, made some serious mistakes. According to I Kings 11, he loved and married many foreign women *"from the nations of whom the LORD had said to the children of Israel, 'You shall not intermarry with them, nor they with you' "* (11:2). Probably many of these marriages were made to seal political alliances with surrounding nations. Nevertheless, *"his wives turned away his heart"* from following God wholeheartedly (11:3).

Naamah, one of Solomon's many wives, was the mother of Solomon's son Rehoboam (I Kings 14:21). One gets the impression that her influence on Rehoboam was not entirely positive because he chose to heed the advice of his contemporaries, rather than his elders, and ended up losing ten of the twelve tribes in his kingdom.

Maachah, the granddaughter of Absalom, was the mother of Abijam and the grandmother of Asa (I Kings 15:2,10). Abijam *"walked in all the sins of his father;"* whereas, Asa *"did what was right in the eyes of the Lord, as did his father David"* (15:3, 11). It appears that there were other influences besides those of mother and grandmother in the lives of these

men. On the other hand, even a godly influence is sometimes rejected.

King Ahab of Israel *"did more to provoke the Lord God of Israel to anger than all the kings of Israel who were before him."* Perhaps this is not surprising since his wife was Jezebel, *"the daughter of Ethbaal, king of the Sidonians"* (See I Kings 16:29-34).

Jehoshaphat was one of the better kings of Israel. However, he allied himself with Ahab and chose Ahab's daughter, Athaliah, as a wife for his son Jehoram. This proved to be detrimental to Jehoram, for *"he walked in the way of the kings of Israel, . . . for the daughter of Ahab was his wife"* (II Kings 8:16-18). Athaliah gave birth to Ahaziah, the next king of Israel. When he became king *"his mother counseled him to do wickedly;"* therefore, he also *"did evil in the sight of the Lord, like the house of Ahab"* (II Chronicles 22:2-4).

After Ahaziah was killed by Jehu, Athaliah usurped the kingdom of Judah and attempted to kill all Ahaziah's sons. However, Jehoshabeath, the daughter of Jehoram and sister to Ahaziah (but probably from another wife) rescued Joash, the youngest son. Jehoshabeath and her husband, Jehoiada the priest, apparently raised Joash, and at the age of seven Joash became one of Israel's righteous kings.

Hezekiah was another of Judah's righteous kings. "*His mother's name was Abi the daughter of Zechariah*" (II Kings 18:2). However, Hezekiah's son, Manasseh, whose mother was Hephzibah, was one of Judah's most wicked kings. He seduced Judah "*to do more evil than the nations whom the Lord had destroyed before the children of Israel*" (21:9). By contrast, Manasseh's grandson, Josiah, "*walked in all the ways of his father David*" (22:2). He supervised what was probably the greatest reform since the days of Solomon (II Kings 23). Josiah's mother was "*Jedidah the daughter of Adaiah of Bozkath*" (22:1). Is it too much to suggest that these mothers influenced the outcome of their sons' character and commitment (or lack thereof) to God?

I cannot forget Daniel, Hananiah, Mishael, and Azariah. They were probably teenagers when they were taken to Babylon as captives. One is impressed with their commitment not to defile themselves with the king's delicacies when others of their peers didn't see that as a problem. Who should have the credit for this degree of faithfulness to their heritage? I would suggest that some of the credit goes to their mothers.

Young man, if you want a godly home and a godly family, don't look for a Jezebel, an Athaliah, or

some other worldly girl. Look for an obedient, God-fearing young lady who will encourage you and your children in the way of truth and right.

### New Testament Mothers

Mary, the mother of Jesus, is possibly the most important mother in the New Testament. There is no doubt that she had considerable influence in the life of Jesus. She probably faced numerous challenges raising a "perfect" son with four not-so-perfect brothers. Jesus also caused her some frustration at times, as at the Passover feast when He was twelve years old. Mary seems to have encouraged Jesus's first miracle (John 2) and followed His ministry even to the cross (John 19:25-27).

Herodias, the wrongful wife of King Herod, influenced her daughter to ask for the head of John the Baptist and thereby forced Herod's hand to kill John (Matthew 14).

One wonders what influence the mother of Zebedee's children had on her sons when she requested that they sit on the right and left sides of Jesus in His kingdom (Matthew 20:20). Might that event have fostered a sense of superiority or pride in their minds?

The widowed mother of a dead man from Nain (Luke 7:12) illustrates the devotion and the caring attitude of a mother. This incident also illustrates the compassion of Jesus for those in

distress.

Apparently, only one of the twelve disciples was present at Jesus's crucifixion, namely John (John 19:26). Where were the other eleven? They were probably hiding somewhere, too ashamed to be seen. In contrast, many women were present at Jesus's crucifixion, and at least three of them were mothers: the mother of Jesus, "*Mary the mother of James and Joses, and the mother of Zebedee's sons*" (Matthew 27:56). The presence of these many women emphasizes the generally compassionate nature of women. Several of these women prepared additional spices to further embalm the body of Jesus and were privileged to be present on that first day of the week to experience the marvel of the resurrection.

Finally, I must mention Lois and Eunice, respectively the grandmother and mother of Timothy. Paul commends their "*genuine faith*" which they successfully passed on to Timothy (II Timothy 1:5) who became Paul's spiritual son and a leader in the church at Ephesus. Would to God that all grandmothers and mothers would have that kind of influence.

*Mothers and grandmothers, do not underestimate or minimize the influence you have on your children and grandchildren; especially on your sons and grandsons who will be the leaders in our homes, churches, and communities for the next two generations.*

*[Scriptures quoted are from the NKJV.]*



## Preachers and Presidents

*Faith Beiler, East Earl, PA*

*"Vote Brother Kline for Preacher!"  
"Make Lighthouse Church Great Again!"*

**I** imagine entering your church sanctuary and finding your fellow members waving signs with these words. What if pre-ordination services were a series of debates, promoting candidates with "impressive business experience,"

"relational skills," or "dynamic speaking abilities?"

Several times, a minister ordination in my church has occurred around the same time as a presidential election. I especially remember one occasion like this as a young teen. My church and the country I live in were both choosing a leader, but the contrast between the heavenly

kingdom and the earthly kingdom impressed me. One side handled it in peace, the other in tension. One side laid the options in God's hands while the other clutched matters in their own hands.

One evening during the ordination weekend, the adults filed out to a separate room to give their nominations. I didn't know who my parents were choosing, but I knew they would support whomever God chose. Suspense mounted as the ministry re-entered the auditorium and announced the names of those in the lot. The congregation rallied around those brethren and promised to support them in prayer.

Ordination evening drew a crowd. Yet the atmosphere was solemn, the ground holy. The time came for the lot to be chosen. The air was hushed, more hushed than when a preacher told an exciting story. God Himself was present. When the lot was found,

there was no recount, no doubt that this man was the chosen one. The audience did not applaud—or groan. Instead, they gave their blessing to the newly-ordained brother, and he humbly accepted his new role in the church.

While the world stomps and fumes, Christians pray, “Thy will be done.” While the world lauds one politician above another, Christians recognize the fallibility of both preachers and presidents, and the sovereignty of God.

In the end, there is a Leader greater than any ruler on earth. He holds the answers to all international problems. He showers benefits on the just and the unjust. He reigns for countless terms in a heavenly kingdom. His Name is King Jesus.

*“His dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed” (Daniel 7:14b).*

If you have the **faith**,  
God has the **power**.

## marriages

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

### **Troyer-Martin**

Bro. Kendall, son of Robert and Nora Troyer, Aroda, VA, and Sis. Allison, daughter of Jeff and Bonnie Martin, Hicksville, OH, on March 27, 2021, at Allen County Christian Fellowship for Cuba Mennonite by Andrew Martin.

### **Zook-Miller**

Bro. Joel Lamar, son of Alvin and Wanda Zook, Cañon City, CO, and Sis. Krista Lynn, daughter of Marlin and Leanna Miller, Wytheville, VA, on October 17, 2020, at Cove Creek for Light of Hope Mennonite Church by John Beiler.



## cradle roll

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

**Beachy**, Marcus and Angie (Miller), Kalona, IA, second child and daughter, Makenna Jade, December 1, 2020.

**Bontrager**, Matt and Lacry (Havristiuc), Sullivan, IL, seventh child, fourth daughter, Emma Lydia, February 10, 2021.

**Bontrager**, Steve and Jan (Farmwald), Monticello, KY, first child and daughter, Nevaeh Skye, January 6, 2021.

**Byler**, Kenneth and Kate (Knepp), Whiteville, TN, fifth child and daughter, Brynlee Grace, March 7, 2021.

**Gerber**, John and Tanya (Jantzi), Millbank, ON, seventh child, fifth daughter, Emma Beth, February 25, 2021.

**Gingerich**, Marcus and Carol (Herschberger), Bethany, IL, sixth child, third son, Peyton Layne, February 23, 2021.

**Hamilton**, Nicholas and Shae (Heft), Harrison, AR, fourth child, third daughter, Cassidy Lena, February 6, 2021.

**Hershberger**, Titus and Evelyn (Swarey), Staunton, VA, fifth child, fourth son, Gregory Roman, March 6, 2021.

**Kaufman**, Wes and Sara (Coblentz), Dundee, OH, second child and daughter, Jody Lorene, March 10, 2021.

**Knepp**, Jeremy and Krista (Stoltzfus), Crockett, VA, third child, first daughter, Skyla Rose, February 9, 2021.

**Miller**, Alvin and Joanne (Yoder), Abbyville, KS, first child and daughter, Kelsey Jan, February 10, 2021.

**Miller**, Glen and Rhoda (Farmwald), Monticello, KY, second child, first daughter, Brynlee Nicole, December 26, 2020.



**Miller**, Norman and Sharon (Miller), Crossville, TN, third child and daughter, Felicia Rose, February 15, 2021.

**Schmucker**, Levi and Angeline (Bontrager), Arlington, KS, seventh child, fourth daughter (one son stillborn), Lucy Eleanor, March 6, 2021.

**Stoltzfoos**, Brad and Debra (Yoder), Wellman, IA, first child and daughter, Madilyn Nicole, March 16, 2021.

**Stoltzfoos**, Steve and Mary Sue (Beiler), Ickesburg, PA, sixth child, fourth son, Ian Hans, March 30, 2021.

**Wagler**, Alan and Joyce (Jantzi), Millbank, ON, third child, second daughter, Valerie Elaine, March 7, 2021.

**Witmer**, Walter and Rachel (Miller), Rawlings, VA, first child and daughter, Arielle Brynn, January 26, 2021.

**Yoder**, David and Kendra (Schrock), Burkesville, KY, second child and daughter, Hadassah Zoe, January 16, 2021.

**Yoder**, Timothy and Margretta (Beachy), Hutchinson, KS, third child, second son, Jamin Elliot, January 30, 2021.



## ordinations

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

**Bro. Caleb Gingerich**, 31, (wife, Melanie Kauffman), Leesburg, OH, was ordained bishop for Faith and Light Mennonite Church on January 24, 2021. Preordination messages were given by Elmer Stoltzfus. The charge was given by Duane Troyer. David Dean Troyer shared the lot.

**Bro. Henry Miller**, 33, (wife, Dorthy Hooks), Leon, IA, was ordained bishop for Leon Salem Mennonite Church, Leon, IA, on February 7, 2021. Preordination messages were given by Philip Miller. The charge was given by Monroe Gingerich, assisted by Philip Miller, Norman Troyer, and Marvin Kauffman. Virgil Wagler shared the lot.



## obituaries

**Byler**, Gabriel Tate, was born November 29, 2020. He lived for a short time, then passed from this life into the arms of Jesus.

He is deeply missed by his parents, Kendrick and Heather Byler, Rural

Retreat, VA. His grandparents, Dan and Rhoda Byler and Ivan and Katrina Stoltzfus grieve the loss of their grandson. His aunts and uncles miss the privilege of learning to know Gabriel.

The graveside service was held at Light

of Hope Mennonite Church, Wytheville, VA, December 1, 2020. Wayne Yoder and Mahlon Stoltzfus officiated in the service.

**Lengacher**, Fannie Mae, 82, Shipshewana, IN, passed from this life March 7, 2021, at her residence. She was born April 18, 1938, in LaGrange County, IN, to the late Ora and Ida (Christner) Eash. On December 25, 1958, in LaGrange County she married William Lengacher, Jr. He died October 27, 1996.

Fannie was a member at Rosewood Fellowship. She enjoyed spending time with her grandchildren, often reading stories to them and giving them chocolate milk. She also enjoyed gardening, piecing comforters for Christian Aid Ministries, and visiting with friends.

Surviving are two daughters: Charlene Kay, Arcola, IL; Christina (Gary) Nissley, Shipshewana; a son, Devon Jay, Shipshewana; six grandchildren: Colette, Briana, Shianne, Korey, Kylan, and Kainan Nissley; two brothers: Pete (Edna), Orla (Lydia), both of Shipshewana; and a sister, Gladys (William) Yoder, Shipshewana.

The funeral was held at Shore Church for Rosewood Fellowship on March 10, 2021, officiated by the Rosewood ministry. Burial was at East Barren Cemetery.

**Miller**, Nancy Lou, 57, passed away on December 18, 2020, at her home in Iowa City, IA. She was born October 17, 1963, in Iowa, to the late Edward and Sarah (Mast) Miller.

Nancy was a member of the Sharon Bethel Church near Kalona. She enjoyed horses, laughing, teasing, and just having fun. She enjoyed her time with the Reach for Your Potential friends and staff.

Nancy is survived by siblings: David (Martha) Miller, Kalona; Lucy (Roman) Stoltzfoos, Kinzers, PA; Elaine Miller, Kalona; Evelyn (Steven) Miller, Hutchinson, KS; Louise Miller, Kalona; 26 nieces and nephews, and 48 great-nieces and nephews.

She was predeceased by a sister, Mary Catherine, and a brother, Arden.

The funeral was held December 23, 2020, at the Sharon Bethel Church near Kalona. Burial was at Sharon Bethel Cemetery.

**Petersheim**, Paul Neven, 70, Oakland, MD, passed away March 16, 2021, at his home after a short battle with cancer. Born November 30, 1950, in Oakland, he was the son of the late Henry D. and Elizabeth M. (Shetler) Petersheim.

Paul was passionate about his family and his faith in Jesus Christ and was an active member of Mountain View Mennonite Church, Salisbury, PA. He invested himself in the Choice Books ministry for 30+ years, serving in various capacities ranging from full-time service to chairing the board. Throughout the years Paul was also actively involved with various charities and organizations, both within and outside the community, but his commitments to such were always weighed against his ability to continue caring for his daughter "Debs." An avid

book-lover, Paul was a life-long learner; he enjoyed reading and absorbing books and was always eager to discuss his latest “fresh understanding” with others. Paul loved agronomy, farming, and growing quality produce. He and his family owned and operated Mt. Valley Produce for over 30 years.

Paul is survived by his wife of 46 years, Naomi (Beachy) Petersheim; his children: Matthew (Diana), Kalona, IA; son-in-law, Vincent Kauffman (Rachel), Mill Hall, PA; Michael (Melissa), Salisbury, PA; Joshua, Harrisonburg, VA; Rebecca (Kevin) Coblenz, Oakland; Deborah, Oakland; 16 grandchildren, and two siblings: Irene (Daniel) Yoder, Oakland; and Edward (Orpha) Petersheim, Oakland.

In addition to his parents, Paul was preceded in death by a daughter, Rachel (Vincent) Kauffman in November, 2020.

The funeral was held March 19, 2021, at Loch Lynn Church of Christ for Mountain View Mennonite Church. Merl Beachy and Leighton Yoder officiated. Interment was at Schlabach Cemetery with Donnie Brenneman serving.

**Schrock**, Marvin J., 74, Walnut Creek, OH, passed away peacefully with his family by his side at the Aultman Hospital on March 27, 2021. He was born April 8, 1946, to the late Jacob J. and Anna Laura (Miller) Schrock. On June 21, 1969, he married Irene Yoder.

Marvin was a retired farmer and a faithful member of Maranatha Fellowship. He enjoyed traveling with

Irene to visit their children and will be remembered by his family for how he cared for others and was always willing to fix things for them. He was a talented mechanic.

Marvin is survived by his loving wife, Irene, and their six children: Monica (Danny) Stutzman, Dade City, FL; Judson (Amy), Berlin; Melody (Steve) Schlabach, Sugarcreek; Paul Frederick (Madeline), Charm; Marjorie (Mark) Reed, Elizabethtown, PA; Lowell, Millersburg; 26 grandchildren, stepbrothers and stepsisters: Anna (late Raymond) Mullet, Verna (Wayne) Keim, Becky (Steve) Mullet, all of Berlin; David (Rosemary) Yoder, MD; Roy (Katie) Yoder, Steve (Ruth) Yoder, Mark (Dorothy) Yoder, all of Millersburg; and a stepsister-in-law, Martha (late Mose) Yoder, Millersburg.

In addition to his parents, he was preceded in death by his stepfather, Eli M. Yoder, stepbrother, Mose Yoder, and stepbrother-in-law, Raymond Mullet.

The funeral was held at Maranatha Fellowship on March 31 with Javan Miller officiating. Burial followed in the church cemetery.

**Schrock**, Pauline, 91, of rural Kalona died December 29, 2020, at the United Presbyterian Home in Washington, IA. Pauline was born May 18, 1929, to the late Mahlon and Maggie (Miller) Gerich of rural Kalona, IA.

Pauline attended West Lincoln School and was a faithful member of Sharon Bethel Church. She was united in

marriage to Elmer L. Schrock on October 6, 1949. They were committed to each other and enjoyed almost 40 years of married life. She enjoyed life on the farm, gardening, and family time together. A prayer warrior, she prayed for her children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren by name daily.

Survivors include her six children and their spouses: Devon (Marge), Washington; Iva (Wilbur) Hershberger, Millersburg, OH; Dean (Karen), Larry (Rosella), Jim (Marilyn), Kenny (Tami), all of Kalona; 19 grandchildren, 20 great-grandchildren, two great-great-

grandchildren, and a sister-in-law, Dorothea Gingerich.

Preceding Pauline in death was her beloved husband, Elmer, on July 12, 1989, and ten siblings: Katie Mast, Lizzie Gingerich, Ollie Hochstedler, Linus Gingerich, Cora Yoder, Eldora Mast, Maynard Gingerich, Jacob Gingerich, Iva Gingerich, and Ida Mullet.

The funeral service was held on January 2, 2021, at the Sharon Bethel Church near Kalona with Delmar Bontrager and Leighton Yoder serving. Burial was at Sharon Hill Cemetery.



## observations

The results of a recent study that were published in “Circulation” highlighted the importance of a diet rich in vegetables. The study included data from 66,000 women and 42,000 men. Those who consumed five daily helpings of vegetables experienced reduced death rates compared with those who consumed two helpings. The reported results are that those who ate more vegetables experienced a 12% lower death rate from heart disease, a 10% lower death rate from cancer, and a 35% lower death rate from respiratory disease.

Those reporting had more comments. They indicated that due to

the starchy nature of potatoes, peas, and corn, those vegetables do not offer the same benefit as others. The study also highlighted the benefits of fruit, but due to the concentrated nature of juices, they don’t offer the same benefits of whole fruit.

Furthermore, those who performed the study also acknowledged that the accuracy of the results depends on the accuracy of the data that the participants submitted. This along with the fact that those who report high vegetable consumption are likely those who are aware of the importance of healthy lifestyle choices and are likely to be physically fit and do not smoke or drink to

excess. Quantifying the benefits of healthy eating is much more difficult than acknowledging that good dietary choices are wise.



Since we're thinking about diet, here's a different take on vegetable consumption. I was part of a conversation with an acquaintance who made some modifications to his diet after being concerned with some of his cholesterol numbers. He said he sort of figured this diet out on his own. He avoids almost all plant-based food and all plant-based oils. He eats a lot of red meat, especially organ meat, and especially liver. When we spoke, he indicated that a few days hence he had an appointment with a local butcher to slaughter four lambs that he had purchased locally. He indicated that not many days pass where he doesn't eat liver. He eats a lot of red meat rich in animal fat. It's been two years since he's been on this diet, and he indicated he feels great and the cholesterol numbers on his regular blood work are looking very favorable. I wouldn't necessarily recommend this as a good choice for most of us. It is pretty obvious that not all people choose to follow the same emphasis in pursuit of good health.



Last year I commented with

appreciation regarding the blessing that the life of Ravi Zacharias has been to many, many people. Since his passing, those who worked with him became aware of allegations of inappropriate conduct that Mr. Zacharias had engaged in. Independent sources investigated and found evidence lending credence to some of those allegations.

Many of those who felt blessed by the Lord through the life of Mr. Zacharias, struggled to come to terms with the disappointment of his failures. This is a good reminder for us to not base our faith on the charisma of a human but to put deep roots into Jesus Christ. He never disappoints. Leaving a good testimony is a sacred responsibility, but it is also a comfort to know that our human failure doesn't contaminate God in any way. It's also a good reminder to seek to evaluate a message on its own merits rather than the perceived legitimacy of the person bearing the message. There are ways that these posthumous developments don't materially change the accuracy of what Zacharias said and taught.

However, it is almost impossible, humanly speaking, for us to not see things a bit differently with this new information. I'm remembering the timeless and timely exhortation in scripture that entreats us to "...walk

worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called.” Ephesians 4:1



This evening Brenda and I went to a local funeral home to greet the family of a neighbor who passed away. Terry was 79 years old and lived just a half mile west of our place until moving to a retirement home in nearby Parsons several years ago. Terry had spent several holidays with our family these last years since he became a widower. On the way home we did a bit of reminiscing.

This coming July it will be 18 years since we moved to this community. Since we arrived, many of our neighbors have died. I was surprised when I started counting those who have passed away since we arrived who lived within an approximate two-mile radius of our house. I thought of John, Marvin, Art, Matt, Gene, Barbara, Carol, Margaret, Leah, Dale, Terry, Velma, Roger, Idabel, Eddie, and Delores. That’s 16 people if I counted correctly, and I might not be remembering everybody. Most of these died of natural causes, though one of them was killed in a traffic accident, and one sadly took his own life.

Time moves on and waits for nobody. It behooves us to prepare now for the day the curtain will be drawn on our sojourn here. Some

of our former neighbors made a profession of faith, but I don’t know that all did. Several things come to mind as I pondered these things:

1. Our relationships with our neighbors are opportunities to display the love of Jesus and offer a winsome invitation to life in Christ.
2. Life is short. Eternity is endless. Our lives should bear witness to this reality.
3. Social standing and financial success, though highly esteemed here, are woefully inadequate preparations for eternity.
4. Those who die in the Lord are eternally blessed.



The Itaipu Dam is a hydroelectric dam on the Parana River, the seventh largest river in the world, on the border between Paraguay and Brazil. This monstrous construction project started in 1971 and was completed in 1984. This project is remarkable for many reasons.

It is a bi-national project. There were bumps along the way, but Paraguay and Brazil were, and still are, able to cooperate in such a way that benefits both countries.

It is also remarkable for its sheer size. There are twenty turbines that generate electricity. Ten turbines provide electricity for Brazil and ten for Paraguay. But since the electricity

generated far outstrips the demand for Paraguay, they immediately sell most of their share to Brazil. The electricity generated from two of these turbines provides about 90% of the electricity that Paraguay uses.

In 1994 the American Society of Engineers designated this project one of the Seven Modern Wonders of the World. At a little more than five miles long and almost 650 feet high, it is an awesome spectacle to behold. The iron and steel used in its construction would be sufficient to construct 380 Eiffel Towers. The

statistics go on and on.

I'm reminded again that when mankind uses the gifts that God has given to the benefit of mankind, the results can be pretty amazing. Of course, a project like this is only successful as mankind understands and harnesses the physical laws and design that are set forth in this creation by the Creator Himself.

The comments for this section were gleaned from a recent visit to this site as well as Wikipedia.

RJM 

## O Thou of Uncomplaining Love

*John Petersheim, Narvon, PA*

**O** thou of uncomplaining love...

She is more precious than jewels; and nothing you desire compares with her.

A great and honest man may rightly speak of many loves. He tells of loves that are risk-taking, daringly unrestrained, and loves that burn in deeply committed flames. In fact, his loves are generally forged in the very fires of his life. Thus, his loves are tempered, fiercely passionate, always marked by loyalty yet thoughtfully divided, albeit never beyond the rigid lines of moral boundaries. He appears

to love because he loves and for no other reason. This man disseminates his love between mother, spouse, and child as easily and wholly as a gently falling rain across a thirsty world of like-equal needs and like-enormous polarities. This man is known by love. Therefore he can be engaged and entreated, and those in his world will delight simply to be in his presence. His warmth, smile, and empathy all seemingly flow from an arising spring that wells from a great and endless source within him. Herein lies such rare virtue, such refreshing and raw purity; so pure indeed that

many will ponder the goodness of the Christ merely by his words and ways. An apparent mystery, there is however one clue to the wondrous make-up of this great and honest man. Somewhere deep inside his being lies the answer—the answer to his innate ability to love; and to love so freely and so quite intrepidly unreserved. The answer must be clear. He too has once been loved.

His earliest memories of love are etched deeply in the recesses of his mind. They reside and mingle there much like the layered hues of a mist-shrouded morning still lingering just inside the promising moments of brilliant sunshine. A beautiful face. Warm and tender words. A gentle embrace whilst soft and lovely kisses are bequeathed upon his tiny soul. A love made sweeter, quite unlike those of stolen waters, but by a careworn mama who has pledged with inexplicable commitment to care for and to nurture her little treasure. Heaven alone knows the bounds, yea, the origins to the vast and immeasurable love of a mother for her children. Could one still think it possible having witnessed a mama's affections without also deeply pondering the very source and store of love itself? There beneath her watchful eye and forever surrounded by her guarding heart, her little man

grew. Early words, teetering steps, childish love as gleeful as fields of frolicking thistle drifting lazily on the warm breezes of an early April sunshine. Never too far from her side he spent his days. Snuggled fast at bedtime by her melodies he spent his nights, and there in his most tender memories of her throughout the long and sleepy hours of starry darkness he spent his dreams. How quickly these glad and golden years were passed between them. Precious, beautiful, binding, blessed, and fleeting years. Years treasured and then sped away. And oh, how they cherished one another!

The path through early manhood took him further and farther away from the shelter and the confines of her tireless, caring heart. It has been told that a young man in his latter adolescent years may come to believe that a mother's love is fickle. Her unabashed hugs and her affectionate kisses have become unmanly and too unseemly for one whom, by his own admission, is now set free and on his own. A young man set free in his explorations of an enormous and exhilarating world that has opened up before him. New winds are blowing, manhood is calling, and he, as so many before him, is responding to its strange and mysterious allurements. These



are gently whispered allurements wafting through his mind much like the aromas of a soft and lilac-scented air on a young summer's night. The promise of a new and hitherto undiscovered love is blooming. There, a beautiful girl in the background! A timid smile and furtive glances mingled with shy conversation that eventually led to deep-seated commitments as he pledges to stand by her for a lifetime. He would become hers forever; promising to love and protect her through health, prosperity, sickness, poverty, and even unto death. Therefore, quite oblivious to the pain his innocent change of fidelity may have caused his own mother's heart, he strode out and away from her into this great, glorious, and otherwise perceived to be, brand-new world and brand-new love. Left with only a determined, stubbornly courageous and propped-up heart, an aching yet jubilant mama watched and loved them now through bitter-sweet tears from her increasingly distant and ever lengthening shadows.

He buried her early and young in life, lost to one of the many cruelties that still ravage fallen and sin-stricken man. Only in a broken world of decaying beauty will death have its permission to be humanity's reaper as it uncaringly stalks all who are

otherwise and lovingly created for a glorious and Son-bathed eternity. Gathering wife and child, he traveled the winding, now melancholy roads leading back to his boyhood home. With tears falling as freely and as unstoppable as the great rivers of this world, he bent low over her bier in his final and most heart-wrenching farewell to mama. No force of nature, no power of the universe, would now suppress his grief, much less his words as they tumbled forth in deepest agony. "Oh my dearest mama. Farewell, my love. This is for you, my treasure, my sweet one. How I enjoyed basking in your unconditional warmth and tender affections. How can one so laughing, so loving, so warm and caring, now be lying quietly sleeping? How still and lifeless you appear to me now, only as one prepared for a cold and voiceless tomb. How I cherished your day-long adventures. I shall remember you and miss you always. Indeed, I cannot ever forget you. Nor shall I forget straying with you in childish glory through glade and meadow as we traversed the infinite wonders of our own and magical little worlds. Will I ever see you again, my dear one, my great one, mine so desperately needed? Alas, am I really all alone now? Have you gone away forever? Oh thou of an uncomplaining love!

Will no one ever care for me in this same way again?"

There is something to be said of a Holy God who lovingly condescends in tender pursuit of every lowly and wayward sinner. This benevolent and strong, glorious and great heavenly Father can at once be described as both the Hound of Heaven and also the One Whose love burns unflinchingly for His creation. His love is aflame with such all-consuming intensity that even the hardest of human hearts will become softened when encountered by it. All the more remarkable is the fact that this great God of the heavens loves in spite of being spurned, pursues even while being fled, cries tears that only the derelict should be crying, and chooses to meet the broken-hearted in their most lonely and desperate hours. Odd though it may seem, many a sinner has never fully contemplated this incredibly amazing love of God, until he finds himself alone and despairing, crying over the loss of his mother in a graveyard. To discover the love of One through the absence of another, and a love this wonderful, a love as powerful, and a love so hungry, has left many a mortal in speechless awe while kneeling there in the presence of his Creator. Nothing in this world can replace the touch of a mother,

save the One who has carefully fashioned her from ages past. Indeed, is there really an entity known to man where the uncomplaining love of God is more vividly mirrored than while being demonstrated by mamas? And after all, attempting to comprehend and describe the love of God, without having ever known love as exemplified by mamas, would merely be that of a beggar's refuge.

Only after a heart has been arrested and called to God is it possible for one to fathom the implications of another heart having now been called to its eternal home. Strange too, that only after mothers are called home to their everlasting rest do their words resonate most soundly with those who are bereaved and left behind. And echoing forever through the minds of her children are the warm memories of her gentle voice while expounding upon the Savior she knew and trusted. Although the time may long have passed that her little ones are able to scamper into her garments for safety from the frights and insecurities of life, her offspring can eternally be secure in the folds of her beloved Lord and Savior. What more could one possibly say while pondering the love of mamas? Shall we speak of worlds to come, of perpetual novelties, or perhaps there's a land of reward for mamas

somewhere in gleaming just beyond the golden yet fading sunsets of our temporal and earthly home? Is there an age still unknown to mortals? A mystical and faraway shore where a mother is anxiously awaiting the arrival of her children? I think so. I truly believe we shall see her again! This great lady is our root and our beginning. Therefore she will remain

indelibly as one larger-than-life in our minds, for that is still where all our warmest memories are gathered around her. She has been the fountain of endless blessings and happiness. This, then, shall be our most humble and grateful tribute to you, our dearest mother. You are undoubtedly all of earth's most heaven-wrought and precious jewel.



## mission awareness

### Uncle Floyd and “Bad Boys”

*Original story written in 1957 by Gwen Buchanan*

*[I dedicate Uncle Floyd's story to the dedicated staff members in the various functions of boys' camps operated by conservative Anabaptist groups. Your Christian service is seldom easy (at times it is extremely tough), but our dear Heavenly Father will reward you abundantly in this life and in heaven forevermore. Although God's name or the Bible is not mentioned in this article, yet godly principles were indeed applied and practiced in this institution. -FS]*

“There is no such thing as a bad boy,” Floyd Starr, founder of the Starr Commonwealth in Albion, Michigan, claimed.

“Uncle Floyd” wrote those words into the school's creed around 1914. They have since become nationally famous, and he came pretty close to proving them.

Over forty-three years, thanks to him, 3,600 boys, who might otherwise have become tough criminals, took their places as respected members

of society. Over 4000 “bad boys” have known his love and care, and ninety percent have been reclaimed. Most correctional schools would consider a far lower percent of success enviable.

Among these boys were the world's youngest bandits, near murderers; some stole automobiles, robbed stores, forged checks, and committed arson. They were the boys called “bad” whom nobody wanted but Uncle Floyd.

Eventually many of them became ministers, doctors, teachers, policemen, and mechanics. One became a college professor and author of many articles.

Uncle Floyd was the core of the Starr Commonwealth for Boys. A fine-looking man, immaculately groomed with silver hair, deep-set, kindly eyes. He had an air of youth blended with understanding and great dignity. His personality seemed to reach out to anyone who came in contact with him—warming, sympathetic, intelligent.

A boy felt this demeanor when he came to Starr. From the first warm handclasp, he knew he was welcome. He belonged, and he was expected to be part of a happy, healthy school life.

Floyd Starr was four years old when he heard his parents discussing a man who had adopted fifty boys.

“What’s adopted?” he asked, and was horrified to learn that there were boys who didn’t have homes and loving parents. “When I grow up, I’m going to take care of boys like that,” he announced.

By the time Floyd graduated from Albion College in 1910, young Starr had decided they were to be the boys nobody wanted, the so-called “bad boys.” Three years later, with a few hundred dollars he had saved and a small inheritance, he acquired a run-

down 40-acre farm on the rolling hills around Montcalm Lake, west of Albion. The first two “bad boys” assigned to his custody were both orphans.

“Times were hard,” Mr. Starr admitted. “For breakfast we had beans and potatoes we raised, for lunch potatoes and beans, and a hash of both for dinner.”

They lived in a barn until the first house was finished. The Commonwealth grew to include a 2500-acre farm and 50-acre campus with a school, cottages for the boys, a gymnasium, Chapel-in-the-Woods, library, and museum. The boys were well-dressed, well-fed, and happy.

The Commonwealth was not built on the principle of making boys pay for misconduct,” Mr. Starr pointed out. “We wanted them to feel that this is a school of opportunity. We believed that they could act decently if they were happy.

“Bad acts are merely a symptom of something tangled within a boy. Sometimes the worst were the most easily straightened out once the cause of his wrong thinking was discovered and corrected. Our job was to find the real boy, the good boy, and set him on the right track and keep him there. Sometimes the crust of badness was deep, but it could be removed if there was someone who cared.”

The Commonwealth was a non-sectarian, nonprofit school mainly supported by gifts, as it received neither state nor federal aid. Parents were encouraged to contribute to the best of their ability. The farm brought in some income and helped supply the food.

Boys who entered had to be homeless or delinquent, and normal physically and mentally. All had to come willingly. Ages enrolled were from 11 to 15½ inclusive. A private school was maintained from grades six through tenth. Eleventh and twelfth grades were taken in public school if the boy's behavior had earned it.

In 1957 there were 160 boys at the Commonwealth, and 30 more lived in nearby Jackson and attended high school. The staff included a teacher for every 13 boys, an athletic coach, and qualified social service workers.

In the dining rooms the tables were set with silver and linen and served formally by the boys themselves, each getting his turn at waiting on tables. Good manners were emphasized, and formal dress was required for dinner. They were taught the proper social amenities so that in the future they would exercise poise and confidence.

Some famous artists gave valuable paintings to the school. This helped the boys to understand and appreciate beauty. "We tried to develop a love for

music too," Mr. Starr said. "Once a guest pianist announced she would play Beethoven's Fifth and was amazed at the spontaneous applause."

The boys were instructed in various practical trades in one of the finest general shops in Michigan. On the farm, the capable farm superintendent provided agricultural instruction, and the boys also learned horticulture. They had additional opportunity to work in the office and were taught to wash dishes and make beds, to cook and bake, iron shirts and press trousers. All the barbering was done by students.

"The surest way to help a boy do his best was to find out what his abilities were and induce him to use them to the fullest," Mr. Starr said. "We endeavored, from first to last, to lead him to see that only through his own wise decisions and efforts will he become strong and capable of a successful, well-balanced life."

In a nation addicted to predigested thinking, "We tried to make our boys think. Our boys had to study by themselves; had to learn self-control and had to make their own adjustments."

When a boy would leave the Commonwealth, he felt like he had been part of something rich and wonderful. It was probably the only correctional school in existence with

an alumni association who took tremendous pride in the school's record. Families came from all over the United States to reunions, and fathers gladly told their offspring they are "Starr boys."

As Uncle Floyd looked out of his office window across the rolling

campus with its English-style buildings and fertile farm acres, he verbalized, "We have no boy problem in America. Ours is a parent problem. Crime prevention should start before a boy is born."

*[Used by permission from the Fishwrapper.]*



## A Woman After God's Heart

### A Mother's Perspective

*Susan Schlabach, Ripley, OH*



She blinked long, several times, as she told him goodbye. He, into the wide world full of enterprise, intrigue, and relationship. And she? Back into the odors of her four walls. Her accompaniment today would be, as every day before and after, the incessant queasiness reminding her of one more waiting to be born, a feverish toddler working on his eye teeth, and a weepy four-year-old because her sister was leaving for springtime kindergarten. But this wasn't the time for overwhelmed thoughts. Thankfully, someone else was running the school taxi this morning. This afternoon, at naptime, her turn would come soon enough.

She quickly changed her toddler's diaper while trying not to inhale deeply, and on the upswing she

grabbed the scholar's bedhead tangles for braiding with a sideways glance at the clock to tell her that she had exactly 13 minutes before the school van would hustle her eldest away. Away. So, this is what letting go felt like. One part of her was wishing she could let go of *everything* right now, maybe for always. That part was quickly overcome by guilt as she remembered her friend who wept with barrenness, and her sister who'd buried an infant. Onto her overwhelmed thoughts she heaped the shame of her ungratefulness and mothering coldness. And all was covered in tiredness: mind, soul, and body fatigue. Her toddler had awakened her no less than six times last night. She felt a twinge of bitterness at the thought that heaven

would hold no sleep when it felt like she could sleep a million years in the beginning stretch. Her exhaustion felt palpable.

That mealtime discussion last Sunday noon kept invading the few leftover spaces in her brain. She and her husband had shared lunch with a set of empty-nesters. While the older two observed the lunchtime hubbub of the young family, they quickly pronounced this weathered advice, “Oh, you youngsters, enjoy these early days in family life! Someday you will know these days really were the best ever! Just you wait until they’re teenagers and then you’ll know where the real trouble lies. Ask us. We know.”

“So, is that what I have to look forward to?” she pondered, frowning her forehead. “I can hardly put one foot in front of the other now. What will it be like *then* if they say these are the easy days?”



I was a nurse’s aide, coaching patients at a maternity clinic. I was a rookie, for sure, but eager to do my job well. A first-time mother in the early stages of labor said she was ready to give up. Albeit naively, I attempted to comfort her with these words, “You can’t give up now. Your pain is just beginning. It will get much harder than this before it gets better!”

What comfort?! Thankfully, the

older and kinder midwife in charge imparted much-needed wisdom to me in the ways of patient support. To be understanding, empathetic, and supportive became my goal. I learned to just be present and to reassure gently, “you can do this.” Not, “just you wait, this is nothing. Wait till you see what’s coming!”



Titus 2:4 instructs older women to guide young women. And if you’re squirming at the term “older,” hear me out. All of us are *older women* to someone younger, whether it be in days and years lived, or in spiritual maturity. How about we willingly embrace the calling to be the “labor coaches?”

Recently, I listened as a Titus 2 woman verbally guided one coming after her. She spoke of an overwhelmingly busy and tiring part of her mother-life. She spoke of an infant who cried for months, demands of a ministry she shared with her husband, older children, and almost fruitless efforts to retain her sanity. God gave her the summarizing power of Titus 2:4; the simple complexity of loving her husband, and her children. She began to ask God each morning if He had anything for her to do outside of the order to love her husband and her children. She resolved to love

them well, wrapping it in the sober, discreet, chaste, keepers at home, good and obedient part. She would only allow added responsibilities by clear direction from the Lord. She found a refreshing sense of fulfillment in what God ordered for her in that season of her life.

How can we bear up the weary arms of a fatigued mother of young children? We've already addressed a negative in warning her that these are the good days and harder ones lie ahead. Some young mamas have told me that to hear the cliché, "Enjoy these days for they pass so quickly" evokes more guilt than support. Not only are they struggling to love this phase, but they feel shame that they struggle to love those who are nearest to them.

I am simple enough to believe that the apostle instructed Titus to teach that we should love our children and husbands because there lies that tendency within us *not* to love them. For example, he says to help bear others' burdens because our nature is to look out for ourselves. Or, he tells us to rejoice and be thankful, because we tend to complain. And so, he tells us to love our children and husbands, because there are hard times when we simply do not love them, nor do we love our calling.

How about the following suggestions for mother support?

Acknowledge that life as a young mother can be agonizingly hard at times. The long nights within the short years really can feel endless when your body screams for rest, and the infant screams for you-don't-know-what. Admit that you too, have wavered at the "love them" command. Tell them that God wouldn't have commanded "love them" if everything was always fuzzy and easy. Tell them that the Lord is their Shepherd, and they shall not want for anything that they truly need, followed by, "which night can I bring you supper?" Help them see that hormones, three-hour nights, four voices at once, and living far away from mom all compounds neediness, and not because they're negligent or lazy. Tell them that while their season of life is hugely daunting right now, it won't always be the same level of demanding. The little ones eventually are potty-trained. They learn to dress themselves. They climb into their car seats on their own. They actually turn into intelligent individuals with whom it's a delight to exchange ideas. Reassure them that the harvest can be way bigger than the investment.

For too long we've handled the Terrible Two's phrase, so no wonder we followed with warnings about the Troubled Teens. Could we instead talk



about how the Terrific Two's turn into Tremendous Teens? True, there are heartaches and challenges that can pervade the lives of youth and their parents, but that isn't the goal, the norm, or the insurmountable threat.

Tell them stories of how you missed it as a mother and what you wish you could do over. Tell them how you succeeded, and ways you got up again after you fell. Allow them to glimpse your own vulnerability and struggle. Assure them that the God of the universe will come with a strong hand...He will feed His flock like a shepherd, He will gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young. We have His word on that in Isaiah 40.

Often when we're in the middle of a challenge the outcome is not immediately clear. Their quandary is a reasonable part of the process. Neither did I "get it" back then like I do now. God uses happenings from time to time to raise the curtain of our understanding and allows us to see through His lenses. Recently I experienced a flash of that within about one minute of time and it has burned into my heart.

The beaming couple floated out the center aisle of the church auditorium, grasping each other's hands as if forever locked in affectionate glory.

It appeared as if nothing would ever taint their joy. Next, extended family began to hustle and rustle out the same aisle. I noted the young family of six. To me, their own wedding day felt like just a few months ago. But their hands were not entwined with each other this time as they escorted and urged the little ones to walk ahead of them. The baby in his mama's arms bore the evidence of a *handicap*, as the rest of us call it. I continued my gaze to witness the shuffling of the eighty-ish grandparents making their exit. He, with Parkinson's, walked haltingly, supported by his wife. She, the stronger one, took his arm as they slowly and deliberately brought up the finale of the message God had just shown me. Blinking tears, I pondered this evolution of life. I saw that the grace by which the mighty God of the universe cares for those with young is the same kindness with which He made, bears, carries, and saves those of old age and white hair (Isaiah 46:3,4). He uses His people to carry out His kind plan. It happens day after long day. It begins in the starry-eyed newlyweds. It is driven deeply into the heart of the tired young mother. It culminates in the love of a man and wife who may be just a breath away from meeting the mighty God Who keeps His word.



## Nightmare at the Arch

*Hannah Eicher, Millersburg, OH*

**H**ave you ever had anything really scary happen to you, something so scary that you wished you could wake up and find out it was just a dream? When you have a nightmare, you can get away from it because you wake up at the worst point, then you roll over and after a while you go back to sleep. But sometimes something really scary happens in real life, and you can't get away from it. Let me tell you what happened to our family on October 23, 2020, and how God helped us through.

First, though, I want to tell you a little about myself and my family. My name is Hannah Eicher. I was sixteen when this happened. My parents are Marvin Joel and Gina, and I have three younger brothers. Andrew is 14, Isaiah is 11, and Jeremiah is 6. We live in Ohio.

Now for my story. One of the older boys from my youth group was getting married to a very nice girl from Missouri, and we wanted to go to his wedding. If you've ever traveled in the Midwest, you know it's pretty boring. There's not much to see besides flat land, farmhouses,

cities every now and then, and lots of billboards. But we were excited because we were going to stop in St. Louis and see the famous Arch.

It was getting dark when we drove into St. Louis. We drove across the Mississippi River, and we could see the Arch in the distance. Dad had said that we might be a little disappointed when we actually saw it, but we thought it was great. We really wanted to see it up close, so we drove around trying to find a place to park so we could walk up to it.

Finally, we found a parking space pretty close, but it said RESERVED. A man walking nearby said that it would be fine for us to park there. He walked away and went around a corner of a building. Then he came back wearing a mask. We did not think anything of his mask because of COVID-19. "No one will hurt you," he said.

Dad told him we're homeschooled, and he said he likes to see children enjoy the Arch. Several times he said that no one will hurt us. I guess we should have taken that as a caution signal. But we're from the country, and although we knew big cities are

dangerous, I think we didn't know just how scary they can be.

My mom gets cold really easily, and she almost didn't go along because it was pretty cold and a wind was blowing. But we convinced her to go.

There were signs around that said to cover your valuables, so Mom stuck her purse under a pillow. But the handle wasn't quite covered.

Then we went off to walk around the Arch. It was an absolutely amazing sight to see. Dad and the boys went down to the river a little too. We didn't stay long because of how cold it was. I took some pictures. Then we headed back to the van.

When we got back, Mom and I and some of the boys walked around to our side of the van. I can still remember seeing broken glass all over the place, but I didn't realize what had happened at first. I thought maybe something inside the van had fallen and broken. Then I realized what had happened. The passenger window had been deliberately smashed. Mom said, "My purse is gone!"

Dad said when he first saw it, he knew deep down what had happened, but he didn't want to believe it.

Mom's phone, asthma inhaler, the spare keys, and her wallet were in her purse. We immediately started checking around to see what all was

gone. My purse was still there and Dad's phone. All of our luggage in the back was safe too. The GPS was still there in plain sight. It wasn't until a little later that we found out that Dad's briefcase was gone too, with his Bible, which was very precious to him. He'd had it since 1997. His diary was in there too. Mom was afraid all her medications were in her purse.

Dad called 911. I was scared to stay there. There was glass all over the seats, floor, and everywhere. It was awful.

911 personnel told us if we didn't feel safe staying there, we could just leave and file a police report. So we got out of there quickly. Jeremiah was so scared he cried. The noise from the open window was terrible. I couldn't find my backpack, and I was afraid it was gone too. Then I found it in the trunk. Mom's debit card was in my purse, so it was safe. We were tremendously thankful for that.

We called some church friends and pretty soon our bishop called to see if we were okay. Some of the church people were staying at the same place, and they were all praying for us. That felt good.

Our hotel was over 45 minutes away. That ride was terrible. I felt like my stomach was in a knot, and I wished I could lie down and cry. We prayed for the man who robbed us and that he would read Dad's Bible. We know

nothing is impossible with God.

We got to our hotel, unloaded everything, and went up to our room. And then the “little miracles” started to happen. Mom opened her suitcase and found her medications. Jeremiah’s wallet showed up somewhere. We were all safe. I felt better and didn’t have my cry after all.

We went to bed. I checked to make sure the door was locked. When I lain down to go to sleep, I kept remembering Mom saying, “My purse is gone!”

Around midnight Dad’s phone rang, which really scared me. Who calls at this hour of the night? Dad answered and it was just the police following up on our report.

I actually did sleep very well then. Jeremiah threw up during the night from the stress, but the next morning he was okay. Dad woke up in the night and started to laugh. Mom asked what was so funny. “I just remembered,” he chuckled, “that the last thing I stuck in my briefcase was a copy of Simon Schrock’s book, *One Anothering*.” That was funny to think that a thief had stolen a book about helping others and being kind to them.

The next morning we went to the wedding. The church family started finding out what had happened, and they were really kind. They gave us enough money to pay for a new Bible,

cellphone, and window for the van. Dad said the thief will never know how much brotherhood kindness his act provoked.

We put plastic over the smashed window, but it made such a loud noise when we drove. Some kind friends from church decided to travel with us. Mom, Jeremiah, and I rode with them, and Dad, Andrew, and Isaiah followed with the van. I had a really relaxing and enjoyable trip home.

The window is replaced now. Mom has a new purse, phone, and wallet, and Dad has a new Bible. We kept finding glass in the van for a long time. Before this all happened, my grandpa had found a briefcase like Dad’s at a garage sale. He didn’t even know why, but he bought it. Do you see how God works? He knew this was going to happen. He had everything under control, and He knew just how He was going to work things out for us.

We have wondered if the thief was that man we talked to. It’s very possible that it was. But we forgive him and hope he comes to Jesus. It’s better to be the one robbed than to be the robber!

So, children, remember, no matter what happens to us, God is always with us, and He will take care of us. Yes, we lost things that were of value to us, but we are all safe. God had His hand over it all. And if you remember,

you can pray for the man who robbed us. Pray that he will find Jesus and come to repentance. And always

remember when you're scared, God is with you. He is a great and powerful God, and He always cares for His own.



## youth messages

# Ticktock, Ticktock

*Josh Kooistra, New Concord, OH*

What would you do if a mysterious benefactor gave you two billion dollars to spend? What if when you were born, you were given \$31,536,000 a year with a bonus of \$86,400 on leap year? There are a few stipulations with the money, however. It is deposited in a sum of \$86,400 every night at midnight. At the same time as the deposit, the remaining money from the previous day is removed. It can't be gotten back. You have exactly \$86,400 every day, no more, no less. It is up to you to spend it wisely. Every dollar that you spend is being tracked and someday your benefactor will hold you accountable for the way that you spent the unbelievable gift you were given.

You have the liberty to spend the money however you see fit. Although you might find good places to spend the money for a while, it can be easy to lose track of how you are spending that money, and it may become

difficult to decide how to spend it, especially at a young age. Our parents and others in leadership positions give us input and teach and train us how to spend the money wisely. As you get older, and the more you learn, the more you realize the value of the money and notice the speed at which the money is spent.

As some of you may already have guessed, 86,400 is the number of seconds in a day. A Politico.com article on U.S. life expectancy reports that the average life expectancy is 77.8 years. This gives a rounded total of 2,453,500,800 seconds of life. We have almost 2.5 billion opportunities to use wisely. Factoring in the age of accountability (estimated at around 13-14 years of age) means the average person has been given a little over 2 billion moments of time that someday they will be held accountable for. **Romans 14:5-12** says, "One man esteemeth one day above another: another esteemeth every day alike. Let every man be fully persuaded in

*his own mind. He that regardeth the day, regardeth it unto the Lord; and he that regardeth not the day, to the Lord he doth not regard it. He that eateth, eateth to the Lord, for he giveth God thanks; and he that eateth not, to the Lord he eateth not, and giveth God thanks. For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord: whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's. For to this end Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that he might be Lord both of the dead and living. But why dost thou judge thy brother? or why dost thou set at nought thy brother? for we shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ. For it is written, As I live, saith the Lord, every knee shall bow to me, and every tongue shall confess to God. So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God."* Here the Apostle Paul stated very clearly that we will need to give an account for how we lived, which would include how we spent our time. When we become believers, our focus should shift. We are no longer living for ourselves; we are living for Someone else.

This truth should give us pause. We really have been given an unbelievable gift with the ability and free will to spend God's blessing of time however we want to. As in

our hypothetical scenario, we will give an account for the way that we spend our time. What are some of the things that take up most of our time and what are some things we can do to help manage our time better?

Obviously, there are a few things that take up a massive amount of our time. First off, unless we are insomniacs, we spend between 20,000 and 30,000 of our daily allowance sleeping. The next biggest consumption of time is our work. For the purpose of this exercise, we will use the example of an eight-hour day or an investment of around 30,000 moments. Many people spend much more than that on their work. We humans must work in order to survive. **1 Thessalonians 3** clearly indicates our need to work in order to eat. **Genesis 3:19a** mentions "*In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread...*" This is obviously a worthy place to invest a portion of our time—not every spare moment of every day. Not Sundays, (with exceptions for those who earn a living caring for people or livestock) and not to the point that our faith, family, and relationships suffer. We work to provide for our needs and to be able to give to others who have needs. Keeping this in mind will help us decide just how much time to invest.

The third and probably most mismanaged investment category

is “discretionary time” or DT. What do we do with the time we have to spend when we are not sleeping or working? Do we invest in our health by exercising? Perhaps we have some hobbies that use a fair amount of our DT for such things as hunting, fishing, gardening, crocheting, or photography. Maybe we enjoy spending time with friends or doing volunteer work.

Sadly, modern technology has stolen much of our DT. A recent eMarketer article stated, “*the average US adult spends three hours and 43 minutes on their mobile devices.*”<sup>1</sup> That is 13,380 moments. An article published in July of 2020 states, “*The average time spent reading in the United States amounted to 0.26 hours (approximately 15 minutes) on weekdays, while daily time spent reading on weekends and holidays reached 18 minutes or 0.29 hours.*”<sup>2</sup> Ironically, the technology that was created to making life easier, and keep us informed and connected, is actually robbing us of the very time it is supposed to help us manage and use more efficiently. **We** are the ones

who will be held responsible for how **we** managed the time that God has blessed us with. Are we investing it wisely like the first two servants in Matthew 25? Are we spending **our** DT on blessing others or always on ourselves? Are we investing our DT in laying up treasures in heaven?

Here are some time-management strategies worth considering.

Start your day off with a plan. (It might help to make it the night before.)

Make a detailed checklist of things you would like to do or accomplish.

Set a realistic time limit for a task.

Get rid of interruptions (maybe turn off all non-essential notifications?).

Don’t procrastinate—just do it.

Minimize multi-tasking (focusing on one thing at a time has proven to be effective for me).

Make yourself accountable to someone else, share your goals with them, then review your progress.

May God grant you the grace and the wisdom to manage and spend your time wisely for your own benefit and those around you.

*Closest communion needs time for the revelation of God’s presence. It is vain to say, “I have too much work to do to find time.” You must find time or forfeit a blessing. God knows how to save for you the time you sacredly keep for communion with Him. – A. T. Pierson*



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1 elitecontentmarketer.com  
“Screen Time Statistics 2021:  
Your Smartphone Is Hurting You”

2 www.statista.com “U.S. daily time spent reading 2019”

(USPS 767-160)  
Carlisle Printing  
2673 Township Road 421  
Sugarcreek, OH 44681

Periodicals

## THOUGHT GEMS

Christ has replaced the dark door of death with the shining gate of life.

• • • • •

There is no modern pain medicine as effective as a mother's kiss.

• • • • •

Mothers write on the hearts of their children  
what the world's rough hand cannot erase.

• • • • •

The biggest cemetery in the country is where unused talents are buried.

• • • • •

If you have nothing to say, never say it out loud.

• • • • •

Trying to squash a rumor is like trying to un-ring a bell.

• • • • •

A secret is something you tell one person at a time.

• • • • •

You can't have a gossiping tongue unless you have gossiping ears.

• • • • •

Gardeners are people who think that whatever goes down must come up.

• • • • •

Laugh a lot, and when you are older,  
all your wrinkles will be in the right places.

• • • • •

You can attract sinners to Christ when you have His song in your heart.