

"Be not thou therefore ashamed of...

THE TESTIMONY

...our Lord, nor of me his prisoner: but be thou partaker of the afflictions of the gospel..." II Tim. 1:8

— VERSE OF THE MONTH —

*"Then said Jesus unto Peter, Put up thy sword into the sheath: the cup which my Father
hath given me, shall I not drink it?" John 18:11*

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THE CUP

Luke 22:42

And then he started sipping
A sip wet his lips as Judas gave a kiss. Sips of
spitting, mocking, smiting. The sip of Peter's
denial, no friendship bliss. Sips of questioning,
false-accusing, confessing. The sip of His
people, "Crucify Him, His blood on us!"
Sips of scourging, with thorns
crowning, on the cross nailing
The sip of humanity's
iniquities on his
faultlessness
Was He
checking
for more
with his
crying,

"I THIRST!"

But the cup was
empty. Let him

who is athirst drink
freely.

Cathy Brubaker, Rocky Mount, Virginia

THE TESTIMONY

CONTENTS

FRONT COVER	1
THE CUP	1
EDITORIAL	3
“THE TIME OF THE SINGING OF BIRDS IS COME”	3
SEASONAL	4
WHO IS YOUR HERO?	4
GENERAL	6
I CORINTHIANS 11	6
“PLEASE LET ME STAY!”	13
MEDITATIONS	20
QUESTIONS TO PONDER	20
GENERAL ITEMS	21
POEMS	1, 22
OBITUARIES	25



EDITORIAL

"THE TIME OF THE SINGING OF BIRDS IS COME"

The big, beautiful, snowflakes lazily floated earthward in such abundance they looked like they would surely collide with each other. Beyond that curtain of falling flakes lay a landscape obliterated totally by white in every direction. Snowfall of this magnitude soon has the ground covered in a blanket of white also. I remarked to my dear wife, This is like living inside a giant snow globe. You see, a few years ago, after living at the same residence for 45 years, we decided to add a sizable room to the south side and to the back of the house, which we call our sun-room. We purposely installed large windows on three sides of the room. The fourth side of the room was connected directly to the house. Thus, it feels like you are outside, while you are actually inside. It gave us a silent thrill to have thick falling snow on all three sides of us. Thus, the snow globe effect. After the snow diminished a few hours later, barren fields of dead corn stalks, tilled up soil, trees, shrubs, grass and bushes lay clothed with a blanket of pure white. It all happened so silently, yet so majestically. It reminded me of Jesus' words, when He had calmed a storm at sea, by uttering, "Peace be still." The all white snowscape also reminded me of those beautiful words in Isaiah 1:18 when the Lord said, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."

Although winter has its beautiful moments, it also creates dan-

gerous hazards and produces cold, driving winds. Over the years, many have lost their lives because they were caught in relentless, raging blizzards that showed no mercy. Although winter gives us a few precious memory moments, most of us are glad when the north winds retreat into their place and the south winds blow softly. The earth responds with new life, brilliant colors emerge, nature becomes warm and cheerful again, and as is so eloquently expressed in the Song of Solomon, chapter 2:11, "For, lo. the winter is past, the rain [snow] is over and gone; The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come..."

Our feathered friends are an asset that we take for granted. They come in all sizes, cover a whole spectrum of colors, and each has a unique song to sing. The spring weather is accented by their cheerful sounds. In our area we are blessed with a nice variety of songbirds. I hear the robins start before dawn and they are still at it even while the sun is setting. We have English sparrows and song sparrows. We love the song sparrows, the English sparrow, not so much. But God notices even the sparrow. Jesus said in Matthew 10:29 (NIV), "Are not two sparrows sold for a penny? Yet not one of them will fall to the ground outside your Father's care." The refrain of a nice Christian song says, "His eye is on the sparrow, and I know he watches me!"

My favorite of all our bird species, is the Purple Martin. I get

really excited in early April, because I know they will arrive any day. Quoting from the Internet, it says, "The Purple Martin is one of North America's most beloved songbirds. It is known for its skillful aerial exhibitions, tolerance of humans, and pleasant, twittering call." When they arrive, I know for sure that the time of the singing of birds is come. Their God-given instincts have brought many of them back to where they were fledged. Some have flown from deep in the jungles of South America, across the Gulf of America, across the southern United States to my backyard. How great is that? Praise God! But I know one thing for sure, all 100+ of them will keep my back yard a very

cheerful place for the next four months. Mid-August will be a sad, sad time for me when they head back to South America. But until then, they will entertain me with their cheerful chatter, their skillful flying, and their wonderful work ethic. Busy, busy little birds, fulfilling their God-given purpose to perpetuate new life in a cheerful manner that is contagious. Their constant cheerful songs remind me of Jesus' words, "Be of Good Cheer, for I have overcome the world." (For us.)

I am so thankful, that once more, after a season of winter, I can be witness to: "The time of the singing of birds is come."

Philip King

SEASONAL

WHO IS YOUR HERO?

As we're approaching the calendar date this year, April 20, Easter Sunday, I'm thinking of our Risen Saviour! It seems that He is our ultimate Hero. There are many heroes that we look to in this life, but none like the true Hero Jesus Christ! I believe He died for us, so we should live for Him.

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not his son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world **through him** might be saved" (John 3:16-17).

Who is your hero? We worship Him because He's the real Hero of all mankind! Webster describes a "hero" as a mythological or legendary figure of great strength or

ability. A legend is a story coming down from the past. A hero is often a brave, noble person—often a male figure who is the central figure of the story. Many legends are not true, but the story of Jesus is true! There are a lot of stories in this world and in our Bible, but this story of Jesus is the greatest story ever told!

But Jesus is not a legend! He is **the way, the truth, and the life!** (John 14:6). He is God in the flesh! Yes, He is admired and worshipped for His achievements and qualities. Yet His life and His atoning work are much more than that, to us, and to all the world.

"Yet it pleased the LORD to bruise him..." This is Jesus the Christ, our Hero!

So on April 20, 2025, we will celebrate and commemorate Jesus our Savior. It seems like we just

celebrated His birth in a lowly manger! It is now to acknowledge and understand this to the fullest! And what's next? It is Pentecost! It begins in a room of followers and ends with thousands of people who want to pursue a relationship with God through Christ! The Holy Spirit came that day to stay, taking up permanent residence in each believer from the Day of Pentecost on!

Lord willing, on June 8, 2025, many believers will be gathered together on Mowry Rd. here in Ohio, for the Old Conference Annual Meeting. This meeting will be all about our Lord Jesus Christ and the Day of Pentecost.

We have an elder who, as a lad, was given an assignment of searching for our heroes. He mentioned my Dad, and that obviously God placed him on this earth to become a role model for people who need guidance here and now in this present world. There are many Elders then and now that share this role. What about you and me? Are we doing all we can to help people in need?

Here are some dates of our almighty Hero in the year 2025. These dates are good to know.

Psalms Sunday, April 13 – This is the day we celebrate the triumphal entry of Jesus into Jerusalem, one week before the Resurrection (Matt. 21:1–11). It is the beginning of what many call HOLY WEEK, the final seven days of Jesus' earthly ministry. It was the beginning of the end of His work on earth.

“[The people] took branches of palm trees, and went forth to meet him, and cried, Hosanna: Blessed is the King of Israel that cometh

in the name of the Lord” (John 12:13).

Good Friday, April 18 – The suffering and death of Jesus, as terrible as it was, marked the dramatic events of God's plan to save His people from their sins. “Looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God” (Heb. 12:2).

Easter, April 20 – This is the resurrection of Jesus three days after His death by crucifixion and is the fulfillment of the prophecies found in the Old Testament! “And that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day according to the scriptures...” (I Cor. 15:4).

Ascension Day – Ascension Day is the celebration of Christ ascending into Heaven after His death, burial, and Resurrection, May 29 – “So then after the Lord had spoken unto them, he was received up into heaven, and sat on the right hand of God. And they went forth, and preached every where, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word with signs following. Amen” (Mark 16:19–20).

Pentecost, June 8 – Pentecost takes place on the 49th day after Easter. It commemorates the descent of the Holy Spirit upon the apostles, and those that were gathered with them on that day.

“Therefore being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, he hath shed forth this, which ye now see and hear. For David is not ascended into the heavens: but he saith himself, The LORD said unto my Lord, Sit thou on my right hand,

Until I make thy foes thy footstool. Therefore let all the house of Israel know assuredly, that God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ. Now when they heard this, they were pricked in their heart, and said unto Peter and to the rest of the apostles, Men and brethren, what shall we do? Then Peter said unto them, Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise

is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call. And with many other words did he testify and exhort, saying, Save yourselves from this untoward generation. Then they that gladly received his word were baptized: and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls" (Acts 2:33–41).

L.D. Flory

GENERAL

I CORINTHIANS 11

I Corinthians 11 might be considered as beginning with I Corinthians 10:15. At that point there is a definite shift from the idolatry, lust, and murmurings of Israel to the Christian church at Corinth, and to us today. Paul says in I Corinthians 10:11–12, "Now all these things happened unto them [Israel] for ensamples: and they are written for our admonition [and to us even today], upon whom the ends of the world are come. Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." Paul says to them, and to us, "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." This serves as a caution to us that we take heed lest we also fall away. Now Paul turns suddenly and undeniably in I Corinthians 10:16 to Luke 22 and John 13 where is recorded the account of the supper which Jesus ate with His disciples the night of His suffering. "The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ?"

There was difficulty in the Corinthian church with transitioning from the dietary practices of idolatry and of the Mosaic Law to the sharing of a cup and the breaking of bread at a Love Feast meal practiced in the Corinthian Christian church. Paul warns that, to become a follower of Christ, one must abandon the dietary practices associated with idol worship and the Judaizers of that day. As he says in verse 21, "Ye cannot drink the cup of the Lord, and the cup of devils: ye cannot be partakers of the Lord's table, and of the table of devils." This is important to the understanding of I Corinthians 11, for as we approach the Table of the

Lord, we must examine ourselves to see that we have left all idolatry before we partake of the emblems of the Lord's body and blood.

Paul writes in chapter 11 about a very special observance "in the church." Our German forefathers understood "in the church" more accurately than we when they read throughout the writings of Paul the words "*in die Gemeinde Gottes*." This is translated "in the community of the saints of God." This does not specify, as we understand some to teach, in a meetinghouse. "In the church" ("*in die Gemeinde*") refers to the community of the saints and not to the church house in which they meet. From here on when I say "church" understand that it means "the community of the saints." Five times in this chapter Paul uses the phrase "come together" referring to the coming together or assembly of the community of saints for a sacred purpose. These are in verses 17, 18, 20, 33, and 34. In each of these examples Paul finds a fault in their gathering. In verse 17 Paul says they came together "not for the better, but for the worse." In verse 18 Paul says there are divisions among the communicants. In verse 20, in coming together Paul says they did not observe the Lord's "supper" correctly, or not at all. In verse 33 they are not showing proper respect for one another, especially the rich toward the poor. In verse 34 Paul warns against the assembly of the saints to condemnation. Paul does not condemn the observance of coming together to observe a Love Feast meal, but he does insist that this observance must be observed with reverence.

Note in reading and meditating on this Scripture that "supper" is a complete meal, taken in the evening of the day, typifying that meal which Jesus shared with His twelve disciples around a table on the evening of His suffering as recorded in Luke 22 and John 13. The Lord established the emblematic bread and cup following the meal as stated in Luke 22:20, "Likewise also the cup *after supper*..." and again in I Corinthians 11:25. "When he had supped..." Greek—*dipe-neh'-o*, to dine, i.e. take the principle (or evening) meal of the day. I would not say that in no case could a congregation observe the emblems without the supper. But in reenacting that Holy Evening, whenever possible, the Brethren have observed foot washing, the Agape meal, and the emblems all together. Many observe the eucharist alone to be "the Lord's Supper," but the Brethren have not historically understood it so.

Paul admonishes the brothers and sisters at Corinth to abandon their former idolatrous practices saying, "Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ." He had delivered certain ordinances to them, precepts or traditions which He expected them, and us, to observe. Following is an outline of chapter 11. Some may find this helpful in study. Others may divide these subjects differently.

I. Headship, (verses 3–16).

- a. God the Father, God the Son, Man/Woman (verse 3).
- b. The Interdependence of Man and Woman (verses 8–11).
- c. The Interrelationship of Man and Woman (verses 4–5, 10–12).
- d. Special Instructions to Man (verses 4, 7, 14).
- e. Special Instructions to Woman (verses 5–6, 10, 13, 15).
- f. Some Men are Contentious (verse 16).

II. Divisions in the Church (verses 17–22).

- a. Divisions and Heresies (verses 18–19).
- b. Social Inequality (verses 21–22, 33–34).

III. Emblems of the Lord's Body and Blood (verses 23–26).**IV. Accountability—to self and to the body of Christ (verses 27–32).****V. The Importance of Being Careful to Maintain Pure Motives (verses 17, 29, 34).****HEADSHIP OF THE FATHER, THE SON**

There is no disagreement as to the headship of the Father and of the Son. God the Father is supreme and over all. Jesus Himself said in John 10:30, “I and my Father are one.” While in the flesh the Son was co-equal but subservient to the Father. Jesus said in John 5:36, “...for the works which the Father hath given me to finish, the same works that I do, bear witness of me, that the Father hath sent me.”

HEADSHIP OF THE MALE/FEMALE RELATIONSHIP

In I Corinthians 11:11 Paul refers to “man and woman” saying, “Nevertheless neither is the man without the woman, neither the woman without the man, in the Lord.” Over the years I have had to reconsider my biases concerning the meaning of “man” and “woman” in this setting. Some brothers live without a wife. Some sisters live without a husband. I am impressed that the words “husband” and “wife” are nowhere used in this chapter. I have come to believe Paul is addressing here, specifically and only, the headship of God, and the headship of the Son, and the headship relationship of man and woman as they relate to one another in the church—with no regard to marital status. Paul writes elsewhere (for example Ephesians 5:21–33) of the marital relationship between a man and a woman in the church, but here he is speaking of any and all of the brothers and sisters in the church whether married or not, and their relationship to the Son, and to the Father. There are single men in the church and single women who do not relate to a husband or to a wife, but all have their place in the church.

INTERDEPENDANCE AND INTERRELATIONSHIP OF BROTHERS AND SISTERS IN THE CHURCH

The “hierarchy” if it can be called that, is firstly God above all else, then the Son Jesus Christ who is “one with the Father” but subservient to Him, and lastly the man/woman. As to the latter, man and woman in

the church are co-equal. Verses 4 and 5 state that each may pray and prophesy—with this provision only, that man have his head uncovered and that the woman have her head covered (verses 5 and 13). Paul speaks elsewhere (for example in I Corinthians 14:35) of certain other requirements. Further, that they are co-equal, verse 11 states, the man is not without the woman and the woman is not without the man in the Lord—even when unmarried; unmarried brothers and sisters are not excluded here. The men of the church complement the women of the church, and the women complement the men. In Galatians 3:28 Paul writes, “There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus.” In another letter (Eph. 5:21–33) Paul likens marriage to headship in the church. In verse 32 he speaks of marriage, but above all, his focus is upon the church for he says, “...I speak concerning Christ and the church.”

Verse 10 is an interesting verse. On consulting various commentaries, various thoughts are advanced with little agreement among them. It is our feeling that sisters, by having their heads covered, receive a singular or exceptional “power” through their position in the church. After all, both verses 5 and 13 state that their authority (power) to pray or prophesy is dependent upon their head being covered. Perhaps this was revealed to Paul through angel messengers (“...because of the angels...”). Perhaps the covered head, a sign of submission to God through the medium of man’s submission to Christ, is a witness and a testimony of woman to rebellious and unsubmitive fallen angels.

SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS TO MEN IN THE CHURCH

Verse 4, 7, and 14 are especially directed toward the brothers in the church. Man dishonors his head, Christ, if he exercises in prayer or prophecy with his head covered or with his hair long, for it is a shame for a man to have long hair. Man as the image of his creator, and out of respect, must not approach God with head covered and with long hair. A man may not approach the Lord with his hair and beard untended, uncut, or perhaps even ungroomed. It is a shame for a man to do so.

SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS TO WOMEN IN THE CHURCH

Many argue that the woman’s prayer covering is not mandated in Scripture. I have found that almost every translation of this passage is nearly the same—some even more clear than the King James Version. Verses 5–6 state that if a woman is to pray or prophesy it is a dishonor to the men in the church if she is uncovered. “That is even all one as if she were shaven.” “But if [or since] it be a shame for a woman to be shorn or shaven, let her be covered.” Is that not clear enough? Verse 10 has been addressed above. Verse 13 leaves the judgment to the reader

regarding whether the uncovered head is suitable, proper, fit, or right (Greek *prepo*). Or as in I Timothy 2:10 “(which becometh [*prepo*] women professing godliness).” Verse 15 states that long hair is a glory to a woman—not the glory of her. Her hair is given her [note, it is a gift of God, and it is] for a covering, but not as a covering. Most women professing godliness can find satisfaction in knowing that they are, if covered, equal in the church regarding prayer, that they came out of man making them an integral part of the image of God, and that in the Lord they complement men in their work in the church. Whether they be married or not, in the Lord there is neither male nor female.

CONTENTION OVER HEADSHIP

Some, perhaps both men and women, were contentious over the matter of headship as outlined above by Paul. In verse 16 he says, “If any man seem to be contentious, we have no such custom, neither the churches of God.” Paul had outlined the practice mutually agreed upon in the churches. While disputing and quarrelling over headship may have been isolated to the Corinthian church, Paul had outlined the “custom,” or in this case the mutually agreed-upon practice among the surrounding churches in Asia. This was not simply “customary,” as a habit which had evolved over time from common usage. It was mutually agreed upon (custom—*soon-ay’-thi-ah*). If any man is continually carping about headship and the practice of praying with covered or uncovered head, it is not a thing to be arguing about. If anyone should oppose this practice and argue for something else, Paul says that we accept nothing else, neither do they in the churches of God.

DIVISIONS, HERESIES, AND SOCIAL INEQUALITY

We suspect that no overseer today would wish to moderate a preparatory council meeting in the Corinthian congregation! Paul had heard from where he wrote, from Philippi Macedonia in northern Greece, that there were divisions among the brothers at Corinth. These divisions were so severe that he says he could believe only part of the reports. He first addresses their “coming together in the church.” This coming together is mentioned five times in this chapter. We believe this was the body of Christ congregating for a very special purpose, to observe the Feast of Love. There were not only divisions of thought and practice but there were heresies—things that profaned the church, sacrilegious practices. He says that these must be exposed in order that those who were faithful might become more evident in their witness to the world. The situation was so severe that when they came together to observe the Love Feast, they weren’t even observing the Lord’s Supper. They had abandoned the Agape meal—or at least the correct practice of it.

We must address briefly the Agape meal. On the night of His suffering Jesus ate a meal with His disciples—a prepared supper. What that consisted of we do not know but we do know it was a real meal, and it was in the evening of the day. We can only speculate that it consisted of meat, bread, water, all perhaps combined as a soup. The meat may have been lamb, beef, or fish. Some hold that Jesus observed the Passover on that night. We do not share this opinion but leave it open to further discussion. The church of the first centuries observed this as a memorial meal calling it the Feast of Love (Feast of Agape). We will not elaborate here except to say that the Old German Baptist Brethren observed the Agape meal from their beginning, and still do.

There were not only divisions and heresies disturbing the Corinthian church. There were also social inequalities. Some were bringing food which they ate “before other,” that is in the presence of others, not even sharing with the poor. We envision a picnic meal where the rich and the poor didn’t even eat together. Some remained hungry and others were drunken, filled to excess with food. We hesitate even to consider an excess of alcohol.

It seems best for all communicants to be on a common level. All tarry for one another. All to be indistinguishable by social status. All gather at one table. All partake of the same menu. Lest, as Paul said in another place, “...your minds should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ.”

THE EMBLEMS OF THE LORD’S BODY AND BLOOD

To avoid such divisions, heresies, and equalities the Brethren have developed a pattern which we believe is acceptable to God and which conforms to the outline of Paul in this chapter. In Luke 22:19–20 we read, “And he took bread, and gave thanks, and brake it, and gave unto them, saying, This is my body which is given for you: this do in remembrance of me. Likewise also the cup after supper, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood, which is shed for you.”

Jesus had done the work of a lowly servant in washing their feet, teaching them to do likewise. Now we see the Lord and the disciples reclining about a low table. There were perhaps others present, even sisters attending to the preparation and the serving of the meal. Those present had come hungry but were now satisfied with the simple meal. Suddenly, perhaps out of a silence, Jesus reached forth and took bread. He gave thanks for it and broke it to those still present. “This is my body which is given for you: this do in remembrance of me.” Then He reached for the cup on the table and “likewise” gave thanks saying, “This cup is the new testament in my blood, which is shed for you.”

WORDS OF CAUTION TO THE COMMUNICANT

Verse 27 is addressed to “whosoever” shall eat of the bread and drink of the cup of communion must be sure positive that he or she does so worthily, lest they be guilty of the body and the blood of the Lord, i.e., be a part with those who crucified the Lord of Glory. Verse 28 says to each communicant, “But let a man examine himself, and [having done] so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup.” Verse 29 is quite clear and cannot be misunderstood. “So let him eat” in the verse 28 is conditional on what the communicant finds upon self-examination. Eating “unworthily” in verses 27 and 29 has been problematic to some. We have seen some leave the table after self-examination. But consider this, can anyone say, “I am now worthy.” Only through the grace extended to us through the sacrificial death of Jesus on the cross. And that is what this whole “coming together” is about. “So let him eat...” bears weight. The text is not “worthy.” It is “worthily,” discerning the Lord’s body. No one is “worthy.” Self-examination should drive us to the table, not away.

ACCOUNTABILITY—TO SELF AND TO THE BODY OF CHRIST

The deacons’ visit of the Brethren is for accountability prior to communion. At that time, we take the opportunity to reaffirm our faith; to say, “I still believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God and that He brought from heaven a saving Gospel.” We can affirm that we are still willing to receive and give council as outlined in the Gospel. We reaffirm that we are at peace and union with all the brothers and sisters as far as we know—and hopefully with our neighbors as well. Paul wrote elsewhere, “Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace...”

BE VERY CAREFUL TO MAINTAIN PURE MOTIVES

In verses 17, 29, and 34 Paul expresses special caution in coming to the Love Feast table. In verse 17 he says we might be worse off by going to the table unprepared. In verse 29 we may go to the table and not even discern the importance of partaking of the supper and the emblems. In verse 34 we might go to communion only to satisfy fleshly desires in one way or another. The Love Feast is not for the unconverted, the uncommitted, or the unholy. It is for the humble, the prepared, the justified, the sanctified. And for those who in meekness and fear seek communion with God and with His people.

May the Holy Spirit direct us all in further meditations.

On a last sad note, Paul says, “I’ll take care of the other troubling things when I come to you.”

Marcus Miller

"PLEASE LET ME STAY!"

The following touching story is based on real life incidents, but many details have been altered to protect the identity of "W.M." May it help readers to appreciate the blessings of home, family, and church, and of a Christian upbringing.

As the snow falls gently, my spirit soars to new heights. I savor the warmth of the stove, the comforts of home, and the peaceful feeling in my heart. The lantern casts a soft glow over the calm setting as my mind races backward to days long gone. I reflect on the past events of my life, having rehearsed them again and again to my children at Christmas time.

Last year, sixteen-year-old John said, "Daddy, you must write down your story so your grandchildren can read it after you are gone." So after much thought, I sat down with pen and paper and wrote out by hand, word for word, the following account. I seek no acclaim for myself, for I truly understand, I believe, the grace of God.

I was born on the south side of Chicago on November 10, 1960. "Home" was a word I knew belonged to the English language, but I did not understand what it really meant. I lived on a street whose name I do not remember, in one of the row houses with numbers beginning with #205 to #210. All the houses were the same. Each one had a small living room, one bathroom, a tiny kitchen, and three bedrooms. The rooms were

always cold in the winter. The old steam radiators hissed and sputtered, but never put out enough heat to keep us warm. Each bed was full every night and sometimes the living room floor held the overflow. That is why I said that I lived from house #205 to #210. Each night I would go to one of the houses until I found a place to lie down.

I always began with #206, because it was there that I kept my hidden treasures. I soon learned that if I began early enough in the evening, I had a greater chance of finding an empty side of one of the beds.

I knew who my mother was, but I rarely saw her, and I do not remember having much feeling for her. I did not know if I really had any brothers or sisters. I think I had two half-brothers and three half-sisters. There was coming and going all the time. No one ever said to me, "This is your daddy." I am not sure even yet as to what my last name is. My mother (or "Mom" as I called her) told me that my last name was Larkin, but when I started to school they enrolled me with a last name of Jordan. I never liked my first name, but once you acquired a street name, it never went away. Mom said my name was "W.M." but I was never told what it stood for. It didn't take long until all the boys on the street shortened up the initials of "W.M." to "Dumb." They would say, "Dub-ul-u-um" and then shorten it to just the first and last sounds which came out like "D

-u-m." So it stuck. I was called "Dumb."

But I wasn't really dumb. I made Bs and Cs in school. In math, I sometimes dropped to a D. I found out that if your grades were too good, they took notice of you, and that was not good for a boy who came from the south side.

I was always hungry. Each of the row houses had a refrigerator, though it seldom worked and there was never much food. We never sat around a table to eat. No one ever fixed a meal and said, "Let's sit up and eat." Each one took what he could. There were some unwritten rules about the food, especially for little boys. We never ate the last bite of anything. It was truly "survival of the fittest." I don't know who supplied the food, but I know my mom and other mothers brought in food from time to time.

My main staple was peanut butter. I ate many peanut butter sandwiches, that is, if I could find any bread around. I learned how to cut a banana in half and fill it with peanut butter. The bananas were usually overripe. I had learned early that if there was only one banana left, you always cut it in half and left a little for the next person. It was not acceptable for a little boy to clean out the last of the peanut butter, for that would bring a smack on the head from the big people.

I was glad when I was old enough to go to school. They had a program for children who were poor to arrive early and get some-

thing warm to eat for breakfast. It was usually a milky soup, sometimes thick and sometimes watery, with chunks of egg and bits of bacon in it. It tasted so good at first even though eventually I did get tired of it. But it was hot and it was nourishing. With the exception of an occasional hot dog, the only other warm meals we ever ate were at the Soup Kitchen that had free meals once or twice a year at the Salvation Army building during the Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays. We had to wait in long lines for our turn to eat. As we would get closer, we would hear words like, "We're about out," or "We'll need to stretch a bit," or "Make the servings smaller." In all my childhood in Chicago, I do not remember ever eating until I was full.

I don't remember many events that took place, but do recall one. I had a place where I hid my treasures. These were things that I had found, and (I must confess), some things that I had taken. I never thought of myself as a thief. I was just surviving. I would bring home rubber bands from school and hide them in my secret place. I would find some coins on the street, or if money was lying out in the open, I would take it and hide it.

There were about fifteen children who lived in the row houses from #205 to #210, and we all learned to keep our eyes open for any kind of plastic. You see, the plastic would be wrapped over our shoes and then we would place

rubber bands over the top of the plastic, and around our ankles. This kept out the Chicago snow so that our feet did not get wet. We never had boots, and the shoes we wore were either too big or too small. You claimed anything you could get your hands on that was in the closets of the row houses.

But back to the event I was telling you about. When I was about seven, a big man started to live in our row house units. The problem was that he was mean. His big hands could smack your head quickly. I had learned to stay out of his way, but it didn't always work. One day, when no one else was around, this big man took me by the neck with his big hands and started to squeeze.

"Tell me where you have your stash hidden!" he demanded. I told him. He took my trinkets, left the rubber bands, but of course, took the little bit of money I had. It had reached the sum of \$12.26. I remember crying, since I would now have to start all over. He no longer showed up at the row houses after that. I heard from some of the other children that he had done the same thing to them.

I had one pastime. I loved to read. My second-grade teacher, Mrs. Misner, introduced me to the world of books. I read all the books she had in the classroom, which were not many. She then took me down to the library that was five blocks away. It was not on the way home from school, yet not too far out of the way. She helped me get a card, taught me how to check out

and turn in books, and where the books were that she knew I would like.

I liked stories that were about happy families, with warm houses and plenty of food. It didn't make much sense to me when read about a mother and a father, for I knew nothing about a home like that. During the month of November, I checked out a book that contained a story about an Amish home that had all the family together on Christmas day. I read it again and again. The birth of the Baby Jesus had never been explained to me and meant nothing to me. True, we sang Christmas carols at school, but no one bothered to explain what they meant.

What really caught my attention in this story was the glow on the faces of the children in the pictures, and the excitement I could read in the words. Family... family.

Then I began to dream. If only... if only I could live in a home like that. If only I could live there. A foolish thought came into my head. Why not?

I asked Miss Mikesell, the librarian, if there were real people like those in the book. She told me she knew that a group of them lived east of Chicago in northern Indiana about a hundred miles away. "Why not...why not...why not?" The thought kept going around in my head until I could think of little else. So I decided, "Over Christmas time, I am going to an Amish home just like those in the book."

I checked how much money I had hidden again, and it came to \$14.52. I had no idea how far that would take me, but maybe someone would give me a ride. I didn't know exactly where I was going, but I knew the name of the town where the Amish lived close to, and it was east of Chicago. I had become streetwise and knew which way was east, and how to ride the city transit system for very little money.

I left the row houses of Chicago on December 22, 1969. Dear reader, you probably cannot relate to this, but I left with very little emotion or regret. I did not feel any bond with Mom and there was no one who really seemed to care about me. My clothes were too small, and my shoes were too big. My coat was patched but warm. I wore no boots but covered my feet with plastic held by rubber bands. I took the bus east through Chicago as far as I could. I tried to act grown-up and like I knew what I was doing, so I would not attract anyone's attention.

I spent the first night at the bus station, pretending that I was going to take the bus the next morning. My plan was to get a ride with a trucker that was going east. In the morning, I asked the attendant at the bus station where there was a truck stop. He gave me directions on a piece of paper. I set off walking the ten blocks.

Now what? I had no idea. Should I outright ask a trucker to take me? That didn't seem like quite the thing to do, for I figured

that if I could not answer all the questions he would ask, I would be taken right back to the row houses. I finally made up my mind to go as a stowaway on one of the rigs.

It had begun to snow and the temperature was well below freezing. I arrived at the truck stop, cold and hungry. I now had \$10.22 left. I bought a hot dog and warmed up by sitting in one of the stalls in the rest rooms. Finally I went outside to pick a truck in which to stowaway. There were many trucks in a row. Some had their engines running and some did not. I concluded that there was a driver inside if the engine was running, so I did not try to get in one of those trucks.

Oh, the disappointment because, door after door was locked. At last, one was unlocked. I hurriedly crawled into the big rig and made my way into the area behind the seat. I hadn't known they made these things this big. It had a bed with blankets. I made myself as small as I could and waited and waited and waited until I fell asleep.

The next thing I remember is the gentle sway of the rig and the noise of the engine. How long we had been driving, I did not know. I was so hungry, but I did not dare call out. At least the truck was warm. Finally, we pulled off the highway and I hoped we were going to another truck stop. I knew I had to make my getaway as soon as the driver left the rig.

After he left, I counted to fifty

and then worked my way to the door on the right. There were so many gadgets and the steering wheel on the left. As soon as I opened the door, I could tell it was snowing hard and had gotten colder. I had to hurry, for I didn't want to get caught, but I hurried too fast. When my foot landed on the second step, I slipped and fell.

It happened so fast that I really don't know what happened. When it was all over, I was upside down with head, shoulders, and arms in the snow, and my left foot caught on something on the passenger side of the truck. What was I to do? What if the driver came back out and took off, dragging me along in the snow with my head and shoulders bouncing on the road? What if no one found me? Would I freeze to death? I was so cold, and I began to shake and tremble, both from fear and from the cold. I called out, "Please, someone help me!" But the wind muffled my cry.

I started to dream about a warm stove, hot food, laughing children, and happy sounds. Somewhere in my dream I faintly heard sirens and felt myself being lifted onto a bed with voices asking, "Who is he?" Another said, "This is my truck, but I never saw the boy before."

I heard them ask me, "Who are you? All I could think to say was, 'Amish... Amish... Amish.'"

As I slowly woke up, I was aware of the activity around me. I was in a bed with things hanging over my head, and people at the

foot of the bed. I pretended to still be sleeping but opened my eyes just a tiny little bit so I could see what was going on. I saw a tall lady at the foot of the bed, talking to a lady dressed in white who must have been the nurse. "We do not know who he is. As he was being brought to the hospital, he kept saying, 'Amish.' I have called for some Amish to come to see if we can unravel this mystery. Oh, here they come now."

I could not believe my ears. The Amish were here. Two men walked in, and they looked just like those in the pictures in the book. The tall, well-dressed lady walked up to the two men and shook their hand. "Hello, I am Mrs. Joyce Barr, social worker with the state of Indiana. This lad was found with his foot caught on the step of a semitruck and he was very cold. We do not know who he is, but he kept saying, 'Amish' while being transported to the hospital in the ambulance."

I opened my eyes a slight bit wider so I could take in the scene. The two men looked at me as they stroked their beards. "I do not think we can help you," said one of the men. "We are not missing anyone."

Mrs. Barr shook her head in bewilderment. "What are we to do? Our agencies close down over the holidays, and the hospital administrator wants the boy discharged as soon as he wakes up. There is nothing wrong with him, and no one to pay the bill. He is physically okay. We may have to place him in a fos-

ter home until we can determine what is to be done with him.”

Oh, no! A foster home, what was that? Foster sounds close to frost and frost is cold. I had enough of being cold. Please, don’t send me to a foster home.

Mrs. Barr continued, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Yoder are approved for foster care, and they are Amish. Do you think they would take the boy until we can decide what to do?

The bearded man said, “Yes, I believe they would be willing. I happen to know their family is coming home for Christmas, but I don’t think they would mind having this lad.”

Now they noticed that I was fully awake, and Mrs. Barr began to question me. “What is your name?” she asked.

“W.M.” That was all I could say.

“What does W.M. stand for?”

“I do not know,” I answered.

On and on they asked questions that I could not answer, but really, questions that I did not want to answer. I wanted to go to the Amish home so badly that I just quit answering their questions.

Mrs. Barr took me to the Henry Yoder home in her car. What happened the next few days seemed like a whirl in my head. Some of it I cannot remember, for the sounds, smells, and sights overrode the ability of my tired head to grasp it all. By now it was the twenty-fourth of December. I barely remember eating supper.

The table was spread with food. They told me they were going to pray before we ate, but I had no idea what they meant. They told me

to fold my hands and close my eyes.

I could hardly get the food past the big lump in my throat. I watched a lot and spoke very little. The chatter and the love filled my very being with emotions I never had before. It was just too much for this boy from the south side of Chicago.

That night I slept on a cot in the hallway next to Eli’s room. Eli was six months younger than me. Soon I was fast asleep from exhaustion because of all that had taken place.

We woke up early on Christmas day. They fit me into some of Eli’s clothes and asked me if I wanted to help him do his chores. It was all fun to me. New sights of cows, pigs, chickens, and milk. Breakfast was a repeat of supper the night before, with plenty of food for everyone. I could eat a little more since the lump in my throat was smaller.

The morning was spent getting ready for the family to be together. The children were excited and bubbling over with anticipation for the company that was to come. The table was stretched out long and another table was placed up against it to make room for the family. I never saw such a big table. And the food! You cannot imagine the emotions I felt as I saw the steam coming off the mashed potatoes, and it looked like there was going to be enough for everyone. Children were laughing and everyone was polite and considerate as they waited on each other to sit at the table. There was talk of the activities planned for the afternoon. They couldn’t wait for Grandpa to tell them a story of

when he was a boy.

Again, Henry said we would bow our heads in prayer. This time we would each pray silently as we thanked our Lord for the blessing of Jesus' birth. I bowed my head in prayer, not knowing for sure how to pray. The prayer went something like this, "Dear Lord, please let me stay. Please let me stay here forever."

It was just too much for this heart of mine. I began to cry, and not just cry, but to sob and shake. I was told later that all heads came up and everyone looked at me.

Henry got up from his chair, came over to mine and picked me up with two strong arms and carried me to the rocking chair by the stove. While holding me, he began to rock slowly, and with his deep voice he said, "Family, sing *Joy to the World* as W.M. settles down." So they did. As they sang, Henry continued to rock and hold me tight. After the last verse, Henry said, "It just dawned on me that W.M. must stand for 'wise men.' I believe W.M. is like the wise men of long ago who came from far away in search of Jesus and found Him."

That was not the end of the story. Christmas was over and we had to return to the question of what was to happen to me. Mrs. Barr came two days later and took me into the city that was nearby. They got all the information they could about me so they would be able to make contact with agencies in Chicago. They were never able to find where I came from. Maybe today, with the computer networking they have, they would have been

able to locate my mother. I have never been back to visit Chicago.

Henry Yoder and his wife adopted me two years after my arrival. It took quite awhile to get all the paperwork processed. I always felt it a privilege to be a part of their family, and I was determined to never cause them any trouble. They gave the name of William Melvin Yoder to me. The years have rolled along, and I am now in my 50s. I married an Amish girl named Miriam and we have five boys and two girls. Of course, we named our first boy Henry and our first girl Mary.

Today, as a father and grandfather, I feel a great burden as we live in this modern world with all the many choices we have to make. I'll finish this story with a question that you, dear reader, may be able to answer for me. Many years ago, as a little boy, I left the south side of Chicago in search of a better life. Tell me, please tell me, why do the boys and girls of our plain churches leave their anabaptist heritage in search of a worldly life in places such as the south side of Chicago? I sob at times, as I did that day many years ago, when I think about what they are throwing away.

I pray that when I leave this earth and am ushered into the presence of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, that He will honor my request when I ask of Him, "Let me stay, dear Lord, please let me stay."

Selected from *Family Life* by

AliceMae Haney

One of the early Christian writers, Chrysostom, writes, concerning our Lord's teaching:

"He requires us to be free, not only from murder—as He did of those of old, but also from anger. He commands us to keep free, not only from adultery, but also from an unchaste look. We are to be free, not only from false swearing, but also from true swearing."

Behold the high calling of His chosen ones.

And He enables us to live this life.

MEDITATIONS

The flowers in heaven are more beautiful than those on earth.

You haven't listened to a heart until you've heard its hurt.

Just remember, as you have sown just so you shall reap.

Messiah came, was crucified, and is coming again.

Christianity is the only religion to offer a Savior.

This life on earth is the Springtime of Heaven.

Calvary pleased God—sin was pardoned.

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.

"The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ?" (I Cor. 10:16).

We pass the cup to each other around the table of the Lord as we affirm this truth, and as we partake of this cup.

Many are the solemn and joyful emotions that we experience as the cup is passed and as we sing songs of praise to the Lamb for this emblematic provision for the saints gathered.

Though we do not fully understand all that it means, yet our hearts are blessed, and we pray

that we receive the full blessing that is intended for us

Questions:

1. How am I influenced when I hear that the early saints craved the bread and cup, believed it was spiritual nourishment for them, and wanted to gather often to partake?

2. The thought that blood was shed for us, that we might live! Is not this our rejoicing when we take the cup?

3. Jesus said, "Except ye eat the flesh of the son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you." Can I understand this mystery?

GENERAL ITEMS

BAPTISMS

Mar. 2, 2025; Dallas, OR
 Sequoia Morrison, Clay King, and
 Kayleah King
 Mar. 7, 2025; Shiloh, OH
 Keir Boyd

NEW MEMBERS RECEIVED

Feb. 2, 2025; Lower Twin, (Tennessee)
 Karson Kaufmann

COMMUNION NOTICES

Apr. 5, 2025 Cutler Ridge, IN
 Apr. 5, 2025 Shiloh, OH
 Apr. 12, 2025 Fair Haven, KS
 Apr. 12, 2025 Salem, OH
 Apr. 19, 2025 Modesto, CA
 Apr. 26, 2025 Cascade Valley, WA
 Apr. 26, 2025 Bear Creek, OH
 Apr. 26, 2025 Sugar Grove, OH
 May 10, 2025 Caldwell, ID
 May 25, 2025 A.M., Cedarville, OH
 Jun. 28, 2025 . Mission Valley, MT and
 Mountain View, ID, held jointly in ID
 Jul. 19, 2025 Olive Branch, OH
 Sept. 27, 2025 Pleasant View, OH
 Oct. 11, 2025 Lower Twin, OH
 Oct. 11, 2025 Zillah, WA
 Oct. 18, 2025 Maple Grove, OH
 Oct. 18, 2025 Western Kansas, KS
 Oct. 25, 2025 Stillwater, OH
 Nov. 1, 2025 Bethel, OH
 Nov. 8, 2025 Covington, OH
 Nov. 8, 2025 West Modesto, CA

HARVEST MEETINGS

Jul. 13, 2025 Lower Twin, OH
 Jul. 20, 2025 Bethel, OH
 Jul. 27, 2025 Shiloh, OH
 Aug. 3, 2025 Maple Grove, OH
 Aug. 10, 2025...Covington/Sugar Grove, OH
 Aug. 24, 2025 Stillwater, OH

Aug. 31, 2025 Salem, OH
 Sept. 21, 2025 Bear Creek, OH
 Nov. 27, 2025 Pleasant View, OH

2025 ANNUAL CONFERENCE NOTICE

Date and Location: The date for Annual Conference is May 24–27 and will be held at Cedarville University, 251 N. Main St., Cedarville, Ohio 45314, Lord willing.

Online Registration: Online registration is available at the www.ogbbc.org website. If you are planning to attend, please fill out the online registration form by March 31, 2025. If you decide to attend after this date, please submit the online registration form as soon as possible. All information will be available to pick up at check-in.

Check-In: Lodging committee will be available for check-in at the Stevens Student Center Friday, May 23, 2025, starting at 1:00 P.M. All who plan to stay on campus, whether staying in dorms or RV, will need to check in at the Stevens Student Center upon arrival. There will be no early check-in.

Awareness: For safety/liability purposes, Cedarville asks that NO ONE bring ripsticks, skateboards, roller blades, bicycles, roller skates, etc. to Conference. Note: Please use caution and diligence around the POND.

Call-In: The call-in number for worship services is 712-432-8773, and the Conference ID# is 201262#. This number is posted on the OGBBC website and in the Information Packet.

Worship Services: The first worship service is scheduled to begin at 10:00 A.M. on Saturday, May 24. There

will be 1–2 hymns sung prior to each service to quiet and draw the congregation to their seats. We also look forward to holding a communion service for OGBBC—New Conference members on Sunday, May 25 at 4:00 P.M.

The members of our Eastern districts eagerly anticipate coming to-

gether with brethren, sisters, friends, and all others who desire to attend. We look forward to a season of fellowship, worship, and praise to our Lord and Savior, to whom be all the glory.

On behalf of the 2025 COA,

Christian Filbrun, Secretary

POEMS

WATCH THE LAMB

Ray Boltz

Walking on the road to Jerusalem,
The time had come to sacrifice again.
My two small sons, they walked
beside me on the road.
The reason that they came was to
watch the lamb.

“Daddy, Daddy, What will we see there?
There’s so much that we don’t understand.”
So I told them of Moses and Father Abraham,
Then I said “Dear children, watch the lamb.”

“There will be so many in Jerusalem today,
We must be sure the lamb doesn’t run away.”
And I told them of Moses and Father Abraham,
Then I said, “Dear children, watch the lamb.”

When we reached the city, I knew something must be wrong.
There were no joyful worshipers,
no joyful worship songs.
I stood there with my children in the midst of angry men,
Then I heard the crowd cry out
“Crucify Him!”

We tried to leave the city but we could not get away,
Forced to play in this drama a part
I did not wish to play.
Why upon this day were men condemned to die?
Why were we standing here, where soon they would pass by?

I looked and said, “even now they come.”
The first one cried for mercy, the people gave him none.
The second one was violent, and he was arrogant and loud,
I still can hear his angry voice screaming at the crowd.

Then someone said “There’s Jesus,” and I scarce believed my eyes,
A man so badly beaten, He barely looked alive.
Blood poured from His body, and the thorns upon His brow,
Running down the cross, falling to the ground.

I watched Him as He struggled, and I watched Him as He fell.
The cross came down upon His back. The crowd began to yell.
In that moment I felt such agony;
In that moment I felt such loss,
Till a Roman soldier grabbed my arm and screamed, “You! Carry His cross!”

At first I tried to resist him, but
 his hand reached for his sword,
 So I knelt and took the cross from
 the Lord.

I placed it on my shoulder, and
 started down the street.
 The blood that He'd been shedding
 was running down my cheek.

They led us to Golgotha. They drove
 nails deep in His feet and hands.
 Yet upon the cross I heard Him pray,
 "Father, forgive them!"
 Oh, never have I seen such love in
 any other eyes,
 "Into thy hands I commit my spirit"
 He prayed and then He died.

I stood for what seemed like years,
 I'd lost all sense of time,
 Until I felt two tiny hands holding
 tight to mine.

My children stood there weeping,
 and I heard the oldest say,
 "Father please forgive us, the
 lamb ran away."

"Daddy, Daddy, What have we
 seen here?"
 There's so much that we don't un-
 derstand."
 So I took them in my arms, and we
 turned and faced the cross,
 Then I said "Dear children, watch
 the Lamb!"

Selected by

Dale and Rosemary Denlinger
 Modesto, CA

DEATH TO LIFE

Are you weary of the sin that binds—
 Those hopeless, discouraged feel-
 ings find?

Freedom's door opens, you try to pry,
 To accomplish it, **our Self must die.**

You seek peace in the turmoil strong,
 Saying it is others causing wrong.
 For you know Jesus does not lie,
 Yet to receive peace, **our Self must die.**

You feel that happiness is fickle,
 Deep-seated joy is just a trickle.
 Such a slow flow, and you don't
 know why,

My friend, it's because **our Self
 must die.**

You find anger rises frequently;
 Short tempered you can easily be.
 Slow to anger is hard to apply,
 The reason being, **our Self must
 die.**

Those good relationships are hard
 work.

Love for others with all of their
 quirks.

God commands to love we won't
 deny,

For us to love, **our Self must die.**

Jesus's promises are pure and true,
 The Holy Spirit will guide us
 through.

Life abundantly Jesus will give,
**Our Self must die, and then we
 will live.**

Winter Etter
 New Lebanon, OH

ABANDONED

Utterly abandoned to the Holy Ghost!
Seeking all His fullness at whatever cost;
Cutting all the shore-lines, launching in the deep
Of His mighty power—strong to save and keep.

Utterly abandoned to the Holy Ghost!
Oh! the sinking, sinking, until self is lost!
Until the emptied vessel lies broken at His feet;
Waiting till His filling shall make the work complete.

Utterly abandoned to the will of God;
Seeking for no other path than my Master trod;
Leaving ease and pleasure, making Him my choice,
Waiting for His guidance, listening for His voice.

Utterly abandoned! No will of my own;
For time and for eternity, His, and His alone;
All my plans and purposes lost in His sweet will,
Having nothing, yet in Him all things possessing still.

Utterly abandoned! Tis so sweet to be
Captive in His bonds of love, yet so wondrous free;
Free from sin's entanglements, free from doubt and fear,
Free from every worry, burden, grief or care.

Utterly abandoned! Oh, the rest is sweet,
As I tarry, waiting, at His blessed feet;
Waiting for the coming of the Guest divine,
Who my inmost being shall perfectly refine.

Lo, He comes and fills me, Holy Spirit sweet!
I, in Him, am satisfied! I, in Him, complete!
And the light within my soul shall nevermore grow dim
While I keep my covenant—abandoned unto Him!

— Author Unknown

THE TENANT

This body is my house, it is not I
 Here I sojourn till, in some far sky,
 I lease a fairer dwelling, built to last
 Till all the carpentry of time is past.
 When from my high place, viewing this lone star,
 What shall I care where these poor timbers are?
 What though the crumbling walls turn dust and loam—
 I shall have left them for a larger home.
 What though the rafters break, the stanchions rot,
 When earth hath dwindled to a glimmering spot,
 When thou, clay cottage, fallest, I'll immerse
 My long cramped spirit in the universe;
 Through uncomputed silences of space
 I shall yearn upward to the leaning Face.
 The ancient heavens will roll aside for me
 As Moses monarched the dividing sea.
 This body is my house—it is not I;
 Triumphant in this faith I live and die.

— Lawrance Knowles

OBITUARIES

FLORA — David E. Flora, 83, of Rossville, Indiana, formerly of Cutler, passed away peacefully surrounded by his family on Thursday, November 14, 2024, at his home. He was born April 19, 1941, in Cutler to Herman D. and Catherine (Mohler) Flora. He married Millie Layman on June 3, 1962. She survives.

David attended Cutler High School. He worked as a project manager for ACP Cryogenics in the Cryogenic Tank industry for nearly 60 years, and worked on the family farm raising hogs and grain. He was a member of Cutler Ridge Old German Baptist Church—New Conference. Along with working on the family farm, David enjoyed camping and fishing. He was a family man, and loved spending time and making memories with his family, especially his grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Along with his wife of 62 years, David is survived by his children, Janna (Steve) Crist of Sunnyside, Washington, Scott (Lisa) Flora of Cutler, Indiana, Tracy (Jim) Wade, of Cutler, Indiana; a brother-in-law, Irvin Lair of Englewood, Ohio; nine grandchildren, Trenton Flora, Travis Crist, Brandi Dahms, Meg Flory, Dustin Crist, Kaitlyn Hufford, Wyatt Crist, Kenlyn Hufford, Madison Graybill; seventeen great-grandchildren, and several nieces and nephews.

He was preceded in death by his parents and siblings, Nancy (Jim) Brovont, Gerald (Loretta) Flora; and sisters-in-law, Bonnie Lair and Carol (Dean) Denlinger.

The viewing and funeral were held November 23, 2024 at the Cutler Ridge New Conference Meeting House with the burial in the adjoining cemetery. There were Scriptures and

thoughts shared on Job's "Patience in suffering" and "The Harvest." Several songs were sung during the service, viewing, and burial.

The Family

BOWMAN — Evelyn Ilene (Cottrell), our dear beloved mother, departed this life in the early morning hours of December 30, 2024, at Rest Haven Nursing home, Greenville, Ohio. She fell December 10, 2024, fracturing one vertebra in her back causing much pain.

Born in Darke County, Ohio, to Charles and Effie (Bowman) Cottrell, on November 15, 1933, making her life on earth just over 91 years.

She was married to Marvin Lee Bowman from Lima, Ohio, on October 7, 1951. Dad passed away on January 28, 2006, after 55 years of marriage. They accepted Jesus Christ and were baptized May 1952, into the Old German Baptist Brethren Church. At her passing she was a member of New Conference, Shiloh District.

To this marriage were born three children, Lonnie (married to Corinne Haney), Larry (married to Pam Angle) and Carol (married to Doug Fisher). She was blessed with nine grandchildren, Amy Bowman (Dan Landes), Chip Fisher (Heidi Boone), Dan Bowman and special friend (Katrina Popejoy), Jan Bowman (Roy Huffman), Trixie Fisher (Wade Fisher), Joel Bowman (Carrie Rumble), Laurel Bowman (Jesse Garber), Annie Bowman (Graydon Filbrun), Chet Fisher (Kayla Filbrun) of which all survive; 30 great-grandchildren; and one great-great-grandson whom she never had the opportunity to meet.

Dad and Mom enjoyed traveling to Israel, Switzerland, Florida, and going camping. One of the highlights for the grandchildren was going camping with Grandma and Grandpa.

Mom also loved to garden and had an egg route in Dayton; going door to door selling eggs and produce.

Preceding her in death were her parents; her sister, Lois Schaurer and husband Ralph; brothers, Lin Cottrell, Pete Cottrell, and a still-born sister. Also, Dad's parents Carl and Margaret (Metzger) Bowman, Dad's siblings, Paul and Helen Layman, Glen and Anna Vermillion, Bob and Leah Dolye, Dick and Vera Mowery, Raymond Bowman, Ronald and Evelyn Bowman, Harold Bowman, Glen Wolf, Ralph and Dorothy Miller.

She is also survived by Carol (Hussy, Cottrell) Miller and Linda (Sink) Cottrell, Shirley (Hufford) Bowman, Howard and Joyce Bowman, Mary (Bowman) Wolf, Wilber and Bonnie (Layman) Bowman, Janice (Bowman) Bohnstedt, Eldon and Susie Bowman and many nieces, nephews and friends.

We the family are grateful for the life she lived and her example of faithfulness.

The memorial service was held Friday, January 3, 2025, at Shiloh, with the home Brethren officiating. The burial was at Newcomers Cemetery with grandson Wade Fisher offering encouraging words.

The Family

GARBER — Ray Meyers, son of Dennis and Nora (Meyers) Garber was born on September 25, 1930, in Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, and peacefully passed away on January 15, 2025, making his pilgrimage on earth 94 years, 3 months, and 21 days. He patiently endured his declining years and found comfort in the anointing service in July 2024, and was privileged to experience a communion service in October 2024. Ray spent his entire life in Franklin County, Pennsylvania, making his livelihood as a farmer.

Ray was united in marriage to Alice L. Hess on February 1, 1953. On March 14, 1994, this union was broken when his companion was called to her eternal reward. On June 11, 1995, he was united in marriage to Rita Y. (Longenecker) Eberly.

He was baptized in December 1951, and remained a faithful and dedicated servant in the church until his passing. At the time of his death he was a member of the Old German Baptist Church in the Back Creek district. On March 12, 1960, he was called to the deacons' office and later, on June 24, 1964, he was called to the ministry. He served faithfully as an elder for over fifty years. We are thankful for the example that he left us.

In addition to his companion, he is survived by two sons; Roger A. and Margaret (Metzger) Garber, Keith N. and Twilla (Beckner) Garber; two stepdaughters, Marcy Reed, Tricia and David Gipe; ten grandchildren, six step-grandchildren and numerous great-grandchildren; a brother, Fred and Martha (Hess) Garber; three brothers-in-law, Jerre (Judy) Longenecker, Tom (Joyce) Longenecker, Dale (Joanne) Longenecker; six sisters-in-law, Rhoda (David) Kegerreis, Dar-

lene Longenecker, Wanda Hearn, Donna (Galen) Stauffer, Cinda Burkholder, and Debra (Glenn) Burkholder.

He was preceded in death by his parents; a son, Virgil L. Garber on April 19, 2011; a stepson, Timothy Eberly on April 4, 1965; a step son-in-law, Greg Reed in September of 2023; his parents-in-law, Paul and Emma (Landes) Hess, and George and Fern Longenecker; Rita's first husband, Luke Eberly on December 22, 1991; a sister-in-law, Florence, (Harold) Hawbaker; three brothers-in-law, George Longenecker, Robert Hearn, and Raymond Burkholder.

Funeral services were held in the Back Creek meetinghouse on January 20, 2025, by the local brethren. The text was taken from I John 3:14-18. His body was laid to rest in the Browns Mill Cemetery, Kauffman, Pennsylvania, to await the resurrection. "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord" (I Cor. 15:58).

The Family

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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

353 Billman Rd.
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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

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