

The Bugle

Calling everyone to the service of Christ

Vol. 16, Number 1

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How to Live

Little children,
Meek and mild;
Be a sweet and
Loving child.

Bigger children,
Don't be wild;
God wants our hearts
As a child.

Just like angels,
Kind and good;
Let us all live
As we should.



Welcome to The Bugle

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The Bugle

Is a ministry of the Parishville Christian Church.

The magazine is edited by various members of the Luke & Rachel Martin family. The Boy's Bugle was started in 2001 by Melvin to help fill the need for a Christian boys' magazine. In 2011 we changed the name to The Bugle.

We publish as we have the time and satisfactory material. Any comments, suggestions, submissions, or ideas you send us are greatly appreciated.

If you are ever in the area, we would be delighted for you to stop in for a visit or to worship with us.

The Martin Family

Luke & Rachel have 11 children; Daniel & Mendy, Ellen & Mike Atnip, Timothy & Barbara, Emily & Rob Hall, Dawn & Luke Rosenbarker, Joy & Charles Thonus, Melvin & Clarissa, Lurray and Britany, Nathaniel & Savannah, Larisa & Tom Whitehead, Jonathan (in heaven) and 33 grandchildren.

We live in the country and manage a number of projects such as: organic produce, honey bees, maple syrup, orchard, farming & logging with horses, sawmill, tire shop, dog kennel, fryer-oil for diesel fuel, a farm and garden supply store, printing—always something to keep us busy! Our children are homeschooled.

On the front cover: Paula Hall, Micah and Mathew Rosenbarker. The poem is written by William Hostetler taken from the booklet "Thoughts and Doin's of Children", which is available from us.



Editor's Desk



Dear Readers,

Greetings from the North Country.

When we hear the news, read history, look at many around us, and think about our own past failures, we can see the power of sin to cause havoc, pain, and destruction in our lives. I am very thankful that I have also seen the power of God to forgive, heal, and restore us to wholeness. The power of God is greater and can change a sinner. Oh, that we would always avail ourselves of that power! If we believe and experience the peace of being forgiven and changed, we won't be so quick to condemn and dismiss other sinners as hopeless.

Satan is doing all he can to blind us and keep us from God's love and power. Do all you can to fight against him using the armor of God to endure temptation. Others need to see the power of God in you and receive hope for themselves.

May we, the Christian brotherhood, strive for solidarity among ourselves, for our benefit and as a light to the world—most of all for the glory of God.

Last May my mother, Martha Zimmerman, passed away. She was 91 years old. We greatly miss her but we know she was looking forward to going Home. She faithfully stood by and cared for my father who was in a wheelchair for 11 years. He had multiple sclerosis. She had eight children, 61 grandchildren, and 197 great-grandchildren, and 5 great-great-grandsons.

After Mom passed away, a friend sent us a letter in which she shared memories of the year she worked for my parents in 1953-54. I was 2-3 years old and she was 15 years old at the time. Here are a few excerpts from her letter:

You had a very kind mother who made me feel at home. But it was kind of hard at first being away from home six days a week. I have very good mem-

ories of working for your parents.

Your Dad was a busy man, spraying for other people. Your Dad's walking was different, a little stiff in the legs and he seemed to slap his feet when walking. (About two years later he was diagnosed with MS, which was rare at the time.)

I remember the spring I was told to hoe in the garden down below the house until about dark. You all went to Grandpa Zimmerman's and great grandma. (Six years later my great-grandma, Mary Martin, turned 100 years old. She got a birthday card from President Eisenhower. She died at 101. – Rachel) Well, when I went to put my hoe into the shanty, I needed to go over the back porch. The screen door was wide open and I heard something bumping around inside. Soon two or three goats came running out right in front of me! Oh, well, it was just goats.

One time a lady said to your mother, "You have nice kids," so your mother started talking about the goats, but, oh no, she meant you children.

I remember... the goats standing on top of the truck and the car if it ☺ was not put away...Anna (Hahn) Martin

(I know the goats were good at escaping their confinement ☺ but I wonder how they got in the ☺ house.)

Thanks to all who have contributed in various ways to this work. Your contributions are needed and appreciated.

Wishing you God's blessings,
Luke & Rachel Martin

Mud, Morphine, and a Miracle

A true story

by Nancy Witmer

Tom Hess wasn't anticipating the job that awaited him on Thursday, January 13, 1983. A large mobile home needed to be moved in order to make a property settlement, and although the owner had promised repeatedly to have it removed, he hadn't done it. Now Tom, his brother Jim, and a friend Joe planned to move it themselves.

As Tom drove to the site near Bethel, Pennsylvania, a sense of foreboding settled over his spirit. It wasn't the hard work that bothered him. As a member of a highway construction crew, his job always involved heavy labor. Something deeper caused his uneasiness. He prayed but the heaviness remained.

Using a forklift, the three men wanted to set the trailer on a low wagon, but their equipment kept slipping and sliding in the muddy, partially thawed ground. After working several hours, they had finally raised the trailer onto blocks and were positioning the wagon under it. Then, without warning, the trailer shifted and tipped to one side. Jim and Joe scrambled out from under the falling trailer but Tom was pinned under one edge.

The weight of the trailer rested across his midsection, making it impossible for him to breathe. As the pressure in his lungs increased, Tom thought, "I can't stay under here long. I'll die."

Meanwhile, despite his horror, Jim assessed the situation with a clear head. He directed Joe to use the forklift to try once more to lift the trailer. This time the forklift did not slide in the mud and the two men freed Tom shortly. He gasped and drew shallow breaths. He remained conscious but his body throbbed with pain as they waited for the ambulance to arrive.

At midpoint in the 22-mile trip to the West Reading Hospital, paramedics joined the ambulance crew and adminis-

tered oxygen and IV medications, which kept Tom from going into shock. By the time they arrived at the hospital, a team of doctors and surgeons had assembled in the emergency room to examine and treat him. Although he had no visible cuts, Tom sustained serious internal injuries. His diaphragm was ruptured and his stomach was pushed into his chest cavity, causing severe pressure on his left lung. X-rays revealed broken bones in his right upper arm and up to nine fractures in his pelvis.

Shortly after Tom's wife Janice got to the hospital, he was taken to the operating room for emergency surgery to repair his diaphragm.

Several things comforted Janice while she waited. As a highway construction worker, Tom frequently left on a job early Monday morning and returned home late Friday evening. This week, however, he had spent several days at home with Janice and their four sons. Gratefully she remembered their trip to the Pennsylvania farm show and the day they had gone together to Maryland for an appointment. Tom's deep faith in God also strengthened Janice.

"If the worst happens," she told herself, "even though we'd miss him terribly, I know he would be with the Lord he loves."

Janice stayed at the hospital until Tom came out of surgery and was transferred to the intensive care unit. The doctor told her the good news that, despite massive injuries, none of Tom's organs or major blood vessels had ruptured.

For Tom, the first days in the hospital passed in a blur of sleep and pain. His entire body felt sore from deep inside. Because of his pelvic injuries he had to lie immobile, which added to his discomfort.

By the time Janice came to visit on Monday, Tom could feel himself sinking into a sea of physical and emotional misery. Despair threatened to swallow him.

As Janice opened his mail, she told him that the news of his accident had been announced in area churches and that hundreds of people were praying for his recovery. She told him of other ways people were helping them. Her parents had taken lively, two-year-old Peter to live with them in Harrisburg. Friends brought meals to the house for Janice and the three older boys. The church members bought snow tires for their car and other people arranged transportation so Janice didn't have to drive to the hospital alone.

Tom felt overwhelmed by these deeds of kindness and his depression lifted. As he thanked God for his faithfulness, he sensed that He was going to use the accident to teach him some important lessons. The past year had been a difficult one for Tom. The family had moved to a new community and Tom had changed jobs. In the midst of this change and insecurity, he had struggled to maintain an attitude of thankfulness and trust but hadn't always succeeded. Now as he saw how God provided for his family, Tom felt he could trust Him for anything.

In the days that followed, Tom's bruised body started to mend. An orthopedic surgeon used wires and a pin to repair his crushed right arm. A special brace supported his broken pelvis so he could get out of bed. To control his pain he received regular, massive doses of morphine. The drug, however, produced an unwelcome side effect—hallucinations. On the tenth day after the accident, Tom sensed God was telling him, "Stop taking the morphine. It's hindering the recovery of your lung and it's messing up your mind."

Tom purposed to obey this inner directive, but that night when the pain became severe and his back muscles

grew tense, he asked for another shot. During the night he had a vision of God's goodness and of the multitudes of Christians praying for him. In tears Tom repented of his lack of trust. The next afternoon when the effects of the morphine wore off, the pain and muscle cramps intensified and his body craved the relaxation a shot would bring. Tom repeated over and over again, "For this I have Jesus. For this I have Jesus."

Sometime during that pain-filled night, Tom started to hear soft, beautiful music. Although the hymns sounded familiar, he couldn't identify any of them. He tried in vain to locate the source of the singing. The mysterious music continued throughout the night and took his mind off his suffering. Tom never again needed pain medication, not even an aspirin.

Sixteen days after the accident Tom returned home and began working at building up his strength. At a checkup in March, his doctor said, "You won't be able to go back to your work in construction. Look for another job."

Although Tom was willing to change jobs, he continued to exercise his body and to trust God for his recovery. In May he felt strong enough to return to work and by the middle of June he was lifting cement blocks, shoveling sand, and moving heavy forms just as he had done before the accident.

God taught Tom some important lessons through his "medical furlough"—as he prefers to call the accident. The experience reinforced his faith in prayer and in God's goodness in all circumstances. "It sounds like a paradox," he says, "but my accident proved to me that God really does love me. When I see how he showed himself abundantly sufficient to us in this experience, I know I can trust Him for all the future." And Tom has not been disappointed.

Years ago Tom and Luke worked for the same man and met occasionally.

They were neighbors at Bethel when they were boys and again years later before we moved to New York in 1991. This past fall Tom and Janice came north to visit us. We were blest and encouraged by our time together. Tom shared parts of his life and how God helped him through many hardships and struggles. When he was in his teens and into his early 20's, he was very troubled; the lady who wrote the following article gave him a copy of it and encouraged him to thank God for the situation he was in. He told her, "That would be praying a lie." She said you aren't thankful for the pain of the problem, but for God's purpose in allowing the problem. It was a turning point in his life. He came to see the benefits of

his sufferings and could thank God from the bottom of his heart.



ACCEPT THE SITUATION AND PRAISE GOD

“... those hard situations are put into your lives to change you. Stop praying for them to change, but pray that they may change you.” H. Markham

What a blessing the above has been to me since the Lord has been cleansing me of the deep unwillingness to accept all He allows and to thank Him for it, seeing He is allowing it all to consume my dross and to refine my gold.

If I find I cannot accept any situation and thank Him for it, then I come to Him confessing, “Lord, I am not willing to accept this hard situation and I am not willing to thank You for it, but I choose to accept all with thanks.”

Then I begin to say as these difficult situations arise, or depression or heaviness come upon me or I lose my peace over my own wrongdoing or the wrong of others, or frustration, accidents, or ill health, etc. “My Father, this is another one of those things you

are allowing to consume my dross and to refine my gold and I thank You for it.”

As I continue to accept the situation and give thanks, I soon see He is changing me. And now I would not have the situation changed as I see what He has been doing in me through it as I learn to accept all with thanksgiving. Praise the Lord! Praise for the blood to cleanse and for Jesus who “took the cup of our iniquity and gave thanks” so now as we repent deeply He is also our enabling to take our cup and give thanks. Praise and praise again!

II Corinthians 5:18; 4:15; Revelation 3:19 Amp.; Romans 8:28, 29;

I Thessalonians 5:18; Matthew 26:27; John 18:11

Erma Maust 1910-2000



The Great Evils of Worry by A. Sims (slightly condensed)

Never under any circumstance give place to worry—fight it as you would the plague. There is nothing we know of so utterly inconsistent with a life of trust as worry. If you trust—you do not worry. If you worry—you do not trust. Worry should ever be regarded as sin for the following reasons:

1. Because it is absolutely useless.

It cannot accomplish any good. It ought, therefore, to be renounced.

Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature? (Mat 6:27) There is no reward for worry.

There is much reward for rest.

“Sometimes,” says John Newton, “I compare the troubles we have to undergo in the course of a year to a great bundle of faggots, far too large for us to lift. But God does not require us to carry the whole at once. He mercifully unties the bundle and gives us first one stick, which we are to carry today and then another, which we are to carry tomorrow, and so on. This we might easily manage if we would only take the burden appointed for us each day. But we choose to increase our trouble by carrying yesterday’s stick over again today, and adding tomorrow’s burden to the load before we are required to bear it.”

2. Because its indulgence is an injury to the body. It is not work but worry that kills men. **A merry heart doeth good like a medicine: but a broken spirit drieth the bones.** (Pro 17:22)

3. Because it leads us to make mistakes. When our hearts are agitated we cannot have sound judgment. In that perturbed state of mind we are very apt to see things from the wrong standpoint. Is this not too true?

4. Because it leads to sin. Almost invariably worry tends to impatience and irritability. **...fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.** (Psa 37:8)

5. Because it is unlike Jesus. We read of Christ being “grieved” and

“sorrowful,” but never of him being worried. When we are seen anxious and troubled, it reminds those around us more of the absence of Jesus, than of His presence with us.

6. Because it interrupts our communion with God. Two things come between our souls and unshadowed communion with God—sin and care. We must be as resolute to cast our care on the Lord as to confess our sins to Him, if we would **walk in the light as He is in the light.**

7. Because worry is disobedience to God’s plain command. He says, **Be careful for nothing.** Phil.4:6. A holy but very busy man once said, “I hear of earthly care but I have it not.” A poor colored woman said of her care, “If I cannot cast it, I will roll it over on Him. I will get it there some way, because He says I may.” Happy soul! The psalmist says, **Rest in the LORD, and wait patiently for him:** (Psa 37:7) Let Him mold thee. Keep still and He will mold thee to the right shape. **Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.** (Php 4:6)

As an illustration of how this verse works out in daily life: there was a young woman who was married to an invalid and had two sickly children. Their means was small and the heavy expenses entailed by illness, coupled with her husband’s inability to work had reduced their income drastically. “In fact,” she said, “sometimes when I go to bed, I do not know where tomorrow’s meals will come from.” When asked if she did not find the anxieties of life overwhelming, she said, “Anxiety? Oh no, I have never felt that. Troubles always seem to be so intensely interesting. Every difficulty that comes along is a perpetual source of interest and wonder to see how God will get us out of it. To stand aside and watch God’s ever-

varying but never-failing methods of extricating us from each tangle of troubles into which He leads us is a most interesting drama. Knowing as I do from past experience, that in every difficulty He will somehow or other, land us safely on the other side. I can find no room for anxiety. The only element of doubt in the problem is contained in the absorbing question—how is He going to do it? And it is just this tincture of doubt and uncertainty that gives excitement to life and hope to religion. Why,” she added, “If you were to strip life of its cares and anxieties, you would rob it of all its interest and all its worth.”

But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus. (Php 4:19)

Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you. (1Pe 5:7)



THE QUESTION That CHANGED MY LIFE

-by David Ryser.

A number of years ago, I had the privilege of teaching at a school of ministry. My students were hungry for God, and I was constantly searching for ways to challenge them to fall more in love with Jesus and to become voices for revival in the Church. I came across a quote attributed most often to Rev. Sam Pascoe. It is a short version of the history of Christianity, and it goes like this:

Christianity started in Palestine as a fellowship; it moved to Greece and became a philosophy; it moved to Italy and became an institution; it moved to Europe and became a culture; it came to America and became an enterprise. Some of the students were only 18 or 19 years old—barely out of diapers—and I wanted them to understand and appreciate the import of the last line, so I clarified it by adding, “An enterprise. That’s a business.” After a few moments Martha, the youngest student in the class, raised her hand. I could not imagine what her question might be. I thought the little vignette was self-explanatory, and that I had performed it brilliantly. Nevertheless, I acknowledged Martha’s raised hand, “Yes, Martha.” She asked

such a simple question, “A business? But isn’t it supposed to be a body?” I could not envision where this line of questioning was going, and the only response I could think of was, “Yes.” She continued, “But when a body becomes a business, isn’t that a prostitute?”

The room went dead silent. For several seconds no one moved or spoke. We were stunned, afraid to make a sound because the presence of God had flooded into the room, and we knew we were on holy ground. All I could think in those sacred moments was, “Wow, I wish I’d thought of that.” I didn’t dare express that thought aloud. God had taken over the class.

Martha’s question changed my life. For six months, I thought about her question at least once every day. “When a body becomes a business, isn’t that a prostitute?” There is only one answer to her question. The answer is “Yes.” The American Church, tragically, is heavily populated by people who do not love God. How can we love Him? We don’t even know Him; and I mean really know Him.

... I stand by my statement that

most American Christians do not know God—much less love Him. The root of this condition originates in how we came to God. Most of us came to Him because of what we were told He would do for us. We were promised that He would bless us in life and take us to heaven after death. We married Him for His money, and we don't care if He lives or dies as long as we can get His stuff. We have made the Kingdom of God into a business, merchandising His anointing. This should not be. We are commanded to love God, and are called to be the Bride of Christ—that's pretty intimate stuff. We are supposed to be His lovers. How can we love someone we don't even know? And even if we do know someone, is that a guarantee that we truly love them? Are we lovers or prostitutes?

I was pondering Martha's question again one day, and considered the question, "What's the difference between a lover and a prostitute?" I realized that both do many of the same things, but a lover does what she does because she loves. A prostitute pretends to love, but only as long as you pay. Then I asked the question, "What would happen if God stopped paying me?"

For the next several months, I allowed God to search me to uncover my motives for loving and serving Him. Was I really a true lover of God? What would happen if He stopped blessing me? What if He never did another thing for me? Would I still love Him? Please understand, I believe in the promises and blessings of God. The issue here is not whether God blesses His children; the issue is the condition of my heart. Why do I serve Him? Are His blessings in my life the gifts of a loving Father, or are they a wage that I have earned or a bribe/payment to love Him? Do I love God without any conditions? It took

several months to work through these questions. Even now I wonder if my desire to love God is always matched by my attitude and behavior. I still catch myself being disappointed with God and angry that He has not met some perceived need in my life. I suspect this is something which is never fully resolved, but I want more than anything else to be a true lover of God.

So what is it going to be? Which are we, lover or prostitute? There are no prostitutes in heaven, or in the Kingdom of God for that matter, but there are plenty of former prostitutes in both places. Take it from a recovering prostitute when I say there is no substitute or unconditional, intimate relationship with God. And I mean there is no palatable substitute available to us (take another look at Matthew 7:21-23)

Not every one that saith to me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven. Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out demons? and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess to them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity. (Mat 7:21-23)

We must choose.



We can easily forgive a child who is afraid of the dark. The real tragedy of life is when men are afraid of the Light.

People of Class

Scriptures are Webster translation

By Luke & Rachel Martin

“Your wife is class,” a non-Christian man told a Christian man.

When I heard about the comment, I wondered, what does he mean?! That woman is nowhere near what society considers high class. She is not living in luxury or extravagance. She is not highly educated or in a position of power or popularity. She certainly isn't into fashion.

So what did he mean? I don't know but it was meant as a compliment. Informally, class can mean *elegance, grace or dignity, as in dress and behavior*. One meaning of classic is something *of enduring interest, quality, or style*. What enduring qualities may he have seen in her?

What are the qualities that all mankind, for all time, consider to be desirable in a person? Loving, joyful, peaceful, wise, patient, merciful, just, respectful, kind, truthful, understanding, accepting, humble, meek, gentle, self-controlled, unselfish, and faithful in our lives and marriages. The ultimate embodiment of all desirable attributes is, of course, God. He is called the desire of all nations. (Hag 2:7) This is real “world class!”

It's quite interesting how we class each other, how we class ourselves, how important it is to us, and how differently God classes us.

We tend to put people in all kinds of classes or castes. In some cases this may be OK but often it is not good. Also, we want to belong to something so that we have a name, an identity, be it religious or secular. So we tend to say, do, and wear whatever we need to do to stay in good standing with the class we have chosen. It may be ridiculous, uncomfortable, unhealthy, unkind, and we may hate it, but we are in bondage to the ones we want to please or impress. Before we discuss that

further let's look at how God classes us.

When we are born, we are all in the same class, made in God's image. But being made from the dust of the earth, we have an earthy nature and we sin and come short of the glory of God. God has now put all of us who have come to the age of accountability, in one class, which He describes in Romans 3:10-18: **As it is written, There is none righteous, no, not one: There is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh God. They are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable: there is none that doeth good, no, not one. Their throat is an open sepulcher; with their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips: Whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness. Their feet are swift to shed blood. Destruction and misery are in their ways: And the way of peace have they not known. There is no fear of God before their eyes...For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God;** (Rom 3:23)

Maybe you are horrified to be classed with such a despicable class. It's not my words; God said it. He sees, much better than we do, where sin leads us and the destruction it inflicts on the souls He loves. Even a so called “little” sin makes us short of His glory and does damage. Unless it is repented of, it leads to more sin. God sees the atrocities committed in the downward spiral. He sees little children swept along, the glories of childhood replaced with fearful, shattered hearts.

Since we were made for His glory, we will instinctively, desperately, and continually be seeking for glory. But there is no real glory in the things we do to get attention and glory. We tend to use each other in many ways. We often use others to fulfill our various

lusts and to help us feel more secure. All this self seeking is not lovely.

There is nothing we can do to bring ourselves out of the class of sinners. God made a way through Christ for us to arise out of our low class. Now, if we seek Him, we can find Him. If we give ourselves to God's control, He will heal us of the damage from sin and restore us to His image. The Spirit will cultivate His attributes in us.

We cannot attain God's glory by our own efforts, religion, and good works. God's way is described in 1Pe 5:6: **Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time:** See also Rom. 12:16

For ye see your calling, brethren, that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called: But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; And base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are: That no flesh should glory in his presence. But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who from God is made to us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption: That, according as it is written, He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord. (1Co 1:26-31)

God's way is the way of truth. We need to recognize our true broken condition and turn to Him for salvation and justification. Then He works on us to sanctify us, shattering our self image. As He heals and restores us from the inside, He forms His image within us. That enables us to stop hiding and protecting our heart, with all its pretense of glory. He will restore to us our purpose, our voice and power to serve and impact this world for good. This is true security and beauty and glory.

The truth will make us free to be

who we really are. Those who truly care about you, want to know the real you—your soul and spirit. The glory is in knowing and being known. In knowing God and truly knowing one another, relationships are restored and strengthened.

But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord. (2Co 3:18)

It is important that we consider our words, our actions, and our dress. How does it affect others? Are we helping or dragging others down? Are we inviting wrong attention from the opposite sex? If we are kind and think of the needs of others, they can relax around us and benefit from our inner qualities and will not need to avoid us to maintain purity.

We all are in the class of those who need to learn more about loving others. Sometimes we unintentionally hurt others. Some are in kindergarten, some are ready to graduate to eternal glory, and some never enrolled in the school where God, who is Love, is the teacher. We need to learn well how to forgive and how to not get offended so easily. To be able to forgive is a definite requirement for graduation. (Mat. 18:35)

Therefore, to be real class, we do not try to get glory; we give glory—to God first. We glorify Him by obeying Him. He reflects His glory back to us.

Christ, in His prayer to the Father for those who believe in Him, said: **And the glory which thou gavest to me, I have given to them; that they may be one.** (John 17:22)

When we leave this world and face our Creator, He puts us in one of two classes. Those who believe Him and have become one with Him are accepted to live with Him eternally. The rest are cast into outer darkness. In Rev. 3:16-17 those professors of Christ that are lukewarm are also cast out: **So then, because thou art luke-warm,**

and neither cold nor hot, I will vomit thee out of my mouth: Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked...

Those who believe Christ see their great need. They plead with Him for mercy and help to become like Him. To be like Him is to humble ourselves, as He did, to do the Father's will. The more we become like Him, the more His glory will shine through us. It is the class you want to belong to. This is not the fickle, follow-the-whims-of-man, circling downward type of class. This is old-fashioned goodness, always in style, the standard set by Him who is the same yesterday, today and forever, as stable as the Rock of ages. This is security that reaches into the depths of your heart and soul and outward to withstand the persecutions and storms of life. It is the class God is calling you to.

According as his divine power hath given to us all things that pertain to life and godliness, through the knowledge of him that hath called us to glory and virtue:
(2Pe 1:3)



Good News For People Who Don't Fit In

Author unknown

Dear Friend: There is a gift in here, and it has your name on it.

For some reason, you have discovered that there is not much of a place for you in our society. It might be related to how you look, or how much money you make, or what you've done, or a disease you have. Possibly no one wants to hire you. Schools, organizations, classmates, and even churches may have turned their backs on you. Maybe your parents have also rejected you.

I am a Christian, and I grieve over the way you have been treated. When Jesus walked our earth many years ago, He saw how people treated each other. And it bothered him.

I want to introduce you to Jesus, because he loves people who don't fit

in. He longs to have a personal relationship with anyone who will open his/her heart to him.

The religious leaders of Jesus' day were often angry with him because He associated with people who didn't fit in. But Jesus said He came to save sinners, not the 'righteous'.

You and I have something in common. We are both sinners.

But I opened my heart to Jesus and He saved me. He forgave my past, and gave me a future. Jesus wants to come into your heart, forgive your past and give you a future too.

Jesus, the son of God, came to earth as a man to save us. As a man, He endured all the temptations common to us. He never sinned, and yet He suffered death on the cross in place of us

sinners—so we can be acquitted. This is total forgiveness, and there isn't a thing you can do to earn it—it is a gift from Jesus and it has your name on it. You will never encounter such love as this.

What about lifestyles? Jesus loves us too much to leave us in our addictions. He hates the things that bring us and others down. His desire for us to live fully by learning self control in all of our temptations and relationships, and He will help all who ask. He welcomes our total dependence upon Him and delights to supply us with all we need to cope with life.

Do you want this personal relationship with Jesus? Do you want to change your life? Here's how:

Then Peter said to them, Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Spirit. For the promise is to you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call. And with many other words did he testify and exhort, saying, Save yourselves from this perverse generation. Then they that gladly received his word, were baptized: and the same day there were added to them

about three thousand souls. And they continued steadfastly in the apostles doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers. (Act 2:38-42)

Also Jesus said, **If a man loveth me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come to him, and make our abode with him. He that loveth me not, keepeth not my sayings: and the word which ye hear is not mine, but that of the Father who sent me. These things have I spoken to you, being yet present with you. But the Comforter, who is the Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send in my name, he will teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatever I have said to you. Peace I leave with you, my peace I give to you: not as the world giveth, give I to you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. (John 14:23-27)**



Perry Dean Whitehead was born to Tom & Larisa on Feb. 11, 2015. They now have 1 boy and 1 girl.



Jonathan Charles Thonus was born to Charles & Joy on Sept. 20, 2015. He is their 1st boy after 3 girls; 1 is in heaven.

Down On the Farm

This past summer I spent some time “down on the farm”—in Ohio—seeing a godly young lady. We got married Nov. 28th. So I have been occupied with things other than writing, and didn’t think I’d write this column this time... But here is a little about what we have been doing.

We are living in the south end of the old farmhouse where I grew up. My parents are living in a new attached apartment where an old woodshed and pantry had been. We are remodeling the north end where we plan to live. Then we’ll fix the south end which either household can use when we want more room like when we have company.

Luray and I decided it is time to upgrade, so we got a new Cook’s AC-3630E electric sawmill.

We butchered a steer. In the past I used a gun to kill the animal. But I wanted to cook the head and did not want to have lead in our food. So I sharpened up a knife very well, put the steer in a chute, and slit its throat. It went pretty well but hopefully it will go better the next time (the killing part is not my favorite job). We cooked the head and made scrapple (meat that used to be composted). We cooked and ate parts of the animal that we have not in the past. The lungs were ok. I just about threw out the brains but went ahead and fried them. They were good! Before frying them, I soaked, boiled, cooled, sliced and breaded the brains.

Another thing I tried this year is sausage that I ran through a stuffing tube. I used no casing. I laid the sticks in a pan to cure over night. I then baked them. Baking caused them to stiffen and hold together, so that I could tie a string around one end and hang them up. We hung them in a cold, dry place to dry. So far they have

kept well. We also made pickled sausage.

We have been growing greens—shoots and sprouts. They are a great addition to a winter sandwich. I planted buckwheat, oats, clover and rye in a flat of soil, near the south window. I am trying peas, flax and some other seeds.

We are thankful that God gives us good food to eat to nourish our bodies. However, physical food does not give us eternal life. Eternal life is found only in Christ. You may not want to eat the food we fix, but God has food for you that, without a doubt, is good. He gave Himself. Eat of Christ. He is real food. You will be satisfied forever.

For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed. He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me, and I in him. As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father: so he that eateth me, even he shall live by me. This is that bread which came down from heaven: not as your fathers did eat manna, and are dead: he that eateth of this bread shall live for ever. John 6:55-58

Nathaniel & Savannah Martin



Winter 2016

The Bugle

Nathaniel & Savannah Martin's Wedding

The service was simple. James Giffen (Savannah's brother) led congregational singing (six songs all together), I was moderator and shared announcements at beginning and end. Larry Giffen (Savannah's father) had a devotional. He gave a clear and passionate invitation to accept the invitation of Jesus. LaMar Troyer (Savannah's uncle) gave the sermon—a look at weddings past (the parable of those who refused the invitation to the wedding), future (Rev. 19—the bride made herself ready), and present (Nathaniel & Savannah's, key essentials for a good marriage: Christ-centered, Commitment, Communication)—all recognizing that marriage is a picture of Christ and the Church and calling us to the way of Christ! Luke Martin (Nathaniel's father) provided a third message before officiating the ceremony. Nathaniel and Savannah each sat with their parents until they stepped forward for the vows, after which they sat with the Giffens.

Following the service the ushers dismissed us by pews, we signed the guest register, greeted the parents and the

newlyweds, filed thru the kitchen for our meal, and returned to our pews to eat. When all had eaten, Nathaniel and Savannah shared briefly to everyone where they will be living, in the same farmhouse where he has grown up, they will be remodeling the north end of the house this winter while living in the south end. They will have lots of room for guests. 156 Newton Rd, Potsdam, NY 13676. Ph: (315) 265-0026. Then they went to the porch for pictures. They met two years ago at a youth retreat, began writing last January, were engaged in September, and married Nov. 28, 2015.

All in all, the whole wedding had a simple beauty that focused less on the bride and groom and more on Christ and the gospel than any wedding I have ever witnessed, at the intention of Nathaniel and Savannah.

Adapted from a letter written by John Ivan Byler (Savannah's uncle)



Paul Nathan Martin was born to Luray & Britany on Dec. 14, 2015. They have 2 boys and 2 girls.



Benjamin Mark Hall was born to Rob & Emily on Feb. 3, 2016. Three days old! Now they have 5 boys & 5 girls.

The Backyard Herbalist

by Dawn Rosenbarker

The term herbalist may conjure up images of a barefoot hippie picking wild-flowers and weeds for dinner or of a witch brewing up herbal potions. Indeed, many hippies have embraced herbalism, and the use of herbs has sometimes been connected to witches. In fact, during the medieval times many herbalists were accused of being witches (Castleman 13). While these folks may be included in this category, an herbalist is any person who gathers or deals in herbs. Herbalists can be professionals with advanced formal training in herbal wisdom, or they can be self-taught pursuers of the herbs growing out back. It is these do-it-yourself herb enthusiasts to whom the title of backyard herbalist belongs.

The backyard herbalist can also be described as a home herbalist. In their classic book, *The Village Herbalist*, authors and practicing herbalists, Nancy and Michael Phillips state that every home should have a herbalist that is skilled in helping to guide the family's health through the use of herbs and healthy living (xiii). They further describe the home herbalist as "anyone using herbs as both food and medicine for their families in their daily lives" (Phillips and Phillips 37). Home herbalists regularly incorporate the use of herbs into the nurturing and sustaining of the well being of their families.

Some backyard herbalists are the foraging type. They can be found roaming waste areas, searching for herbs growing wild. The herbal treasures hidden in their lawns beckon to be discovered. The challenge of discovering new herbs to use, or of finally identifying some plant that they've seen a hundred times, thrills them.

The adventure of wild-crafting herbs calls them to explore the far corners of their back yards and beyond in search of edible and healing plants, whether it is the common dandelion they are seeking or something more exotic such as ginseng.

Other backyard herbalists delight in growing luscious herb gardens. You may find rows of dill, cilantro, calendula, and garlic, patches of mint, thyme, oregano, and sweet marjoram, and bushes of sage, lavender, and catnip gracing the landscape. There may be rose bushes, comfrey, chives, marshmallow, and echinacea tucked in here and there. The backyard herbalist may have an enormous yard filled to the brim with a vast array of culinary and medicinal herbs, from which to craft herbal things to their heart's content. Or should interest, space, or time dictate otherwise, the garden of the backyard herbalist might be only a few pots of some favorite herbs, such as basil, rosemary, and parsley, tucked into a sunny corner.

Among the backyard herbalists are cooks whose tastes demand the vibrant freshness of newly harvested herbs. These backyard herbalists rely on the herbs they grow or wild-craft to bring life and nutrition to the food they lovingly prepare for their families. There are other backyard herbalists who focus more on medicinal herbs. They are intrigued with the healing power of the herbs they can grow or find in the wild. Many herbalists find a deep satisfaction in using herbs from their own backyards to prepare both delicious food and healing medicines for their families.

Backyard or home herbalists are resourceful individuals. The backyard herbalists include medicine makers,

cooks, gardeners, and foragers. They know that they have been given a great gift in the herbs which they can grow or wild-craft. Backyard herbalists believe the Creator's words: **"I have given you every herb that yields seed which is on the face of all the earth, and every tree whose fruit yields seed; to you it shall be for food"** (Gen. 1.29NKJV). It is the delight of the backyard herbalist to find new ways to utilize this blessing for the health and pleasure of their families.

Works Cited

Castleman, Michael. *The Healing Herbs: The Ultimate Guide to the Curative Power of Nature's Medicine*. Emmaus: Rodale Press, 1991. Print.

Phillips, Nancy and Michael. *The Village Herbalist*. White River Junction: Chelsea Green

Next time: Four Backyard Herbs to Know: Dandelion, Plantain, Burdock, and Nettle

Nettles

For Less Tangles and Cleaner Hair

I read that rinsing your hair with nettles tea is good for getting rid of old oils in your hair. I tried it and it seemed to be doing something because my comb became coated with lots of scum but my hair was less manageable. So I tried rinsing it with nettles tea first. Then I added shampoo to my hair. I rinsed it with clear water followed by my usual vinegar water rinse. I was very pleased. My hair was cleaner and more manageable than it had been for a long time.

—Rachel

The Rich Pick Wild Raspberries

Around the pastures and the field,
What does the thorny thicket yield?

Red and black, sweet little treasures,
Wrapped in flavor, seedy pleasures.

The time is ripe—before too late...
My other work will have to wait.

My tired feet are energized
As rich cuisine is visualized.

My hands are scratched, the sweat runs
down,
But nature's singing all around.

I talk with God; He has supplied.
Then trudging home, I'm satisfied.

By Rachel Martin

The Children's Challenge

To Charity and Cheerfulness

The Owl

Composed by Ella Brubaker when asked by her 3 yr. old niece, Miriam Brubaker to tell her a new story. An actual story of what happened in the maple tree in their front yard at Hinkletown (PA). 1934

Drawing by Micah Rosenbarker
Age—10 years.



An old owl lived in our maple tree;
Great big spooky eyes had he.
He used to sleep the whole day long
But at night we'd hear his hooting song.
Late at eve' when it was dark
He liked to make our old dog bark
And we children had lots of fun
Trying to imitate his hooting song.

Then we in tones so brave and bold
Ghost stories oft' to each other told.
Goblins we boasted gave us no fear.
But the old owl oft' came a bit too near.
Later at night when I was in bed
The covers I'd pull around my head,
For outside my window, the owl on a tree
With his fire like eyes sat staring at me.

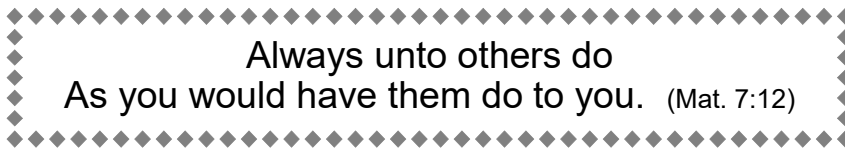
Now the hole in which he made his home
He honestly couldn't call his own.
For well I remember one early spring day
A woodpecker was chirping so happy and gay.
He had found this hollow in our tree
And now he was busy as busy could be.
The owl looked on with an envious eye,
That shall be my home said he by and by.

Next morning bits of his nest we found,
Which the owl had torn and thrown to the ground.
Now this of the owl you'll agree was mean.
The woodpecker since then we have not seen.
He sat on the tree and blinked his eyes
As though he thought he was wondrous wise.
And all the other birds had to flee
For he now was the King of our maple tree.

As he sat on the tree like a King on his throne,
A swarm of bees came in search of a home.
They took the owl rather by surprise;
He hooted and screeched and blinked his eyes
But the bees heeded not this angry bird;
They flew right on like they had not heard,
Right in the hollow of our tree
And the angry owl was forced to flee.

Now this of the bees would seem rather cruel,
If the owl had practiced the golden rule.
But things that are gained in a dishonest way,
Will surely be lost again someday.

I found this poem among my mother's things. —Rachel

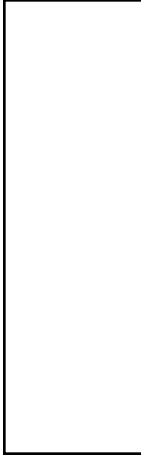


Always unto others do
As you would have them do to you. (Mat. 7:12)

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For all flesh is as grass, and
all the glory of man as the
flower of grass. The grass
withereth, and its flower
falleth away: But the word of
the Lord endureth for ever.
(1Pe 1:24-25)