



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

Galatians 6:14

NOVEMBER 2011

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

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Wheelchair Angel

Stephen Miller, Belle Center, OH

The day was warm and I was sore,
Upon my crutches in the store.
And so I leaned against the shelf
As gloom and pity fell on myself.

While other folks went speeding by,
And I was left to moan and sigh.
Why is this so? It's just not fair,
I wonder, *Does God really care?*

And then a cheerful voice I heard,
Just like the music from a bird;
“Hi, how are you?” is what it said.
And so I quickly turned my head.

And there I saw this little lad
Who could not move a limb he had.
But on a wheel chair all tied in,
He could not move—except his chin.

And yet his mouth that God did spare
Is what he used his love to share.
In such a happy, cheerful way
To folks he met throughout the day.

And so we had a little chat,
About his life—and this and that.
And then, as on my way I went,
Was that an angel God had sent?

For now I felt so truly blessed
With life and health and happiness!
For God has been so good to me
And I will now more thankful be!



In Everything Give Thanks

Praise God that most of Paul's letters to individuals and to churches have become part of our Christian heritage. His writings have wonderful doctrinal and practical content. In 1 Thessalonians 5:16-22, Paul listed a cluster of seven practical "gold nuggets." Here's Number Three:

•In everything give thanks, for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.

This gold nugget on gratefulness is one step on the way to God's fuller blessing: "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." November is in the time of harvest in the Northern Hemisphere and is one good time to express gratefulness to God.

We are here not asked to give thanks for everything, but in everything.

In whatever comes to us, we can reach out and find God. Job is a good example of this when he suddenly found himself in the midst of four terrible calamities. On one day, first, his oxen and donkeys were stolen, and his servants murdered; secondly,

fire from heaven fell on Job's sheep and the servants watching over them, killing them; thirdly, Job's camels were stolen and their keepers were murdered; and fourthly, Job's sons and daughters were celebrating in a house that was struck by a mighty wind so that it collapsed on them and killed them. In each of these disasters, only one person escaped to bring the heart-rending tidings to Job and his wife.

What did Job do? What could he do? He could have cursed these terrible situations or stormed at God, but he didn't. He was obviously distressed, but he simply stood up, tore his mantle, shaved his head, fell down and worshiped God and said, "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither: the LORD gave, and the LORD hath taken away; blessed be the name of the LORD" (Job 1:21). And God was pleased with Job's response.

Job did not praise God *for* these hardships—he worshiped God *in* them.

If hardship were pleasant, it wouldn't be hardship.

Giving thanks when in distress says

that God knows what He's doing in allowing hardship to come. When Paul and Silas were severely whipped, then had their feet placed in stocks at Philippi (Acts 16:19-40), they sang praises to God at midnight. Did they enjoy the abuse? Of course not! Did they expect to get out of trouble if they praised God? I doubt it. They sang praises to God because, even though they didn't know why God had allowed it, they knew that God knew—and that was enough.

The men in stocks had few options: They could try to sleep or they could complain or they could praise God. I doubt that they were comfortable enough to lie down and sleep because of how their backs were mutilated. Their sore bodies were forced to sit cramped, with their feet clamped so they could hardly move. They didn't complain because they were following the Prince of Life who was treated even worse. They did what is becoming to a grateful Christian—they praised God. They even *sang* praises to God at midnight!

It is God's will that we *express* gratitude.

The Psalmist said, "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom he has redeemed from the hand of the enemy" (Psalm 107:2). God's children are rescued from mankind's worst enemy, Satan. We are given many promises of God's love and care. It is only right that our speech

include grateful comments, be it for blessings of health, family, freedom, work, opportunity, forgiveness of sin, assurance, guidance, eternal life—the list goes on and on.

Whom the Lord loves, He chastens.

Children who grow up with neither direction and correction nor acceptance and love are at loose ends. They lack personal security. We as God's adult children are given God's perfect parental care. God's love and chastening makes us spiritually strong if we respond with childlike trust and love for Him. God loves us and corrects us to bring us to fruitfulness (John 15:2), just as a bountiful grape harvest generally follows pruning. Let us not resist God's chastening. He allows chastening because "a cluster of sweet, plump grapes" of holy living is what He's looking for. That brings Him great glory.

Thanksgiving is True Thanksgiving

When we practice thanksgiving, we bear witness to the truth that grateful testimony is the will of God in Christ Jesus. Thanksgiving is so unusual that it catches the attention of a watching world. If you want to be in step with secular society, you probably say what is *wrong* with everything and everyone around you. Thanksgiving notes first what's *right*. That makes sense to the child of God. He's letting God be God. Let's not disappoint the One who made

us or the One who gave His life for us. If we do this, we are acknowledged as beloved sons and daughters of God in whom He is well pleased.

“By Him therefore let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is, the fruit of our lips giving thanks to his name” (Hebrews 13:15).

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Correction: In the September issue, on page 11, I listed the wrong phone number for Ridgeway Publishers. Here is the correct number: 888-822-7894. I apologize for any inconvenience this has caused!

—PLM 

the bottom line

Even the Poor Give Thanks

Aaron Lapp, Kinzers, PA

Johnny, 51, lives in Dundee, New York. From birth he developed intellectually, but for the most part, he is immobile. Besides, he is classified as legally blind. But he was nurtured by his loving parents and caring siblings. He actually was the cause of his parents’ salvation, as they cried out to God for grace to bear their unexpected and trying circumstances.

Johnny has always had a good memory, for the blind must use another faculty to compensate for being without sight to make note of things to remember. He loved to sing. It was a deeply moving experience to hear him sing “Hallelujah Square.” “I saw a blind man shuffling along... There will be no blind men in Hallelujah Square.”

Johnny gave thanks. He could say, “I cannot walk like you but I can talk

and praise God.”

Some of us know persons who are born deaf, and grew up being unable to talk. But they are intelligent, being supported in their disabilities by gracious parents and supportive siblings. They might say, “I cannot hear like you, but I can read your lips and still communicate.”

An old man in Kenya said, “I don’t know very much, but I know Jesus, and He saved me. I will go to heaven one day.”

In another poor country, the missionary stops in to see an old widow and to leave a package from Christian Aid Ministries. Some are *poor* and some are **poor poor** and subsist on the edge of starvation and may be able to give almost nothing. Yet they too want to share.

What could/should we learn? Thank God for the “Johnnys” among

us. We all could do better in some “at home” spaces and places. We can see. We can walk. We can sing.

Someone might say, “I can’t sing well, so I won’t sing at all.” Sam Kauffman served under AMA in the 1960’s in Berlin, Germany. A local woman who always came to church would never sing. Now Sam loves to sing. So he asked her why she never sings. She said someone poked fun at her singing many years before, so she decided never to sing again. Just because someone stumbles and falls is no reason not to get up and walk again, albeit perhaps a bit more carefully.

Thank God for the good testimony of those born deaf and inarticulate. They are a living illustration for us to use our five senses for the glory of God and to be thankful—and to use that sixth sense “common sense” wisely.

No doubt, every congregation has those in their membership who are “socially poor.” They have few close friends, if any at all. Notice them at church. Greet them. Asking them a few questions is the least we can do to show interest. Compliment them. Of course, all people are not social equals. But that doesn’t mean certain ones should be disregarded. Enrich them with your sincere interest in them.

Widows and widowers and older singles who live alone are sometimes

socially impoverished. Do you know that sometimes this also happens to a family? That’s right. Some are not included because of a special-needs child, or the dad acts strange, or the mom is conversationally domineering, or they dress strangely, or whatever. They probably sense they’re not being included for reasons they can scarcely change.

In being thankful to God for the graces given to us, let us give thought to having a bit of time and energy to put into voluntary service in our midst for simple social acceptance of others. Let us engage them in conversational interchange, including entertaining them by invitation to our homes. Being remembered occasionally goes a long way toward a sense of worth. And that by both giver and receiver.

Christmas was coming. The church ladies wanted to do something special for the widows and people in the community who live alone. They decided to make soup and sandwiches to drop off at each house.

They came to one house with soup and a sandwich. The little old lady answered the knock on the door. The benevolent ladies said, “Here is some soup and a sandwich from us at Blue Sky Mennonite Church. We wish you a Merry Christmas!”


She reciprocated their smiles and said, “Oh, thank you very much. But wait. I have one thing to say. Tell

the ladies at your church I really appreciate the supper but really, what I need most is for someone to stop in to visit.”

Did I mention the minister and his family? They also like company. The mood may be captured by an incident in our family many years ago. It was on a Sunday evening and we were once again leaving our house to visit widows and the elderly. On the way, our middle son said, “Daddy, when is someone coming to visit us?” Did it ever occur to you that ministers L-O-V-E when people from the church

initiate a visit at the minister’s house? You may need to call first, because they are so much “on the go!”

Those who are poor sense their need and are more likely to give thanks for their little bit than the rich who are wealthy materially and have friends in abundance.

The Bottom Line is that everyone that loves gives. None is so poor that he cannot give something out of what God has given him. It is the persons who withhold sharing, either materially, financially, or socially, who are the most impoverished of all. 

2012 Minister’s Meetings Announcement

The 2012 Annual Beachy Minister’s Meetings will be hosted, Lord willing, by the three Beachy churches of Plain City, Ohio on April 3-5, 2012 at United Bethel Mennonite Church. Committee chairman & mission representatives who need time slots in the business meeting or anyone needing display tables and/or booth space please contact Ray Stutzman at amapc@iwaynet.net or Vernon Miller at alicevernon@gmail.com, or call 614-205-3406. 

ANNOUNCEMENT

The Anabaptist Identity Conference will be held, Lord willing, November 18, 19, 20, 2011, at Midway Reception Center, Lititz, PA. A conference line and CD recordings will be available. (Note: This conference, formerly held in Sarasota, Florida, is now being regularly planned for Pennsylvania.)

Chester Weaver, Shipshewana, IN 

Grace That Brings Salvation

Alfredo Mullet, Lott, TX

Because there is a lack of biblical understanding of law and grace, the terms *legalist*, *legalistic*, and *legalism* are thrown around very flippantly in today's Christian culture. They are most often used derogatorily against believers who make practical applications as an expression of their religious piety.

Granted, Christianity has often been, and still is plagued with the detestable Pharisaic attitude of self righteousness. This is most unfortunate for those who endeavor to sincerely put their faith into action. In the midst of all this confusion, is there a way to differentiate between the two types of professing Christians? Yes, indeed!

To the legalist, salvation is primarily based on actions. To him (or her), the strict adherence to religious rules is the essence of holiness. This need to follow the law impeccably eventually becomes a burden to them. Because they consider their righteousness as a sacrifice, they are ultra-critical of others who appear to be enjoying the Christian life. They feel it their personal responsibility to police the behavior of other church members. When others do not seem to notice their good works, they become resentful and pity themselves. Typically, their countenance betrays a lack of joy in obedience to God.

Contrarily, to the truly saved person,

the main focus of salvation is the work of God within the heart. To him or her holiness is first and foremost a state of being. Therefore, obedience to rules of moral conduct is a spontaneous result of God's holiness which already dwells in them. Because they are prompted by love for God and mankind, their righteous acts are inspirational examples to those around them. They make it their personal responsibility to spur fellow Christians to love and good deeds. Since they are concerned about pleasing God, they do their goodness without seeking the praise of men. The glorious grace of God is evident in them by their peaceful countenance and joyful disposition.

Now sadly, it is true that the Pharisaical hypocrisy among so-called disciples has done great damage to the cause of Jesus Christ and to His church. Still, I would rather live a pious life of godliness and risk being called a legalist in my efforts to do so, than to boast of my freedom in Christ while hypocritically using this as an excuse to indulge the sinful nature. For in reality, this morally loose living among professing Christians has also done despite to the Gospel of Jesus Christ and His body. Both of these extremes concerning law and grace can be summed up under the same heading: Cheap grace!



NOTICE

Present plans are to do two, four-week CASP projects at Hutchinson, KS, January 9 - February 3 and February 6 - March 2, 2012.

In spite of generous donations by several congregations and at least one individual, there is still a small deficit from last year's projects. To have funding in hand before a project begins would seem right, and appears to be a modest and realistic goal. If congregations would see fit to provide four dollars per member, it would cover expenses for 2012 and would leave seed money for another year. Your response to this appeal before January 1, 2012, would be most welcome. Contributions should be sent to:

Elmer J. Miller | 63511 CR 33, Goshen, IN 46528 | 574-642-3056

At this writing (Sept. 19), we still have some openings for volunteers and staff.

David L. Miller | KS Coordinator | 620-567-2376



News and Views from Israel

Donnavon Graber, Jerusalem

The Jerusalem light rail system began operations on August 19, 2011. After years of delay and budget overruns, Jerusalemites are finally enjoying some relief from traffic congestion in parts of the city. A nice bonus is the fact that riding has been free so far. But, because the traffic lights are not synchronized with the train and they are only running about half as many trains as the design calls for, crowded cars and relatively long

travel times tell us that there is plenty of room yet for improvement.

Petty crime seems to have spiked recently, so this is still the same earthly Jerusalem where Jesus walked. Recently, after having purchased a bike to cut down on the frustration of long travel times in the city center by foot or vehicle, my travel time improved significantly. That is, until one day the seat was stolen, making the return a bit interesting. A few days later, someone stole my miniature air

pump as well. In another incident, Lyndon was walking through the Damascus Gate of the Old City, only to be accosted by an aggressive post card salesman. Soon thereafter, he realized his cell phone was missing. After calling the number several times, I apparently woke the new phone owner one morning and surprised him into a conversation. He claimed to have bought it at a phone shop and said he was willing to sell it back for the price he paid. Because of all the important numbers on the phone, I set up a meeting to buy it back in a public place. He didn't show up for the meeting! Needless to say, such incidents test our attitudes towards our possessions and their new owners. But, it is much better to be stolen from than to steal.

In a land like this with so many competing claims, ideologies, and histories, we have been learning the hard way how property ownership works. One form of "ownership" called protected tenancy is not actually ownership, but a form of renting so strong it is nearly like owning the property outright. CAM has been trying to purchase an office property using this method. After purchasing a protected tenancy following the method of the law, we found out that the entity that holds the actual title to the property intended to sue us because of a mistake on their part. So, we have been working hard to avoid a lawsuit. Just yesterday I finally was able to meet with the party, which is actually one of

the traditional Christian churches of the land, trying to find a peaceful way to deal with the situation. It appears possible that we can reach an agreeable solution. Most locals tell us to take them to court, because "you have to be strong with people here." We don't want to take a pragmatic way, but rather the Christlike way and are confident that in the end this will be best.

There is much competition over land and consequently the prices for real estate are outrageous. Of all the land in Israel, 94% is government land and the other 6% is private. When you "buy" land from the government, you actually are buying a 49-year or 98-year lease on the land. Because of this, prices for the 6% that is private land are disproportionately high. In the Old City, a private plot of land of perhaps 1,000 square feet with a modest building is worth about 1.5 million dollars! Much of the private property in Jerusalem is owned by the traditional Christian churches. In fact, the land the Knesset (Israel's parliament) sits on is leased from the Greek Orthodox Church.

Much more could be said on this subject. However, New Jerusalem real estate will put all this to shame and investing in this fund brings hugely better returns! "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth where moth and rust doth corrupt...but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven."



Nonresistance: A Journey Within a Journey

William Child, Altamont, TN

“But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you” (Matthew 5:44).

I was born in July, 1944, while my father was in England awaiting deployment to Normandy following D-Day. Most of my uncles and older male cousins were also off in Europe or the Pacific in that world war. My family knew death and injury from battle. When I was a few years older, my mother showed me one of the little flags, each with one star, which women had put away in their cedar chests after the war. The government had given them to bereaved young widows and to mothers to hang in their windows when a young man dear to them was killed—one flag for one death. Some homes had had several in their windows. It was real and heartbreaking, and I am not here to judge the personal sacrifices of anyone. I only want to do the will of Christ. Doing His will is “holiness without which no one shall see the Lord” (Hebrews 12:14).

When I was eight years old, I began attending Sunday school at our town’s Methodist Episcopal church. At the very first our loving teacher took us through the Sermon on the Mount. I had heard of Jesus before, but I became more familiar with Him then. In childhood trust, I believed He loved everyone, even His enemies, to whom He would do only good, even if they did not love Him and they hurt Him (Matthew 18:3). In the following years, even when I turned to the world at age 13 (Romans 7:9), I always believed that Jesus, at least, had been good and that any who were really Christians would be like Jesus toward those who hated them and used them despitefully. I never met anyone like that, so I thought there were no Christians and there was only One who had ever been good.

I myself was in the Navy for four years during the Vietnam War.

I learned there how a soldier or sailor has a commitment that makes it impossible to do all of Jesus' commands and follow all His teachings in the Sermon on the Mount. So they said the Gospels and especially the Sermon on the Mount are not for our time. I appreciated the few I met in the military who professed Christ, but I could not see that they had gone all the way with Jesus as the Bible showed Him to be.

During most of my enlistment I was stationed at the Bureau of Naval Personnel, just up the hill from the Pentagon. Thus I was in Washington, D.C., during the height of the peace demonstrations. Having long appreciated at least the idea of peace since my childhood exposure to Jesus, the Prince of Peace, I was interested to see what the demonstrators were like. Since we were urged to wear civilian clothes when off duty, it was possible to go observe the demonstrations without being noticed. After going to see a couple of them, one of which included an armed paratrooper controlling demonstrators outside the Pentagon overnight, I could only conclude that I did not see the peace of Jesus on either side (Jeremiah 6:14). So again I went my own way.

Years went by. I became a little interested in religion because I met people who were religious who had

more to them than most people I knew who were religious. Religion seemed to work well for them. I might never have become very deeply concerned about personal spiritual matters except that my wife and I had a child. As I looked at her as a baby, I got a sense of what it would be like for her to grow up with a father like me, and I couldn't see that I could offer her much. What would my worldly success really mean to her? (Proverbs 22:6) Some other smaller considerations combined with that hollow realization made me wonder if God, whom I had come to think probably existed, was calling me to something better.

I had known people (who were at least as strong as any others I knew) who spoke of God doing that—of Him calling people. I said, chuckling, to a local Methodist minister I knew a little, "I think maybe God is calling me." He shook his finger at me and said with a mild rebuking tone, "Don't laugh about that; it happens!" (1 Thessalonians 5:24)

I must have been ready for a change, because that degree of encouragement was what it took to get me more interested. All I really knew in trying to find direction was that I wanted to find a group of people who took Jesus seriously. From the little I did know about the spiritual life, I knew that would

include believing the Sermon on the Mount was something to live by. I had one other simpler thing to go by in looking for a group of people like that. The people I had known up to that time who had more going for them in spirit than others, went to churches that had services on Wednesday nights (Hebrews 10:25).

I didn't have the word then for that kind of church, but that amounted to getting us to an evangelical church, the kind where they tell you that you have to be saved from sin to have peace, and that before you can be saved from sin you have to repent. I had heard that kind of talk before, but it had mostly been indirect, and I hadn't been interested, anyway. Now I was interested, and from what I had seen in 32 years, it made sense. We were all in the same boat, and it was just that most of us had been thinking we were steering our own ships in different directions. I repented, was indeed saved, and for the next year went about just rejoicing in that (Acts 3:19).

My wife, who had also been in the Navy and stationed in Washington, D.C., had grown up thinking of herself as a Christian, and she needed another month of evangelical preaching to see her need, but then she received Christ after repentance, too. After a while, I realized she was having a somewhat different

experience than I was. She had always assumed the Bible was God's Word, she just didn't know it thoroughly. As she got to know it better, she noticed a lot of things she'd overlooked as a girl, or even forgotten, partly through my bad influence in drawing her away from church life.

While I was being happy to be delivered, she was thinking a delivered person would think and do differently after being delivered than before (Matthew 7:21). For instance, she noticed that Jesus spoke against divorce and the Apostles urged Christian women to be keepers at home, submissive to their husbands. This put the pressure on me because I believed I had the Spirit of God within, but He was telling me that I needed to be a more fit husband for her to submit to.

What was I to do? I could see that some of the men in our congregation were more mature than I was, but how did they get that way? Then one of them told me it was by the Spirit of God teaching him through His Word. So I had to blend joy with spiritual discipline.

I began seeing the same things in the Bible my wife had been seeing, and more (2 Timothy 3:16,17). Jesus' preaching on the Mount and His practice of what He preached arose before us both. It became clear that with whom a believer fellowships

makes a decisive difference (2 Corinthians 6:14). We saw we had to have strong fellowship that would help us stay on the way to eternal life, meanwhile bearing the cross of Christ, and we weren't in that kind of fellowship.

We began searching (Matthew 7:7). It was not easy. It took the next three years for us to see what God was showing us about what we needed in the way of fellowship. We needed a place where people sat down with one another, each with the Bible, and helped each other with loving insistence to live by it.

We didn't know where that would be. The Lord then led us to a Mennonite congregation which was called "conservative." As things arose one after another in their personal and congregational lives, we found they were referring to the Bible to know what to do. The thing that more than anything else showed me we were in God's will was that after 28 years I met people to whom the Sermon on the Mount was alive, like it had been for me as a child. They taught love even for enemies, admonishing one another to do good to them. They even had a name for that kind of holiness. It

came right from the Bible; but as many professing Christians as I had known, I had never heard it before: *nonresistance* (Matthew 5:3).

As I joined them and lived with them, I understood why I had never heard nonresistance taught. It was because I had never been with anyone who lived it as Jesus taught it and lived it. How was it these people lived it out when no one else I had known who professed Christ before had? It was because the first step in nonresistance toward enemies is nonresistance to God, and these people did not resist God (James 4:10). They found the power to do good to their enemies because they did not resist the Holy Spirit of God directing their lives (1 Peter 5:5,6). They did not resist the Word of God, but rather accepted it to direct their daily walk, including the Sermon on the Mount (Matthew 7: 24-27).

For them it was not for a future time, but for now. We can love our enemies, not avenging ourselves against them, because we do not resist the work of God in our lives through Jesus Christ, who gave the Sermon on the Mount.

[From *The Timely Truth*, June, 2011. Used by permission.] 

***Thank God for what you have;
trust God for what you need.***

marriages

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

Bontrager-Zook

Bro. Joel, son of James and Karen Bontrager, Greenwood, DE, and Sis. Althea, daughter of Alvin and the late Anna Mary Zook, Virginia Beach, VA, at Great Bridge United Methodist Church for Kempsville Mennonite Church, Virginia Beach, VA, on Sept. 10, 2011, by Donnie Brenneman.

Byler-Stoltzfus

Bro. James Robert, son of Louis and Darlene Byler, Milverton, ON, and Sis. Janalyn Rose, daughter of Ben B. and Lois Stoltzfus, Honey Brook, PA, on June 11, 2011, by Ben A. Stoltzfus.

King-Shiley

Bro. Anthony, son of Kenneth and Edith King, Cottage Grove, TN, and Sis. Judith, daughter of Chris and Christine Shiley, Rock Springs, TN, at Fairview Baptist church, Paris, TN, for Calvary Christian Fellowship, on Sept. 9, 2011, by Dannie Diener.

Martin-Yoder

Bro. Lloyd, son of Lloyd and Mary Ann Martin, Theresa, NY, and Sis. Priscilla, daughter of Reuben and Nancy Yoder, Cabeceras, Costa Rica, at Westhill Church of Christ, Cleburne, TX, for Osceola Christian Fellowship on May 28, 2011, by Corey Yoder.

Mast-Yoder

Bro. Jared, son of Elsie and the late Lowell Mast, Mt. View, AR, and Sis. Sara, daughter of Richard and Susan Yoder, Hutchinson, KS, at Maranatha Mennonite Church for Cedar Crest A.M. Church on Oct. 1, 2011, by Lee Nisly.

Overholt-Byler

Bro. Jordan, son of John and Susie Overholt, Whiteville, TN, and Sis. Dorothy, daughter of Vernon and Betty Byler, Whiteville, TN, at First Baptist Church, Bolivar by Kevin Yoder.

Strite-Hege

Bro. Durrel, son of Darrell and Donna Strite, Itasca, TX, and Sis. Jennilea, daughter of Harlan and Deb Hege, Chambersburg, PA, at Air Hill brethren in Christ Church, Chambersburg, PA for St. Thomas Christian Fellowship on July 23, 2011, by Dan Miller.

Troyer-Beachy

Bro. Brandon, son of Phil and Effie Troyer, Leon, IA, and Sis. Brenda, daughter of Crist and Marlene Beachy, Leon, IA, at Calvary Baptist Church for Leon Salem Mennonite Church on July 23, 2011, by Monroe Gingerich.

Wagler-King

Bro. LaWayne, son of Mary Ellen and

the late Paul Wagler, Cottage Grove, TN, and Sis. Dorcas, daughter of Eli B. Jr., and Mary Jane King, Belleville, PA, at Locust Grove Mennonite for Valley View A.M. Church, on August 20, 2011, by Eli B. King, Jr.

Yutzy-Yoder

Bro. Gideon, son of Alvin and Naomi Yutzy, Huntsville, AR, and Sis. Esther, daughter of Dan and Barbara Yoder, Dunmore East, Co. Waterford, Ireland, at St. Andrews Church, Dunmore East, for Dunmore East Christian Fellowship, on July 24, 2011, by Dan Yoder.

Zook-Fisher

Bro. Darvin Lee, son of Norman and Esther Zook, Mifflin, PA, Rosena Joy, daughter of Levi and Naomi Fisher, Honey Grove, PA, at Bunkertown Church of the Brethren for Shade Mountain Christian Fellowship on Sept 30, 2011 by Davy Fisher.

Zook-Petersheim

Bro. Paul David, son of Marvin and Rachel Zook, Gap, PA, and Sis. Verneda Sue, daughter of John Roy and Barbara Petersheim, Kinzers, PA, on July 23, 2011, by Ben. A. Stoltzfus.

cradle roll

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

Aguilar, Misael and Regina (Miller), San Salvador, El Salvador, eighth child, sixth son, Jeremy Lee, Sept. 7, 2011.

Beachy, Durlin and Emily (Stutzman), Ruckersville, VA, second child and son, Alexander Quinn, Sept. 9, 2011.

Bender, Javan and Melody (Petersheim), Abbeville, SC, first child and son, Kyler Lane, August 25, 2011.

Brubaker, David and Doris (Peachey), Deansboro, NY, second child and dau., Sharon Rose, August 17, 2011.

Chavarria, David and Sheryl (Yoder), Lott, TX, second child, first dau., Aubrey Shianne, July 1, 2011.

Coblentz, Michael and Wanda (Miller), Hutchinson, KS, fourth child, third son, Alvin Lamar, June 24, 2011.

Eash, Lyndon and Melody (Kurtz), Woodville, NY, first child and dau, Cheyanne Jewel, Sept. 5, 2011.

Eash, Steven and Anna Louise (Byler), Whiteville, TN, second child, first dau., Dianna Leigh, March 6, 2011.

Gingerich, Carl and Joy (Kratzer), Mt. View, AR, fifth child, fourth dau., Leticia Rose, Sept. 11, 2011.

Glick, Laverne and Julie (Stoltzfus), Gap, PA, first child and dau., Eliana Mercy, May 17, 2011.

Hershberger, Adrian and Miriam (Esh), Antrim, OH, second child, first son, Adrian Reece, Sept. 22, 2011.

Imhoff, Joshua and Sheena (Edwards), Covington, TX, third child and son, Jaxon Clyde, Feb. 8, 2011.

Jackson, Benji and Karin (Stauffer), Abbeville, SC, third child, first dau., Lindsey Renae, Sept. 28, 2011.

Kurtz, Michael and Elizabeth (Brubaker), Woodville, NY, fourth child, third son, Jordan David, July 17, 2011.

Lapp, Randy and Wilma (Lantz), Gap, PA, seventh child, sixth son, Micah William, Sept. 5, 2011.

Lengacher, Caleb and LaRhonda (Wingard), Montezuma, GA, second child, first son, Chandler Cole, Aug. 24, 2011.

Miller, Daniel and Anita (Lapp), Antrim, OH, third child, first dau., Sophia Kate, June 23, 2011.

Miller, Ellis and Lynita (Miller), Hutchinson, KS, (presently serving in Asia), fourth child, second dau., Annalise Joy, Sept. 28, 2011.

Miller, Henry and Dorothy (Hooks), Leon, IA, first child and dau., Elly Cheyene, Aug. 17, 2011.

Miller, Philip and Edith (Martin), Loma Tova, Baja California, Mexico, third child, second son, Clifton Daniel, July 28, 2011.

Overholt, Albert and Judy (Deim), Abbeville, SC, fifth child second son, Garrett Royston, Sept. 29, 2011.

Overholt, John and Rebecca (Miller), Melvern, KS, first child and dau., Rosalie Jo, Aug. 29, 2011.

Overholt, Wayne and Elva (Yoder), Russellville, KY, fifth child, first son, Chanler Samuel, born Jan. 7, 2009; received for adoption, Sept. 1, 2011.

Stoltzfus, Michael and Cynthia (Stoltzfus), New Holland, PA, first child and son, Desean Michael, Sept. 12, 2011.

Troyer, Stanley and Melissa (Miller), Advance, MO, second child, first son, Carson Grant, Aug. 28, 2011.

Wagler, Dave and Hannah (Yoder), Scranton, KS, second child and dau., Lydian Ruth, Sept. 15, 2011.

Weaver, Michael and Alta (Yoder), Antrim, OH, third child and son, Jordan Tyrell, July 13, 2011.

Wickey, Brian and Darla (Yoder), Hutchinson, KS, third child, second son, Logan Wade, April 4, 2011.

Yoder, Corey and Delores (Shetler),

Itasca, TX, third child and dau., Charmaine Laverda Rachele, Aug. 10, 2011.

Yoder, Gary and Linda (Swartzentru-ber), Montezuma, GA, third child, first dau., Brianna Lynn, July 5, 2011.

Yoder, Lyndon and Joann (Hostetler), Bloomfield, MO, seventh child, fourth son, Jared Lyndon, Sept. 18, 2011.

Yoder, Nathanael and Ruth (Byler) Rathgormack, Co. Waterford, Ireland, fourth child and son, Dominic Yann, July 6, 2011.

ordinations

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

Bro. Linnford Bender, 32, Mifflinburg, PA, was called by voice of the church and ordained as minister at Shady Grove Christian Fellowship on June 5, 2011. Marvin Kauffman, Weldon, IA, gave preordination messages. The charge was given by Perry Troyer, assisted by Simon Bender and Dave Beiler.

Bro. Linfred Kauffman, 26, of Hartselle, AL, was called by voice of the church and ordained as minister at Emmanuel Mennonite Church, Hartselle, AL, on Sept. 18, 2011. Preordination messages were given by Ray Miller, Wytheville, VA. The charge was given by Perry Troyer, assisted by Kevin Yoder and Raymond Fisher.

Bro. Bradley Nisly, 28, of Hutchinson, KS, was ordained to the office of minister at Cedar Crest A.M. Church, Hutchinson, KS, on Sept. 25, 2011. Preordination messages were given by Elmer Smucker, Lott, TX. The charge was given by Lee Nisly assisted by Elmer Smucker and Paul L. Miller. Steven King, Curtis Miller, and Rodney Nisly were also in the lot.

obituaries

Mullet, Anna S., 90, of Sugarcreek, OH, died Sept. 1, 2011, at Pomerene Hospital, Millersburg, OH, following a stroke. She was born Jan. 6, 1921, daughter of the late Sam and Amanda (Yoder) Yoder.

She was long-time, faithful member of Maranatha Fellowship.

On Nov. 4, 1943, she was married to Ben J. Mullet. He preceded her in death on Jan. 1, 1988. Surviving are children: Miriam Weaver, Greenville, SC; Roman (Hosanna) Mullet, Bakersville, OH; Mary (Alvin) King, Ronks, PA; Ada (Andrew) Miller, Sugarcreek, OH; Sam (Alta) Mullet, Sugarcreek, OH; Carol (Harold) Graber, North Port, FL; Sue (Dave) Miller, Newcomerstown, OH; and James (Ruth) Mullet, Sugarcreek OH; 40 grandchildren, and 99 great grandchildren; a brother, Dan S. (Sarah) Yoder, Fredericksburg, OH; and a sister, Ada (Simon) Hershberger, Mt. Hope, OH.

She was preceded in death by two

daughters, Rosanna and Edna, two grandchildren and two sisters, Esther and Sarah.

The funeral was held on Sept. 4, at Maranatha Church with Paul Leroy Miller officiating. Burial was beside her husband in the Bethel Fellowship Cemetery.

Troyer, Atlee L., 83, of Sugarcreek, OH, died Sept. 17, 2011, following a short illness. He was born Feb. 17, 1928, son of the late Levi R. and Amanda (Sla-baugh) Troyer. He was a retired farmer.

He was faithful member of Maranatha Fellowship church.

On Dec. 7, 1950, he was married to Dena Raber. She died on April 17, 1958. On Sept. 10, 1978, he was married to Clara Ropp. She survives. Also surviving are five children: Norman (Erma) Troyer, Weldon, IA; Robert (Ruby) Troyer, Sugarcreek, OH; James (Rose) Troyer, Newmanstown, PA; Naomi (John) Miller, and David (Leona) Troyer, both of Sugarcreek, OH; 23 grandchildren; 15 great grandchildren; his brother, Edwin L (Edna) Troyer; his three sisters: Mattie Troyer, Edna (Henry) Miller and Betty (Jonas) Miller, and brother-in-law, Dan Hershberger, all of Sugarcreek. He was preceded in death by brothers: Robert and Milo Troyer and sister, Edna Hershberger.

The funeral was held on Sept. 21, 2011, with Paul Leroy Miller officiating. He was buried beside his first wife in the Yoder cemetery in Clark Twp., Holmes County.

Yoder, Moses E, 95, died at his home in rural Leon, Iowa, on August 21, 2011. He was born Feb. 25, 1916, in rural Haven, KS, son of the late Enos M. and Mattie (Bontrager) Yoder.

He was a member and minister of Leon Salem Mennonite Church. He was ordained in 1946 at Sharon Bethel A.M. Church, Kalona, IA, and served at Leon Salem Mennonite since 1959.

On March 11, 1937, he was married to Cora M. Gingerich for 74 years. She survives. To this union were born eight children, seven of whom survive: Enos (Esther Helmuth) Yoder, Leon; Jacob (Esther Gingerich) Yoder, Kalona, IA; Pauline (Perry) Bontrager, Kalona, IA; Maynard Yoder, Leon; Moses, Jr., (Ruth Hurst) Yoder, LaMonte, MO; Norman Yoder, Thompsonville, IL; Jonas (Linda Gingerich) Yoder, Leon, IA; 25 grandchildren, 60 great grandchildren and four great great grandchildren. Also surviving is one sister, Wilma Hershberger, Sheridan, OR.

Preceding him in death was an infant son, Jerry; his step mother, Anna Mae (Beachy) Yoder; one brother, Jonas Yoder; four sisters, Lydia Miller, Katie Schlabach, Fannie Helmuth, and Susie Gingerich, two great grandchildren, and one great great grandchild.

The funeral was held at Leon High School on August 28, with Monroe Gingerich, Norman Troyer, L.J. Helmuth, and Marvin Kauffman serving. Burial was in the church cemetery.



A little girl, nearly four years old, asked this question of her grandpa, “How did you and Grandma get old?” Jack Wempe, local columnist and former school teacher finds this question intriguing. His ponderings become the subject of his column.

While his wife and he do not consider themselves old, the fact that his first students are now past seventy years old, reality declares they are old. How did it happen? He calls it a mystery. He mentions the will of God as an explanation. But he says the fact that they are old is no credit to themselves. He notes that some people are old at 60 and others seem young at 90.

My brother-in-law, Ollie Troyer and I recently visited a 93-year-old widow in Holmes County, Ohio. Her mind seemed alert. She still quilts and drives her car. We also visit a brother, 93, whose mind and memory are remarkably good. To me he seems a model of aging with grace.

We all know that we are not in charge of the number of our years. We also know that human life is brief and terminal. But our attitude toward aging should reflect the awareness that human life is a very brief interval between eternity past and eternity future.

To want to stay busy and useful is normal. To ask God for a mind that can think clearly is certainly understandable. To want to grow old with grace and not to become a needless burden is a worthy ideal. But reality reminds us that the outward man does perish. Fortunately, Christians are entitled to anticipate earthly termination as the gateway to heavenly graduation.

Presently there are five people at Center Church who are past 90. Another brother will join them in that landmark soon. A sister in the Amish community is 98. A Mennonite woman from the Yoder community recently had her 100th birthday. Both are residents at Mennonite Manor.



In our adult Sunday School, we are presently studying the Gospel of Luke. It becomes very clear that the Pharisees generally were religious, but lost. They were self-righteous and critical fault-finders. God forbid that we should be like that. They were predictably against Christ. They were unkind and judgmental. We do well to remember that as a people who try to take our religion seriously, we can become guilty of some of their faults.

But there is a related danger. We can become so guarded not to

become like them that we become passive and permissive on issues that are clearly wrong. The matter of homosexual practice continues to be very prominent in the secular press and some church circles. More and more states are legalizing homosexual marriage. The common refrain is that it's a matter of personal rights.

Let us remember that the misguided exercise of personal rights is a poorly-disguised expression of personal wrongs.

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Christianity Today (9-11-11) devotes considerable space to the tenth anniversary of the tragedy of September 11, 2001. This includes a section where twelve Christian leaders tell how their lives changed since that fateful day. I found the contribution of United Methodist Bishop, Will Willimon, especially interesting. The man supports views that Anabaptists historically considered worth dying for. This can serve as a reminder that other believers have access to the same Bible that we use. As we remember our heritage with gratitude, let us be reminded that the true test of sound faith and practice is the Bible by which many Anabaptists lived and died.

The following is what Willimon wrote. I use it with his permission:

“On 9/11 I thought, *For the most powerful, militarized nation in the*

world also to think of itself as an innocent victim is deadly. It was a rare prophetic moment for me, considering Presidents Bush and Obama have spent billions asking the military to rectify the crime of a small band of lawless individuals, destroying a couple of nations who had little to do with it, in the costliest, longest series of wars in the history of the United States.

“The silence of most Christians and the giddy enthusiasm of a few, as well as the ubiquity of flags and patriotic extravaganzas in allegedly evangelical churches, says to me that American Christians may look back upon our response to 9/11 as our greatest Christological defeat. It was shattering to admit that we had lost the theological means to distinguish between the United States and the kingdom of God. The criminals who perpetrated 9/11 and the flag-waving boosters of our almost exclusively martial response were of one mind; that the nonviolent way of Jesus is stupid. All of us preachers share the shame; when our people felt very vulnerable, they reached for the flag, not the Cross.

“September 11 has changed me. I'm going to preach as never before about Christ crucified as the answer to the question of what's wrong with the world. I have also resolved to relentlessly reiterate from the pulpit that the worst day in history was not

a Tuesday in New York, but a Friday in Jerusalem when a consortium of clergy and politicians colluded to run the world on our terms by crucifying God's own Son."

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Jim Shinstock is a local community columnist which he considers "an example of politics as usual and politics as it should be." In a recent column he wrote about the courage of one man in the nineteenth century.

After Abraham Lincoln's assassination in 1865, Andrew Johnson became president. The Civil War had ended but bitter feelings remained. There was strong sentiment that The South should be punished for their support of slavery and their efforts to secede from the North to form a new country. President Johnson tried to be conciliatory rather than adding to their defeat. But political sentiment was intense and bitter in another direction. The House voted for Johnson's impeachment. The Senate had 35 votes, but needed 36 in order to remove him from office.

Senator Edmund Ross, a freshman Republican from Kansas, had often voted against Johnson but did not want to see the President become the victim of misguided political frenzy. On May 16, 1868, all eyes in the Senate were turned on him for his vote. He later wrote: "I almost literally looked into my open grave.

Friends, position, fortune, everything that makes life desirable were about to be swept away by the breath of my mouth, perhaps forever." But he voted his conscience: "Not guilty."

He later moved to New Mexico and was appointed governor of the territory by President Grover Cleveland. Some 40 years later, just before his death, the state of Kansas sent him a message of appreciation for his courageous stand.

• • • • •

John Evans, a middle-aged farmer from the local community, was given 12-18 months to live. His death sentence came from an advanced stage of cancer that might be extended by chemotherapy.

This solemn prospect caused John to very diligently search for alternative possibilities. He found that there are many well-documented cases of advanced cancer that have been helped by unconventional methods of treatment. He says that now, 19 months after he got the news, he feels well.

John likes to share his findings by giving out books. *Outsmart Your Cancer*, by Tanya Harter Pierce, (506 pages) and *Cancer Free*, by Bill Henderson (317 pages). It is with some caution that I offer this information. Needless to say, I am not a doctor or a scientist.

Author Henderson lost his wife to cancer in 1994. His wife suffered four

years of ineffective treatment. This motivated his mission of spreading the word of what he found. Author Pierce also became interested in the subject after a family member was found to have cancer.

Such studies should not discredit many conscientious doctors and nurses who have pure motives in wanting to help people to better health. Their formal training does not include alternative possibilities. Most alternative treatments are not patentable, limiting their monetary

value in the market place. This seems to have influenced FDA to disapprove products that do not have potential for financial profit to the medical community.

It is noteworthy that there are many medical doctors whose desire is to help people, will recommend treatment that is not considered medically orthodox.

Let us not overrate the effectiveness of alternative treatment, but rather seek divine direction with discerning minds for our health needs.

—DLM 

Minister's Meeting Messages — 2011

This is a condensation of a message given at the annual ministers' meetings held at Ridgeview Mennonite Church, Gordonville, PA, on April 5-7, 2011. the complete set of CD's may be ordered from Victory Music Services, P.O. Box 1498, North Highlands, CA, 95660 (Phone: 443-480-1489) for \$50, postpaid.

6. Go and Teach

Edward Yoder, Huntsville, AR

When David approached death, it is said, "These are the last words of David." In the Great Commission we also look at the last words of our King, before He goes from earth to heaven.

About three years ago, my wife and I found ourselves sitting in our

living room with weekend guests. Our guests had traveled across the Irish Sea by ferry. They had read about conservative Anabaptists and were seekers. It was most enjoyable. They were asking us many questions. Several hours into our conversation, I discovered something that grieved my heart. We had never faced anything like it before: This man and woman were living in adultery. I was tempted to think that we should

not discourage them but go into that some time later. So I said nothing about it and we continued to spend the day together. But when I went to bed, the Holy Spirit began to move in my heart. The Holy Spirit said, "You are accountable and responsible to teach."

I had thoughts like this, "But God, what if I chase them away? What if they never come back?" I wrestled for hours, but finally, I said, "God, I agree with you. I will do what you ask me to do."

The next morning we got up and went to church. Bro. Dan Yoder preached that morning. After the worship service we had a fellowship meal. I knew God had a task for me, but right after the meal this couple left. She had a reaction to something she ate and needed to get Benadryl quickly. In one sense, I was relieved. But about an hour later, they came back and walked up to me where I was standing off to one side. I thought, *God, okay, give me the words.*

I did my best to explain what the Scriptures say about living in adultery. Soon the woman began to weep. The man, a big man of about 6 foot 3 and 320 pounds, was silent. I wondered what would happen. When she found her voice, in great anguish, she said, "Why, oh why, would not someone have told us this before we got married? Possibly we

would not have been married."

Where shall we teach?

According to Acts 1:8, we are to teach at Jerusalem. When Jesus said this, these men knew that meant starting at home. There has been some concern expressed here about what's happening to the next generation and about some of the choices they are making. Statistics of some churches indicate that only about half of the next generation is embracing the faith of their fathers. What's wrong? I point fingers at no one. I look at myself. We must teach at home. We must teach our children and those who come and worship with us, Sunday after Sunday.

We must also teach in Judea. Where is our Judea? Are our Judeans possibly evangelicals whose faith is much like ours, but different in important ways. What is our responsibility toward them? Should we keep silent about our differences?

Who are the Samaritans among us? I suppose that when Jesus mentioned Samaritans, their eyebrows went up. Outspoken Peter may have said, "But, wait a minute, Jesus, don't you know that we have no dealings with these people? They are of a mixed race and a mixed religion. Surely we are not to teach those people!" There are about 31 different ethnic groups living in America, representing a million or more people. Did you know that there are at least 16 different

languages spoken in different homes by Americans? There are Samaritans all around us! In the providence of God we purchased a property right beside one of them. We have been trying to build a relationship with this couple and their nine-year-old son. About two weeks ago, this man with very limited English, called on the phone and spoke to my wife. She finally made out that his tractor was stuck in mud and that he wanted help to get out.

I went over with my four-wheel-drive pickup. He shook his head. As I spoke with him, he made it clear that I should have brought my tractor—not my pickup. With his limited English, he was freely using God's name in vain. I said to him, "I think God can help us out of this situation."

He said, "I know you're a preacher; you know God." I hooked a chain up to his tractor and breathed a prayer. We brought the tractor out of the mud and went on right up the hill. I was amazed! When he came to me, he said, "Ed, your God can do anything!"

I said, "You know what? My God can be your God."

We are also to go to the uttermost parts of the world. Where is that? If Jesus didn't have these eleven disciples' attention before, He had it now. Now not only were their eyebrows raised, their jaws were dropped. They may have been silent

for a while. Did Jesus really want them to go to the heathen—the wicked of the wicked. And Jesus said, "Yes, and I will give you power to do it." God called us to go on such an assignment for five years of our life. It was a very valuable and precious time for our family.

In some places, Americans are highly esteemed. It was not so in Ireland, where we served. More than once we heard this sentiment: Americans are people with big cars and big heads. If that is how we come across, I say, Shame on us. Let us go with, "We're here to serve you. We're just beggars. We want you to go with us to heaven." We need to peel off that egotistical spirit. When we go to the uttermost parts of the earth, we must go with servant hearts.

What are we to teach?

In consideration of the next speaker, I shall not spend much time here. In Matthew 4:17, Jesus said, Repent. This where we must begin in our teaching program. We must teach that we are sinners and it will take the blood of Jesus to cleanse us. We cannot move on to the "all things" until that is settled. Are my sons and daughters sinners by birth? Do they need to be born again? We can try to shore up, patch up, and teach all we want to, but unless we start with repentance, we go no further. We need the blood of Jesus. The New Testament church was very clear:

Repent, and be baptized. To repent is to change course or direction and to think differently.

How shall we teach?

In Ezekiel 47, healing waters flowed out upon the land and became deeper and deeper. There was life in these waters. Then he begins to talk about what I call the Dead Sea. They were to go and fish in the Dead Sea. In verse 10, the fishers stand on the shore and cast their nets into the filthy, nauseating waters of the Dead Sea, some 1300 feet below sea level. It is a picture of the world. Off to the west, on a mountain is a city, Zion. It is about 4,000 feet above sea level. Zion shines her light toward the Dead Sea.

How do we fish? We teach in the context of the church. It is the church that sends her people out to fish, as it were, to cast their nets so that those in the world might be brought hope. It is not my work alone. It is our work, collectively, as a church. We work at it together. When MIC inquired whether we might go to Ireland, they came first to my fellow ministers. That is good.

Matthew 9:35-38 gives us another example of Jesus. When He saw the multitudes, He was moved with compassion, because they were scattered as sheep having no shepherd. Jesus' innermost being was moved with compassion. Would to God that that spirit would move upon us! Philosophers, theologians,

and intellectuals may have ideas and even some answers for those they teach, but if that is not connected to compassion, it is useless. We need compassion for those whom God has called us to teach.

The Bible says there is a day coming when this old world is going to melt down; it's going to burn up. Those who are not prepared, will cry out for rocks and mountains to cover them. Do we care? Is our innermost being moved by that thought? Whether they're nearby or far away, if they're unprepared, they will be lost. Forever lost! "Lord, teach us what it means to be compassionate!"

We are to teach with conviction. We are handling the Word of God and we must not do it with apology. When we do it with conviction, then it is the responsibility of those who hear it to believe it. I think it was several hundred times that Jeremiah said, "Thus saith the Lord" or unto "whom the word of the Lord came." This is not my message; it is God's Word; it is God's message, therefore we share it with conviction!


It has been said, "It is hard to teach an old dog new tricks." But I like this better: We are not teaching dogs but people; and we are not teaching tricks, we are teaching truth. Let us claim the truth that old people can learn something new when the Holy Spirit teaches them.

In Titus 3, Paul instructs Titus to

be a faithful teacher. We are to teach carefully. Be careful to maintain good works. Does the life of the message bearer have connection with the message that he shares? Psychologists tell us that about 10% of what we hear makes a lasting impression; about 50% of what we see makes a lasting impression; and 90% of what is exemplified, lived out, and fleshed out makes a lasting impression.

Do I want integrity and credibility to be connected with what I teach? Preparing this message was hard work, but it is much harder work to live it out. I do not consider myself a craftsman, but I suppose that there are some craftsmen here

today. You can build things. The best point of sale that you have is if you take someone and show them your product. If it is a work of integrity, you have sold the product. “We are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works....” Some good works have to do with good relationships. Could it be that those relationships muffle what I teach?

People not only have personalities, but people have possibilities. Could it be that there is someone of whom we would say in ten years from now, “How could I ever have lived life without knowing that person?” People are possibilities! 

How Are You Guys?

John H. Esau, Newton, KS

[Have you wondered how the word “guys” came into the popular use it has today? A school dictionary in use in 1948 gave the definition of “guy” as, “a cheap fellow.” A former pastor and administrator speaks to this issue. -PLM]

***“For we make many mistakes, and if any one makes no mistakes in what he says he is a perfect man, able also to bridle the whole body also”
(James 3:2 RSV).***

How are you guys today?” the young waitress asked in an attempt to be friendly. “Well, don’t you guys enjoy this lovely spring weather?” the professional fundraiser said, desiring

to be both personal and personable. My wife’s eyes caught a glance of mine. I understood her unspoken message. “There it is again. You and I are both being called guys. And I don’t like it.”

I am aware that this is something of a generational issue. Surprisingly, it is a younger generation that has taken to the use of “guys” to refer to anyone, without regard to gender.

Its use is almost entirely limited to the plural. One does not hear references made to a “guy,” but that it would be a male. I don’t recall ever hearing an individual woman called a “guy,” but if women are part of the mixed group, they are “guys.”

If someone can explain it to me, I’ll listen. But I still won’t like it.

How is it that we have spent the last 50 years learning to be careful with our language, especially in reference to women, and now we are given license to use “guys” indiscriminately?

It used to be that “man” carried a double meaning. It was used to refer to the male gender, but it could also be used in reference to all people, as in “mankind.” I have tried to learn to avoid the second option, and I believe that we all benefit by being more precise and careful.

I’m still working on how to adjust to language that is rooted in our English sources. There are those who take offense to speaking about the “kingdom of God” because “kingdom” has male overtones. We don’t speak about the “queendom of

God,” even if during the middle ages *theology* was sometimes referred to as the “queen of the sciences.”

It is possible to speak about “the reign of God” when the reference is to the traditional kingdom of God, but it lacks the specificity of place and time. It feels neutral. It lacks boundaries. It has no history. That’s my response.

Language matters. We can adjust our language toward more inclusive and precise meanings. We can function with greater sensitivity to the effect of our words on other people. We can hear from the perspective of other people’s ears. We can perceive whether how we speak is demeaning and disrespectful.

So let me return to “guys.” Wiktionary, the dictionary associated with the online encyclopedia Wikipedia, states that the definition of “guy” is “man,” but a second meaning can be “people.” However, it also says, “This usage is not always seen as accurate or correct.” I quite agree.

In an age when we are trying to be more sensitive to others, particularly in reference to gender identity, we don’t need the language of “guys.”

[From *Mennonite Weekly Review*, June 20, 2011. Used by permission of the writer.]



Are You Weak Enough?

Selected by Floyd Stoltzfus

“Out of weakness were made strong...” (Hebrews 11:34).

Think of this in relation to Christian service. During the past century few biographers have influenced young Christians more than has Hudson Taylor. What was his secret? Here it is, in his own words: “The Lord was looking for a man weak enough to use, and He found me.” D. L. Moody observed, “We may easily be too big for God to use, but never too small.” The fact is that most of us are disqualified—not through weakness, but through a deep, subtle resistance in our human ego to the divine will. Before God can bless or use us as He wishes, He has to somehow break this resistance down. See that strange Wrestler from the unseen world as He struggles with Jacob at the Brook Jabbok. Through the years God has been trying to break down that ego resistance in Jacob, but nothing will suffice but a crisis-wrestle in which Jacob is made a lame and limping man. When our resistance to the divine will is broken, then what

wonderful things God can do with the weak and the despised!

(From *Awake My Heart*, by J. Sidlow Baxter)

Read carefully the following story and see how God uses the weak, the broken, the totally surrendered, and even death to bring Him praise.

A GRAIN OF WHEAT

(Author unknown)

Back in 1921, a missionary couple named David and Svea Flood went with their two-year-old son from Sweden to the heart of Africa to the Belgian Congo. They met up with another young Scandinavian couple, the Ericksons, and the four of them sought God for direction. In those days of much tenderness and devotion and sacrifice, they felt led of the Lord to set out from the main mission station and take the Gospel to a remote area.

This was a huge step of faith. At the village of N’dolera, they were rebuffed by the chief, who would not let them enter his town for fear of alienating their local gods. The two couples opted to go half a mile

up the slope and build their own mud huts. They prayed for a spiritual breakthrough, but there was none. The only contact with the villagers was a young boy, who was allowed to sell them chickens and eggs twice a week. Svea Flood, a tiny woman only four feet, eight inches tall, decided that if this was the only African she could talk to, she would try to lead the young boy to Jesus. And in fact, she succeeded. But there were few other encouragements.

Meanwhile, malaria continued to strike one member of the little band after another. In time, the Ericksons decided they had had enough suffering and left to return to the central mission station. David and Svea Flood remained near N'dolera to go on alone.

Then Svea found herself pregnant in the middle of the primitive wilderness. When the time came for her to give birth, the village chief softened enough to allow a midwife to help her. A little girl was born, whom they named Aina. The delivery, however, was exhausting, and Svea Flood was already weak from bouts of malaria. The birth process was a heavy blow to her stamina. She lasted only another seventeen days. Inside David Flood, something snapped. He dug a crude grave, buried his twenty-seven year-old wife, then took his children down

the mountain to the mission station. Giving his newborn daughter to the Ericksons, he snarled, "I'm going back to Sweden. I've lost my wife, and I obviously can't take care of this baby. God has ruined my life." With that he headed for the port, rejecting not only his calling, but God Himself.

Within eight months, both the Ericksons were stricken with a mysterious malady and died within days of each other. The baby was then turned over to some American missionaries, who adjusted her Swedish name to "Aggie" and eventually brought her to the United States at age three. This family loved little Aggie and were afraid that if they tried to return to Africa, some legal obstacle might separate her from them. So they decided to stay in their home country and switch from missionary work to pastoral ministry. And that is how Aggie grew up in South Dakota. As a young woman, she attended North Central Bible College in Minneapolis. There she met and married a young man named Dewey Hurst.

Years passed. The Hursts enjoyed a fruitful ministry. Aggie gave birth first to a daughter, then a son. In time, her husband became president of a Christian college in the Seattle area, and Aggie was intrigued to find so much Scandinavian heritage there. One day a Swedish religious

magazine appeared in her mailbox. She had no idea who had sent it, and of course, she couldn't read the words. But as she turned the pages, all of a sudden a photo stopped her cold. There in a primitive setting was a grave with a white cross and on the cross was the name: SVEA FLOOD. Aggie jumped in her car and went straight for a college faculty member who, she knew, could translate the article. "What does this say?" she demanded. The instructor summarized the story.

It was about missionaries who had come to N'dolera long ago... the birth of a white baby, the death of the young mother...the one little African boy who had been led to Christ...and how, after the whites had all left, the boy had grown up and finally persuaded the chief to let him build a school in the village. The article said that gradually he won all his students to Christ...the children led their parents to Christ...even the chief had become a Christian. Today there were 600 Christian believers in that one village...all because of the sacrifice of David and Svea Flood.

For the Hursts' 25th wedding anniversary, the college presented them with the gift of a vacation to Sweden. There Aggie sought to find her birth father. An old man now, David Flood had remarried, fathered four more children, and generally

dissipated his life with alcohol. He had recently suffered a stroke. Still bitter, he had one rule in his family. "Never mention the name of God, because God took everything from me." After an emotional reunion with her half brothers and half sister, Aggie brought up the subject of seeing her father. The others hesitated. "You can talk to him," they replied, "even though he's very ill now. But you need to know that whenever he hears the name of God, he flies into a rage."

Aggie was not to be deterred. She walked into the squalid apartment, with liquor bottles lying around and approached the 73-year-old man lying in a rumpled bed. "Papa," she said tentatively. He turned and began to cry. "Aina," he said, "I never meant to give you away."


"It's all right, Papa," she replied, taking him gently in her arms. "God took care of me." The man instantly stiffened. The tears stopped. "God forgot all of us. Our lives have been like this because of Him." He turned his face back to the wall.

Aggie stroked his face and then continued, undaunted. "Papa, I've got a little story to tell you, and it's a true one. You didn't go to Africa in vain. Mama didn't die in vain. The little boy you won to the Lord grew up to win the whole village to Jesus Christ. The one seed you planted just kept

growing and growing. Today there are 600 African people serving the Lord because you were faithful to the call of God in your life..Papa, Jesus loves you. He has never hated you.” The old man turned back to look into his daughter’s eyes. His body relaxed. He began to talk. And by the end of the afternoon, he had come back to the God he had resented for so many decades. Over the next few days, father and daughter enjoyed warm moments together. Aggie and her husband soon had to return to America, and a few weeks later, David Flood died.

A few years later, the Hursts were attending a big evangelism conference in London, England, when a report was given from the nation of Zaire (the former Belgian Congo). The superintendent of the national church representing some 110,000 baptized believers, spoke eloquently of the Gospel’s spread in his nation. Aggie could not help going to ask him afterward if he had ever heard of David and Svea Flood. “Yes, madam,” the man replied in French, his words then being translated into

English. “It was Svea Flood who led me to Jesus Christ. I was the boy who brought food to your parents before you were born. In fact, to this day you mother’s grave and her memory are honored by all of us.” He embraced her in a long sobbing hug.

He said, “You must come to Africa to see, because your mother is the most famous person in our country.” In time, that is exactly what Aggie Hurst and her husband did. They were welcomed by cheering throngs of villagers. She even met the man who had been hired by her father many years before to carry her back down the mountain in a hammock-cradle. The most dramatic moment for Aggie was when the pastor escorted her to see her mother’s white cross for herself. She knelt in the soil to pray and give thanks. Later that day, in the church, the pastor read from John 12:24, “I tell you the truth, unless a kernel of wheat falls into the ground and dies, it remains only a single seed. But if it dies, it produces many seeds.” He then followed with Psalm 126:5, “Those who sow in tears, will reap with songs of joy.” 

***The man who often finds fault
may find little else.***

Joy in Sorrow

Author unknown

I've found a joy in sorrow, a secret balm for pain,
A beautiful tomorrow of sunshine after rain;
I've found a branch of healing near every bitter spring,
A whispered promise stealing o'er every broken string.

I've found a glad hosanna for every woe and wail,
A handful of sweet manna when grapes of Eshcol fail;
I've found a Rock of Ages when desert wells were dry;
And, after weary stages, I've found an Elim nigh—

An Elim with its coolness, its fountains, and its shade;
A blessing in its fullness when buds of promise fade;
O'er tears of soft contrition I've seen a rainbow light;
A glory and fruition so near!—yet out of sight.

My Savior, thee possessing, I have the joy, the balm,
The healing and the blessing, the sunshine and the psalm;
The promise for the fearful, the Elim for the faint,
The Rainbow for the tearful, the glory for the saint!



helpers at home

Count Your Blessings

Mary June Glick, Seneca, SC

Count you blessings, name them one by one.” Many voices rang in praise and thanksgiving under the roof of the old livery stable in Abbeville, South Carolina. The occasion was a hymn singing enjoyed by local churches and community folks. The words have been ringing in my mind ever since as I meditate on the many blessings God has given to me through the

years. Life has not been a bed of roses, but neither has it been a patch of thorns. As I think of the millions of people in the world who have experienced suffering, famine, war, refugee camps, or persecution, truly I have been blessed with much.

Recently, in a meeting of women, I listened to a Christian woman give her life story and I sat there and asked the question, “How can one person

bear so much pain?” However, I was challenged as she repeated frequently after recounting another experience of suffering, “But God was so good to us!” As I grow older I am becoming more aware of the truth that life is a choice to be thankful. We choose to respond to trials in life either with a thankful heart or a complaining spirit.

I found that some time earlier I had written the following outline on thankfulness in the back of my Bible which I got from a speaker or a book:

Thankfulness is a choice

We choose to be grateful. Thank God for strength to get out of bed in the morning. As you fix breakfast and send the children off to school, thank God for the family He has given you. Express appreciation for the daily food your family has rather than complaining that you don’t know what to cook or wishing you could buy something better. Teach your children the art of appreciation and gratefulness.

Thankfulness is a privilege

The Thesaurus gives a *right* as another word for *privilege*. I tried to think how thankfulness would be a privilege and a right. We live in a free country that sets aside a day of thanksgiving and allows us many privileges and rights. However, as a part of a Heavenly Kingdom, we experience the blessing of eternal life now, and we anticipate the Heavenly

Kingdom where we will always be thankful and will praise God forever.

Thankfulness is a command

We are aware of verses in the Bible that tell us to give thanks: *in everything give thanks; be thankful; rejoice in the Lord* and many other references on being thankful. Train your mind to be thankful, quench those negative thoughts that Satan sends your way. Replace the negative thoughts with portions of Scripture; sing as you work; express appreciation; count your blessings. It is important that our children hear us express thankfulness.

Thankfulness requires humility

Humility comes through accepting that all we have comes from God. God has given us the ability to work, the privilege to live in a land of plenty and wealth. He gives us our abilities and talents. Health is a gift. A thankful spirit recognizes God as the giver of all good things.

Thankfulness brings contentment

Last, but not least, thankfulness brings that wonderful experience of contentment. I have seen this personally played out in my own life and the lives of others. As we learn to enjoy life and thank God for what we have, we find that we have what we need. Contentment is a wonderful gift that God gives us as we cultivate thankfulness.

Count your many blessings; see what God hath done!



Angels Around God's Church

Mary Ellen Beachy, Dundee, OH

This is a true story from Romania. Through the years, the Romanian people experienced great hardships and numerous wars. In the past, when Communists ruled Romania, the Christians were persecuted. Many people were sent to prison. They were willing to die rather than give up their faith in God.

Since the Revolution in 1989, the Christians have been free to worship the God they love. Yet poverty still stalks the land. They must work hard to feed and clothe their families. Some of these brave and courageous Christians have very interesting stories to tell.

Pastor Mihai Bulibench grew up in an Orthodox family of priests. In 1940, he was called of God to leave that setting. He found the Way, the Truth, and the Life when he gave his heart to the Lord Jesus. Pastor Bulibench and his family of eleven children lived in the town of Itcani. Like most Romanian homes, they had a small garden and a barn behind their house, with a fence around their property.

Today Itcani is a suburb of the city of Suceava. This incident took place near the Nathaniel Christian Orphanage.

Praying for a Church House

“O Lord,” Pastor Bulibench prayed, “What shall we do? Where can we go for a church house, a meeting place for your people?”

Pastor Bulibench's church was held in the small basement of his house. The church was growing. That made his heart glad. But the basement was often full and crowded. What could they do? In Romania, where they lived, it was against the law to build a church house.

It was also illegal to print any Christian literature. There were no songbooks in their church. The people

sang from memory. The parents taught their children the hymns. They loved to sing. They sang beautiful four-part harmony! Their joyous songs brightened their church and their homes.

Day after day, Pastor Bulibench continued to pray. Surely God could provide a church house for them! The pastor's good wife and children, Stefan, Constantin, and Veronica joined the pastor in prayer for a church house. Surely God would make a way for them. Secretly, they began to save all the money they could. But where

could they build a church?

Then one day, God gave the pastor an idea. He remembered how that many years before he had bought his property from a Jewish family. He had been amazed one day to find a copy of "The Ten Commandments" hidden on top of a door inside the barn. If the Ten Commandments could be found in that very barn, could the barn be the place to worship God? Why not build a church house right inside the barn?

There was much planning and work that would need to be done first. The pastor owned three milk cows, six lively pigs, three frisky goats, and 40 brown chickens. His animals needed the barn. He needed his animals to help provide food for their table. His children needed eggs, milk, and meat to help them grow strong. But the church was more important. The pastor decided he could build a new barn. It would be a simple shelter for his animals. The family built it about 300 yards away from their old barn.

"Come, children," Papa called one morning. "Today you can help me take the animals to their new barn." It was easy to lead the gentle cows to their new stall. The goats followed a bucket of corn. Chasing the ornery pigs was much harder! Papa called Mama to come and help. When it was dark, they carefully caught the chickens and put them in their new coop.

In 1961, the pastor had everything ready to start building the church

inside his barn. His family helped all they could. They worked at night so the neighbors would not hear them. The barn was hiding the church that was being constructed. This was a secret project. He did not tell the members of his church what he was doing. He did not even tell his relatives. It was a big secret because even among the church people there were enemies of God, political police, who acted like they loved God. But they were secret spies sent to watch the pastor.

In a dream one night, God showed the pastor the members of the church who were true sheep of God.

For five months the pastor and his children worked hard to build the church. Somehow they were able to purchase building supplies. Somehow the neighbors did not realize what they were doing. Somehow the job got done. It must have been a miracle from God!

Then one night, the pastor asked some some of his trusted Christian friends to come and help him tear down the old barn. What a big surprise the neighbors and people in the town of Itcani had the next morning when they saw the church house instead of a barn! The Christians rejoiced. But the new church house made the police very angry!

The police told Pastor Bulibench, "We will tear this church down!" But the pastor firmly believed God would take care of HIS church house.

For one year, the Christians met to worship at their new church house. How thankful they were for a bigger and better place to worship!

Then one Sunday four policemen, dressed in plain clothes, came to church and whispered to Pastor Bulibench, "After church we want you to come with us."

The pastor replied, "If the Lord wants me to, I will go with you." That day the pastor preached as usual. When he had finished preaching, he prayed. He closed the meeting. He walked past the four policemen and went to his home. Suddenly the four men said, "Where is the pastor? We did not see him leave; where is he?"

The people of the church rejoiced. They knew God had blinded the eyes of the four policemen as their pastor returned to his home in safety! The policemen were upset and angry. They snapped, "We will demolish this

church!"

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"Papa, look! You got a big letter in the mail today; Papa, what is it?" the children wanted to know.

The pastor looked at the official envelope. Carefully, he opened it. It had a terrible message! The letter said, "On Friday of this week we will come with bulldozers and destroy your church house."

Again Pastor Bulibench read the letter from the police that stated that Friday morning they would bulldoze the church. He knew only God Almighty could stop these wicked men. His heart was troubled. He fell on his knees, praying, and pleading for God to give him wisdom and strength, and peace.

What will happen to their beloved church?

(to be continued)



youth messages

Here Am I, Send Me

Lynita Beachy, Dundee, OH

No one else is doing it. No one. Not my youth group. Not my church. Not my peers. Not even the old people. And if no one else feels called to be a missionary here at home, why should

I?" Or so it seemed. This was the excuse which seemed to float about consistently in the back of my mind, until one day when God showed me several things. He reminded me that my excuse wasn't viable. He

whispered that it shouldn't matter to me whether or not others were being missionaries. Finally, I realized the message God wanted me to get. *I must start with me.*

"OK, Father," I managed, "where would You like me to start?" It is amazing how God answers such prayers. He showed me that my youth group needed me. Through a class at CBS, I realized that I needed to attend youth activities with a mindset of *giving* instead of *getting*.

He convicted me on the subject of boldness. I work at a store, and come into contact with many people. One beautiful day, God impressed on my mind that I **MUST** talk about HIM. God wants me to say to the customers. "God sent us a beautiful day!" instead of "Isn't it a beautiful day?" And so I tried, but I just couldn't be quite bold enough to say it every time! And what do you know...every time that day when I didn't mention God, my worldly customers did—every time! It is sometimes embarrassing to relate, but it happened all day, numerous times. So numerous, indeed, that I'm positive it wasn't a coincidence.

Many Spanish-speaking Guatemalans live about 20 minutes from us. I interact with them occasionally. To be their friend, to speak their language in a strange culture is to be a missionary.

Along with talking about God to people. I became convicted to hand out more tracts and Gospel CD's. Along the way, I've learned several things about this ministry.

1. The only way this becomes easier is through practice.

2. It is interesting to note how my opening sentence continues to change. At first, it was, "Could I give you this?" Now it is, "Here, I have something for you!"

3. Don't make it easy for people to refuse what you have to give to them. Be excited. Without being pushy, offer what you have and don't act as if they have the option of refusing your gift.

Finally, here's what Mom likes to say, "If you can't be a missionary at home, don't expect to be one away from home, either."

(Written for a class assignment at CBS in 2009.)

—EE 

Next Month's
QUESTION

How have you made yourself available or how can you make yourself available to be used by God in spreading the Good News?

(USPS 767-160)
Calvary Messenger
2673 Township Rd. 421
Sugar creek, OH 44681

Periodicals

THOUGHT GEMS

An attitude of gratitude can make your life a beatitude.

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Our great need is not more things to be thankful for, but to be more thankful.

• • • • •

Just feeling gratitude is like wrapping a present and not giving it.

• • • • •

It is not in how much we have but in how much we enjoy what we have that makes happiness.

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Blessed is he who makes thanksgiving more a lifestyle than a day of feasting.

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Get on your knees and thank God you're on your feet.

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If you have a sore throat thank God you're not a giraffe.

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Thanking God in adversity changes burdens into blessings.

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An ungrateful person is like a hog under an oak tree eating acorns, but never looking up to see where they come from.

• • • • •

Thankfulness is the soil in which joy thrives.