

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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Trapped

By Elisabeth Toews

Here we sit —
you on your side of the room
and I on mine.

Inside,
I am who I am
and
you are who you are.

I sit here,
caught in the trap
of what I think
that you think
that I am.
I am silent because I am afraid.

Maybe
you are caught in a trap
of what you think
that I think
that you are.

Maybe
if we'd reach
through our barriers
we could set each other free.

Oh,
if you would just look up
and lock into my eyes
and smile!

Taken from *East of Paradise and other poems* collected & edited
by Judy Ann Unruh

The Mathematics
Of

FEAR

+ ÷ ×
= —

By Luke & Rachel Martin

When Melvin was little, he went to the pasture one foggy morning to bring in the cow so she could be milked. He soon came running back, terrified because he saw something coming toward him that looked like two white snakes slithering in waves, going up and down. Daniel went to investigate and found only the cow waiting for them. In the fog, all Melvin had seen was the movement of the cow's white socks as she walked toward him. Daniel kept him in the dark a little longer by telling him that it was bovine feet that came for him.

Fear is a necessary emotion that serves to keep us from harm. But if we cannot see clearly we may run from something harmless or even something that would help us. Or we may blindly run right into a trap or something worse than what we feared. The torment of expecting something bad to happen can paralyze or imprison us and rob us of many blessings. But we don't need to be a slave to fear. We can let all our fear serve to help keep us safe, satisfied, and free.

If we study the properties of fear and how it affects us, we will see how it can be an exponent of destruction or it can be the answer key to what we want.

There are three ways that we react to fear. We try to escape the object of our fear or we try to control it. If neither of those is possible, we will submit to it, unwillingly or willingly. Or, to say it another way, anything that we cannot escape from or control or that compels us to submit causes fear in us.

Fear that our needs will not be met, compels us to willingly submit to whatever it is that we think holds the key to our satisfaction. Therefore, we may blindly walk into a trap. At first it seems good but after awhile we are bound with the chains of addiction, of peer pressure, of cults, and such like.

Fear of disease has many taking medicines or following other measures of which the side effects are worse than the disease. Because of fear, laws are passed to keep us "safe." While some of them are helpful, some are frightening. Fear

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of terrorism is used to throw many into terrible terror. Some take advantage of the fear of others for selfish gain. Fear of being liable if trouble arises, keeps us from the blessing of giving and helping.

In the Garden of Eden, Adam and Eve were happy and safe. As soon as they sinned, they were afraid and tried to hide from God. Our spirits and minds are also put in that fearful place of separation from the life and light of our Creator when we sin. **...the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them.** 2 Corinthians 4:4

Sin strikes fear in the victims of our pride, lust, and greed. The ugliness of sin can penetrate to the depth of our hearts. Consequently, there are lots of sinners and victims of sinners who feel ugly deep inside but want to be accepted in a world full of people who value beauty. Underneath they expect rejection. Their fear of rejection undermines their relationships. Sin has a way of adding fear upon fear. As fear is multiplied, families, churches, friends, and nations are divided and peace is subtracted from the land.

Fear fosters more fear. Job said. **For the thing which I greatly feared is come upon me, and that which I was afraid of is come unto me.** Job 3:25. What we fear is often what we get. Fear can cause us to respond in a way that almost assures that we get what we fear.

Fear can freeze us and keep us from doing and saying and convey-

ing what we want to. It keeps us from hearing what others are saying. It almost guarantees failure in communication. We hardly trust someone that is afraid of us. Fear is fatal to fulfilling fellowship.

An example of how it happens may go like this: because I long to be accepted, but feel ugly inside, I fear what you think of me. So I react to what I think that you think about me. Whether my fearful reaction is to be shy and timid and run or the opposite of trying to control you, you will think that I think that you are bad, unless you are one of those that can see clearly. Your reaction may give me more reason to fear you. In the fog, nobody may be able to figure out what anybody is doing. But everybody involved in the problem figures that he was abused. And in that, they all might be right.

Or maybe you stubbed your toe and I see that you are unhappy. If I am a fearful person, I might think you are offended because of something I did. Now I am more afraid, and angry that you are so easily offended. The way I then act toward you may soon have you fearful and wondering what you did wrong.

Rejection is painful and it is maddening. And when unmanaged anger is added to the picture, whether it flares or smolders unknown under the surface, it really adds momentum to the cycle of fear.

Because of fear, we attempt to stake out a domain of safety. As long as we feel like we are in control of "our" domain, we feel we are safe. Anyone happening to step in

and challenge our authority is likely to get a preemptive strike.

Sin, with all its fear, is a slippery slide spiraling away from safety and satisfaction.

How can we not be tormented by fear? How can we not fear failure when we have failed so often before? How can we not fear rejection when we have often been rejected and feel so ugly inside? How can we not communicate in fear, when there is fear within us? How can we not fear when sinners have power over us?

And I say unto you my friends, Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do. But I will forewarn you whom ye shall fear: Fear him, which after he hath killed hath power to cast into hell; yea, I say unto you, Fear him. Luke 12:4-5

We cannot escape from God. Nor can we control Him. Also, He is the One who holds the key to all that we need. There are all the reasons to fear Him and willingly submit to Him. He does not force us now but if we do not fear and submit to Him willingly, we will bow our knee and receive justice for our sins on the day we are finally judged.

Believe and fear Him now and receive His mercy. He sent His Son who by His blood can take away all our sinful ugliness. He said to blind men, **“According to your faith be it unto you.” And their eyes were opened.** Matthew 9:28-30. He will open our spiritually blinded eyes too, if we have faith.

Though we rejected Him, he loves us and gathers together the outcasts of His people. (Isaiah 56:8) He will bind us with chains forged by Love itself into the Kingdom of Light and Truth, which is not of this world.

Don't worry that God values beauty and you are marred and scarred. Here you don't need to fear rejection. Jesus said **...the one who comes to Me I will in no way cast out.** John 6:37 MKJV

Cast yourself on the Rock Jesus Christ and be broken. He is likened to a potter and we to clay (Isa 64:8; Jer. 18:4-6). He will take your broken pieces and, if necessary, break them more so He can make something beautiful. You will be amazed at what He does. **I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me.** Philippians 4:13 MKJV

When we are lying broken at Jesus' feet, we need not be afraid of anything. We won't care what anybody thinks. And when He is done with us, we won't need to worry about what they think. They also will be amazed.

It can seem quite rough while He is working on us though. We may need to cast ourselves on the Rock again and again. Many things can lure our eyes away from Christ and then we will be like Peter when he walked on the water. When he looked away at the stormy waves, he became fearful and began to sink. (Matt. 14:24-33). We too must keep our eyes on Jesus, not on the fearful circumstances raging around us. **And we know that all things work together for good to those who**

love God, Romans 8:28 MKJV.

Fears from deep within may trouble us, fears we may not even know are there. We will continually meet the fears of others, which will work fear in us, unless we walk in faith.

Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. Hebrews 11:1.

There is something to the peace, satisfaction, and freedom that you hope for. There is substance to it; it is real. Don't decide that it does not exist because you haven't seen it. Look at the evidence! Even in the fog you can see something of what God is doing. Listen to His voice. Go to the Light so you can see. And that which you cannot see clearly—like other's thoughts and motives and the future—you need not fear because He is what He is. We don't need to figure it all out, just trust, and obey Him. If we are attentive students, He will help us figure out what we need to know and which time we should flee. With the eye of faith, we won't be blindly running from love or cowardly giving in to the enemy instead of boldly standing for truth and doing what is right.

There is no fear in love, but perfect love casts out fear, because fear has torment. He who fears has not been perfected in love. 1 John 4:18 MKJV

Read 1 Corinthians 13 for a description of perfect love. Love rejoices in truth. (verse 6) Truth is freeing and enlightening. Confront fear by knowing the truth about God, about yourself, about others. Knowledge is gained through communication. Honest communication

will clear up those things that we think. It will open a window to what is inside of us. The clearer the picture, the more we would tend to pity each other instead of fearing each other.

So I've learned that I must communicate to get rid of my fear that comes from misunderstandings. I've also learned that if I communicate with fear, I will fail and likely make matters worse. I'm as trapped as someone with an addiction. We're like the man who was on a sinking ship. There was a rescue boat nearby. They knew if they got too close they would be sucked down with the ship. They told the man to swim to them. He tried to swim away from the ship a few times but every time he would be sucked back, so he would grab a hold of the sinking ship again. Finally the rescuers made a dash and rescued him.

Although we mostly need help from God, *we need to help each other*. Often we are too ashamed or afraid to admit that we need help with fears and traps that are too strong, too numerous, too deep, too silly, or pathetic. If only we could confess our fears and struggles—not only could we get help, but also the deep need *to help* could be fulfilled in someone else.

Jesus said, **It is more blessed to give than to receive.** Acts 20:35. There is no love without responsibility and sacrifice or risk. Are we willing to lay down our self to be trustworthy and help another? Are we willing to lay down our self to let another have the blessing of helping us? **DO NOT GIVE UP. KEEP**

TRYING.

Sin and fear are powerful forces calculating destruction on the human race. Its answer does not add up to equal truth. Christ, who is the Truth, scores the test, dividing between those who are true and those who are not. He has the power with His love, mercy, and truth to subtract the whole equation of sin and fear!

Therefore, let us go boldly to Him and rightly divide the Word of truth. (2Tim. 2:15) Do not add to it, nor take away from it. (Rev. 22:18, 19; Pro. 30:6) Do add to your faith virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness, and charity. ...**But he that lacketh these things is blind...** (2Pe 1:4-9)

Grace and peace be multiplied unto you through the knowledge of God, and of Jesus our Lord, 2Pe 1:2. The product is a people who are all equal and whole.

The fear of the LORD is the beginning of knowledge, Proverbs 1:7. **The fear of the LORD is the beginning of wisdom,** Proverbs 9:10. **Let us hear the conclusion of**

the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this [is] the whole [duty] of man. Ecclesiastes 12:13

The fear of God is the answer. It is the fear that serves to bring us the ultimate in freedom, safety, satisfaction, and victory—the fear that frees us from being a slave to fear.

And Moses said unto the people, Fear not: for God is come to prove you, and that his fear may be before your faces, that ye sin not. (Exodus 20:20) ☩

Heart-cry

Look closer.

You will see

*The walls I have built between us
are so flimsy they would crumble
at a word.*

Oh!

Speak the word!

By Elisabeth Toews

Taken from East of Paradise and other poems collected & edited by Judy Ann Unruh

Correction

The recipe for pesto in the last issue (Fall 2005) did not include salt or pepper. Here are the approximate ingredients as I made it.

Pesto

1 cup olive oil (or melted butter)
1 teaspoon salt
Black or hot pepper to taste
4 cups packed fresh basil (I used half parsley)

3 or more cloves garlic
1/2 cup walnuts, almonds or pine nuts
1/2 cup homemade cheese (or Parmesan or Romano)

I used my blender, adding the last half of the greens while it was running. Toss with hot pasta or freeze. Cut basil butter in blocks when cool. The usual way to make pesto is to use a mortar and pestle or food processor, then gradually stir in the oil and cheese.

—RM

The Lord Provides

By: Ellen Hoover
Wife of

DAVID HOOVER

October 18, 1956 to July 13, 1991
(34 Years)

We were a very busy, happy, young family that year of 1991. We had moved to a New York dairy farm from our native state of Pennsylvania exactly one year after our March 1979 wedding. I distinctly remember walking in from the barn one evening with our six children ranging in ages from eight years to seven months, when suddenly the thought struck me, "What would I do if I had to go on alone? Well, I guess I would sell the cows," was my first thought. But then I quickly pushed all such thoughts out of my mind. Little did I realize how soon they would become reality. As I think back over this incident, I believe it was the voice of God preparing me somewhat for the tragedy I would soon experience.

It was a hot, sultry day in July when we were expecting my brother and family to come from Pennsylvania. They were coming to our community for a wedding the next day. I had done the milking alone that evening, as David was busy baling hay. I had finished the milking and was starting to wash up when one of the children shouted that a calf was loose. From there on I remember nothing. I will just write it as people have told me. David came home with a load of hay just then. We had a merry chase trying to catch the calf. When she

tried to jump a drainage hole that was covered with a thin plywood board, the board broke, dumping the calf into the hole, which was approximately eight feet deep. It was partly filled with wastewater and chemicals from the evening milking's wash-up. We had been having trouble with a clogged drain pipe, and David had been working on it which was the reason why it wasn't covered with something more permanent. David stuck a ladder down into the hole trying to rescue the calf, never realizing the danger of harmful fumes being present. He was overcome by the fumes and fell to the bottom. I then went down the ladder to help David. About that time my brother, Luke Zimmerman from Pennsylvania arrived. Hearing the children's shouts, they were soon on the scene. Luke secured a rope round himself and went in to get me out. After giving me artificial respiration and seeing that I was breathing again, they got David out. But since he was in longer than I was, life had already fled.

I spent the next two weeks in the hospital, being unconscious about half the time. I am sure God heard the many prayers of my family and church, because He chose to heal me. Chemical pneumonia had set in from the toxic fumes I had breathed in. Physically I recovered quite rapidly, but the emotional healing of losing my partner was much slower.

God was with me every step of the way and slowly but surely, I recovered. I wonder if my grief wasn't more drawn-out as I never experienced the funeral. I believe my hard-

(Continued on page 10)

The Children's Challenge

To Charity and Cheerfulness

Johnny In Plantyland

By Rachel Martin

Go with me on an imaginary journey to Laurel-dill in Plantyland. It is a land of all kinds of trees and plants and gardens. It is a colorful place with lots of pinks, violets, greens, yellows, and bluets. In this town they wood ring the coral bells every week and everyone would gather for savory vegetable soup. In the wintergreen is replaced with white as snowdrops from the sky.

There lived a boy with radish hair named Johnny. He had a sister, Iris Jasmine, and a baby brother. Their baby's-breath was so sweet and he was so-o-o cuke. So they often called him Sweet William.

Every Sunday Iris put on her ladies' slippers and bluebonnet and they all would spruce up themselves and go to church. It is their morning glory because with Jack-in-the-pulpit they are always encouraged. Many bleeding hearts find a balm there. He isn't poplar with some folks though, because he says that almond die unless they accept Christ, whom he lichens to the Lily-of-the-valley and the Rose

of Sharon. He would warn them that their words can be as poisonous as an adder's tongue and unless they get rid of the root of evil in their heart, they will mostly pine away until the elderberries them. Jack didn't seek static and faithfully chamomile every Sunday using a cane made of oak.

Cockle-bur-r-r-r goes the rooster and Johnny is up at four o' clock to tend the phlox of hen and chicks. If he saw the catnip the cockscomb, he would call the dog. The dogwood bark and bite the cattail.

One day he had a lot of trouble. He camphor his bucket but it had a leek. There was a currant problem with the pump. He tried to fix it but it barley pumped water. "Thistle do it for now," he said, "the pumpkin draw enough water." He saw the cowslip but was afraid to help her lest the bulrush upon him. He didn't want to be gourd by a bull. He treated the coltsfoot and brushed a horsetail. He had to prune the apple and peach trees and spread ash under the trees in hopes that no wormwood eat the fruit. As

he hops over a vine, the pansy wore got caught on a thorn and ripped. And he had a corn on his toe.

But he was rewarded for all the daisy worked so hard. Poppy said, "Yew sure earn the butter-and-eggs you eat. You may have a day off."

"Weed like to play at the beech."

"OK, have a berry good thyme."

Johnny called to Iris, "Come, lettuce go swim endive in the water."

"I'll beet you there." The pear took off toward the dock.

When they were tired, they came back and rested on the cotton the kitchen. "Ivy notion to ask Mum fir a walnut oats cookie," said Johnny.

"Mum isn't here. Wheat better wait," said Iris.

"Well lime hungry," he said. As human beans often do, he gave in to temptation. He a rose and climbed on a box to reach the jar. When he was raisin the jar back up to the shelf, he slipped and knocked a bowl of flour and a buttercup. He fell and the flower spelt on top of him. He looked like a dusty miller. Just then Poppy walked in, "Are you badly hurt?"

"I don't think so," Johnny bawled. His tulips were swollen a bit and his palm hurt.

"Johnny-jump-up. Turnip the bowl and clean this mess. Did you ask Mum for a cookie?"

"I mint to aster, but she wasn't here and I thought I couldn't wait. I'm sorrel."

Being a sage, Poppy said, "Your impatiens gets you in trouble. If you don't squash temptation you will have more trouble and you will balsam more. Honesty is the best policy. You may not have a cookie now." He hugged them.

"Orange you gladi loves us?" said Johnny, feeling more cherry.

"Yes," said Iris, "Some parents don't carrot all about their children. We have a grape Poppy and Mum will always a maize me.

"Ah, yes," said Poppy. "When I first learned to know her, I thought, 'what a golden bell! I cantaloupe but if God wills, I will marigold.' And when I said, 'Honeydew you love me?' she said, 'Yes, peas forget-me-not.' So a date was set and ever since, I am happy in my golden-seal of love."

How many different kinds of plants, names of plants, or parts of plants can you find in the story? Do not count the word "plants" or "flour." The younger ones may need help from older ones to find all 125 of them. Answers on page 11.

(Continued from page 7)

est moment was the first night I was home from the hospital. My sister-in-law had come to stay with me and the children. After they had all retired for the night, I sat at the kitchen table reading a bit before I went to bed. I had often done that before, waiting till David would come in from the barn. This time he did not come in, and the full realization struck me—he is gone!

The barns were all so silent, as the cows had all been sold. The bank had more or less made that decision as we had money borrowed from them for the cows. No one knew whether I would recover, or how soon. I feel it was the best thing to do as the cows were in very good shape yet and brought quite a good price. With different people doing the milking and feeding, the cows might have developed more health problems. I

am glad I was not conscious when that decision was made, as I would not have been emotionally fit to make it myself. I enjoyed working outside and in the barn, but my children were too small yet to be a lot of help. The two oldest girls were in first and second grade and the four boys were all preschoolers. There was no one of the

family that could have taken over as a hired hand, so the decision was made to sell the farm and equipment.

I would like to mention here, I don't think I would have been able to survive such a tremendous upheaval in my life, had it not been for the many willing hands and support I received from my family and friends of the church. I was flooded with mail and visitors, sometimes almost overwhelmingly.



Nathan, Paul, Lorraine, Samuel, & Martha at the hospital where Mother was taken, inches from death. Missing from the picture is John. A nurse took this picture of the Hoover children when friends that were caring for them, brought them in to see her. See John's story in *The Boys' Bugle*, p.8

The decision of, "What do I do now?" was of major concern and took much thought and prayer. My family mostly all lived in Pennsylvania, but there homes were much higher priced and it was more crowded. I loved the quieter and more open spaces, and we wanted to raise our family on the farm. Without the support of my husband, I leaned more heavily on my Lord. After much prayer the

way seemed to be opening up. I found a smaller farm close to some of our church families. It had a rundown barn but a fairly large house. It was more acres than I wanted, but that was soon taken care of with neighbors happy to rent some of the land. Another question was settled when a dairyman came to me, wondering if I

would want to raise his calves. He was having trouble keeping them alive. This seemed to be just the thing to provide some work for the children and was something I enjoyed and was familiar with. It has proven successful and I have expanded my work, adding more calf hutches and putting up another barn so I can raise bigger calves and heifers.

We have also tried selling some produce as the children are getting older and need more to keep them busy. This is an area I can expand in as well.

There are always young families needing help, and I am happy to let the children help out at other homes as the need arises. I feel it is good for the children too, especially the boys, as they do not have a father to copy.

The Lord has certainly been gracious by providing for me in a way I did not think possible. ☩

Ellen Hoover, 823 Marshall Rd. Waterloo, NY 13165. Thanks to my sister, Ellen for permission to print her story which is taken from the book "Thou Art With Me, Passing On of Compan-

Answers to the Children's Challenge (pages 8-9).

Laurel	Root	Fruit	Buttercup
Dill	Pine	Hops	Flower
Trees	Elderberries	Vine	Spelt
Pinks	Statice	Pansy	Dusty miller
Violets	Chamomile	Thorn	Tulips
Greens	Cane	Corn	Palm
Bluets	Oak	Daisy	Johnny-jump-up
Wood	Cocklebur	Poppy	Turnip
Coral bells	Four o'clock	Yew	Mint
Savory	Phlox	Butter-and-eggs	Aster
Vegetable	Hen and chicks	(wild snapdragon)	Sorrel
Wintergreen	Catnip	Weed	Sage
Snowdrops	Cockscomb	Beech	Impatiens
Radish	Dogwood	Berry	Squash
Iris	Bark	Thyme	Balsam
Jasmine	Cattail	Lettuce	Honesty
Baby's breath	Camphor	Endive	Orange
Cuke	Leek	Beet	Gladi (gladiolus)
Sweet William	Currant	Pear	Cherry
Ladies' slippers	Barley	Dock	Carrot
Bluebonnet	Thistle	Cotton	Grape
Spruce	Pumpkin	Ivy	Maize
Morning glory	Cowslip	Mum	Golden bell
Jack-in-the-pulpit	Bulrush	Fir	(forsythia)
Bleeding hearts	Gourd	Walnut	Cantaloupe
Balm	Coltsfoot	Oats	Marigold
Poplar	Horsetail	Wheat	Honeydew
Almond	Prune	Lime	Peas
Lichens	Apple	Beans	Forget-me-not
Lily-of-the-valley	Peach	Rose	Date
Rose of Sharon	Ash	Box	Goldenseal
Adder's tongue	Wormwood	Raisin	

North Country Hospitality

By Anne Sexton

The south, I have found, does not hold the sole key to hospitality! I was warned prior to our move to the North Country, that the climate was not the only thing that ran on the cool side. Thirteen years of my life were spent in Kentucky, and several years of my married life passed by down in Louisiana. This was bayou county, the Deep South. Although I enjoyed many folk down there, I can tell “y’all” they don’t hold a candle to the “Yankees.” Even though we chose to relocate to this region due to fellowship with dear Christians that we knew, Northern graciousness has far passed that circle of friends.

Upon our arrival here this summer, I was introduced to a multitude of people. Many of them were customers at Daniel and Mendy’s Roadside Market. Complete strangers shared genuine smiles, sincere handshakes, and warm welcomes. One precious customer even came to my rescue with a full container of bug repellent (to keep!) just at the point I thought I would expire from pesky mosquitoes and flies! While roughing it at Luke and Rachel’s cabin, so many shared their hearts, homes, bathtubs, washing machines, and even a kitchen in which to bake one of our boys’ birthday cake.

Just when I thought we wouldn’t be able to relocate up here, a friend of Luke’s, a total stranger to us, was kind enough to open up one of his country properties to rent. This kind family already had their hands full with a full-scale dairy operation, and they certainly didn’t need the extra bother of being landlords. Yet, they opened doors and did everything possible to make sure all our needs were met.

As newcomers to the North Country, coming in at the end of harvest, we didn’t have our own garden or animals to put up a stock for winter. Dear friends shared fresh provisions for us to store, canned goods from the sweat of their own brow to put on our shelves, and freezer items from hunting or their own raising of livestock.

We have neighbors willing to come plow our drive for us. They have even done this when so sick they should have been home in bed!

Our vehicle is a blessing but it isn’t very winter-worthy. Folks have helped us numerous times by picking thing up for us when they were out and about. Even when it wasn’t convenient timing for them, dear ones have shown up with their arms laden with what God had impressed upon their hearts that we needed.

Once, a close friend’s father now living on the west coast sent “a little something” to help out with buying wood for heating. He did this because God wanted him to share what he had been blessed with, and he used to live in the North Country and knew what the winters could be like!

This is the core of hospitality ... God working through others to so richly share His blessings. This hospitality has nothing to do with your residence North or South of the Mason-Dixon line! God’s graciousness is so abundant to His people. I thank the good Lord for allowing us to be so blessed by dear friends and strangers. Surely His goodness and mercy have followed us all the way up to the North Country!

We need to listen to God’s knocking upon our hearts. How can we pass along God’s blessings to His people? What a wonderful opportunity and invitation is ours to grasp in the New Year with which He had blessed us! ❧