

The Bugle

Calling everyone to the service of Christ

Vol. 17, Number 1

Spring 2017



But they that wait upon the LORD shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint. (Isaiah 40:31)

Welcome to The Bugle

Contents:

Editor's Desk.....	3
Thanks...For Nothing.....	4
A Critique of Criticisms.....	6
Real Liberation.....	7
The Truly Poor, The Truly Rich....	8
God Knows What He's About.....	9
Life and Death.....	10
Down on the Farm.....	11
Four Backyard Herbs to Know: Dandelion, Plantain, Burdock, and Nettle.....	12
The Children's Challenge.....	14
Peace.....	15

Subscription Information:

Subscriptions are free. Please let us know, at least every 4 years, if you want to continue to receive "The Bugle." Back issues available. Donations appreciated. Donations include articles, stories, poems, pictures, ideas, letters, and etc. We reserve the right to print anything you send us, unless you specify otherwise. Please make checks payable to Luke or Nathaniel Martin.

Send to:

The Bugle
156 Newton Rd.
Potsdam, N.Y. 13676
(315) 265-0026
Email: thebugle@martins4u.com
www.thebugle.martins4u.com

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 35 grandchildren.

We live in the country and manage a number of projects such as: organic produce, honey bees, maple syrup, orchard, farming and 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: **Bald Eagle**

Photo taken on Lamar Martin's farm.

We have been seeing more eagles in our area the last few years.



Editor's Desk



I hope this issue of the Bugle is a blessing to all that read. We print things that we think are edifying. It is some times hard to know what articles to print in the Bugle. Some articles have a good message but says things that I do not agree with or I am just not sure if it is sound teaching. We do not want to print anything false. God through the Scriptures has spoken so we can know what is true. So we encourage all readers to prove the contents of this magazine; does what is written agree with the words of God? And when it comes to matters of farming not every ones soil, weather, etc. is the same. So let us learn from each other and see what works for us.

Dad (Grandpa as more people are calling him) had a heart attack. He did not go to the hospital but took hot pepper in water. He says the pain started to subside by the second swallow. But He had to keep taking some for a few hours to keep the pain away.

Savannah and I are thankful to be blessed with a happy healthy baby

girl. She is very precious. Truly children are a blessing as God says in Psalm 127.

Yours Truly,
Nathaniel Martin

Lo, children *are* an heritage of the LORD: *and* the fruit of the womb *is his* reward. As arrows *are* in the hand of a mighty man; so *are* children of the youth. Happy *is* the man that hath his quiver full of them: they shall not be ashamed, but they shall speak with the enemies in the gate.

(Psalm 127 : 3-5)



Kevin Randall Martin was born to Daniel and Mendy June 4, 2016



Elizabeth Giffen Martin was born to Nathaniel and Savannah October 29, 2016

Thanks... For Nothing

By Sharon Charles

A father called his two children, Matt and Mary, into his study. "Children," he said, "tomorrow your grandfather will be arriving from overseas for a visit. Please welcome him warmly. He is a wonderful, Godly man."

It had been years since their grandfather had visited, so Matt and Mary barely remembered him. As they left their dad's office, Mary whispered excitedly to Matt, "I heard the neighbors talking about Grandfather. They say he owns a huge business. He must be loaded! I bet he'll bring us some great presents!" And for the rest of the day Mary chattered on and on about gifts she hoped to receive.

The next morning, as expected, a taxi pulled up in front of the house and a dignified looking older gentleman got out. He had white hair, a kind smile, and a delightful twinkle in his eyes. Matt and Mary hurried to greet him. But Mary's attention soon wandered to the suitcases being unloaded from the taxi. She imagined what might be inside them, and forgot all about her grandfather. Matt, however, walked alongside his grandfather, listening intently to his every word and asking him questions about his life and work.

And that was pretty much how the whole visit went. Each day Matt spent as much time as he could with his grandpa... laughing at his stories, learning about his adventures and benefitting from his spiritual wisdom. Mary, on the other hand, spent her days trying to butter up her grandfather. She would offer to fetch his slippers, bring him candy, and even make his bed. She had noticed that Grandfather had unpacked all his suitcases except for one large piece of black luggage. That one remained locked in his bedroom. Mary was sure it contained gifts for her and Matt.

When the last day of grandpa's visit arrived, Mary was almost bursting with excitement. She was positive that she would finally receive some treasure from her elderly relative. And sure enough, he brought the locked suitcase into the living room and set it in the middle of the floor. "Matt and Mary, I want to give you something, as a reminder of my visit." He bent over, unlocked the leather case and opened it carefully.

Mary pushed Matt roughly aside to look in. *What?* She reached her hands in and felt around the bottom of the bag. It was *empty!* Mary was furious...

“an empty suitcase?! Just an old empty suitcase?! Thanks for *nothing* Grandfather!” She exploded and stomped out of the room, muttering under her breath... “*nothing*... and after all the things I did for him too!”

Matt just shook his head and smiled at his grandfather. “Thanks for this gift Grandpa,” he said sincerely. The old man replied, “Why are you thanking me, Matt? After all, as your sister discovered, the suitcase is empty.”

“Because I figure you’re up to something! You seem to have a good reason for everything you do. I bet you’re trying to teach us some lesson, aren’t you?”

The old gentleman grinned and nodded, “And just what do you think I might be trying to teach you?”

Matt thought for a bit. “Well, Grandpa, I know that every time that I see this suitcase, I will remember our wonderful talks and all you taught me during your visit. It will remind me to pray for you! And it will help me remember what you taught me this week... that it’s not so important how much stuff I get in life, but whether I’m going where God wants me to go! The suitcase will remind me that I’m really on a journey, headed for heaven... isn’t that right, Grandpa?”

“Yes... you are very wise, Matt. You weren’t disappointed because you trusted me. You looked beyond what you could see. When you learn to trust God like that, He will take you places and teach you lessons that will be greater than any treasures here on earth! And actually,” he paused and looked at Matt with a gleam in his eye, “I did have one other reason for giving you an empty suitcase. Can you guess what it is?”

Matt hesitated a moment, “Could it... could it mean you are going to take me along with you on a trip?”

“Yes, Matt! You’re coming with me today to Paris! Always let this surprise remind you that whenever there doesn’t appear to be anything good in a situation, God is simply preparing you for a great adventure! So, hurry and pack this empty bag. We have a plane to catch!”

It’s easy to celebrate Thanksgiving when everything is going your way. But will you and your family thank God today for the “*nothings*” in your life—the seemingly unanswered prayers, the bitter disappointments, the painful losses? Remember, He never allows them without a good purpose... Romans 8:28. Just think, your greatest adventure with God may be waiting in an *empty* suitcase!



A Critique of Criticisms

By I.M. Lerner

Our society is often very critical of the one who criticizes. But there is much in our society that should be criticized. And couldn't we all use some criticism. Don't we all have areas in our lives that could rightfully be criticized? Nevertheless, there are critics that should be criticized.

Come with me on a critiquing course to see if we can find some criteria to evaluate the criticisms we give and receive.

Criticism that we need and heed is correction.

If we need it but do not heed it, we have refused love and opportunity.

Criticism is often given as correction but received as rejection.

True and gentle criticism is compassion. It usually points to something specific.

Criticisms that are not true are false accusation. They usually are not clear or specific. We tend to blame others for what we are guilty of.

Criticism when you know the person is already aware of his fault, could be nagging.

Compliments misunderstood as criticism is imagination tragic to relationships.

Innocent ones may be misidentified as our critic while the real one could be our conscience, or satan, or lies from past false criticism that we believed.

True criticism instead of rejection is love. Rejection instead of true criticism is cruel.

True criticism is a sound argument.

False criticism is an argument that is sound—nothing but sound.

However, sounds can hurt. It is not always true that “sticks and stones can hurt my bones but names can never harm them.” See Pro. 17:22, 12:4.

Criticism that outweighs affirmation and appreciation gets too heavy to bear.

Most of us find criticism much easier to give than to take. Maybe if we had more maturity, security, and purity, it would be the other way around. We'd give more careful thought to what we give. We'd thankfully take it if we need it but would humbly not receive it if its shame that doesn't belong to us.

If someone dumps their shame on you, don't receive it. (See Heb. 12:2) If you do, it will turn to contempt that you'll dump on yourself or on others.

For some, the worst and most hateful criticism they receive is from their own self. How true are the things we tell ourselves?

Now I'm not just being a carping critic. Criticism can be quite consequential to us. It can be critical to our well being.

Do we know what the criticisms we give or receive are? A blame game? A false shame claim? Righting or wronging? Betterment or bitterment? Rectification or wrectification? Constructive or destructive? Instrumental or detrimental? Revenge or remedy? Imagination or illumination? Is it contempt that cripples or truth in love?

Therefore, it behooves us to think before we talk. Seek wisdom and grace and understanding from God. Deal humbly, gently, and kindly with your fellowman and yourself.

Forgive.

Do you feel bad because you think you have been criticized? Maybe the one that “criticized” you feels like this:

Really, I Love You and I Care
But sometimes my tongue gets to

Mumbling

Fumbling

Bumbling

Oh, it’s so humbling.

Please, forbear if I start

Stumbling

Grumbling

Rumbling

Really, I meant it well.

I need God’s help—sometimes I find my

Thoughts-a-jumbling

Courage tumbling
Strength-a-crumbling

Oh, pity me

Be patient with me

Pray for me

That I might learn to love like He does.



Real Liberation

By Rachel

We hear much today about equality of women and their rights. For ages, women have held an honorable and powerful position. It has been said that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. We know that a woman holds the power to make or break her husband. And there are many other men, women, and children in this world that need the gentle, sensitive, intuitive touch of women.

In these days women are much degraded by their own push to be equal with men—as if men possess something more desirable. God endowed men and women with what each needs to fulfill their purpose in a perfect complement to each other, so that together they reflect His image—so that every human can be partakers in His voice and fellowship, work and creativity.

Many practices and teachings of our society are degrading to women. Women follow fashions that bring

undue attention to their bodies, as if their bodies are the most important part of them. They don’t seem to realize how easily men are seduced. It’s degrading to her and unfair to men.

Her choice to kill the fruit of her body is a terrible violation against her entire being.

The teaching that we are just animals makes women and men feel they are worth much less than they actually are.

Sin has caused all of us to be abused and to be abusers. The answer is found in Christ. **Then said Jesus to those Jews who believed on him, If ye continue in my word, ye are my disciples indeed; And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.** (John 8:31-32 Webster) That’s real liberation!



The Truly Poor

The poor are those who do not have enough. Those who have not enough to thrive physically are indeed poor. But there is a worse kind of poverty—those who have plenty but never enough.

They are always wanting:

- Money and stuff
- Pleasure and excitement—it doesn't satisfy so they want more.
- Power—but they lack wisdom to use it for good.
- Honor from man—praise, crowns, trophies, ribbons, to be on stage, attention, compliments—but they can't really believe it, for they may still feel worthless.
- Forgiveness—but they cannot forgive.
- Security—but they still have fear.

They are willing to suffer to get what they want but it never satisfies.

The Truly Rich

The truly rich are content because they:

- Have food, clothes, and shelter to live.
- Seek honor from God.
- Have forgiveness of their sins.
- Have healing from sin.
- Have nothing to fear—but God, who is love.
- Have nothing to be proud of.
- Have nothing to be ashamed of.
- Have respect for self as God's creation.
- Have control of self by God's Spirit.
- Are doing the work God purposed for them.
- Have treasure in heaven.
- Have hope of heaven.
- Have abundant life—all because they love God!

By Rachel



God Knows What He's About

When God wants to drill a man,
And thrill a man, and skill a man,
When God wants to mold a man
To play the noblest part,
When he yearns with all his heart
To build so great and bold a man
That all the world shall be amazed,
Then watch His methods, watch His ways!

How He ruthlessly perfects
Whom He royally elects,
How He hammers him and hurts him,
And with mighty blows converts him,
Into shapes and forms of clay
Which only God can understand
While man's tortured heart is crying
And he lifts beseeching hands...

Yet God bends but never breaks
When man's good he undertakes;
How He uses whom He chooses,
And with mighty power infuses him,
With every act induces him to try His splendor out.

God knows what he's about!

By Joni Erickson Tada



Life and Death

We received the shocking news January 12, 2017. Last evening Steve and Theresa Coleman and three of their children were in a vehicle accident, my family informed us. All were killed except Patrick who was in critical condition. Brother Steve? Sister Theresa? Paul and Abigail? We were speechless for a moment, as our minds tried to accept the fact. Surely not. But yes, their life on earth is over. Our hearts went out to the remainder of the family.

As we looked up the Clarksburg, WV news, gathered more information on the accident and funeral, and heard updates on Patrick's progress, another scene kept playing in my mind. In June 2015 my brothers, a sister and I were on the way to MO when I made a quick decision to try and catch the rest stop we were flying by at 65-70 mph. I jammed on the brakes, locking them up. The car fishtailed a couple times, spun around, and flipped upside down into the ditch crosswise. All five of us crawled out of the totaled vehicle unharmed, thanking the Lord.

It so easily could've been us and not Coleman's. Why were their lives taken and ours spared? I don't know. I do know that God holds our life in His hands. He created us and has a purpose for us. Are we living a life that glorifies Him?

Here are some of Nathaniel's thoughts:

We hear of the death of peo-

ple. Sometimes it is people far away, who we do not know; sometimes it is closer—maybe a friend or relative. Some day it will be us whose life will stop. What are we trying to accomplish in life? Why do we work so hard? Why do we do what we do? What matters then? We will all stand before Jesus to be judged. He will say what matters. He is the Judge. Will all the things we tried to do or be, be important to Him? What will He say? Love is what matters to Jesus. He is love.

We may give to the poor, but do we care about them? We may sacrifice much, but do we have love for our neighbors? (1 Cor. 13) The true way of love is narrow. It is Jesus Christ. We need to know this Man of love. All the things man strives for will not hold up to the test. But Jesus lives forever. We need to live as He lived—living our life to the Father's will, that is, giving our life for others.

Why work for life? Why not submit and accept the free gift of eternal life (Rom 10:3-4)? And rest. Be spent for God and others. Here is joy—true joy.

By Nathaniel & Savannah



Down On the Farm

One project this winter was to work on the hay winch. We have been putting up loose hay in the front barn for some years now. I wanted to go to all loose hay and sell the baler. But the back barn did not have a hay track in it. I considered putting an I-beam up in the peak for a track but the barn is old and we were concerned the barn would not take the weight. So we put a cedar pole at both ends of the barn (one pole being far enough from the barn so we can drive between the barn and the pole). The poles are guyed and there is a 1/2" cable stretched between the poles running through the barn below the peak. I built a trolley that runs on the cable. There is an electric cable winch on the trolley. I have a cord (rope) that runs from pole to pole, the cord is wrapped twice around a pulley that is mounted on a reversible gear motor on the side of the trolley. I have a long power cord with controls at the end so I can run the winch up and down and back and forth. I am able to put loose hay or round bales in the barn and I can lift hay back out. I did not design the trolley right, so I had to rebuild it (and it's still not perfect). Also I used a v-belt pulley on the gear motor and the cord was binding in the pulley. I was looking around for a rope pulley (a pulley with a rounded bottom instead of a v bottom) with a keyed bore to buy. I was not finding one. Then it dawned on me that I could bolt a wooden rope pulley I had in the shop to the v-pulley on the motor.

Last summer, as I was mowing hay, I noticed some of my fields do not produce much hay. I noticed that they do not have very many legumes in them. I also notice some greener areas. Upon investigation I found

birdsfoot trefoil growing. Legumes take nitrogen from the air and put it in the soil. So by getting legumes to grow, I can increase production without the expense of fertilizer (unless I need fertilizer to get the legumes to thrive). Seeing that my fields are wet and trefoil tolerates wet soils, I hope to get more trefoil growing in the fields.

This year Dad put a bunch of taps in the maple trees up on the camp hill. He used 3/16" dia. tubing instead of 5/16' dia. He put 40-50 taps on one tube. He then ran the tubing down along the road to the culvert. So from the last tap to the holding tank, he has about 28 ft. of drop in elevation (30 ft. would be optimum). The idea is, that the small line runs full of sap and the "falling" sap creates a vacuum on the tree causing the tree to produce more sap. So far it seems to be working. The bush out back has more taps and has been producing a lot less sap.

Let us ever be thankful and praise the One who has given us resources and has given us ideas, talents and time to use those resources. Let us use what we have been given for good. Let us share with one another what we have because we care about one another. Let us love each other as God has loved us.

As ever y man hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God.
(1Peter 4:10)

-By Nathaniel



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

by Dawn Rosenbarker

If you were to stroll through your back yard or some nearby field, you would probably pass many useful herbs masquerading as weeds. Would you recognize these hidden sources of food and medicine? Although some would consider these plants unworthy of our attention, there are some plants that I think everyone should be intimately familiar with. I want to introduce you to four useful herbs which can be found almost anywhere: dandelion, plantain, burdock, and stinging nettle.

Have we not all witnessed the blooms of the lowly dandelion popping up like miniature suns across a lawn in springtime? As outdoors-man A. R. Harding attests, "It is hardly necessary to give a description of the dandelion, as almost everyone is familiar with the coarsely toothed, smooth, shining green leaves, the golden-yellow flowers which open in the morning and only in fair weather, and the round fluffy seed heads of this only too plentiful weed of the lawns" (319). Lawns, however, are not the only habitat of the hardy dandelion, "its widespread distribution may be a hint from Mother Nature that everyone has need of this plant" (Pedersen 78). Found al-

most everywhere, the low-growing dandelion sends out a rosette of long, jagged leaves from a strong taproot. The golden flowers are perched atop hollow stems. All parts of the plant except for the flowers, which are sweet, contain a bitter milky sap.

Like dandelion, the unassuming broad-leaf plantain can be found most anywhere. Plantain sports a rosette of smooth, bright green, oval shaped leaves. Rising above the cluster of leaves to about a foot in height, the thin, light green seed-stalks turn brown as they mature. Some people claim that the young leaves taste like mushroom, but I disagree (Harding 369). When chewing plantain leaves to make an emergency poultice for a bee sting, green is the only flavor I've ever noticed.

Burdock is a large, stately plant that often grows in neglected areas. The elongated, heart-shaped, gray-green leaves are smooth on top, with very fuzzy undersides. In the second year of growth, burdock can grow to a massive five feet high. Small green prickly flower buds appear in clusters at the ends of the branches. From the center of the globes grow tufts of purple similar to some thistle flowers. These mature

into what burdock is perhaps best known for, the round, prickly burs that cling to all they come in contact with. After a walk through a burdock patch, Swiss engineer George de Mestral, became intrigued with the burs stuck to his socks and dogs (Stephens). When he examined the tiny hooks under a microscope, he was inspired to create a hook and loop fastener which he called Velcro (Stephens).

Stinging nettle is another magnificent herb. Deep green, ovate leaves, with toothed edges, are distributed along the tall, slender, square stems. In late summer, strings of tiny, pale green flowers hang from each upper leaf axil. On the leaves and stems of nettles are fine hairs which are the source of this herb being called stinging nettle. Author and health journalist, Michael Castleman explains nettle's sting this way: "The hairs that give this herb a downy appearance are actually hollow needles attached to sacs filled with irritant chemicals. Brushing against the plant bends the hairs, squeezing the irritants onto the skin of the hapless passerby" (274). These chemicals dissipate when dried or heated. The delicious tasting, young steamed leaves can be used in place of spinach.

We have looked at two persistent, low-growing herbs: sunny dandelion and unobtrusive plantain. We have also explored the towering pesky burdock and in-

timidating stinging nettle. Although these four humble, prolific plants are often ignored and even despised as weeds, they hold a place of respect for the back yard herbalist. The next time you are out for a stroll, look for dandelion, plantain, burdock, and stinging nettle, while you dream about embracing them as friends.

Works Cited

- Castleman, Michael. *The Healing Herbs: The Ultimate Guide to the Curative Power of Nature's Medicine*. Emmaus: Rodale Press, 1991. Print.
- Harding, Arthur Richard. *Ginseng and Other Medicinal Plants*. Columbus: A. R. Harding, 1972. Print.
- Penderson, Mark. *Nutritional Herbology: A Reference Guide to Herbs*. Warsaw: Wendell W. Whitman company, 2008. Print.
- Stephens, Thomas. "How a Swiss Invention Hooked the World." *Swissinfo*. Swiss Broadcasting Corporation, 4 Jan. 2007. Web. 14 March 2015.



The Children's Challenge

To Charity and Cheerfulness

2017 Maple Season at Grandpa's Place

We started out this season with a newer, bigger evaporator than we had last year, because Grandpa wanted an all stainless steel evaporator. We also have a new sugar bush set up with natural vacuum.

My cousin Joe helped install the new bush as well as putting taps in the old sugar bush. His brothers and sisters helped him tap their place too.

Grandpa does the boiling in the sugar house. My brother Matthew and I help Grandpa by throwing and stacking wood for the evaporator. We also help collect sap from the tank. And enjoy any spilled syrup. This year we are making more syrup than normal. It helps we have a new bush and sap from Joe's place. We also bought sap from someone else.

Now let's ride with the sap from the roots of a maple tree to the tank to the evaporator to the roadside market. First, we are to rise from the roots to the crown of a tree. We're going through the trunk, but oops, we'll never reach the crown of the tree!

Instead we enter a tap. From there we go into a tube which is connected to longer tubes by a

tee. Now we go through what is called an adapter. We are now in a larger tube! Before we were crammed inside a three-sixteenth inch tube, but now we are in a five-sixteenth tube. We go down the main highway in the sugar bush into a metal tank.

Here comes a team of horses pulling a cart with a big white tank on it. A pump is lowered into the tank and we are sucked up into the white tank. It seems like we are in a stormy sea as we slosh around in the big white tank as we ride to the sugarhouse. We find ourselves sliding down a large square tube into an old milk tank.

Right now we are in thin watery sap, but in a few hours we will be in thick, sticky syrup. We are going through an irrigation hose into the copper pipe preheater. Then we go into the flue pans and start to boil. From there we go into the finishing pan where the boiling is completed.

Then someone opens a spigot and catches us in a container. Then he pours us through a filter into a barrel with a heater underneath. He heats the syrup to one-hundred and eighty degrees Fahr-

enheit. Next he opens a spigot near the bottom of the barrel and lets us out. We watch him fill bottles with the sweet syrup. After the syrup is cooled, he loads it into his car. He drives down the road to the roadside market where he sells it to the market owner.

yummy maple syrup.

-Micah Rosenbarker

Now people can enjoy the sweet, sticky syrup in all kinds of foods. I'm thankful that God made maple sap so we can eat



Peace

And let the peace of God rule in your hearts, to the which also ye are called in one body; and be ye thankful. (Colossians 3:15)

When I think of this verse I get the sense that the peace of God, IS. It is not something that is far away. It is not something we have to make. It is and it will rule if we let it. We notice that this peace is of God not of man. Man in his pride and sin causes much discord. But Christ the Son of God, the Creator, came down from above. He lived here on earth. A human like us. But unlike us He did not live in pride and sin. He lived a perfect life.

He lay down His life for us; He shed His blood so that we can be redeemed from our pride and sin. And be made perfect before God. At peace with the Father and with all the other humans that accept this Peace. So we are one body. When we know this wonderful truth and accept Him, we are thankful for all the many gifts He gives us. Let this peace rule in your life, in our lives all day every day till this earthly life is over and then for all eternity.

-By Nathaniel Martin



The Bugle
156 Newton Rd.
Potsdam, N.Y. 13676

PRESORT STD
U.S. POSTAGE PAID
POTSDAM, NY
PERMIT NO. 32

Address Service Requested

He that loveth his
brother abideth in the
light, and there is
none occasion of
stumbling in him.

(1John 2:10)