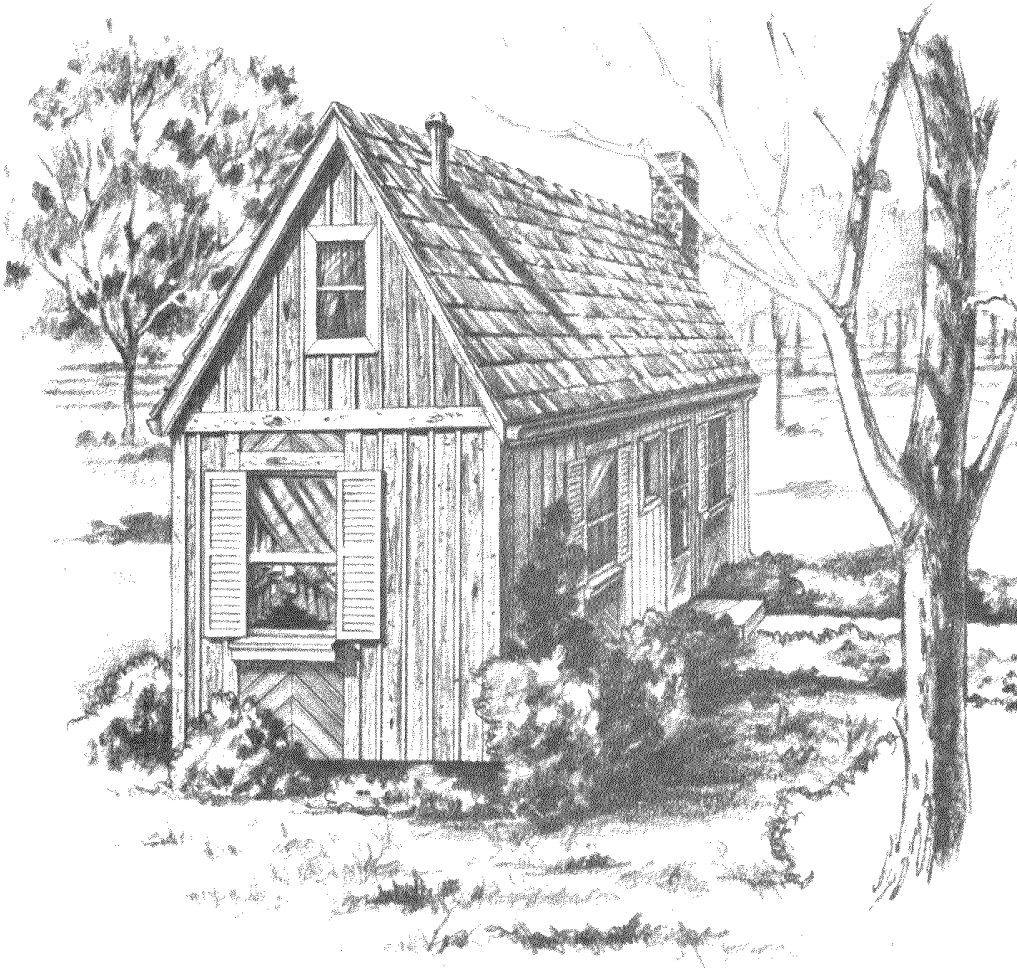


# The Boys Bugle

Calling all young men to the service of Christ

Vol. 1 Number, 1

Spring 2001



*Through wisdom is an house builded; and by  
understanding it is established.*

*Proverbs 24:3*

# Introduction to the Boys Bugle.

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## Wanted:

- We have a limited supply of articles and pictures. We need good sound articles, drawings, stories, questions etc. We may edit your submission.
- We may print anything you send us (letters etc.) unless otherwise noted. We also want your input as to how we can make the magazine better.

## Subscription Information:

- Send us a letter at least once a year, stating that you want to continue to receive The Boys Bugle. Donations appreciated.
- Send to: The Boys Bugle
- 207 County RD 56
- Potsdam, N.Y. 13676

## Staff

- Melvin Martin: Editor
- Jason Martin: Assistant Editor
- Luray Martin: Assistant Editor
- Merle Martin: Assistant Editor

## The purpose of the Boys Bugle is to:

- Encourage young men to do what is right.
- Inspire boys to think, be creative, inventive, and stand for truth.
- Help boys to become men.
- Teach sound doctrine
- Spread the gospel to others that do not know.
- Promote Bible
- Communicate with others.
- Have fellowship, relate ideas, and learn from our readers.
- Bring people together.
- Publish people's writing.
- Grow in the grace and knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.

# Proverbs

1:1-7

“The proverbs of Solomon the son of David, king of Israel; To know wisdom and instruction; to perceive the words of understanding; To receive the instruction of wisdom, justice, and judgment, and equity; To give subtlety to the simple, to the young man knowledge and discretion. A wise man will hear, and will increase learning; and a man of understanding shall attain unto wise counsels: To understand a proverb, and the interpretation; the words of the wise, and their dark sayings.

Meaning of some of the words in this passage:

Proverb: A wise saying or precept.

Equity: Just, right and fair.

Subtlety: discretion and prudence.

Discretion: thoughtfulness, commonsense, and looking at the consequences.

Interpretation: a riddle or enigma.

Dark sayings: riddles



## Editor's Desk



Greetings in Jesus' name. I would like to tell you about the history of this magazine. A while ago, I got the idea to make a magazine for boys that promotes Biblical truth. I made the suggestion to my brother and two cousins and they were all for it. Therefore, we (us four boys) started. Things went slowly, and it was so hard to decide the way we wanted it, things like the size, name, and the content. I did not realize the amount of work that it took to make a magazine. After a lot of dreaming and planning,

we're finally getting it off the ground. Since we are just a bunch of country hicks and do not know that much about writing, we hope that you help by writing articles and sending them to us. We need your contribution.

I also want to thank all those that made it possible for this magazine to come into being, especially Sandy Maine, and my family.

In His Service,  
Melvin Martin

## MY DAD AND I



A true story  
By Paul E. Kauffman

I was eight years old. I was at home, in the house, with my sisters. I have 4 sisters; Elaine, Mary Lou, Esther and Stella. Two are older than I am and two are younger. I am the only boy in the family. My name is Paul.

Mary Lou came into the living room. "The machine shed is on fire!" she exclaimed. We all looked at her with disbelief. "The machine shed is burning!" she repeated excitedly. "You should see all the black smoke. Come and look!" she insisted. We all rushed to the door and looked. Black smoke was billowing into the air from the end of the shed.

Elaine was the oldest of us children, so she took charge. "We better call someone for help!" she said. Going to the phone, she called Bill Balko, our closest neighbor. He said he would be right over.

Dad and Mom had left two or three hours earlier. They were at the church, helping to prepare it for a conference to be held the next week

Dad noticed the smoke that was rising into the sky in the direction of home. He pointed this out to the other men.

Dad ran to his pickup and raced toward home. The closer he got the more it looked as though the smoke was coming from our place.

He drove faster. The milk cans that were in the back of the pickup bounced into the air whenever he hit a bump. By the time he bounced over the railroad track, one-half mile from home, the milk cans were falling out of the truck.

I was coming out of the house when Dad came racing up the driveway and slid to a stop, in front of the milkhouse. "Paul, Paul!" he hollered as he jumped out of the pickup. I ran from the porch toward him, and as I got close I stumbled and fell. Dad reached down, grabbed my arm, and lifted me up.

"Did you start that fire?" he asked roughly. "No!" I cried out. "You are hurting my arm. I didn't start the fire. Why do you think I did?" I started to cry.

Dad dropped me and ran to the machine shed. The roof was alive with flames. The black smoke was billowing high into the air. He pulled open the big doors and disappeared inside. A moment later he came out driving our almost new Farmall H. About that time Bill Balko arrived. After him came the other neighbors and the men from the church. Everyone was busy trying to save the machinery from the burning shed.

I went and sat by the house. I felt as though I had been kicked in the stomach. "Why," I asked myself, "did Dad accuse me of starting that fire?" It seemed as if my Dad was always accusing me of things. Many memories came to my mind.

I remembered the time I was helping chase the cattle out of the cornfield. One heifer ran back and I wasn't quick enough. Dad had yelled at me, "You dumb boy!" It seemed as though nothing I could do ever pleased my Dad.

I sat and watched the men trying to get the machinery out of the shed. I thought about the new hay baler that Dad and Uncle Andrew had bought only a year before and the silo filler and corn binder that Dad and Bill Balko had bought together two years before. There were also wagons, a grain drill, and a cornplanter, almost all the machinery and tools that are needed to farm. The only thing they got out was the Farmall H.

A little more than a year before, I had been at school when Uncle Andrew, Aunt Aletha and some of the cousins had come to pick up Elaine, Mary Lou and I. "You're going to stay with us for awhile," they informed us. "Your house burned down." Mom had been outside hanging clothes on the line. Esther and Stella were supposed to be taking a nap in Mom's bed. Through the cracks in the wall, they could see a funny light flickering. They got out of bed and ran outside to tell Mom.

When Mom came into the house to look, all she could save was the clothes that were in the closet and some of the dishes and the pictures in the family album.

We lived with Uncle Andrew for a couple of weeks, and then we moved into the granary, which was attached the machine shed, and lived there all that summer. In the fall, Dad bought a house two miles away and we moved in there, until it could

be moved to our farm. The granary we lived in was now burning.

The question burned in my heart. "Did you start that fire?" It isn't fair, isn't fair, I thought, and my heart filled with bitterness.

My Dad's name was Mark. As a boy, he had a bone infection in his left arm, and because of this his arm was crippled, He couldn't straighten it out completely, and it was weaker than his right arm.

When I was five years old, Dad fell off a machine at a sawmill and broke his neck. He was in a cast from the waist up for six months or more. Because of these things, Dad developed a bad back.

I was always big and strong for my age, so by the time I was thirteen I had been appointed to do most of the heavy work around the farm.

It seemed to me Dad was always going somewhere. He went to help a neighbor, or to an auction, or to visit a friend, or to shop for machinery, etc., etc. I was stuck at home with a list of things to do. Clean the calf pens, curry the cows, fix fence, always something, plus do the milking if Dad didn't get home in time. "It isn't fair," I told myself.

Dad gave me a heifer calf. When it freshened and was milking, Dad said I could have my own milk check. The calf became a cow and I was getting my own milk check.

Then Dad bought a bulk tank. After that, there wasn't a way to keep my milk separate. Dad said, "We'll keep track of how much milk your cow gives, and on payday I will pay you for your milk." Dad didn't pay me for my milk. Again, I told myself, "It isn't fair."

Continued on page 12

# The Old Time Farmer

Taken from, "The Farmers', Gardeners' and Stock-Raisers' Guide." (1850)

ening the land. Hence, although there have been

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## MISCELLANIES IN RURAL ECONOMY;

INCLUDING

RECEIPTS, FRAGMENTS, AND LACONICS UPON MANY OF THE MOST IMPORTANT SUBJECTS DAILY OCCURRING IN THE MANAGEMENT OF A FARM.

Much here given, in the tit-bit form, may be found in other parts of the volume; but, knowing that *Homœopathy* is becoming extensively popular in the healing art, we have so far resolved to give it our sanction, as to deal out a portion of our own prescriptions in small doses; which, at any rate, will have the advantage of not costing the reader much time or money. However, we think we can assure the reader that this department of the Farmer's Every Day Book will have positive as well as negative attractions about it. Hence, we confidently recommend it to his daily attention; and seldom will a day come round not furnishing occasion to reduce some portion of it to practice.

### The Flower Garden.

How lovely is a garden,  
With all its perfumes, and its various hues!  
The blushing rose, Clematis sweet, and fair  
Narcissus of poetic tale, and all  
The scented tribe; in number, far beyond  
The art of man to tell, so endless is  
The offspring of great Nature's call. What can  
Skill, and man's device, invent so lovely,  
And so fair?—Not Solomon, in all his  
Sheen, was deck'd like one—the least of these:  
And wondrous is the change in these fair forms,  
In spring, in summer—autumn, and in death—  
How like the cause of man's eventual round,  
Of youth, of manhood; feebleness, and age!

### What can be done on One Acre of Ground.

The editor of the Maine Cultivator published, sometime in 1849, his management of one acre of ground, from which we gather the following results—one-third of an acre in corn usually produced thirty bushels of sound corn for grinding, besides some refuse. This quantity is sufficient for family use, and for fattening one large or two small hogs. From the same ground he produced two or three hundred pumpkins, and his family

True courage, well directed, can neither be overpaid nor overpraised.

A prince can no more be obscured by vice, without demoralizing his people, than the sun can be eclipsed without dark-

instances where a sovereign has reformed a court, yet there is not an instance where a court has reformed a sovereign

The Boys Bugle does not endorse homeopathy.

is taught by all of them ; thus using his own capital together

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MISCELLANIES IN RURAL ECONOMY.

supply of dry beans. From a bed of six rods square, he usually obtained 60 bushels of onions ; these he sold at \$1.00 per bushel, and the amount purchased his flour. Thus from one-third of an acre and an onion bed, he obtained his breadstuffs. The rest of the ground was appropriated to all sorts of vegetables, for summer and winter use ; potatoes, beets, parsnips, cabbage, green corn, peas, beans, cucumbers, melons, squashes, &c., with fifty or sixty bushels of beets and carrots for the winter food of a cow. Then he had also a flower garden, raspberries, currants, and gooseberries, in great variety, and a few choice apple, pear, plum, cherry, peach, and quince trees.

Some reader may call the above a "Yankee trick;" so it is, and our object in publishing it is to have it repeated all over Yankee land, and everywhere else. If a family can be supported from one acre in Maine, the same can be done in every State and county in the Union.

**Milk of London.**

It has been estimated that about 12,000 cows are necessary for the supply of London and its environs with milk ; that the average daily quantity yielded by each cow is about nine quarts—making a total of 40 million quarts per annum. The value of the milk is estimated at from four and a half to five millions of dollars.

**Evils of Improvidence.**

To look no further than the present moment ; to live at random, secure, careless of any future exigencies ; to concern yourselves about nothing but what is immediately before you ; and, in the enjoyment of to-day, to take no manner of thought for to-morrow, must inevitably be productive of the most fatal consequences, not only on yourselves, but perhaps to posterity ; it may entail misery on your children which are yet unborn.

**Dry Wood for Fuel.**

Count Rumford once estimated that an average cord of green wood contains more than two hogsheads of water. Now to obtain any heat, this water must first be raised to the boiling point, and expelled by evaporation. Necessarily, the heat required to do this is lost for all useful purposes ; and the waste in the consumption of that cord is sufficient to boil thirteen and a half hogsheads of water. The housekeeper may learn from this the advantage of using well-seasoned fuel. If a man carries a hundred cords of green wood to market in a year, he will see that he carries over two hundred hogsheads of water, which might have been avoided.

**It would be a great miracle indeed, were a bad man made happy.**

The philosopher is neither a chemist, a smith, a merchant, nor a manufacturer ; but he both teaches and

with a borrowed one ; for the latter paying a liberal interest, thereby enriching others as well as himself

Hogshead = 63-140 Gallons. Another book says that a cord of green wood has up to 300 gallons of water in it.

Rod = 16 ½ feet or 30 ¼ square yards

# The Calling of: Luray Martin

## 1. Tell us about yourself.

My name is Luray Zimmerman Martin. I am 16 years old. My birthday is September 20, 1984. I weigh somewhere around 135 pounds, and I am 5 feet 8 inches tall. I have blue eyes and short brown hair. One interesting thing about my name is that when my parents named me they took the first part of Dad's name, (Lu) and the first part of Mom's name (ra) and put them together and added a Y and that made Luray.

## 2. Tell us about your family.

My Dad (Luke), 49, logs with horses for a living and Mom (Rachel), 50 is a keeper at home. I have 5 brothers and 5 sisters: Daniel (28), who lives a few miles down the road, saws the logs into lumber; Ellen (27) is married to Mike Atnip who lives in Bolivia SA. Timothy (25) is a beekeeper and blacksmith; Emily (23) is married to Robert Hall (24), who lives a couple of miles from here. Dawn (22) is our herb specialist. Joy, (20) raises a few sheep. Melvin (18) loves to do mechanic work, I am 16, Nathaniel (13) feeds the chickens, Larisa (11) is a bookworm, and Jonathan (9) is full of questions. Then I have two nieces: Jessica (3) and Amanda (2), and one nephew Robert, just born last fall.

## 3. What is it like where you live?

I live in upstate New York, about 20 miles from Canada. We are in the St. Lawrence River Valley, right next to the Adirondack Mountains. We have cold winters and mild summers. We

live on a 275-acre farm, 2 miles from a small town called Parishville. There is a good amount of forest here and it is slightly rolling.

## 4. Tell us about your schooling experience.

I use Christian Light schoolbooks. I am doing 9th grade Bible, Language Arts, Math, Science, and Social Studies.

## 5. Tell us about your faith.

I believe that all have sinned and need a savior, and that Jesus has died on the cross to save all men from their sins. Salvation is like a gift. If some one gives you something and you don't take it you don't have it; likewise Jesus gave us salvation and



if we don't accept it we die because the wages of sin is death and we didn't accept the gift that saves you from your sins. We must believe that Jesus has died for our sins. I came to know Jesus by hearing the word of God. I accepted God's gift when I was 10 years old. I believe there are four ways to know if we are followers of Christ. They are: 1. If we believe that Jesus is the Son of God sent to Redeem mankind. Read 1 John 5. 2. If we possess the Holy Spirit. Read 1 John 4: 13-21. 3. If we love the brethren. Read 1 John 3: 14-24. 4. If we are obedient to the sayings of Jesus. 1 John 2:3-5. I also believe that the Bible is inspired by God and it is the guide for my life. If you want to know more of what I believe write to me at 156 Newton RD. Potsdam



N.Y. 13676, and read the Boy's Bugle.

**6. Tell us about your church.**

We have a small home church of a few families. We start our Sunday morning services at 9:30. All are welcome.

**7. Tell us about your work.**

I have two greenhouses. I raise early tomatoes in them. In December I plant the seeds. Then I must water them every day. When they get about 2 inches high, I have to transplant them into bigger pots. About the middle of February I start my Dad's bedding plant greenhouse and transplant the tomatoes again. This means I must feed a 250-gallon drum stove at least once a day. I also have to check the greenhouse frequently to make sure it doesn't get too hot or cold. I also plant things for the garden. There is weeding to do and lots of transplanting. At the end of March, I start up the big tomato greenhouses. This makes two more stoves to feed. Then there are all kinds of things to do - plant, weed, tie up tomatoes, etc. Then soon it is time

to plant the garden, then more weeds, and before I know it it's time to harvest. There are always lots of other jobs to do too - making hay, cutting firewood, fixing fence - well the list never ends.

**8. Tell us what activities you enjoy doing in your spare time.**

Well I don't have a lot of spare time but when I get it I have plenty of things to do. I enjoy gardening the most. My Dad is letting me use about 1/10 an acre of land. I raise many different things on it. Usually my main crop is garlic. Then I have my greenhouses. I also like to take junk and make things out of it. I enjoy doing some woodworking. I like to visit friends and neighbors. I really enjoy the times when my family and me go traveling.

**9. Tell us about your plans (Lord willing) for the future.**

I would like to raise produce for a living. I would like to help spread the good news of salvation. Also, I want to continue making this magazine.

## Questions and Answers

In Matt. 12:40 the Bible says, "For as Jonah was three days and three nights in the whale's belly; so shall the son of man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth." I would like to hear your thoughts on the relationship between the above verse and the amount of time between Good Friday and Easter Sunday morning.

If you have questions or answers, please send them to The Boys Bugle at: 207 County RD 56, Potsdam, N.Y. 13676

For in Jesus Christ neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision; but faith which worketh by love. Galations 5:6

# The Children's Challenge

## Starting a Fire without Matches

By Nathaniel Martin

One evening we went to a friend's house to visit around a campfire. He used a fire stick to start the campfire. He used a dried mullein stalk, (which he had smoothed) and a cedar board. There can't be too much pith in the middle of the mullein stalk. He found a piece of bark [or a leaf] and some really dry grass for tinder and some dry pine branches.

He cut a little notch in the side of the cedar board and a little depression on the top of the board, [right be side the notch], so the mullein stalk would stay in place. Then he put the piece of bark under the notch, to catch the powder. Then he took the mullein stalk and stuck one end in the depression. Then he and my brother (works better with two people but one person can do it) took turns rubbing the stick in between their

hands to make it spin back and forth while putting down pressure on with their hands. Their hands slowly went down to the bottom of the stick, then the other one would start at the top. The mullein stick ground the wood into powder. When they had pretty much powder

on the piece of bark they started spinning the stick faster and soon the powder started smoking and got a little red. Then he dumped the powder in the dry grass (which he had made into a round mat with finer grass in the

middle) and closed the grass around the powder and blew on it [not too hard]. It smoked and smoked and soon the grass burst into flames. Then he put it in the fire spot, and piled the dry pine sticks on it and soon we had a nice fire going!



See Caution on next page

# Dear Children,

Wouldn't it be fun to try to start a fire with a stick and a board? Never try it though unless you have permission and supervision from your parents or other responsible adult. Children should never play with fire or matches. Probably you know why. Fire is a good friend when we use it to cook our food or to keep warm. However, it becomes an enemy if you or buildings would get burned. A tiny spark can grow and grow till it has destroyed a big barn or even a whole forest. The Bible says in James 3:5 "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!"

Then in the next verse it goes on to say, "And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity: so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell."

How is our tongue like a fire? By saying kind things with our tongue, we can do a lot of good. It will warm people's hearts and feed their souls with love. However, if we say unkind things we can do a lot of harm. Our tongue is a little part of our body but it

can say unkind words that can spread to many, many people and can destroy people.

James goes on to say that people can tame or control all kinds of wild animals but they cannot tame or control their tongues. However, Jesus can help us control our tongue. We must ask Him to help us say kind things. We do not want our tongue to be like a fire that is out of control and being destructive.

There is another lesson we can learn from the story. When two people work together, it is easier to start a fire with a stick and board. Many things in life are like that. I am sure you can think of jobs that are easier when someone helps you. If you learn to be helpful and work with others when you are little, it will help you be a useful worker in God's kingdom for the rest of your life.

Maybe you can write a story about something interesting you saw, or did, or learned, especially things that teach us how to be charitable (loving) and cheerful. Send it to The Children's Challenge at 207 County RD 56 Potsdam, N.Y. 13676.

Maybe we can print it.

May God bless you.

The Children's Challenge.

Continued from page 5.

When I turned eighteen years old, I left home. I had more than my share of not being treated fair. Dad came after me and begged me to come back home. He never offered to pay me. He just wanted me to come home, work for free, and have a second job to support myself. I didn't think that was fair, so I didn't go back home to live.

Twenty years have passed since I left home. Many things have happened. I married and had three children. I found it was easier to run away than to deal with my wife and be responsible for my children. I became a truck driver and stayed away from my family most of the time.

I fell deeper and deeper into sin. I began to drink and party with my friends on the road. I had regular places where I stopped to party. My life was filled with drunkenness, drinking, parties and the lusts of my flesh.

I told myself that it was all right to do these things. After all, I thought, "A man has a right to have some fun." I told myself I was doing a good job of supporting my family. "I give them money to live on, don't I?"

My wife was left in charge of the family. She had to be both father and mother. She did the best she could. The children grew up with out spiritual guidance, without spiritual roots.

One day God opened my eyes. I could see the truth about myself. What an ugly, horrible, unclean thing I was. I could see that I was completely under the control of ugly unclean spirits. My sinfulness became so real to me that I can see it,

in my mind's eye. I could see the ugliness of my starved soul.

I remembered what I was taught as a child. I had been taught that God is waiting for us to call on Him. If we come to God in repentance and faith in Jesus Christ, He will forgive and cleanse us.

I prayed the sinner's prayer, but there was no relief from the pain of my soul. I was in great pain; the weight of my guilt was more than I could stand.

The pain was not entirely from the sins that I had committed. The pain came from seeing my sinful heart that was in rebellion against God-my heart that was so full of pride and deceitfulness. I had always been full of pride and deceit. My whole life was a long story of lies, and pride, and lust, and selfishness and then more pride, to keep from seeing the truth about myself. Then more pride, to keep from seeing the truth, about not wanting to see the truth, and on and on.

God was showing me very clearly that He was not obligated to save me, just because I prayed the sinner's prayer. I saw that I was even praying *selfishly*. I realized that I was totally and eternally lost and there was nothing that I could do about it. At last, I understood, I do not need fairness. I need mercy. If God was to treat me fairly, I would get what I deserve, *Eternal Death*.

My attitude toward God changed. I prayed: "Dear God, have mercy on me. I know I don't deserve it. I know that I am a vile sinner. Jesus said that He came to save sinners. I believe Father that He died for me. Forgive me Father and cleanse me and take this load of guilt and pain away. In Jesus' name I ask."

God forgave me. Jesus cleansed me and gave me His peace and His joy. The pain was gone. The great load of Guilt was lifted. May the name of the Lord Jesus Christ be praised, forever and ever.

Oh, how I mourned my sinful life, the pain I had caused my wife and children, all those wasted years! I realize that, although God has forgiven me, my sin has set in motion things that are now out of my control. I pray that God in His mercy will change this also. The Bible says, "The sins of the fathers, to the third and fourth generation."

My earthly father died fifteen years ago. I wish that I had cleared these things up with him. My father made many mistakes, but he was a humble man and a Christian. I know if I would have told him how I felt, he would have understood and would have forgiven me and asked to be forgiven.

I can see now that many of the times, when I thought I was being treated unfairly, it was only my own imagination. I was looking for faults in my Dad to justify the bitterness in my heart. *I did start that fire.*

I was playing with fire in the loft of the machine shed. I accidentally caught some of the bales of straw on fire. I tried to put them out, but the fire kept spreading. I ran to the house and left it. I guess I was too dumb to realize the whole building would burn down.

Now that I have forgiven my father and have made peace with God, I have a different way of looking at Dad. I see Dad as a man who knew his own weakness and looked to God for strength, a man who spent time seeking after God. I remember, sometimes in the evening Dad would go for a walk in the

woods. When he returned, he had a calmness that I now know, comes from being alone with God.

I remember Dad took me with him almost everywhere he went. Many times, he told me how much he appreciated being able to depend on me to take care of things when he wasn't there. Oh, how my bitterness kept me from a lot of good memories for all those years!

Before I forgive Dad, I saw how he was always going around helping other people and leaving me with the work. Now I can see that he was serving God by helping others. When Dad had an important decision to make, he would make the rounds of his friends and ask their advice. I thought that he was trying to get their approval. Now I see that he was following the advice of Scripture. "In a multitude of counselors there is safety." When he never said "no" to people when they asked to borrow things, I thought that he was a people pleaser. Now I see that he was following the advice of Jesus Christ, who said, "When a man asks to borrow, turn him not away."

I remember when we would go to the feed mill, Dad would usually take me across the street to the corner store and we would share a malt. When we went places together we would stop at little cafes and have apple pie and ice cream. If Dad bought a new piece of machinery, he would always let me try it first, to see how I liked it. He enjoyed making me happy.

Dad liked horses. Long after machinery had taken over, he worked in the woods, during the winter, with a team, skidding logs. On Saturdays, I would go to the woods with him and sometimes he would let me drive the team.

He taught me how to pick a good horse. A good horse has a straight nose. A horse that has a Roman nose is probably dumb and stubborn. A horse with a watcheye (an eye with white around the pupil) will almost always be a little crazy. A good horse can roll all the way over. Dad had a special appreciation for a matched team of sorrels. It was better yet if they were Belgians. Dad's first rule for training horses was "You have to be smarter than the horse."

Dad had terminal cancer. In the last year of his life, I heard him tell many people, "I have a one way ticket to heaven. The ticket was bought and paid for by my Savior Jesus Christ."

I pray that the legacy I leave my children will be half as much as the legacy my Dad left me.

Also read the article on "How to be Free from bitterness" that will be printed in the next issue. The two go together good.

## WHAT CHURCH

Folks are asking every day  
"To what church do you belong?"  
I answer "There is only one,  
I think your question is wrong.  
You mean what denomination?  
And I answer-none.  
I'm a member of the body  
Of Jesus Christ, God's Son."  
You cannot join this body,  
You are added by the Lord.  
Denominations are another thing;  
You join them with a card.  
The Church, which is Christ's body,  
Demands "Be born again!"  
To join denominations-  
Simply take the preacher's hand.  
Let's forget denominations  
And recognize one faith-  
As one body stand together  
I plead for Jesus' sake.  
If we're regenerated,  
Washed in the blood of Christ,  
There will be no division-  
We're one in our Father's sight.



## Kingdom Cards

Pressed-flower cards—Beautiful, quality, handmade cards. These cards are made with wildcrafted and homegrown flowers from the bounty God has blessed the North Country with. They come with an assortment of messages on the front and blank inside.  
Small \$2.00 Medium = \$2.25 Large = \$2.50 + Shipping

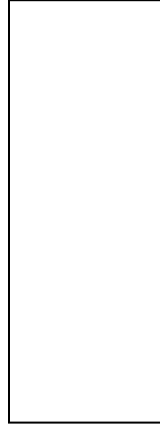
Greeting and note cards for all occasions featuring nature artwork by Dawn Martin. Available blank or with wording.  
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Stamp

The Boys Bugle  
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## In loving memory of our friends.

They left their family and friends so suddenly there was no time to say good-bye.



Zachary C White

Age - 19

Died - Feb. 21 2001

A loaded dump truck hit a  
faulty bridge. Canton NY



Andrew David Ferguson

Age - 14

Died - April 19, 2000

A tractor overturned.  
Richville NY