

THE TESTIMONY

...of thy mouth." Psalm 119:88

— VERSE OF THE MONTH —

"For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the LORD, to do justice and judgment..." Gen. 18:19

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FOR OUR CHILDREN

Amy Carmichael

Father, hear us, we are praying,
Hear the words our hearts are saying,
We are praying for our children.
Keep them from the powers of evil,
From the secret, hidden peril,
From the whirlpool that would suck them,
From the treacherous quicksand pluck them.
From the worldling's hollow gladness,
From the sting of faithless sadness,
Holy Father, save our children.
Through life's troubled waters steer them,
Through life's bitter battle cheer them,
Father, Father, be Thou near them.
Read the language of our longing,
Read the wordless pleadings thronging,
Holy Father, for our children.
And wherever they may bide,
Lead them home at eventide.

Selected by Rachel Landis

THE TESTIMONY

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EDITORIAL

NEW BEGINNINGS

This writing is occurring right now, fresh into the beginning of spring. I have learned to love all the seasons; the heat and lushness of summer, the color and beauty of fall, the joys and coziness of winter, especially the Christmas season, and now this special season we call springtime. Springtime reminds me of the title of this article, "New Beginnings." There is a beautiful love song in the Bible, namely, "The Song of Solomon" that captures the essence of one of these new beginnings. Chapter 2, verse 10–13, "My beloved spake and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle [dove] is heard in our land; The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away." The love song continues with numerous beautiful and intimate endearments. The wooing and calling is for young lovers to come away to new beginnings that offer a future of hope and gladness, warmth and beauty; sight and sound that is like the emergence of spring.

It is so exciting to see new life of every color pop up from the ground, and to experience the time of the singing of birds. Young lovers are so typical of new, springtime beginnings, because they represent new relationships that blossom

with new feelings, new experiences, new intimacies, and finally the conviction and commitment that my priority and future is you; so, arise, my love, my fair one, and come away. It is wonderful to still see new relationships of young lovers being honored by the making and exchanging of wedding vows that promise truth and fidelity. New marriages promise more new beginnings. In my mind, the most wonderful of all, while also being, the most complex, the most mysterious, the most fragile, the most astounding, and the most amazing, is when the newborn baby cries.

Oh, what can we say, but "Hallelujah!" In the beginning GOD. Ever since that first beginning, God has offered one new beginning after another. New mercies every morning. New sunshine every day. New seasons every year. And a new birth for seeking men and women like Nicodemus in John 3, who can repent and be born again and become a new creature in Christ Jesus. Even after things wax old, God's prophetic timetable promises, in Revelation 21:5, "Behold I make all things new..." It is so sweet to serve a renewing God. Our God used a remarkable thing called "The Resurrection" to turn old lifestyles into wholesome, meaningful lifestyles that are filled with love, hope, faith, and commitment. We thank our God for the Christian miracle of taking old jagged, worn out things and making them new.

"For we ourselves also were sometimes foolish, disobedient, deceived, serving divers lusts and

pleasures, living in malice and envy, hateful and hating one another. But after the kindness and love of God our Saviour toward man appeared, Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost; Which he shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ

our Savior; That being justified by his grace, we should be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life. This is a faithful saying, and these things I will that thou affirm constantly, that they which have believed in God might be careful to maintain good works. These things are good and profitable unto men" (Tit. 3:3-8).

Phil King

GENERAL

THE GOSPEL IS VERY SIMPLE TO THE SICK

Dying—at 34—an addict—and scorned by those around as uncouth. The cliches they used to analyze her were familiar, but in hindsight sound a bit self-righteous. "Poor coping skills" they sagely reflected as they advocated for her quick removal from their presence. Just another wasted life from meth and fentanyl. And I joined the mob as I echoed the chief of the Dufflepuds.

Until—

Trying to pass the time, I asked her where she was from. "Las Vegas—but—I grew up here" she answered between labored breaths. Then with hungry eyes she gasped out fragments of her story. At one time an honor student with a scholarship. Deemed "*most likely to succeed.*" A double-major in math and chemistry. Sold to another human. Then, given away. Homeless for the last five years. And now facing death.

Her ragged breathing and desperate, pleading eyes told much more.

I took a chance. Had she ever heard of Jesus? She had! We talked. The thief on the cross. The Pharisee and the publican. God's forgiveness. Human brokenness. Repenting. Forgiving those who wrong us. A tender heart toward God. Talking to God. What God might be like. We prayed. She cried.

It was baffling how little time it all took.

Later on, those around wondered at the change in her room. Still uncouth. Still with the mark of desperation known only by those who have faced extreme hardship. But now with a peace that baffled them.

"Good work!" they said as we parted ways. But I knew what really happened.

As I got in my car and turned on the seat warmer, I was left to uneasily ponder how little need there was to expound on the definition of the Gospel to a broken waif facing eternity. She understood.

But did I understand? Did I more resemble the Pharisee or the publican? The rich man or Laza-

rus? The wise of the world or the poor? Will I wince when someday it comes my turn to give account for my own condescending words toward the broken lives of those who didn't need to hear long elaborations on their need for a Savior?

And, if seeing salvation work is so exhilarating, why do I so seldom share the good news with others?

"They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick... I will have mercy, and not sacrifice." —Jesus

"But go ye and learn what that meaneth..."

Written by a New Conference member, but kept anonymous for privacy reasons.

BIBLICAL BEHAVIOR

Part 6

"But if I tarry long, that thou mayest know how thou oughtest to behave thyself in the house of God, which is the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth" (1 Tim. 3:15).

This is a continuation of a previous article. The purpose of this continued article is to provoke thoughts as to how we, as born-again believers, should behave. In doing so, it is not our intent to lose sight of the basis of behavior, which is belief. Belief dictates behavior. I offer the following axioms:

1. All behavior is based on a belief.
2. Lasting behavioral change always starts in the mind.

3. When people genuinely change, it's because their beliefs changed first.

4. Changing your behavior without changing your belief is not true change at all. This is why Paul says "be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind."

As we mentioned before, the apostles used the word "conversation" to describe behavior. In the Greek it is the word *anastrophe* which means behavior. *Anastrophe* is rooted in *anastrepho* which means to turn, or to turn oneself about. This implies the idea that godly behavior is a turning away from a direction you were once going, and going in a different direction. This is the essence of repentance—a change of your mind and direction of your life. Turning away from sin, self, and the world, and turning toward Jesus, the Holy Spirit, and heaven.

Because the Word of God is quick (living), we will, no doubt, only touch a fraction of the depth and meaning of the verses calling us to a godly behavior. The next verse we will consider is found in Hebrews 13.

Hebrews 13:5 says, "Let your conversation be without covetousness; and be content with such things as ye have: for he hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

This verse falls into a section of final instructions as the book of Hebrews is wrapping up. Covetousness, used here, implies a very strong, greedy desire for wealth. Instead of this greedy attitude, we are instructed to be content, or to

ward off these desires that tend to infiltrate our hearts. Ultimate contentment comes from realizing that the Lord is always with us, and that He is more valuable than any earthly wealth we might desire. He is already in your possession, or as the verse says, “such things as ye have.” The next verse teaches that embracing this type of contentment enables us to live boldly, and without fear. “So that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me.”

As we dig a little deeper into this behavior, may I suggest that the crux of the matter is not about amount, but about amassing; and to clarify further, it's about the purpose or motive of amassing? If pursuing wealth is so we can consume it upon our own lusts, it is clearly unbiblical. On the other hand, if the purpose of this pursuit is to further the Kingdom of God, it is very biblical.

It stands to reason if we are focused on the Lord as our contentment, we will be energized in things that bless Him. From Scripture we know the Lord wants increase. For example, Jesus taught the concept of “increase” in the parable of the Sower, some an hundredfold, some sixtyfold, some thirtyfold. Jesus also taught the concept of “increase” in the parable of the Talents. Not only did He commend “increase,” but He condemned “no increase” citing interest would have been better than burying the talent. And finally, in Jesus’ teaching regarding fruit, He

indicated increase is the goal. Pruning and tending a vine produces fruit, more fruit, and much fruit. All this to say, pursuing increase for the right purposes, is biblical. To be clear, I understand those parables and teachings could be primarily focused on our sanctification and growth in godliness. Yet the tenor of Scripture illustrates God as a very robust, and bountiful God, full of resources and wealth. Understandably, we don’t have the purity or discipline of God, and as mere mortals, we can fall into many hurtful lusts if we are not careful. However, as new creations in Christ, we can pursue increase, if for the furtherance of God’s work. Again we must be mindful that the “purpose” of amassing is the real crux of the matter. If you have the ability to invest and provide for godly individuals to take the message of the Gospel around the world, don’t hesitate. If you are in a position to leverage wealth to provide relief to poverty-stricken areas, war-torn zones, or storm-damaged vicinities, by all means do it. The scriptural call is to behave without covetousness. May we be content with the Lord, and pursue increase for His causes, and not our own.

Until next time, may your behavior be without covetousness and content with the Lord as your greatest treasure.

Grant Fullmer

CHRISTIANS AS INSTRUMENTS OF MUSIC

INTO THE MIND OF THE MASTER CRAFTSMAN

I step away, but slowly pause, realizing the reality of the situation before me. On this workbench lies my thousandth work, and my best one, too. Tomorrow will come, and tomorrow I will know the answer to the question that keeps coming to the forefront of my mind. Fifty-three years of experience. Yes, fifty-three years of hard work and dedication have resulted in the culmination of what is before me. With patient expectation, I turn off the light, leaving the workshop for home.

Will my guitar perform? Will it meet my expectations? I ponder my work as I slowly place the E string's ferrule through the hole in the Ebony bridge. Having placed the bridge pin into the bridge, I wind the custom Waverly tuning machine and pluck the string. The quick pluck sends a vibrational jolt through the bridge and into the guitar's diaphragm. The disturbed air mass bounces between the guitar's "The Tree" Mahogany back and the Bearclaw Sitka Spruce soundboard, cascading from the upper bout to the lower bout and back again. As if I had just created life in the being of this guitar, an audible D flat note reaches my ear. I wind the tuning machine several times more, bringing the pitch up to an E. I again perform this series of operations for the A, D, G, B, and high E strings.

Grabbing my 0.60mm Dunlop guitar pick, I strum a G-chord and

cannot help but smile! As the maker, I know this instrument, I know its potential, and so does the onlooking lutherie world just outside my workshop door. But I alone know its value because it is my handiwork, created in the image and path I have for it. As the luthier, I know my instrument inside and out; and, naturally well I should.

SEEKING A PURPOSE THROUGH DECISION

For a quick moment, let's step aside from the art of the master craftsman and step into the personified life of Dreadnaught, the guitar who just received life from the master craftsman. He has been handcrafted by the best maker. Within his "life," he has a choice to bring glory to his maker through melodious song. He has the privilege to bring his maker joy and praise.

This guitar has been created with a special, unique purpose. His purpose is to be played; when played, both the musician and master craftsman's talent is shown forth. Through this guitar's use, his life has meaning. But this can only happen when he is played. Within his life, he will be scratched. One of his strings may break and perhaps his life will at times seem out of tune. But does this change his purpose in life or who he is? Not in the least! He was still masterfully crafted by the best. As the test of time is shown forth through his life, his sound will become sweeter. The challenges he faces show forth his use and trace back to his musician's and craftsman's skill.

WHERE AM I?

Friend, where do you find yourself in the life of the guitar? Are you fresh off the Master's workbench or in the middle of a song being performed by the Musician? Perhaps you feel out of tune with the touch of the Musician. Regardless of where you are in life, you were still created with the same purpose as the guitar. You were created to shine forth the skill of your Master Craftsman and to bring praise back to the one true Musician.

Each one of us, like the illustration above has been created after the image and handiwork of our Master Craftsman and Maker, Jesus Christ. The guitar above was created with intent, purpose, and intelligent design. So are you. The master craftsman was highly skilled and experienced—an expert. But you were not created by a highly skilled and experienced craftsman. You were created by the Great I Am, the Perfect, Mighty, and Flawless Master Creator! But unlike any instrument, we have been given a freewill decision of whether to allow ourselves to be played by the hand of God. Oh that we would completely release our will and conform it to the will of the greatest player Christ!

It is our Maker's will for us to be "...conformed to the image of his Son..." (Rom. 8:29). Several verses later, Paul asks the question "What shall we then say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us?" (Rom. 8:31). So then, if our great and perfect Player is for us, desiring that we be played into the image of His Son,

why should we not allow Him to play us to the fullest intent of His perfect will?

Just like a guitar hanging on the wall of an instrument shop, if we as Christians exert little or no effort to produce fruit for the Master, we will be of little usefulness to Him in our current state. A guitar hanging on a wall that wants to be played but will not allow itself to be tuned is of no more usefulness than a Christian that claims to be an instrument of righteousness but will not allow the Player to bring his life up to the pitch of His own. Unplayed guitars produce no music, and unplayed Christians produce no fruit. In stark contrast, however, the more we conform our will to that of our Player the easier we will be to play, and the more fruit we will produce. This is also true for a guitar; the more a guitar is played the easier it becomes to play. John 15:2 says: "Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." In the same way that a guitar's strings must be replaced, so must a Christian allow his will to be pruned for the increase of song and the praise of his Player.

A FREEWILL DECISION

For a moment, let's consider at the most basic level why we were created with a freewill. Speaking of Israel, Isaiah writes "...bring my sons from far, and my daughters from the ends of the earth; Even every one that is called by

my name: for I have created him for my glory, I have formed him; yea, I have made him (Isaiah 43:6–7). Here we see that at the core of our being, we were created for Christ’s glory and His glory alone.

Consider our temple, the inner workings of ourselves as an instrument of righteousness. The prophet Micah writes this of God’s people once polluted, “The women of my people have ye cast out from their pleasant houses; from their children have ye taken away my glory for ever” (Mic. 2:9). This decree is not just to adults, but also to children. Without a redemptive Player, polluted instruments are fit only for destruction. Micah continues in verse 10: “Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest: because it is polluted, it shall destroy you, even with a sore destruction.” Our existence as instruments of righteousness balances on our understanding that freewill choice does not also mean that we are the owners of our temples. Rather, as custodians of temples for the Holy Spirit, living for the glory of our Player must be ingrained at the core of our being. (See I Corinthians 6:19–20.)

THE FATHER IS HOLY

As instruments in the hand of the perfect Player, we have the privilege to learn the character of our Player’s song. His song emanates three times the immortal character of His person in proclamation by the seraphim: “Holy, holy, holy, is the LORD of Hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory” (Isa. 6:3). His holiness alone is

reason enough to return praise to Him. But this verse demands consideration to the statement that “...the whole earth is full of his glory.” Where do I fit into this glimpse of the majesty of Almighty God? If the whole earth is full of His glory, and I alone refuse to allow myself to be brought up to His perfect pitch and produce music, do not I bring condemnation upon my own soul through my declaration of blatant disregard for His holiness? Even if I refuse to praise Him, the death of my soul will alone attest to and bring holiness back to His person. This happens by the upholding of His perfect intolerance of sin through the righteous act of my eternal damnation and separation apart from His holiness. His holiness alone demands that fruit be produced by my existence!

But praise His holy name, the song does not stop here! Satan, the crafty deceiver of the brethren, fully intended for music to entirely stop at the point of Adam’s sin. But God, in His abundant mercy, sent “his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh,” so that we do not have to “walk after the flesh, but after the Spirit” (Rom. 8:3)! In Christ, we have been made new instruments, having been given new strings and tuned up to His perfect pitch! Let us ceaselessly be played for our master Musician, bringing forth music and fruit for His glory!

Dale Miller

A STORY OF TWO TREES

Yitzhak was a happy boy as he trudged along with his father toward Jerusalem. He had been named after Abraham and Sarah's son Isaac, or Yitzhik in Hebrew, because when Isaac was born those many centuries before, Sarah had said, "God hath made me to laugh." He was especially happy today as he trudged along with his father on his first trip to Jerusalem for Passover. He was now 13 years old—a man—so he would be able to wear his own new prayer shawl and sacrifice at the temple with the other men. This made him the happiest!

Arriving before most of the crowd, they were able to find a spot to camp right across the Kidron from the Eastern Gate. What a treat to wake up each morning to watch the sun glisten off the Temple. In the evening Yitzhak ran up and down the Mt. of Olives' paths exploring with the other boys. One evening, while climbing a fig tree, he spotted some early figs way up in the top, hidden by the few leaves, and was able to reach them. Another reason to be happy, he thought, as he picked several for the trip back home.

After Passover, they left Jerusalem taking the old Jericho Road down to Jericho, where they would cross the Jordan River to bypass Samaria, and make their way north toward Galilee and home. Yitzhak could hardly wait to tell his younger brothers about his trip. Nearing Jericho and seeing the flowing Jordan River in the distance, he suddenly remembered the figs he had picked and pulled them out of his sack to taste their sweetness. But instead of being

sweet and juicy they were awful! Dry and bitter, they left an awful taste in his mouth. Maybe they weren't quite ripe or maybe they had been in his sack too long. Sadly, Yitzhak dumped them out along the road in a puddle left by the recent rain.

Years went by. Now Yitzhak was a grown man with his own wife and children. As he was going to Jerusalem for Passover with his own son, he told him the funny story of when he found the figs way up in the tree but when he took a bite of the figs, he found them bitter instead of sweet! As they passed through Jericho, he thought he recognized the very spot where he dumped out those



bitter figs so many years ago. Interestingly, there was a sycamore fig growing in that very spot!

Making the difficult climb up that same old Jericho Road, they passed through Bethany and crossed the top of the Mt. of Olives. As before, they were again struck by the splendor of the Temple, shining in the spring morning sun. Yitzhak thought, "I wonder if I can find the place where we camped—and maybe even that fig tree that grew 'bitter' figs!" Sure enough, as they made their way

down the mount, there it was. But instead of a green, leafy, lush fig tree there was only a dried-up, dead tree.

But something strange caught his eye. At the base of the tree were its newly fallen leaves, like this was late in the fall instead of springtime. Or like it had just died. And no figs anywhere. How could this be? They stopped at the tree and Yitzhak showed it to his son. They talked about his funny story from years ago, but even more, they wondered what would cause a tree to die right after the spring rains. Maybe it had a disease? Maybe it had not been cared for? It was too bad because the tree in Yitzhak's memory was green and pretty.

Two trees—one was growing in shallow, rocky soil, void of good water or nutrients. And a worse problem—it had an inside disease that wasn't treated. Over time and lack of care, it had become a fruitless, worthless chunk of wood; a tree the Messiah noticed and cursed as He made His way down the mount. It would no longer be able to bear fruit, bless its Creator or others, and bring Him honor. A silent sentinel to the dead. The other tree was a lush, green tree that held promise and hope as it served the local residents—a ladder for Zacchaeus to see His Messiah and repent to a new life following Jesus. A source of rejuvenation for weary travelers. A place for children to play in its shade. Even a food source for birds that lodged in its branches. It was getting its life from living water and bearing much fruit. One was quietly blessing the town, the birds, the travelers, the children, and all

who passed by! The other was pitiful deadness along the pathway of life; no fruit, no shade, no blessing, no life, and destined to be hewn down and burnt in someone's oven. One was used by Jesus to lead Zacchaeus to repentance, the other received the sentenced of death.

Our lives can be like what was said so many years ago in Jeremiah



17:5–8 or as Psalm 1 says, “Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. But his delight is in the law of the LORD; and in his law doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like the tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper. The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away...the way of the ungodly shall perish.” May my life be a green tree, connected to Christ's living water, bearing fruit for His glory, and used by my Savior to bless those I meet along life's way!

Gary Garber

THE “AM I... SHALL I... MUST I...” SONG

A hymn familiar to most readers is number 475 in our church hymn book.

*Am I a soldier of the cross,
A foll’wer of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?*

*Must I be carried to the skies
On flow’ry beds of ease?
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?*

*Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?*

This hymn is taken from I Corinthians 16:13 which reads, “Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong.”

- Be watchful.
- Be steadfast in the Faith of Jesus Christ.
- Behave like godly men, and godly ladies.
- Be strong.

There are a lot of questions in the first three verses of this hymn, and teenagers have a lot of questions. Who am I? What shall I become? What must I be to become a child God wants me to be?

That is where the “Am I... Shall I... Must I...” song comes in.

We all sing it from time to time. I sang it many years ago when I

was under conviction, wondering, “Just who am I anyway?” “What shall I be—what should I be—what is God calling me to be?” “What must I do to inherit eternal life?” The Holy Spirit was working with me from twelve years old, just as it is working with many of you—all of you really, if you will listen.

I made excuses, just as you are now. At first, I was good enough. Then I was too young. Then I was not good enough. Then I thought of how it would look if I messed up and my life didn’t show a Christian example. Then I thought of what my friends might think if I were to be baptized. Then I thought of what they might think if I wasn’t. It was almost three years. It took a powerful sermon one Sunday night. Followed by an automobile accident on the way to town with some other boys, seeking some fun after church.

Suddenly, I realized there was no way out. I am...being called to be a soldier in the army of King Emmanuel. That took care of the “Am I...” question.

Next, I felt a strong resolve, a pulling by the Holy Spirit. What shall I...do? I heard Jesus say to me, “Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” That took care of the “Shall I...” question.

The “Must I...” question was a little more difficult. In fact, that question hasn’t been completely answered yet, though it has been answered many times, in many ways, over the past seventy years. And I expect that question will trouble me again for as long as I live. “What must I do, Lord?” But there is always an answer, and God always provides a way. There was once a man named Saul who thought he knew who he was and what he was supposed to be doing. But one day, Jesus stopped him on a road leading downhill. There Saul, trembling, fell on his face in disgrace and humility, bowed down to the ground in supplication—with the “Must I...” question, “Lord what must I do?” And the Lord said to him, “Arise, and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do.” God has told me who I am. He has told me what I shall become. And He is showing me what I must do as I become a child of His.

The “Am I... Shall I... Must I...” song.

If there is a reader struggling with the question, “Who am I?” Or if there is a someone wandering, “Where shall I go from here?” Or if there is anyone wondering, “What does God have for me that I must do to fulfill His purpose in my life?” The answer can be found in Matthew 11:28–30: “Come unto

me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.”

Marcus Miller

ENCOURAGEMENT

Oftentimes we go to church and hear such a good sermon, and we are thankful for it. How often do we come home and within the next week or so, write a note of thanks to the provider? We think, “I am busy, and that takes too much time.” Do we ever think of how much time that provider has put into that same sermon? We in the congregation can do a little bit of our part by being encouragers. Yes, we can pray during the week for the ones who are studying and preparing, and we should be doing that. We have heard it said that AFTER giving a sermon is a favorite time for the old devil to attack the giver of that sermon. Therefore, may we not forget the givers then. May we be slow to criticize, and instead be encouragers.

Janet Denlinger

CROSS-TRAINING FOR LIFE

My grandma thoroughly delighted in the joy of discovery. I visited her often and in the unspoken way so well-honed by grandmothers, she taught me that joy. November in Oregon never failed to produce bon-fogs wisping up from the firs like the smoke of many little bonfires. We called the precipitation on those days “dry rain,” because it was such a fine mist that we didn’t even get wet. Equipped with rubber boots and slickers, we explored the delights of the woods with Grandma. She showed us moss beards caught in elderly trees. She found little fungus awnings protruding from a stump where the frogs came for a dry moment during a downpour. We waded up the creek, searching for nettles, mushrooms, and other wild edibles.

Today I live in the Chihuahuan desert of New Mexico, a landscape overflowing with delights for anyone willing to exercise the muscles of discovery and focus. Part of that landscape is the community: my wife, our children, our church family, and our neighbors. In this community, I continue to learn beautiful lessons from the contagion of my grandma’s joy of discovery. Every opportunity to discover is an opportunity to be teachable. Every opportunity to focus is an opportunity to love and care for my community. How little I knew the immense value of the exercises I practiced in Grandma’s creek—and at my bedroom desk where I opened schoolbooks.

Many athletes know the power of cross-training. A runner may bicycle or swim in order to exercise his muscles in a way that running does not. But many of the muscles used for bicycling and swimming are the same muscles used for running. The runner is not preparing to be a bicyclist or a swimmer. Yet when he throws himself into those exercises, he invariably improves his main objective: **running!**

It was not my level of mastery in geometry or language arts that impacts my life today, but those daily exercises of the muscle of being teachable, those daily disciplines of the muscle of focus. My toughest and most boring subjects in school, along with the most enjoyable and interesting, were the cross-training God planned for me. Walking the paths He opens before me in life today, I realize the blessing of muscles that have been exercised, disciplined, and cross-trained ahead of time.

Make the most of this time of cross-training for life! Prepare to delight in the discoveries ahead by delighting in the discoveries of today. Flex and strengthen those muscles of focus and be teachable. The bicycling of memorizing poetry and the swimming of diagramming sentences will yield strong muscles. Use them to run the race with your eyes focused on Jesus, being His disciple in the community where He places you.

Blessings and love in Christ,

Joshua McConnaughey

HOLY BIBLE, VALUED TREASURE

Some of us hear encouragement every Sunday as we are dismissed: "Remember to read your Bible every day."

As our world is rapidly changing surely this question comes to our mind. What should we do to help prepare our children for persecution? We should also ask ourselves, "What should I do to prepare myself for persecution?" We consider the possibility that we may no longer have written copies of the Word of God.

Someday we may be separated from our written copies of the Word of God.

We need to ask ourselves some questions, questions such as:

If the Word of God was taken away from me today, would I still have enough in my heart to remain faithful?

If the Word of God was taken away from me today, would I still have enough to share with others, those I meet on the street? Where there is conflict that needs resolved, would I still have enough of the Word of God? Would I have enough in my heart right now?

If the Word of God was taken away from me today, would I have enough in my heart to teach my children the way of Life?

If the Word of God was taken away from me today, would I have

any regrets about the amount of time I've spent in the Word this past week?

The hymn we sing says, "Holy Bible, valued treasure." Is the amount of time that I have spent in the Word of God this week enough to bear testimony back to God that it is valued by me? It **would** say how much value I put on it.

We can think of what the other distractions are, and compare. What do I pick up first in the morning? What if the Bible was like my cell phone? Would I be seen eating my breakfast with one hand and my Bible in the other? How about when I am walking along the street, or sitting and waiting some place, or riding in the car? How about other reading material? One aged elder told his wife, "By the time I get done reading my Bible, I don't have much time to read anything else." We could surely say the Word of God is precious to him.

What do I go to when I am winding down in the evening? Am I going to the Bible when my heart is sad, or when my heart is joyful?

Do my choices reveal that I am longing for it? "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?" (Ps. 42:1-2).

We don't know when we are going to appear before God. "When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me: for I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that keep holyday" (v. 4). Reading the Word of God everyday will help us find ourselves with the multitude, in the holy place, on the holy day.

Psalm 119:11 says, "Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against thee." Verse 14 says, "I have rejoiced in the way of thy testimonies, as much as in all riches." Are we rejoicing in the testimonies of God? Are we seeking them as much as all riches? Are we rejoicing in the Word of God? "I will delight myself in thy statutes: I will not forget thy word" (v. 16).

Another thing about the Word of God: It is not age specific. A brother once said, "I just like to read the raw stuff to my children; sometimes Bible stories are good but sometimes I like to just read the plain Word of God; just like it is written." Do I love that? This is just a reminder to everyone of us. What I have read in the Word today, has it been enough?

"I am in a hurry this morning; I will read the Bible this afternoon," and later you realize, I didn't read. I didn't read it yesterday either!

In II Peter 3:1-5, Peter wanted to stir up their pure minds by way of remembrance. To remember the Word of God, it must already be there. "That ye may be mindful of the words which were spoken before by the holy prophets, and of the commandment of us the apostles of the Lord and Savior: Knowing this first, that there shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts, And saying, Where is the promise of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation. For this they willingly are ignorant of..."

Have you seen scoffers this week walking after their own lusts? Are we scoffers? Maybe that's me saying, "Where is the promise of his coming?" Do we say, "I will get to that later"? TODAY IS THE DAY.

May none of us have regrets about how much time we spent in the Word. It is God's heart that none should perish. No matter what happens in the future, when times change, things may look a lot different, and we may not be able to read the Word every day.

May our hearts be drawn to His Word. Scriptures will come flooding in as we hear the Word read and preached from. May the Word of God be hid in our hearts!

The thoughts above were notes from an opening before a sermon.

In sharing these notes I remember well a day in the life of a young mother or father. Children of all ages need much of our attention during waking hours.

Keep this in proper perspective. Put your Bible in a convenient place ready for those few minutes you can read. As I had more discretionary time I had to retrain myself to spend more time in the Word. I have been amazed by young people and their dedication to Bible reading. They are good examples for me.

Myrna Nachatelo

WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

It was an interesting question. In fact, early in our homeschool years we had quickly learned that we were going to have to teach some subjects we didn't think we would. Creation was good. But evolution? Yes, and we were going to have some homework before classwork, giving good sound reasons why we don't follow that theory. There were plenty, we learned. The same with the missing link, old earth theory, and the inaccuracy of carbon dating.

Thankfully we have Answers in

Genesis and the Ark Experience about two hours south. Over the years we've watched with interest the response in the press, and they have not been supportive of creationism.

Had we heard of the flat earth theory? Yes, we had heard of it and were pretty sure we hadn't covered that in class. "Well, even some brethren are thinking the earth is flat, and that man didn't land on the moon," and a couple more things I heard being questioned. The first thought was, "Are you sure?" Then it was mentioned in a sermon. Hmm. How in the round world can anyone even question it? Why was this happening and brethren not only questioning but professing belief in it? Surely, they weren't ignorant! Then it went a step further.

We sat around a Sunday dinner table and heard a brother spiritualize the Rapture. No one challenged him. The most disturbing thing was the younger brethren and children intently listening. I later asked one of the young brethren what he thought. I didn't get a swift, sure answer from my son. That did it. This teacher never tolerated confusion in the classroom.

It made for extra work on her part as well as the student. The teacher was failing if the student was confused. The same principle

applies to the workplace and the church. Failure to provide concise, clear direction and the reason behind it is just as often the cause of problems as outright disobedience. If I expected a good grape harvest, now was the time to confront the foxes.

But why was this even happening? I mean this was questioning what God revealed to man years ago! What was next? Questioning that the earth revolved around the sun? Copernicus and Galileo paid dearly for that one. Not until 1822 and 1979 respectively did the Church agree that they had been wrongly condemned in 1616 and 1633 as heretics.

I appreciated the testimony of Neil Armstrong when he toured Jerusalem with Israeli archaeologist Ben Dov. As they climbed the steps of ascent up to the Huldah Gates Ben Dov told Neil, "Look, Jesus was a Jew. These are the steps that lead to the Temple, so he must have walked here many times." Armstrong then asked if these were the original steps, and Ben Dov confirmed that they were. "So Jesus stepped right here?" asked Armstrong again. "That's right," answered Ben Dov. "I have to tell you I am more excited stepping on these stones than I was stepping on the moon." Neil was from Ohio, and he, like Michael Collins and Buzz Aldrin were pro-

fessing Christians. Buzz had room to pack a miniature communion set along, and the Word of God is now on the moon. They didn't question whether or not the earth was round.

John Glenn was the first and oldest American to orbit the earth, Of his career, he said, "To look out at this kind of creation and not believe in God is to me impossible. It just strengthens my faith." Men who risk their lives to go places man has never been don't do so with doubt.

The Lord clearly said deception would be a problem in the end. I wonder if we all have our heads up looking for lies. We can usually pick up on evasive action and speech. One thing we are noticing is that people will go ahead and do something when they know better; and often they are so very sorry afterward.

Something we've also noticed is the undermining of faith in that which is true. Did you notice the narrative the last few years; denying proven science? And when those who did indeed know what they were talking about tried to speak up, they were attacked?

Anyone hear "trust the science"? What science? Is anyone confused? Anyone questioning science? The doctors in China were correct to sound the alarm, and they were quickly shut down. It happened

here too. "This is different, something new." What no one wanted to hear questioned was, "Why do we have something different and how did it happen?"

The devil appeared anxious for Eve to know about good and evil. What do you think? Does he really want man to figure out what is good or evil? No, he just sounded concerned, and it worked on Eve. And now he's slandered honest science and pushing "science falsely so called." Nothing new under the sun.

I wonder if men would say the things they do if they had to look God in the eye. For example, could one look God in the eye and declare the earth was flat? "...he that sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers; that stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in..." (Isa. 40:22).

Watch an eclipse either solar (through a welding helmet) or lunar. Earth's shadow is round. Go to the sea and observe that a ship sailing away not only gets smaller, but the hull disappears over the curvature of the earth and then the mast. When it returns the reverse is seen, the mast first as the ship appears over the curvature and then the hull. Go to the stars. We cannot see the Southern Cross

in the northern hemisphere north of the Florida Keys, and the Big Dipper cannot be seen in the southern hemisphere south of 41 degrees latitude. These stars are beyond a curved horizon depending on which hemisphere you are standing in.

One thing we know is the Apostle Paul had little patience with a person that persisted in deceit, lies, or became contentious with things the church did not believe. Opinion was not something he concerned himself with, nor in the face of truth was he inclined to indulge a false opinion. He could and would set things straight. He expected brethren to be steadfast in the truth. When a person opposed himself, he was to be instructed.

"But foolish and unlearned questions avoid, knowing that they do gender strifes. And the servant of the Lord must not strive; but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient, In meekness instructing those that oppose themselves; if God peradventure will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth; And that they may recover themselves out of the snare of the devil, who are taken captive by him at his will" (II Tim. 2:23-26).

Rachel Brubaker

“Persevere in labors that lead to salvation. Always be busy in spiritual actions. In this way, no matter how often the enemy of our souls approaches, no matter how many times he tries to come near us, he’ll find our hearts *closed* and *armed* against him.”

Cyprian (martyred 258 A.D.)

MEDITATIONS

A Bible account may not always be clear, but Salvation—always. Things we “can’t live without” may be things we can’t live with. Supper is at the end of the day—and at the end of the age. Accept an imperfect church. God can work there, too. There are seldom new solutions to old problems. Crooked paths are longer than straight ones. Most of my problems are self-inflicted.

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.

In Revelation 14:13, we read these words, “Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; <i>and their works do follow them.</i> ”	
Questions:	
1. What does this mean, “ <i>their works do follow them</i> ”?	our works also follow us while we experience life on earth?
2. Is this true only in death, or do	3. Does this mean their works will be remembered? Or is there more?
	4. How do our works follow us?
	5. Can I think of examples where I have seen the works of a man follow him?
	6. If we have sinned, do our works follow us if we have been <i>forgiven</i> ?

GENERAL ITEMS

BAPTISMS

Apr. 14, 2024; Kidron Valley, KS
 Tyler Julich
 Apr. 17, 2024; Sugar Grove, OH
 Lisa Warner
 Apr. 19, 2024; Lower Twin (Tennessee)
 Hannah Frantz
 Apr. 22, 2024; Sugar Grove, OH
 Kit Fisher
 May 5, 2024; Clearwater, IN
 Ava Reavis
 May 9, 2024; Maple Grove, OH
 Kally Koble

Sept. 28, 2024..... Pleasant View, OH
 Oct. 12, 2024 Lower Twin, OH
 Oct. 12, 2024 Zillah, WA
 Oct. 19, 2024 Clearwater, IN
 Oct. 19, 2024 Western Kansas, KS
 Oct. 26, 2024 Maple Grove, OH
 Oct. 26, 2024 Stillwater, OH
 Nov. 2, 2024..... Bethel, OH
 Nov. 2, 2024..... Columbia River, WA
 Nov. 2, 2024..... Kidron Valley, KS
 Nov. 9, 2024..... West Modesto, CA
 Nov. 9, 2024..... Covington, OH
 Nov. 9, 2024..... Shenandoah, VA

COMMISSIONS

Apr. 11, 2024; Covington, OH
 Thane Boone (with wife Barbara)
 Ordained to the Eldership
 Apr. 25, 2024; Lower Twin, OH
 Kevin Oyler (with wife, Elaine)
 Called to the office of Deacon

COMMUNIONS

Jun. 22, 2024..... Mission Valley, MT and
 Mountain View, ID held jointly in ID

HARVEST MEETINGS

July 14, 2024 Lower Twin, OH
 July 21, 2024 Bethel, OH
 July 28, 2024 Shiloh, OH
 Aug. 4, 2024..... Maple Grove, OH
 Aug. 11, 2024..... Covington/Sugar Grove, OH
 Aug. 18, 2024..... Salem, OH
 Aug. 25, 2024..... Stillwater, OH
 Sept. 22, 2024..... Bear Creek, OH
 Nov. 28, 2024..... Pleasant View, OH

POEMS

THANKSGIVING

God of men of gentle grace,
 God of men of radiant face,
 God of men of valiant race,
 We thank thee!

God of men who do and dare,
 God of men who burdens bear,
 God of men who freely share,
 We thank thee!

God of men who truth proclaim,
 God of men of selfless aim,
 God of men who know thy Name,
 We thank thee!

Grenville Kleiser

DECEPTION*Dale Gish*

Old Satan, he smiled when he looked down at men.
His new tricks were working again and again;
No more persecution, no shortage of bread.
God's church and His people, well-loved and well fed.
The saints, who once gathered in secret, unknown,
Now worship in freedom, on land of their own,
In comfortable buildings, designed and well planned—
Shade trees in the churchyard, no tax on the land.
The Bible, the book of the ages, suppressed,
The book that our forefathers prayed to possess
Now sold in abundance, on sale, guaranteed;
We all have our own and we know how to read.
The faith of our fathers who died for the Lord;
That stood through the dungeon and fire and sword,
Now stands to the ultimate test, if you please,
Of compromise, comfort, abundance, and ease.
Deception! The slow subtle mist that sets in,
That fogs out the lines that define what is sin,
For even the devil, though black as the night
Has now been transformed to an angel of light.
And, old Satan smiled as he gazed at the view.
His new tricks were working too good to be true;
No more persecution, no shortage of bread,
God's church and His people, well-loved and well fed.

Selected by Alice Mae Haney

UNDER HIS WINGS WE FIND SHELTER

Under His wings we find shelter,
He fiercely protects His own.
He bears us in His arms of love,
His strength an immovable stone.

Wilderness walks are austere,
We have stumbled along the way.
But, as a man will shoulder his son,
He carries us and will never betray.

Our strength is feeble and falters,
The path can be thorny and dry.
But nothing we lack as we journey,
In truth, on wings of love we fly!

Lifegiving water He supplies,
Cool shade for the heat of the day.
He satisfies with heavenly food,
Clear paths along the way.

The Lord is our strength and our shield,
We trust in Him and find aid.
Our heart greatly rejoices,
And with song great praise is made.

Gloria Wright

ONLY A DAD

Only a dad, with a tired face
Coming home from the daily race,
Bringing little gold or fame,
To show how well he has played the game,
But great in his heart that his own rejoice
To see him coming, and to hear his voice.

Only a dad, with a brood of four,
One of ten million men or more;
Plodding along in the daily strife,
Bearing the whips and the scorns of life,
With never a whimper of pain or hate
For the sake of those who at home await.

Only a dad, neither rich nor proud,
Merely one of the searching crowd,
Toiling, striving, from day to day,
Facing whatever may come his way,
Silent, whenever the harsh condemn,
And bearing it all for the love of them.

Only a dad, but he gives his all
To smooth the way for his children small
To do, with courage stern and grim,
The deeds that his father did for him,
This is the line that for him I pen,
Only a dad, but the best of men.

— Author Unknown

HOW CAN I DOUBT?

How can I ever doubt God is
When all around I see
The wonders of the universe
God made for you and me?

How can I ever doubt God's love
When time and time again
His mercy has been shown to me—
Ah, yes, and to all men!

How can I ever grieve my Lord?
How can I fail to praise,
When day by day He shows His love
In oh, so many ways?

How can I fear? How can I doubt?
What else have I beside?
God holds the key, the only key
That rules both Time and Tide.

— Phyllis C. Michael

A SURE PROMISE

In the common round of duty
Lift thy heart in praise;
The Lord hath surely promised
Strength for all thy days.

— Herbert G. Tovey

THE YOUTH OF JESUS

Shepherd of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth,
Through devious ways,
Christ, our triumphant King,
We come thy name to sing,
Hither our children bring,
To sound thy praise.

Thou art our holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife;
Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace,
Thou mightiest save our race
And give us life.

Ever be Thou our Guide,
Our shepherd and our pride,
Our staff and song;
Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
By thy perennial Word,
Lead us where Thou hast trod,
Make our faith strong.

So now, until we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing;
Let all the holy throng
Who to Thy church belong,
Unite and swell the song
To Christ our King

— Clement of Alexandria

THY KINGDOM COME

Thou hope of all the lowly!
To thirsting souls how kind!
Gracious to all who seek Thee,
O, what to those who find!

My tongue but lisps Thy praises!
Yet praise be my employ;
Love makes me bold to praise Thee,
For Thou art all my joy!

In Thee my soul delighting,
Findeth her only rest,
And so in Thee confiding,
May all the world be blest!

Dwell with us, and our darkness
Will flee before Thy light;
Scatter the world's deep midnight,
And fill it with delight.

O, all mankind, behold Him!
And seek His love to know;
And let your hearts, in seeking,
Be fired with love, and glow!

O come, O come, great Monarch!
Eternal glory Thine!
The longing world waits for Thee,
Arise, arise, and shine!

— St. Bernard of Clairvaux

CHOSEN LESSONS

In the way that He shall choose,
He will teach us;
Not a lesson we shall lose,
All shall reach us.

Strange and difficult indeed
We may find it;
But the blessing that we need
Is behind it.

All the lessons He shall send
Are the sweetest;
And His training in the end
Is completest.

— Frances Ridley Havergal

OBITUARIES

GARBER — Lois Mae, of Eaton, Ohio, was born June 15, 1934, to Lester and Elsie (Mohler) Fisher in Miami County, Ohio, where she spent her childhood.

On August 16, 1952, she was married to Paul “Pete” Garber at her home near Covington, Ohio; then moved to Preble County, Ohio, where they lived the rest of their lives. On July 25, 1956, they were baptized into Christ and the Old German Baptist Brethren Church, to which they remained faithful until death. They were blessed with three children.

Mother was a devoted companion to Daddy in their various church, family, and business responsibilities, serving the Lord together until Daddy’s passing on March 6, 2010. She enjoyed having company, traveling, and taking pictures of nature’s beauty, and was a meticulous record-keeper of their many trips together.

In January 2022, she was diagnosed with Pulmonary Fibrosis, which she patiently endured, and was anointed July 9, 2023, with oil in the name of the Lord. During Mother’s last days, she often reminded us to remember what Jesus said, “If ye love me, keep my commandments.” She passed away peacefully at her home on Saturday, May 4, 2024, at the age of 89, 10 months, and 19 days.

Mother is survived by sons, Kent and Elsie Garber of New Paris, Ohio, and Gary and Marge Garber of Eaton, Ohio; daughter, Karen and Mark Meador of Rossville, Indiana; sister, Pauline Landes; sisters-in-law, Virginia Fisher, Phyllis Boone, and Wilma and Marvin Lavy; 12 grandchildren; 49 great-grandchildren; two great-great-grandchildren; and a host of nephews, nieces, and friends.

Mother was preceded in death by her parents; husband; brother, Melvin Fisher; sister, Eileen Boone; brothers-in-law, Alva Landes and Joe Boone; in-laws, Daniel and Virgle Garber, Dennis and Mable Biser, Richard and Wilma Jean Garber, and Kenneth Miller; and daughter-in-law, Carol Garber.

Memorial services were conducted on Wednesday, May 8, 2024, by Elder Steve Kingery and the Prices Creek brethren at the Prices Creek Old German Baptist Brethren meetinghouse, with burial in the adjoining cemetery. The messages of “Milestones” and “Keeping the faith” from Psalm 139 and II Timothy 1:5, 13, 14 were ably expounded on to the edification of all.

The family circle has been broken again, but we trust in God who can restore that circle in

Heaven. "...the LORD gave and the LORD hath taken away; blessed be the name of the LORD."

The Family

BAYER — Lucille Mae (Lavy) Bayer, was born near Dayton, Ohio, on June 27, 1933. She departed peacefully to be with the Lord on March 22, 2024, with her daughter by her side at home.

Lucille's biological mother, Charlotte Edith "Lottie" Baker-Heck, passed away when Lucille was one year old. Her father, Howard Westly Heck, faced challenges caring for her and her nine older siblings. She was lovingly fostered by Lawrence and Marie Lavy from the age of seventeen months and adopted at age sixteen. At age seventeen, on May 6, 1951, she married John E. Bayer at her parent's home, but their newlywed joy was interrupted by Korean war duty, which kept them separated for eighteen months.

During this time apart, Lucille's nurturing heart led her to care for two young brothers, Dale C. Powell and Donald R. Powell. She and John were blessed with three more children: John Bayer Jr., Judy (Bayer) Renicker, and Kathleen Bayer.

Lucille committed her life to

Christ and was baptized on December 16, 1958. She was a member of the Bear Creek Old German Baptist Brethren Church New Conference, and her faith remained steadfast and undeterred until the day of her passage into Heaven.

Throughout her life, Lucille worked diligently, cleaning homes in the community to provide additional income. Her reputation for hard work preceded her, and customers sought her out for her exceptional dedication. She also found joy in cooking, gardening, and sharing the bounty with neighbors and friends.

After John passed away, Lucille lived many years independently with her daughter Kathleen, cherishing her family and enjoying life's simple pleasures.

Lucille is preceded in death by her husband, John, nine biological siblings; her biological parents, Howard and Lottie Heck; and her adoptive parents, Lawrence and Marie Lavy; her son John Bayer Jr. and his wife Loraine Bayer; and Dale C. Powell.

Lucille is survived by her daughter Judy and her husband Mark Renicker, her daughter Kathleen Bayer, six grandchildren with their spouses: Regina and Marlan Frick, Hans and Esther Bayer, Jubal and Violet Bayer; Elijah and Melanie Renicker, Mi-

cah and Carmen Renicker, Karianne and Stephen Rumble, and Donald R. Powell and his family. Lucille also leaves behind twenty great-grandchildren, Landon, Nikki, Trenton, Daisy, Jesslyn, and Casen Frick; Walter, Russell and Leslie Bayer; and Loraine Bayer; Samuel, Mercy, Selah and Adaiah Renicker; Atley and Ainsley Renicker; Felicity, Meredith, Wesley, and Averie Rumble; each a testament to her enduring love and legacy in Jesus Christ.

Lucille will be missed and remembered by her family and many friends.

The visitation on Sunday, March 31, 2024, and the funeral on Monday, April 1, 2024, were both held at the Bear Creek meeting house.

Brother Lowell Filbrun conducted a meeting for the family, re-

minding us that we were celebrating both a funeral and a birthday into the presence of the Lord.

The funeral service, conducted by Home Brethren, was inspired by Psalm 46:1–3 and 10–11, highlighting the message that “God is our refuge and strength,” and reminding us to “Be still and know that I am God.” Together, we sang some of Lucille’s favorite hymns, including “Rock of Ages,” “Jesus Lover of My Soul,” “I Feel Like Traveling On,” “How Sweet to Reflect on the Joys that Await Me,” “Jerusalem My Happy Home,” and “A Sweetly Solemn Thought.”

Interment took place at Preble Memory Gardens. Mother’s body is resting beside Daddy’s until that Great Day when we are all reunited in Heaven.

The Family

Terms

Subscriptions should be made through the congregational contact or through *The Testimony* office. Subscription price is \$30.00 per year. New subscriptions should be paid (prorated) through the remainder of the current year. All renewals begin at the first of the calendar year. Newly married and those unable to pay for a subscription may receive a free subscription through the agent of their local congregation.

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

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

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