

# Heart and Home Harmony

Aiming for hearts, homes, and lives in harmony with:  
God and His Church, and the rest of His creation through the Holy Spirit.

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## ✧ Learning How to Love ✧

### The First Settler's Story

By Bayard Taylor

**My girl's wife was as brave as she was good.**

She helped me every blessed way she could.

She seemed to take to every rough old tree,

As singular as she first took to me.

She kept our little log house neat as wax,

**And once I caught her foolin' with my ax.**

She learned a hundred masculine things to do.

**She aimed a shotgun pretty middlin' true.**

Although in spite of my expressed desire,

She would always shut her eyes before **she'd fire.**

**She hadn't the muscle, though she had the heart,**

In outdoor work to take an active part.

When I was logging, burning chopping wood,

**She'd linger round and help me all she could,**

And kept me fresh, ambition all the while,

And lifted tons just with her voice and smile.

With no desire my glory for to rob,

She used to stand around and boss the job;  
And when first class success my hands befell

Would proudly say we did that pretty well!

She was delicious both to hear and see—

That pretty girl wife that kept house for me.

**Sunday's we didn't propose for lack o' church**

**To have our soul's left wholly in the lurch.**

So I shaved and dressed up well as I could,

**And did a day's work trying to be good.**  
Well, we would take our books, sit down alone,

And have a two horse meeting all our own.

We would read our verses, sing our sacred rhymes,

And make it seem a good deal like old times.

**But finally across her face there'd glide**  
A sort of sorry shadow from inside.

And once she dropped her head like a tired flower

Upon my arm and cried a half an hour.  
I humored her until she had it out,

**I didn't ask her what it was about.**

I knew right well our reading, song and

prayer  
Had brought the old times back too  
true and square.  
Well, neighborhoods meant counties  
in those days,  
**The roads didn't have accommodat-**  
ing ways.

And maybe weeks would pass before  
**she'd see,**  
And much less talk, with anyone but  
me.  
Some ideas from the birds and trees  
she stole,  
**But wasn't like talking with a human**  
soul.

And finally I thought I could trace  
A half heart hunger from her face.  
Then she would drive it back and shut  
the door;  
Of course that only made me see it  
more.

**'Twas hard to see her give her life to**  
mine,  
Making a steady effort not to pine;  
**'Twas hard to hear that laugh boom**  
out each minute  
And recognize the seeds of sorrow in  
it.

Well, she kept on as plucky as could  
be,  
**Fighting the foe she thought I didn't**  
see,  
And using her heart horticultural pow-  
ers  
To turn that forest to a bed of flowers.

You cannot check an unadmitted  
sigh,  
And so I had to sooth her on the sly,  
And secretly to help her draw her load  
And soon it came to be an uphill road.

Hard work bears hard on the average  
pulse,

Even with satisfactory results;  
But when efforts are scarce, the  
heavy strain  
Falls dead and solid on the heart and  
brain.

**And when we're bothered it will oft**  
occur  
We seek blame timber, and I lit on  
her,  
And looked on her with daily lesson-  
ing favor  
**For what I knew she couldn't help to**  
save her.

And so ere long she caught the half-  
grown fact,  
**Commenced observing how I didn't**  
act,  
And silently began to grieve and  
doubt  
**O'er old attentions now sometimes**  
left out—

Some kind caresses, some little pet-  
ting ways  
Commenced a-staying in on rainy  
days.  
(**I did not see so clear then I'll allow**  
but I can trace it rather accurate  
now.)

And discord, when once he had called  
and seen us,  
Called round quite often and edged in  
between us.  
One night, when I came home unusu-

## Heart and Home Harmony

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al late,  
Too hungry and tired to feel first rate.

Her supper struck me wrong (though  
**I'll allow**

**She didn't have much to strike with**  
anyhow;)  
And when I went to milk the cows and  
found  
They had wondered from their usual  
feeding ground—

And maybe left a few long miles be-  
hind them  
Which I must occupy if I meant to  
find them.  
Flash quick the stay chains of my  
temper broke,  
And in a thrice these hot words I had  
spoke—

**"You'd ought to've kept those ani-  
mals in view  
And drove them in; you'd nothing else  
to do.  
The heft of all our life on me must  
fall;  
You just lie round, and let me do it  
all."**

That speech—it hadn't been gone half  
a minute  
Before I saw the cold, black poison in  
it;  
**And I'd have given all I had and more  
To've only safely got it back in door.**

**I'm now what most folks "well to do"**  
would call,  
I feel today as if I would give it all,  
Provided, I thought, fifty years might  
reach,  
Kill and bury that half minute speech.

Boys flying kites haul in their white  
winged birds;  
**You can't do that when you're flying**  
words.

Things that we think may sometimes  
fall back dead,  
**Even God Himself can't kill them  
when they're said.**

She handed back no words that I  
could hear;  
**She didn't frown; she didn't shed a  
tear;**  
Half proud, half crushed she stood  
**and looked me o'er.**  
**Like someone she'd never seen be-  
fore!**

But such a sudden anguish lit sur-  
prise  
I never saw before in human eyes.  
**(I've seen it oft since in a dream,  
It wakes me sometimes like a mid-  
night scream.)**

That night while theoretically sleep-  
ing,  
I half heard, and half felt, that she  
was weeping.

My heart then projected a design  
To softly draw her face close up to  
mine,  
And beg her forgiveness to bestow  
**For saying what we both knew wasn't  
so.**

**I've got enough of this world's goods**  
to do me,  
And make my nephews painfully civil  
to me,  
**I'd give it all to know she only knew**  
How near I came to what was square  
and true.

**But somehow every single time I'd try,**  
Pride would appear and kind of catch  
my eye,  
And hold me on the edge of my ad-  
vance  
With the cold steel of one sly scornful  
glance.

Next morning, when stone faced, but  
heavy hearted,  
With dinner pail and sharpened ax I  
started

**Away for my day's work**—she watched  
the door  
And followed me halfway to it, or  
more.

And I was just turning round at this  
And asking for my usual good-by kiss,  
But on her lips I saw a proudish curve  
And in her eyes a shadow of reserve.

And she had shown perhaps half un-  
wares  
Some little independent breakfast  
airs;

**So our usual parting didn't occur**  
Although her eyes invited me to her.

Or rather, half invited, for she  
**Didn't advertise to furnish kisses**  
free;

You always had—that is I had—to pay  
Full market price, and go more than  
half the way.

So with a short good by I shut the  
door

And left her as I never had before.  
Now when a man works with his mus-  
cles smartly,  
It makes him up into machinery part-  
ly.

And any troubles he may have on  
hand  
Gets deadened like and easier to  
stand,  
And though the memory of last  
**night's mistake**  
Bothered me with a dull and heavy  
ache,

I all the forenoon gave my strength  
full rein,

And made the wounded trees bear  
half the pain.

But when luncheon I came to eat  
Put up by her so delicately neat.

**Choicer somewhat, than yesterday's**  
had been,  
And some fresh sweet-eyed pansies  
**she'd put in.**

Tender and pleasant thoughts I knew  
they meant,

**It seemed as if her kiss with me she'd**  
sent.

Then once more I became her hum-  
ble lover

**And said, tonight I'll ask forgiveness**  
of her.

I went home over early on that eve,  
Having contrived to make myself be-  
lieve,

By various signs I kind of knew and  
guessed  
A thunderstorm was coming from the  
West.

**'Tis strange when one sly reason fills**  
the heart,

How many honest ones will take its  
part.

**A dozen first class reasons said 'twas**  
right

That I should strike home early on  
that night.

Half out of breath the cabin door I  
swung

With tender heart words trembling on  
my tongue.

But all within looked desolate and  
bare;

My house had lost its soul—she was  
not there.

A penciled note was on the table  
spread,

And these are something like the

words it said:

**"The cows have strayed away again I fear,  
I watched them pretty close; don't scold me dear.**

**"And where they are, I think I nearly know;  
I heard the bell not very long ago.  
I've hunted for them all afternoon,  
I'll try once more; I think I'll find them soon.**

**"Dear, if a burden I've been to you,  
And haven't helped you as I ought to do,  
Let old time memories my forgiveness plead,  
I've tried to do my best, I have indeed.**

**"Darling, piece out with love the strength I lack  
And have kind words for me when I get back."  
Scarce had I given this not sight and tongue  
When a few swift blown raindrops to the window clung.**

And from the clouds a rough, deep growl proceeded,  
My thunderstorm had come, now **'twasn't needed.**  
And she, while I was sheltered, dry and warm,  
Was somewhere in the clutches of this storm!

She, who when storm-frights found her at her best,  
Had always hid her white face on my breast!

**My dog, who'd skirmished round me all the day,  
Now crouched and whimpering in a corner lay.  
I dragged him by the collar to the**

wall,

I pressed his quivering muzzle to her shawl—  
**"Track her, old boy," I shouted, and he whined,  
Matched eyes with me, as if to read my mind.**

Then with a yell, went tearing through the wood,  
I followed him as faithful as I could.  
No pleasure trip was that, through flood and flame  
We raced with death, we hunted noble game.

All night we dragged the woods without avail;  
The ground got drenched; we could not keep the trail.  
Three times again my cabin home I found,  
Half hoping she might be there safe and sound.

**But each time 'twas an unavailing care,  
My house had lost its soul—she was not there.  
When climbing the wet trees next morning's sun  
Laughed at the ruin that the night had done.**

Bleeding and drenched, by toil and sorrow bent,  
Back to what used to be my home I went.  
But as I neared our little clearing ground;  
**Listen! I heard the cowbells' tingling sound.**

The cabin door was just a bit ajar,  
It gleamed upon my glad eyes like a star.  
**"Brave heart," I said, for such a fragile form,**

She made them guide them home-  
ward through the storm.

Such pangs of joy I never felt before;  
"You've come!" I shouted, and rushed  
through the door.

Yes, she had come and gone again,  
she lay

With her young life crushed and  
wrenched away.

Lay the heart ruins of our home  
among

Not far from where I killed her with  
my tongue.

The raindrops glittered amid her hair,  
long strands.

The forest thorns had torn her feet  
and hands.

And midst those tears, brave tears  
that one could trace

Upon that pale but sweetly resolute  
face,

I once again the mournful words  
could read,

I've tried to do my best, I have in-  
deed.

And now I am almost done, my story's  
o'er,

Part of it never breathed the air be-

## Dried Corn Pudding

- 1 1/4 cups dried corn
- 3 cups milk (some cream or butter)
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon maple syrup or honey
- a little black or hot pepper

Coarsely grind the corn (or  
soak in milk and grind in blender.)

Mix and bake at 350 about an  
hour, stirring when partly baked.

This is good with sweet corn that

fore,

**But where e'er this story's voice can  
reach,**

This is the sermon I would have it  
preach;

Boys flying kites haul in their white  
winged birds;

**You can't do that when you're flying  
words.**

Thoughts unexpressed may some-  
times fall back dead,

**But God Himself can't kill them when  
they're said.**

Careful with fire is good advice we  
know;

**"Careful with words" is ten times dou-  
bly so.**

**You have my life grief! Don't think a  
minute**

**'Twas told to take up time! There's  
business in it.**

**It sheds advice; who e'er will take and  
live it,**

Is welcome to the pain it costs to give  
it.

—submitted by Titus Musser  
New Holland, Pa.

has gotten a little too old.

If the sweet corn in your gar-  
**den is past it's prime, cook it on**  
the cob and cut off the kernels.  
Spread thinly on a sheet in the  
sun, stirring occasionally until dry,  
or use a slow oven or a dehydrator.

If the corn is way past its  
prime and is tough, let it on the  
stalk till it is mature and dried.  
Grind the kernels and use in place  
of some of the corn flour in your  
corn bread.

## Fire!

It was about 9:00 and several of us were still in the kitchen before heading off to bed. Luray stuck his head in the door, “A greenhouse is on fire!” Almost before the words sank in, all hands were reaching toward the door. The rest came running from other rooms. Hoses were strung from the barn and the fire in the furnace room was soon out, but the wood and insulation between the inside tin and the siding was still burning. Melvin grabbed a slab of wood and whacked holes in the siding so the water could extinguish the rest. The other end of the greenhouse was opened to let out the smoke.

The tomato plants, with their first tomatoes starting to turn pink, seemed to be OK. The next morning we saw a few scorched leaves in the first row, a few feet from the stove. Almost all the damage was to the furnace room. Thank God we were able to make the fire out before it did more damage and spread to the greenhouse that is almost against it and the three others just a few feet apart on both sides.

The nights were still cool enough that Luray was still putting wood in the stoves at night. He had fired up the stoves then got a phone call, talked awhile, and forgot about it. When he went out again the one stove was red hot. He slacked it off and when he checked it again in a few minutes, the furnace room was in flames.

**That word “fire” triggered all of us to mighty fast action and something was promptly accomplished. The Bible talks about a fire in James 3. For in many things we all offend. If**

anyone does not offend in word, the same is a full-grown man, able also to bridle the whole body. Behold, we put bits in the horses’ mouths, so that they may obey us, and we turn about their whole body. Behold also the ships being so great, and driven by fierce winds, yet they are turned about with a very small rudder, where the impulse of him steering desires. Even so the tongue is a little member and boasts great things. Behold how little a fire kindles how large a forest! And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity. So the tongue is set among our members, spotting all the body and inflaming the course of nature, and being inflamed by hell. For every kind of animals, and of birds, and of reptiles, and of sea-animals, is tamed, and has been tamed by mankind. But no one can tame the tongue, it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison. (James 3:2-8)

The destruction from the fires set by our tongues can be far more serious and far-reaching than a physical fire. If only we would get as excited about preventing and stopping this world of iniquity that spots and defiles the whole body, spreading to many others, even through generations.

**The words of a talebearer are as wounds, and they go down into the innermost parts of the belly. (Proverbs 18:8 & 26:22)** Gossip or careless or angry words can burn their way deep inside of us.

Usually we do not see the fire that our tongue has started. If and when we realize that the words we fired were destructive, we wish the person would realize that we did not mean it like that. *I was just frustrated, so please, forget it—flush it down*

the toilet.

But how can he, if it has gone to the innermost parts? He might wish he'd fit down the hole.

If our hearts have been razed with poisonous words, if our self-confidence has been destroyed, we need the healing of the Holy Spirit. We need to pray that God would help us forgive others, as we would want to be forgiven. God can change the course of our life that has been set on fire by hell.

When we have offended someone, we must repent and, though we cannot totally erase the damage, we can greatly help the healing process by apologizing and proving our concern by showing love. We need to pray that God would forgive us and that the Holy Spirit would abide in our hearts and He would cleanse our hearts of all selfishness and pride. Then our tongues will be tame, because of a pure heart.

**A good man out of the good treasure of his heart brings forth the good. And an evil man out of the evil treasure of his heart brings forth the evil. For out of the abundance of the heart his mouth speaks. (Luke 6:45)**

If anyone does not offend in word, the same is a full-grown man, able also to bridle the whole body. (James 3:2.) Many of us are not yet full grown. We need to be chastised,

purged, and tempered by the Lord. He works on us in many ways, with trials, afflictions.

**For He is like a refiner's fire, and like fuller's soap. And He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver. And He shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver, that they may be offerers of a food offering in righteousness to Jehovah. (Malachi 3:2-3)**

It is good for me that I have been afflicted, so that I might learn Your Precepts. (Psalms 119:71)

I know, O Jehovah, that Your judgments are right, and that You have afflicted me in faithfulness. (Psalms 119:75)

If we are burning with shame, bitterness, and hatred, we will be spreading it to others. How much better to allow the "fire" of God to clean it all away until all that remains is durable, like pure gold that has been through a refining fire, the dross burned away, making you able to withstand any fiery darts aimed in your direction.

**But that you, speaking the truth in love, may in all things grow up to Him who is the Head, even Christ; (Ephesians 4:15)**

When Uncle Titus gave us the "The First Settler's Story," we figured it is probably too long to print in here. But it is worth the space, if it motivates us to seek God about controlling our tongues.

If you have been born again, eat of Christ, so that you grow. Get excited! Get to work! Many are perishing in fire. May our goal be to become full-grown—never offending (causing to sin).

Sincerely,

## Headship God's Order

A booklet explaining I Cor. 11:1-16.  
By Luke Martin

Booklets available from:  
Parishville Christian Church  
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