

“...And he said unto me...worship God: for...

THE TESTIMONY

...of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy.” Revelation 19:10

— VERSE OF THE MONTH —

*“For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?
or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?” Matt. 16:26*

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WHAT THEN?

When the great busy plants of our cities
Have turned out their last finished work;
When our merchants have sold their last order,
And dismissed the last tired clerk;
When our banks have raked in their last dollar,
And paid out their last dividend;
When the Judge of the earth shall say, “Closed for the night.”
And calls for a balance— *What then?*

When the choir has sung its last anthem,
And the preacher has made his last prayer;
When the people have heard the last sermon,
And the sound has died out on the air;
When the Bible lies closed on the pulpit,
And the pews are all emptied of men,
And each one stands facing his record,
And the Books will be opened— *What then?*

When the actors have played their last drama,
And the mimic has made his last fun;
When the film has flashed its last picture,
And the billboards displayed their last run;
When the crowds seeking pleasure have vanished,
And gone out in the darkness again;
When the trumpet of ages is sounded,
And they stand up in judgment— *What then?*

When the bugle’s call sinks into silence,
And the long marching columns stand still;
When the captain repeats his last order,
And they’ve captured the last fort and hill;
When the flag has been hauled from the masthead,
And from far fields all men are called in,
When each man who rejected the Saviour
Is asked for a reason— *What then?*

Author Unknown

THE TESTIMONY

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“I had rather be a
doorkeeper in the
house of my God,
than to dwell in the
tents of wickedness.”

Psalm 84:10



EDITORIAL

ONLY ONE DAY LEFT?

Psalm 84:10a, "For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand."

What would we do if we knew this is our final day to live? Maybe spend it doing something we always desired. Maybe write that note of encouragement, call, or text someone who needs a renewal of hope? Maybe spend the day with family and friends and those you love? It could be living our final day as we always have.

King David, the shepherd boy, considers this thought in Psalms 84:10–12. He seems to be saying if he only had one day to live it would be spent in serving the Lord. Wouldn't that be our desire also? Let's examine David's decisions and reasons.

Psalm 84:10–12, "For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness. For the LORD God is a sun and shield: the LORD will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly. O LORD of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee."

One day in the courts of the majesty of God, in the very presence of Jesus Christ, presenting us "...faultless before the presence of his Glory..." (Jude 1:24), is better than a thousand. David's desire was to just be a doorkeeper, a lowly position apparently, in the Temple of God's presence, than to be

living in wickedness and sin.

Just a doorkeeper is a place of service to others. Serving our God brings glory to HIM and blesses others.

Just a doorkeeper is allowing others to glimpse into the court of our God. Is the door of our heart open to others who may be dwelling in the tents of wickedness?

Just a doorkeeper is a place of personal surrender to "my God." Wouldn't we, if we had only one day to live, be completely surrendered to "my God"? Isn't David saying that the lowliest position in the house of my God is far better than the best Satan has to offer? There is a quote from an unknown author, "All the devil's apples have worms." So True!!

As the door of His presence is open we see His provisions.

David calls the Lord a sun. That's warmth, growth, light, and continuity.

David calls the Lord a shield. That's warmth and light for our journey even if we only have one day. He is above us to provide what we need and around us to protect us.

David informs us that the Lord will give us grace and glory. We are experiencing the grace of God today as we live in the blessing and power of our resurrected Lord and the complete presence of His glory when we gather around HIS throne. This is help for today and hope for tomorrow.

David is making a call to walk uprightly and the reward is no good thing will be withheld. That is the plenty of God. He has all power in Heaven and earth to reward or withhold any good thing. We may be blest by God as we trust in Him.

Only one day left? We don't know if we have even one minute until our Lord calls us to Him! We do know, by the teaching of the Scripture, that today is the day of

salvation. We trust as we are beginning another year we are ready and waiting to meet our Lord, whether by individual appointment or collectively as He appears in the clouds and call us to Him.

"He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen" (Rev. 22:20-21).

Blessings,
Dean Kinsley

GENERAL

GUIDANCE AND LIGHT AND SIGHT

"Guide us to that perfect **light!**" But first of all, we need to have **sight**, or a view. (This means to examine mentally.)

The wise men were guided to that perfect **light** (Jesus) by the Star of Bethlehem (Matt. 2:9-10).

When they had heard the king, they departed; as, lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, until it came and stood over where the young child was. When they **saw** the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy and fell down, and worshipped Him. You can be

blind and still be **guided** to that perfect **light**.

My grandpa was blind his last 20 years, and still had **sight** on that perfect **light** (Jesus). Now that 2023 is upon us, we still need **guidance**, and always will. As we worship You with love, dear Lord Jesus, and seeing You are that perfect light from above, we ask now that You continue to give us leadership, **guidance**, and direction daily in this world we live in, because You truly are the perfect **light** of this dark world!

L.D. Flory

CHRISTIANITY AND POETRY

Most Christians misunderstand the relationship of poetry to their faith. They consider it an admirable but minor aspect of religious practice—elegant verbal decoration in honor of the Divine. They recognize poetry's place in worship. Congregations need hymns, and the Psalms should be recited. A few cultured believers even advocate the spiritual benefits of reading religious verse. But most Christians have a more practical and morally urgent sense of their faith. Who has time for poetry when so many important things need to be done? Art is a luxury, perhaps even a distraction, not a necessity. Gird up thy loins like a grown-up and put away childish things, including the charming frippery of verse. Such attitudes misconstrue both poetry and worship. Christianity may be many things, but it is not prosaic.

Poetry is not merely important to Christianity. It is an essential, inextricable, and necessary aspect of religious faith and practice. The fact that most Christians would consider that assertion absurd does not invalidate it. Their disagreement only demonstrates how remote the contemporary Church has become from its own origins. It also suggests that sacred poetry is so interwoven into the fabric of Scripture and worship as to become invisible. At the risk of offending most believers, it is necessary to state a simple but unacknowledged truth: It is im-

possible to understand the full glory of Christianity without understanding its poetry.

Why should anyone believe such a claim? Let's start with Scripture, the universal foundation of Christianity. No believer can ignore the curious fact that one-third of the Bible is written in verse. Sacred poetry is not confined to the Psalms, the Song of Songs, and Lamentations. The prophetic books are written mostly in verse. The wisdom books—Proverbs, Job, and Ecclesiastes—are all poems, each in a different genre. There are also poetic passages in the five books of Moses and the later histories. Prose passages suddenly break into lyric celebrations or lamentations to mark important events.

When David, triumphant in battle, learns that Saul and Jonathan have perished, he mourns his beloved opponents and cries out, "The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: How are the mighty fallen!" (II Sam. 1:19) His lament unfolds into one of the great elegies in the Western canon. The Old Testament is full of such lyric moments, often spoken by women who use poetry to voice their deepest feelings. When the widowed Ruth begs to stay with her mother-in-law Naomi, she expresses herself in words that transform the emotional nature of the narrative. Until now the two women have just been figures in an old story; suddenly they come alive as loving and suffering human beings:

"...For whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: The LORD do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me" (Ruth 1:17).

These ancient Hebrew and Aramaic poems remain vividly present in English—and not only for Christians—because the King James Bible had the good fortune to be translated in the age of Shakespeare. Commissioned by James I for the Church of England, the so-called "Authorized Version" was published in 1611. The translators took special care to convey the poetic power of the verse passages. The English Renaissance was not an age of prose. No book has had a more profound effect on English-language poetry, and it still shapes the Christian liturgy.

There are no books of verse in the New Testament, but poetry is woven into the fabric of both the Gospels and the Epistles. What are the Beatitudes but a poem carefully shaped in the tradition of prophetic verse? The Book of Apocalypse (or Revelation) is a prose poem, full of sound and symbol. Some scholars believe that the original Aramaic version of the Lord's Prayer was in verse. In Philippians (2:5–11), when Paul presents Christ as the model for humility and obedience, the Apostle quotes a Greek poem about the Incarnation and Crucifixion.

Given the low esteem in which most Christians hold poetry, we might wonder why there is so much of it in sacred Scripture. Its ubiquity must confuse non-sense believers studying the Bible. Why not say things in plain prose? (Certainly most of the New American Bible translators think so; they render the poetic passages as flatly as prose.) After all, Scripture exists to guide the lives of the faithful. Doesn't poetry make Holy Writ harder to understand? Should we assume that God and His prophets had poor editorial judgment? Did Jesus not know how to give a sermon? The questions may be blasphemous, but they probably express the unspoken frustration that many believers feel.

"O taste and see that the LORD is good."—Psalm 34:8a

To consider the question of poetry's relation to Christianity, let's look at one of the most important episodes in the Gospels—the moment when Mary first shares the news of the Incarnation. Informed by Gabriel that she will be, indeed already is, the mother of the Messiah, Mary visits her cousin Elizabeth. This "Visitation" is the first time the mystery of the Incarnation is shared with the world. Mary does not report the news in factual terms. She speaks the words of a poem. Her lyric utterance has come to be called the "Magnificat." In the Book of Common Prayer (1662) it begins:

*My soul doth magnify the Lord.
And my spirit hath rejoiced in God*

my Saviour. For he hath regarded the lowliness of his handmaiden: For behold, from henceforth: all generations shall call me blessed. For he that is mighty hath magnified me: And holy is his Name. And his mercy is on them that fear him: throughout all generations. He hath shewed strength with his arm: He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts. He hath put down the mighty from their seat: And hath exalted the humble and meek. He hath filled the hungry with good things: And the rich he hath sent empty away.

This passage needs to be considered, and not only for its stately beauty. In the Gospel of Luke, when Mary announces the news of Christ to humanity, she speaks in poetry, not prose. Why does the Virgin—and Luke—do something so preposterous when they could just speak plainly? Because they both know that ordinary language will not suffice. Prose cannot express the extent of Mary's wonder, joy, and gratitude. Plain statement will not evoke the unique miracle of God's becoming man. The Incarnation requires an ode, not an email.

Poetry is the most concise, expressive, and memorable way of using words. It is a special way of speaking that shapes the sound and rhythm of words. In the ancient world, most poems were sung or chanted. That musical identity remains central to the art. A poem is speech raised to the level of song; it casts a momentary spell

over the listener. People hear it differently from ordinary talk. They become more alert to every level of meaning. Poetry is, to borrow a phrase from Ezra Pound, "language charged with meaning to the utmost possible degree."

Mary, Luke, and the prophets spoke in poetry because they understood that some truths require the utmost power of language to carry the full weight of their meaning. It isn't just intellectual meaning at stake but also emotional, imaginative, and experiential meaning—all of the ways in which humans understand this world and imagine the next. To stir faith in things unseen, poetry evokes a deeper response than do abstract ideas. Angels may be content to speak in prose, but incarnate beings, like us, require the physicality of poetry.

Sacred poetry is a human universal. Every culture has felt the need to invoke and describe the divine in the most potent language possible. Poetry itself seems to have originated in sacred ritual. Only gradually did the art expand into secular uses. Since the development of poetry as an art predates the invention of writing, the genealogy of sacred verse is lost in prehistory. It is always hard to assign an exact date or occasion to surviving ancient texts. Even the dating of the Old Testament is difficult to establish; the books were composed and compiled across a millennium.

For Christian poetry, however, it is possible to assign its emergence to a specific moment: Mary's announcement of the Incarnation. Christian poetry begins—quite literally—at the first moment in which Christ is announced to humanity. That origin demonstrates the supreme and inextricable importance of poetry to Christian experience. In Scripture, verse is the idiom for the revelation of mystery.

For most believers, the truths of their faith have become platitudes taught in catechism or Sunday school. The mysteries of faith—those strange events such as the Incarnation, Transfiguration, and Resurrection—have lost their awe and wonder and become replaced by sensible morality and proper reverence. There is nothing wrong with morality or reverence, but pious propriety is a starvation diet for the soul. *Modern versions of the Bible, which translate verse passages into prosaic language for the supposed sake of clarity, are mis-translations, since they change the effect of the text.*

Christianity is not animated by rules or reverence; it is inspired by supernatural mystery. “*Certum est quia impossibile*,” said the Church Father Tertullian about Christ's resurrection. He believed it not because it made sense, but just the opposite: “It is certain because it is impossible.” The truths of Christianity, from the Incarnation to the Resurrection, are mysteries be-

yond rational explanation. The Trinity is both three and one. Christ is both human and divine. A virgin gave birth to a son. We don't apprehend the realities of faith through rational arguments; we feel them intuitively through vision and imagination. Faith comes first, reason much later. Theology is necessarily an afterthought; it reasons from the certainties of faith, not toward them.

Author: Dana Gioia

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Submitted by

Anthony Hess

LESSONS OF A CHRISTMAS CACTUS

The origins of this cactus are dim in my mind. It seems as though it was received as a gift from a friend around this time, at least 9 years ago, maybe longer. But who I received it from or why has been lost with time.

This cactus has weathered a lot in its time with me. It has survived, and even thrived, through its life at least four different residences, and seasons of neglect, extended drought, and less than ideal conditions. It has been

knocked about and jostled. It's had branches broken off. It's had its container broken and the dirt scattered about. Nonetheless, I pitied the poor thing and was fond of it, and each time it faced demise or compromise, I nursed it back from the brink, tending its needs and caring for it, remembering its seasons of beauty afore.

The thing that amazes me most, however, is that despite the challenges it faced, it managed to bloom faithfully every November. But something changed a few years ago. And I didn't know what was wrong. The plant looked as healthy as it ever had. I was watering it faithfully. I was fertilizing it periodically. It seemed to like its location in our living room. There was regularly new growth. And every November I would eagerly watch it for signs of buds. And every year for the past 3 or 4 years, I have been disappointed. The plant I had cared for and poured into just didn't seem to care to bloom anymore.

Finally, in the early months of 2022, while caring for my many houseplants and doing some needed repotting, I decided, having tried everything else, that maybe the cactus needed a bigger pot. So I commenced transferring it to a new and much larger container. As I removed it from its old home, I realized that the poor plant was entirely root bound! I struggled to remove it from the pot where it had found such security for so many years.

Holding it gingerly so as not to damage the fragile greenery, I slowly loosened and untangled the roots and tenderly repotted it with great care, watering it well.

Confident that I had solved the problem, I continued to care for it, only to discover after a time, it was beginning to wilt and drop its once stately branches. I was heart-sick. This dying and shedding continued until the cactus was a shadow of its former self, mere thick and nubby old growth stems poking out of the dirt. I was disappointed and understandably perplexed. Had my repotting stressed the cactus to the point of killing it entirely? But I waited. And watered. And waited. And waited. And watered some more. I considered throwing it out but couldn't bring myself to give up. Not yet.

And finally. Finally. I spied a tiny new leaf beginning to emerge. Oh, the hope! Oh, the gratitude! Oh, the joy that I felt when I realized all was not lost! Life remained! So with time and care, I once again had confidence that my cactus would overcome. All spring, all summer, all fall I cared for the cactus as before. And the cactus began to flourish once again, slowly regrowing all that was lost.

About two weeks ago, I was watering, and I noticed tiny reddish tips emerging at the ends of a few branches. New leaves, in their infancy, look this way also, so I didn't get too excited. A few days later I checked again.

Lo and behold, there were BUDS. Beautiful, red buds, long awaited, holding the promise of the delicate, vibrant flower to come. I'm excited! The cactus is going to bloom again! What reward! What hope!

As I sit and ponder the journey, many thoughts come to mind.

The Master Gardener tenderly cares for His children, His tender plants. And they flourish under His care. But sometimes, I wonder if we too, don't become root bound, comfortable where we are, growing leaves, looking good, but our fruit is absent. It is then that the Gardener, desiring something better, gently tugs us free of the confines of our pot, untangles our bound-up roots, and plants us in a new pot with fresh earth and room to grow and thrive. He does this with care, though it may seem harsh and uncomfortable in the moment.

Sometimes, for our long-term welfare, we need to be moved. The Master Gardener does that for our benefit and for His glory.

It is my experience that some plants, when repotted, begin to immediately grow and flourish. There is no hesitation. They happily accept their new pot and settle in and continue on. It has also been my experience that these plants are usually also not root bound and they are usually younger plants.

You see, as I've learned, repotting a root bound plant can cause the plant a great deal of stress.

After being comfortable for so long, the abrupt change can upset the homeostasis of the plant, or its balance. And that stress causes the plant to merely try to survive. During this season, the plant is vulnerable. It begins to shed everything it no longer has the energy to support. As it loses its showy growth, it must begin to rely on its inner reserves, and it must begin to put down new roots, soaking up whatever precious nutrients it can to survive. And as the source of water and care, the gardener must gauge the right time to water, and the right amount of water, and when to fertilize, and how much fertilizer to use. Then he must wait. And watch. Patiently. And see if the plant responds to his tender ministrations. And if he has been careful and sensitive to the needs of the plant, his care, observation, and patient waiting will be rewarded. In time the plant will overcome the adversity, find a new normal, and begin to grow once more.

So it is with the Master Gardener. He knows what His plants need. He knows when we need it. Some of us are transplanted before we become too comfortable, and we take off and thrive. And some of us get too comfortable where we are, and when it comes time to be transplanted, it stresses us. Outwardly we wither, and would perish altogether, if it weren't for the spirit of life within that desires to survive and to live. As our Master Gardener tenderly ministers to us, and as others reach out and care

for us, our soul reaches toward the source of life, soaks up the care and encouragement and tender ministrations, and is once again able to begin growing. That growth is rewarding. And as that growth gives way to producing fruit, our Master Gardener is glorified and exalted.

So it is with our children. Our spouses. Our fellow brethren. And we don't always get it right. Sometimes we mean well, and the timing isn't right. Sometimes life gets in the way, and we neglect to water. Sometimes we forget. And sometimes we pour in and there is no response. And the waiting becomes long and difficult. And sometimes, in the midst of waiting, we are dealing with being repotted ourselves. And the process is painful. Maybe we are in the waiting phase of our own transplant experience? And we are dry. And withering.

Friends, wherever we find ourselves, if we have the source of Life within us and our roots reach down and seek life-giving nutrients that only He can give, we can grow and begin to bloom, scattering seed and bringing joy and encouragement to others, regardless of our waiting.

I encourage you to pour life and encouragement into the lives of others. You may not ever see them bloom, but you will reap the blessings that come with being a life-giver. Encouragement begets encouragement and often in encouraging, we find ourselves encouraged, though that should never be

our motive for pouring into others. We pour into others to care for them and love them as Jesus loves us and has poured into us.

Sometimes, maybe we don't know how to encourage, so we just don't reach out at all? Or maybe we don't see a response, so we quit reaching out? Maybe the response we get isn't the response we expected or hoped for? Maybe someone reaches out and we don't know how to respond? Maybe we don't like feeling vulnerable? Maybe we've been hurt before? The encouragement to myself and all of you is "Don't give up!" Keep reaching out. Keep pouring in. Come alongside. Build up. Hold up the hands that hang down. If your hands hang down, reach up.

Some people are like cacti—prickly, stalwart, and can go a long time before the lack of water and the dry spell in their heart becomes evident. These are the hearts that need especially tender care. Years in the desert has toughened them and roughened them. Water carefully. And faithfully. And wait patiently. And they will eventually bloom.

Sometimes watering another takes place in the quietness of our closet in prayer in their behalf. It's okay to quietly let them know you are praying. That you are in their corner. Fighting for them. With them. Send them a text. A card. Call them. Identify yourself. Not to glorify yourself, but to eliminate ambiguity and let them know specifically who is taking the time to care for them.

Every person made in the image of God has all the right ingredients within them to bloom and thrive. But until they embrace the Holy Spirit and invite Him in, accept His gift and understand His heart for them, they will not reach their full potential. Some embrace it and soak it up and grow and bear fruit much more quickly. And some struggle to grow until they begin to truly understand. No two plants are the same. And the growing conditions each plant finds itself subject to are unique.

That's why the Master Gardener has a whole body of gardeners, extensions of Himself, to water and tend and encourage. Each of us has a place in the body because each of us has a gift that meets the need of some other person in the body of Christ. Each of us has a nutrient, so to speak, that another plant needs to thrive. We need to make those nutrients available for others to soak up. And in His time, He will give the increase.

We are all in the garden together. Some of us wield the hoe or tiller, turning the dirt so that water can penetrate. Some of us mulch the plants, endeavoring to retain the good and keep the weeds from sprouting. Some of us patiently take turns with a watering can, a garden hose, or a sprinkler. Maybe there are those of us who don't mind weeding by hand, getting close to the plants on our knees and carefully weeding out that which is not wanted. Some of

us work in the area of fertilization and nutrition, prepping the soil and feeding the plants. Maybe some of us are scarecrows or electric fences, keeping hungry pests at bay. But all of us work together toward a common goal within the garden: Harvest time. We all desire a harvest. And I think it's safe to say all of us enjoy harvest time with its blessing and bounty. For that to be successful, we must work together.

We need each other. We need Jesus. More now than ever before. The darkness around us is great. We are not made to walk alone. One candle burning alone, produces light, but the shadows can be scary. But how glorious is that light when that single candle is joined by other candles, and we no longer fear that which we cannot see!

Plants need light to grow. They cannot grow in darkness. Be the light of Jesus to another. Plants cannot grow without warmth. Be the warmth of Jesus by wrapping someone in a safe hug. Plants cannot grow without water. Water someone with encouragement and bathe them in prayer.

A simple Christmas cactus. Profound lessons. A Master Gardener. A tremendous hope for each of us wherever we find ourselves planted.

Blessings to each of you as you press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus (Phil. 3:14).

Nicole Jamison

A Sweet Aroma!

A sweet piney fragrance wafted around me—so sweet, so strong. Where was it coming from? If I could've captured it and bottled it up, I would have! In a little clearing among the trees lay a pile of pruned pine branches, baking in the summer sun. And as the branches and pine needles lay dying in the sun, they were giving off a marvelous aroma!

As I stood there enjoying the Creator's perfume, I was reminded of the sweet savor of our Savior, Who, by His death and resurrection, released the wonderful aroma of LIFE! Does this precious fragrance emanate from our lives? It should!! But it requires a death—death to our own will, our own way, our selfishness, our self-centeredness, by the power of the Holy Spirit who lives in us. As we once heard a brother in Christ exclaim, "The great news is that dying to self is Living to Christ!" Hallelujah! There's no better way to live!

"Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of his knowledge by us in every place. For we are unto God a sweet savour of Christ, in them that are saved, and in them that perish..." (II Cor. 2:14-15).

Amen! May His Life and Fragrance flow through us and from us, as day by day, and moment by moment, we choose His Way and His Will, and die to our own.

Duane and Lisa Bowman

SIMON AND I

Do you ever long to touch Jesus? Have you ever wished you could embrace Him like Mary tried to do in the garden after His resurrection? What would it be like to kiss His feet and pour out your thankfulness in tears on them. How can we thank Him enough? Could we express our love by lavishing our most costly perfume on Him? We can never repay Him, but could we in some way acknowledge the extravagant love He has extended to

and she wiped them off with her hair. Then she kept kissing His feet and putting perfume on them.

When the Pharisee who had invited Him saw this, he said to himself, "If this man were a prophet, He would know what kind of woman is touching Him. She's a sinner!"

I usually identify with the woman in this story because I love the scene of intimate contact with Jesus, but this time I thought about how Jesus' Body, "feet," are the believers I worship with. I'm fine to have them for dinner as long as



us by touching Him? What could possibly move Him deeply and give Him pleasure?

One of the Pharisees asked Jesus to have dinner with Him, so Jesus went to his home and reclined to eat. When a certain immoral woman from that city heard He was eating there, she brought a beautiful alabaster jar filled with expensive perfume. Then she knelt behind Him at His feet, weeping. Her tears fell on His feet,

they are behaving in a way I expect from them. But if they exhibit strange behaviors and ideas, I get uncomfortable and may even begin to judge like this Pharisee, Simon.

Then Jesus told the story of the two men who had debts forgiven. One was forgiven a large sum and the other a small sum. "Who do you suppose loved him more after that?" Simon answered, "I suppose the one for whom he cancelled the larger debt." Jesus said

that was correct.

Simon had not given Jesus water to wash His feet, kissed Him or given Him the curtesy of olive oil to anoint His head. He had not welcomed Him in love. Yet this “immoral” woman had washed His feet with her tears and wiped them with her hair. She could not stop kissing His feet and anointed them with rare perfume. Her expression of humble, extravagant love is beautiful—so much like Jesus’ love.

Jesus said, “I tell you, her sins—and they are many—have been forgiven, so she has shown me much love. But a person who is forgiven little shows only little love” (Luke 7:47 NLT).

Do you think the woman was more immoral or had committed more sins than Simon? Could her sins have been more obvious than Simon’s to people and yet in Jesus’ eyes Simon’s just as detestable? Did she love more because she was aware of her sins and her desperate need for forgiveness? Was Simon more aware of his own goodness and righteous work than his sin and need for forgiveness? Is that why he felt justified to call Jesus into judgement as well as the woman?

Could it be that if we faced our own sinful attitudes, we could really feel our urgent need for Jesus’ forgiveness? When we are in that state, we fall before Him and are forgiven and cleansed. Maybe then His beautiful, humble, extravagant love will flow through us to our fellow believers and the world

will know there is power in following Jesus Christ.

Maybe the intimacy we seek with Jesus is found in facing our tremendous need for His forgiveness and cleansing. We can measure this in our attitudes toward His body.

Do we kiss one another with deep love? Or is our kiss just an old custom?

Do we feel delight when we see each other? Or do we have a reason to hold back?

Do we want each other to thrive? Or do we hope they learn a lesson?

Do we muse on the amazing gifts we see in one another? Or do we have a list of faults for each fellow member?

Do we readily sacrifice personal preferences to make peace? Or do we hold tightly to ideas that are not as important as the sweet love among us?

When we are forgiven and cleansed by Him then His Spirit can operate freely within us to love deeply. This is how we can bring Him joy and that joy fills us as well. Seekers will be drawn to the fragrance of this beautiful Love and be compelled to find their identity here too.

May we be that vibrant, glowing outpost of heaven that brings our Father glory by loving Jesus’ body extravagantly.

Nanette Miller

SOUND DOCTRINE

What is sound doctrine? As a child, with biblical doctrine being the only kind we knew, it was all of the Bible. Doctrine by definition is instruction in a set of principles. They can be religious, military, political, economic, or organizational. Something is considered “sound” if it is true and real. You can probably think of an example for each of these areas.

As a people we are accustomed to hearing sound doctrine although it seems that the (political) correctness of the 2000’s has had some effect on us. I’m thinking back over nearly 60 years to some subjects and sermons I haven’t heard preached lately, but the doctrine hasn’t changed.

I just wonder how well they would go over among even us in this, our day. Can it be that we are in that time that the Apostle Paul wrote to Timothy about? “For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears, And they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables” (II Tim. 4:3,4).

Years ago I had a doctor that chided me on my weight and to be honest I didn’t like it and found a different doctor. Today I’ve added 20 pounds more and no doctor has said a word. The computer will put the diagnosis of “Obesity, Class 1” on my paperwork but there is silence even with a high blood pressure reading and neuropathy of the feet (a sign of high blood sugar and diabetes).

The standard has changed as has the method of measurement. Today it is Body Mass Index (BMI), a complicated metric formula (kg/m^2) and a range which nobody can remember. Years ago it was height and frame, male or female. When I do the BMI math today I get to weigh 30 pounds more than yesteryear. Interesting that I don’t feel better until I’ve dropped 20 pounds below BMI. The former doctor was correct. I’d been told that a doctor is now taught not to bring up the subject of weight loss unless the patient mentions it first so I did. The response? “Well, I don’t want you to lose too much.” It sounded nice to the ears, but the knees groaned.

In this atmosphere what is the solution? I feel for people with good convictions who appreciate sound doctrine and are either fearful to speak it or thirsty for it. It is trying to walk away from a situation where someone has misjudged your good intentions. It is discouraging when nobody “wants to go there.” I was stunned to be in a meeting with a very straightforward speaker and hear another man say, “This subject has been taboo. I’m glad we can discuss it openly. It’s freeing.”

I looked around the room and decided the one thing we all had in common was an appreciation of the truth—sound doctrine. I know the trainer well and he can walk into some ugly situations and put people in the right frame of mind to move forward. How many times I’ve heard him steer a discussion with three simple questions; “Why are you here?” “What are you doing?” and, “How are you going to

do it?" It's easy to remember; heart (intent), hands (labor), and head (thought), and it is circular quickly revealing "For as [a man] thinketh in his heart, so is he" (Prov. 23:7). And so he will do.

As time passes people are not going to love more, they are already laboring less, and not thinking clearer. There is no vision such as our forefathers had for this land we fondly call our own. We are past a point of no return rapidly headed to a global world deceived into thinking it's all about to come to a screeching halt and they are in no way prepared for coming judgement or looking for the salvation of the Lord's return. Calmly mention a millennial kingdom and they think you're crazy, haven't even heard of such a thing. It definitely doesn't sound like sound doctrine to them. It sounds too good to be real.

Remember why we're here, what we should be doing, and how to do it.

"But watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry" (II Tim. 4:5).

Rachel Brubaker

COMMUNICATION AND CASTING YOUR CARE ON HIM

I want to encourage you that if there is that one thing that you need to discuss with your friends or family members and it's something that you need to be honest with them about, do it, no matter how hard or how much it may hurt.

Because if you value them, they are going to respect you for it and it may not bring you closer, but at the same time it may. Time will tell.

There may be times when things get tiring. At the very least they will know where you stand with things, and you will have a peace of mind about it. We see this beautifully illustrated in Mathew 18.

Communication is key to any relationship and silence just isn't the answer. The enemy wants you to overthink and believe lies or gossip, and at the end you are relying on feelings and emotions that are totally not reliable. So it's always best to go straight to the source. I would even say this is how we need to be with God. We need to be honest with Him because He knows the deepest parts of our hearts and there is nothing we can hide from Him. He literally wants to hear your voice because "Abba Father" wants you to cry out to Him, especially in those dark times in life. Friendships are important and God brings certain people into our lives for a season because He knows that they may be able to connect with you in ways that others can't. Proverbs 18:24 says that there are "friends" who destroy each other, but a real friend sticks closer than a brother. Sometimes we go through life, and we feel lonely because we think that no one can relate with us in our situations. But in Hebrews 4:14-16 it says, "Seeing then that we have a great high priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession. For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points

tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.”

We are reassured here that Jesus can relate with us in all situations, and He will be our friend in ways that no one else can or will.

God wants to know our fears, worries, anxieties, and concerns that are burdens on our heart. He hates to see you carrying them alone. He loves you too much for you to be in despair.

Preston Landes

MEDITATIONS

Give thanks often for brothers and sisters to enjoy Christian fellowship with.

Once you find Jesus is all you have, you find that Jesus is all you need.

If you say, “I’m sorry,” try to be sure you don’t ever do that again.

Take every opportunity—but *make* some now and then.

When God is in the storm, that is a safe place to be.

With God’s help, make this year better.

Gossip will go right through a mask.

QUESTIONS TO PONDER

This section offers some questions to think about, or for Sunday afternoon discussions, or to prompt future articles from our readers, etc. Readers are encouraged to offer questions.

We enter across the threshold of a new year. There is much darkness in the world, and many conflicts and fears. Bewildering evils abound. Uncertainty surrounds us. We may need to ask questions for our own hearts as believers:

1. We keep saying, “God is good.” And “God is faithful.” Will our confidence remain strong in God if these evils begin to touch our families?

2. In Ukraine and other places, all that was normal has been taken away. Will we be able to encourage one another in the Lord if these things we read about become **real to us?**

3. How quickly can a “fair weather” faith become a “tried in the fire” faith?

4. What kind of a faith do I have?

5. Can I Peter 1:6–7 encourage us?

Testimony Email Delivery Option

We are presently building an email mailing list for all who would like to receive ***The Testimony*** by email in addition to print. This is available at no charge for all whose households are subscribed to ***The Testimony*** and are receiving a hard copy.

If you would like to receive this publication by email also, please send your request to the following email address: thetestimony@emypeople.net.

The Testimony Committee

GENERAL ITEMS

BAPTISMS

Nov. 6, 2022; West Manchester, IN
Serena Fingerle
Nov. 20, 2022; Dallas, OR
Brett Meador, Kolton Root

NEW MEMBERS RECEIVED

Aug. 26, 2022; West Manchester, IN
Brady and Whitney Rockwell
Nov. 13, 2023; Cutler Ridge, IN
Reuben and Megan Hufford,
Ross Filbrun

COMMISSIONS

Nov. 17, 2022; West Manchester, IN
Gary Long (with wife Jill)
Ordained to the Eldership
Steven Shankster (with wife Susannah)
Called to the office of Deacon
Nov. 18, 2022; Shiloh, OH
Graydon Filbrun (with wife, Annie)
Called to the office of Deacon
Dec. 3, 2022; Cascade Valley, WA
Josh Wray (with wife, Hannah)
Called to the Ministry

COMMUNION NOTICES

Feb. 4, 2023 Living Epistle, NM
Feb. 4, 2023 Pine Grove, FL
Feb. 25, 2023 West Modesto, CA
Mar. 4, 2023..... West Manchester, IN
Mar. 4, 2023..... Morning Star, OH
Mar. 18, 2023..... Dallas, OR
Apr. 1, 2023 Fair Haven, KS
Apr. 1, 2023 Mt. Zion, PA
Apr. 1, 2023 Salem, OH
Apr. 8, 2023 Modesto, CA
Apr. 8, 2023 Shiloh, OH
Apr. 15, 2023 Cascade Valley, WA
Apr. 15, 2023 Fall Creek, IN
Apr. 22, 2023 Caldwell, ID
Apr. 22, 2023 Cutler Ridge, IN
Apr. 22, 2023 Sugar Grove, OH

Apr. 29, 2023 Bear Creek, OH
Jun. 24, 2023 Mountain View, ID

CASP PROJECT 2023

Plans for our next project are well under way. The Lord willing, the project will be forestry work in the Pisgah National Forest, Brevard, NC. This project will run February 10 to March 11, 2023. At this point we have a full roster of young men willing to serve.

However, this project is in need of adult staff willing to mentor our young men, and to lead and guide them through this current project. Please consider volunteering for this opportunity to serve our Brotherhood and these committed young men. Please contact a Service Committee member if interested in serving on this project.

Please pray for the success of this project, for wisdom and direction for the staff, and for the young men selected that their conduct and service will reflect the image of Jesus Christ to the glory of God and His church.

Any who desire to support this project financially may direct donations to:

Brethren Charity Fund
P.O. Box 365
Brookville, OH 45309-0365

Please designate your donations specifically for New Conference CASP Fund. We thank you for your benevolence.

CASP Constituency Committee,
Larry Bower, Foreman
Everett Wray
David Benedict, Treasure
Arlan Wolf, Secretary
Trent Bowman
Dean Crawmer

POEMS

AN ISRAELITE'S CRY

“Not one boy more!” Can it really be true?
Will the mothers be left, this day to rue?
Their sons are their heritage, their life!
Where is God now? Oh, put away that knife!

“Not one brick less!” What a dreaded cry!
The Israelites weep; they plead and they sigh.
Won’t God be merciful and help them out of their plight?
They’re breaking their backs! What a heartbreaking sight!

“Not one plague more!” When will this end?
Wrath is becoming the “new normal” trend.
Is Pharaoh’s heart really going to soften,
Or will they be kept, as they have so often?

“Not one step more!” Wasn’t Egypt better?
At least they had food when they had the fetter.
Is God really leading them to Canaan ahead,
Or, in a few days, will they all be dead?

“Just a few days more!” Jesus is coming soon!
Why can’t we just leave this earthly cocoon?
Maybe tomorrow, maybe several years,
Then we’ll be in our Promised Land, forgetting our tears.

Serena Markley

THE MORNING COMETH!

A shout!

A trumpet note!

A Glorious Presence in the azure sky!

A gasp,

A thrill of joy,

And we are with Him in the twinkling of an eye!

A glance,

An upward look,

Caught up to be with Christ forevermore.

The dead alive!

The living glorified!

Fulfilled are all His promises that came before!

His face!

His joy supreme

Our souls find rapture only at His feet!

Blameless!

Without a spot!

We enter into heaven's joy complete!

Strike harps,

Oh, sound His praise...

We know Him as we never knew before!

God's love!

God's matchless grace!

'Twill take eternity to tell while we adore!

Anne Catherine White.

From "Springs in the Valley" devotional

Selected by

Louise Garber

ENDURE TO THE END

Come on, my partners young and old,
My comrades in this place, aware
Of waiting joy, beyond these bounds of bench and chair
This hour will surely pass, behold
Once more the cruel clock, whose hands ahold
Taunt desperate souls of all, who glancing there
Find feeble movement fresh. Defy despair
By any means: swing feet, slide seat, or sigh internally, untold.
At last! you are now dismissed.
And a meal has been (you knew it) prepared.
The lilt of that liturgy who could resist?
Earth-bent bodies groan gladly uncared.
Bye-bye banal boredom, hollow hunger desist.
Well done child! Drink pleasure un-spared.

Daniel Hess

LONELY? — TIRED? — AFRAID?

Lonely? Yes, sometimes when the night is dark
And silence wraps the spirit in its gloom,
But then His angels, watching ever nigh,
Supply the place of friendship in the room.

Tired? — Yes, often when the day is done,
And sun rays sink behind the distant West;
But then my Saviour walks beside; and He
Can give the wearied head its rest.

Afraid? Oh yes, when mountain paths are steep,
Too steep for feet unused to rugged ways,
But then His promise cheers me, and the fear
Is turned to joyful hymns of praise.

So on I press, the loneliness and fear
But bind me closer to the love divine;
Within the deepest darkness, Faith can err;
And so I pray, "Thy will, not mine."

R. Hare

OBITUARIES

HOLSINGER — Charles Isaac, youngest child of Otho Isaac and Viola Arzula (Flora) Holsinger, was born April 5, 1963, in Anderson, Indiana. He peacefully departed this life on May 4, 2022, at the age of 59, at his home in Pendleton, Indiana.

Charles was born with Down Syndrome, making him “special,” not just to his parents and siblings, but to the church family he loved. His sunny nature and loving heart endeared him to those who learned to know him. His caregivers also treasured his sweet loving personality, as they provided respite/hospice care when that need developed.

Charles lived at home with his parents, and after the death of his father provided assistance to his sister Nancy in caring for their mother. After her death, Charles was then lovingly cared for at home until God called him home.

Charles was preceded in death by his parents and a niece, Bonnie Miller.

Left to mourn his absence are his siblings: one brother, Daniel (Frances); 4 sisters: Lydia Miller, Nancy, Martha (Ivan) Mason, and Rachel (Norman) Mason; brother-in-law, Harold Miller; sister-in-law, Irene Holsinger; 13 nephews and nieces: Loretta (Jason) Patzner, John (Loretta) Miller,

Henry (Dacia) Miller, James Mason, Rebecca (Matthew) Metzler, Mark (Jennifer) Mason, Rosanna (Ben) Williams, Paul Mason, Amy (Dan) Gillman, Benjamin (Molly) Mason, Eric (Misty) Mason, Orin (Melinda) Mason, Beth Mason; 38 great-nephews and nieces; an aunt, Beverly Dyke; and numerous cousins, friends and neighbors.

Visitation was at Wilson St. Pierre Funeral Service and Crematory, Lahm Chapel in Pendleton, Indiana on Saturday, May 7, 2022. Funeral services were held at 10 A.M. on Sunday, May 8 at the Old German Baptist Brethren Beech Grove meetinghouse by the home Brethren. After a graveside service, he was laid to rest in the Pleasant Valley Cemetery near Pendleton, Indiana.

The Lord doeth all things well.

The Family

WENGER — Carl David, the oldest son of John David and F. Catherine (Gayman) Wenger was born Sunday, August 24, 1947, in Franklin County, Pennsylvania. He passed away on Wednesday, July 6, 2022, at home in Orrstown, Pennsylvania, at the age of 74.

Carl grew up working alongside his family on their dairy farm. In 1965, Carl graduated from the

Chambersburg Area Senior High School. He was a lifelong dairy farmer and resident of Pleasant Hall until his retirement in 2017. Carl was involved with the Penn State Extension and the Pennsylvania Farm Bureau for many years during his career.

Carl is survived by his wife Susanne E. (Biesecker) Wenger. They were married on June 6, 1970 and were blessed with three daughters and two sons. In addition to his wife, he is survived by his children: Marsha (Timothy) Oyler, Denise (Donald) Martin, Sharon (Benjamin) Peckman, Dwaine (Wendy Goshorn) Wenger, Ronald (Amy Shenk) Wenger.

In his passing he also leaves behind ten grandchildren: Trent and Ryan Oyler, Cade and Chase Martin, Jaina and Curtis Peckman, Ian and Lauryn Wenger and Gavin and Colin Wenger; his siblings, Mary Ann Wenger, Alvin (Darlene) Wenger, Ruth (Lawrence) Lehman, Kay (Daniel) Miller, Alice (Stephen) Hess, and Eileen (Paul) Myers; brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law, Rodger (Bev) Hawbaker, Elinor (Frank) Beckner, Barbara (Henry) Beckner, Roy B. (Susan) Biesecker, Jane Biesecker; and many nieces and nephews.

He was preceded in death by a sister-in-law, G. Irene Hawbaker, several nieces and a nephew.

On October 23, 2016, Carl was baptized, along with his wife, by

Kenneth Hopkins and became a member of the Old German Baptist Brethren New Conference, Mount Zion District.

Funeral services were held at the Air Hill Brethren in Christ Church at 10:00 A.M. on Monday, July 11, 2022. Officiating were Edward Hess and Bradley Layman. Burial followed in the Myers Cemetery with Ken Hopkins providing a short message at the graveside.

The Family

BOONE — Nadyne F. was born in Quinter, Kansas, May 1, 1941, to Herman and Reva Jamison. She departed this life on Friday, October 21, at the age of 81, in Quinter, Kansas.

Nadyne began her walk with the Lord Jesus and was baptized in 1951. She remained true to Him until her death. On May 30, 1959, Nadyne was joined in marriage to James Boone. This union was blessed with six children.

Nadyne was preceded in death by her husband, James Boone, parents, Herman and Reva Jamison; her parents-in-law, Jesse and Edna Boone; one sister, Ruth; two brothers, Herman Joy and Vernard Jamison; one granddaughter, Kristen Basore; and two brothers-in-law, Marvin Bauman and Ronald Filbrun.

She is survived by her six children and their companions, Janet

and Dale Eikenberry (Ohio), Becky and Ward Deaton (Washington), Stacy and Ken Harrison (California), Gina and Nolan Garber (Kansas), Darin and Merna Boone (Washington), Heidi and Chad Basore (Washington); grandchildren, Trent and Holly Eikenberry (Ohio), Matt and Jill Dickey (Idaho), Peter and Kellie Eikenberry (Ohio), Teri and Dallas Flory (Washington), Luke and Anna Deaton (Washington), Brad and Kristen Deaton (Washington), Clark and Morgan Deaton (Washington), Crystal and Thomas Richards (Texas), Landon Boone (California), Lacy Boone (Texas), Stratton and Amanda Harrison (California), Milan Harrison (California), Mollie and Jacob Flory (Kansas), Lorene and Thaddeus Bauman (Kansas), Rachel and Devon Longenecker (Pennsylvania), Jonathan Garber (Kansas), Micah and Elisabeth Garber (Kansas), Seth Garber (Kansas), Jesse and Kali Boone (Montana), Zachary and Victoria Boone (Washington), Brittney and Dallas Phillips (Washington), Brooklyn Boone (Washington), Brett and Bethany Basore (Washington), Tyler and Kimra Basore (Washington), Austin Basore (Washington), Morgan Basore (Washington), Hollie Basore (Washington); great-grandchildren, Carter, Jade, Will, Ty, Violet, Kate and Jude Eikenberry, Ethan, Logan, Brandon

and Megan Dickey, Parker and Keegan Eikenberry, Conner, Landon, Chloe, Lincoln, Merci, Jolie and Linsie Flory, Riley, Scott, Quinn, Vivi, Halli, and Trey Deaton, Graham and Kate Deaton, Theodore, Violet and Henry Richards, Solomon, Isaiah and Malachi Flory, Camden, Hans and Josie Bauman, Ily, Lani and Easton Longenecker, Redford and Avett Boone, Emmett and Alastair Boone, Sybil Phillips, RaeLynn, Addison and Brantley Basore; one sister and her companion, Connie and Delbert Swihart, Kansas; three nieces, Amber and Shannon Roach, Kara and Devin Sweitzer, Jodi Swihart (Kansas); in-laws, Morya Bauman (Kansas), Janice Filbrun (Ohio), Gary and Marlene Boone (Ohio), Sharon and Dale Deaton (Kansas), and Diane and Don Rogers (Ohio).

“Rejoice evermore. Pray without ceasing. In every thing give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you. Quench not the Spirit. Despise not prophesyings. Prove all things; hold fast that which is good. Abstain from all appearance of evil. 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 (I Thess. 5:16–23).

A family service and burial was held in Quinter, Kansas.

The Family

LONG — Juanita May passed away November 6, 2022, at her residence near New Paris, Ohio, with her loving family by her side. Her age was 95 years, 5 months, and 26 days. She was born May 11, 1927, in Westphalia Kansas, to the late William R. and Jennie M. (Filbrun) Flory.

On March 17, 1946, she was married to Wilmer L. Long. They shared the joys and sorrows of life for over 62 years. She supported him in the office of Deacon after he was called in 1964. She was a member of the Old German Baptist Brethren Church—New Conference, Pleasant View district.

She was preceded in death by her husband on September 17, 2008; son-in-law, Willis Hess; 2 grandsons, Abram Hess and Jared Hess; granddaughter, Amanda Baker; brother, Leo and Eileen; and brothers- and sisters-in-law, Robert and Thelma and Yvonne Long, Mildred and Lloyd Oyler, and Harriet Oyler, Margaret and Earl Boyd, Charles Hollinger, Willis Benedict, Nancy and Roger Bowser, and Mary and Donald Cook.

She is survived by her sons, Stephen and Sharon, and Matthew and Carla; her daughters, Sherrill and Marcus Brubaker, Louise and Don Egbert, Susan and Jim Murphy, Donna Hess, Vicki and Max Witmer, and Margaret and Keith Seger; 32 grandchildren; 87 great-grandchildren; 25 great-great-

grandchildren; brothers- and sisters-in-law, Evelyn Hollinger, Nellie Benedict, Martha and Richard Hess, John and Betty Long, and Ruth Emma and Roger Benedict; and numerous nephews, nieces, and cousins.

Juanita leaves her family with lasting memories of her love for them and for her Lord Jesus.

Funeral services were conducted November 10 at the Pleasant View meetinghouse, Eldorado, Ohio.

Her body was buried in the Prices Creek Old German Baptist Brethren Church Cemetery, Eldorado, to await the glorious resurrection.

The Family

SWEARINGEN — Joan Louise (Landes) was born November 27, 1926, to Earl and Mildred (Metzger) Landes at their home near Dayton, Ohio. After a brief illness, she passed away November 17, 2022, at her home in Dallas, Oregon, supported by her children, ten days from her 96th birthday.

The oldest of five and the only daughter, Joan learned early to do the household chores and cooking that characterized her for so many years. As a child during the Great Depression of the 1930s, she helped her father on his meat route, selling fresh cuts of meat, eggs, and homemade butter to cus-

tomers at their homes. On November 17, 1944, she gave her life to the Lord and was baptized into the Old German Baptist Brethren Church in Salem district, Ohio, affiliating with New Conference in 2009. Joan married Dale Swearingen, son of James Brenner and Vanice (Shoup) Swearingen, on May 18, 1952. They were chosen to serve as deacons in Donnels Creek district of Ohio shortly before moving to the new district of Dallas, Oregon in 1965, where they were elected as minister.

Dale and Joan hosted many guests at their farm on Beck Road. The congregation made apple cider and apple butter there for many years, sharing it with the other congregations in the northwest for Love Feasts. A skilled quilter and comfort maker, Joan continued making knotted comforters for

women's shelters and charities up to shortly before her death. Joan is survived by her six children: Dale Alan, Kathy Deaton, Becky Hagen, Berta Horton, Gayle and Sam Yost, and Patty and Gary Miller; one brother, Glen and Ruth Landes; sister-in-law, Ann (Keith) Landes; and brother- and sister-in-law Jerald and Bonnie Swearingen; 12 grandchildren; and 22 great-grandchildren. The close bond of their marriage was broken when Dale died at home on July 4, 2020.

Also preceding Joan in death were three of her four brothers: Carl and wife Wilma, Marion and wife Gail, and Keith; brother- and sister-in-law, Richard and Delma Swearingen; sister-in-law, Marlene Landes; sons-in-law, Monte Horton, and Wayne Deaton; and a great-granddaughter, Promise Hess.

The Family

Terms

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Contributors

Authors of essays, devotionals, poems, etc. are asked to review the Statement of Purpose on the back page of this periodical. Articles should

be based on Scripture. References are appreciated. Shorter focused articles are more desirable than articles that move from one topic to another. Selected material will be considered. Original writings are preferred. It is recommended that writers submit themselves to the Spirit, which reveals the will of God to the Church in every age, according to the varied needs and circumstances.

Written articles should be legible. Typed material is preferred and should be double-spaced. Electronic transmission or CD will be accepted. The author's name and address must be included on all material. An attempt will be made to contact the author of articles that are not accepted.

Old German Baptist Brethren
Church—New Conference

THE TESTIMONY

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The Testimony is a Christian publication intended for those who desire nourishment in their spiritual walk, and for writers who wish to express witness to the Truth of the Gospel as experienced in their own lives. It holds the Holy Scriptures to be its only Creed. Its purpose is to bear witness to the Truth of God's Word as it is applied in the daily life of committed Christians. It supports the anabaptist and pietist foundations of the Brethren of Schwarzenau, Germany (1708) including the biblical principle of the community of believers bound by a confession of faith in the Lord Jesus confirmed by adult immersion baptism (Mark 16:16). It strives to promote a life of true living piety among all who confess Jesus as their Lord. It seeks to restore and

maintain a fellowship of true primitive Christianity through the communication of all good things.

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