

# The Bugle

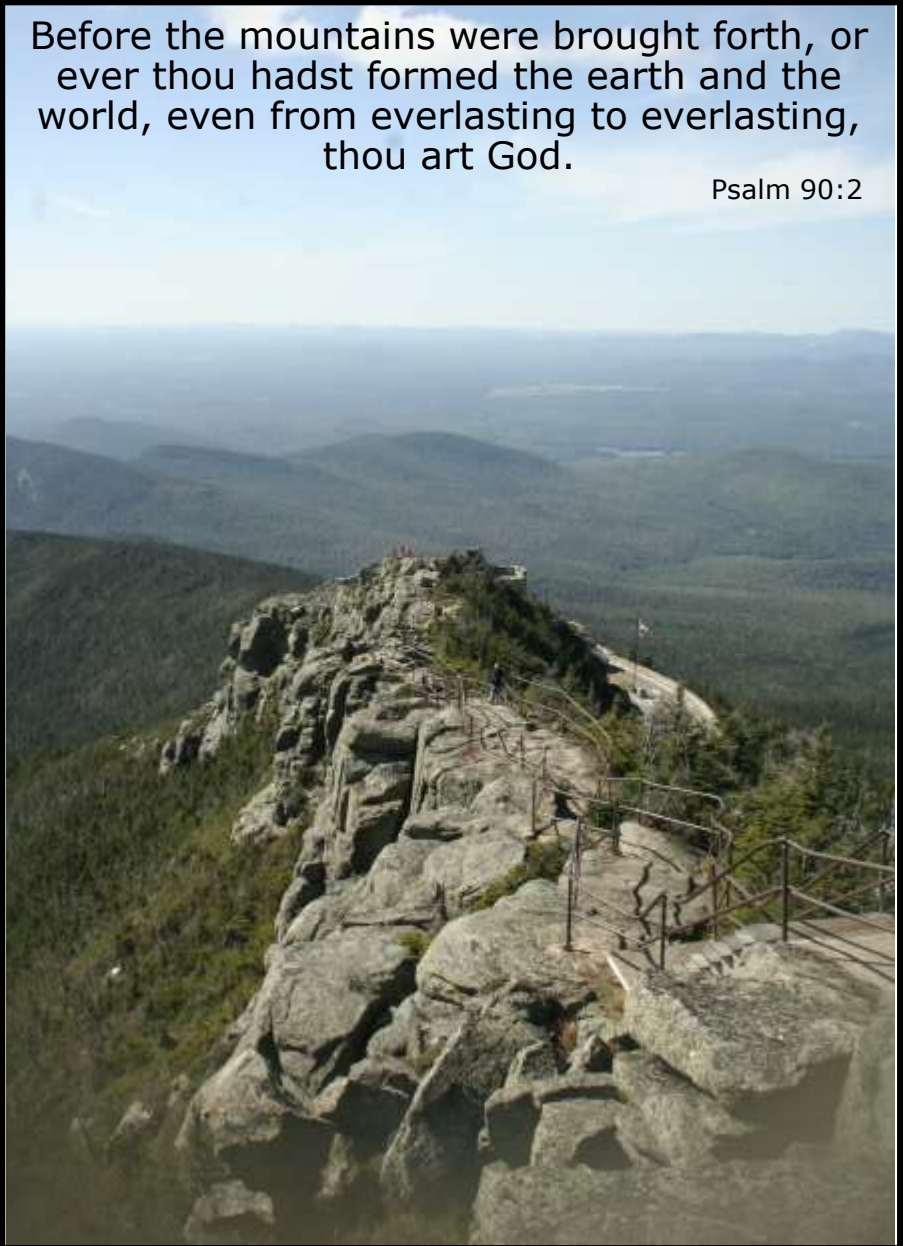
Calling everyone to the service of Christ

Vol. 19, Number 1

Spring 2019

Before the mountains were brought forth, or  
ever thou hadst formed the earth and the  
world, even from everlasting to everlasting,  
thou art God.

Psalm 90:2



# Welcome to The Bugle

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## Subscription Information:

Subscriptions are free. 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.

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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.

**Front cover:** Picture taken on the top of Whiteface Mountain in the Adirondacks.



# Editor's Desk



Savannah and I have been reading through the Apocrypha for the first time in our lives. We have included some verses that stood out to us in this issue.

To everyone who wrote and contributed to this issue, thank-you.

This winter I have been working at training two Simmental heifers to be draft animals. There are some lessons to be learned from working with animals that can also apply to our spiritual lives. Patience, trust, obedience, perseverance, and listening.

The relationship between man and animals is like the relationship of God to man. Jesus called Himself the Good Shepherd.

The heifers did not trust me at first but as I work with them, trust is growing. It does not happen all at once. That is where patience and perseverance come in. It would be nice if they learned what to do right now.

If I ask too much of them too fast, things go bad. But if I do not give up and keep working with them, one day I realize they are doing what I ask without a fuss. So it is with our own children; we need to patiently keep working with them. Good things take time.

What do I want from my heifers? I want them to be near me, pay attention to me, and obey me.

What more does God want of us?

Jesus the Creator, The all-knowing, The all-powerful, can be trusted. His love drives away fear. So let us sit at the feet of Jesus, God's own Son, listening and obeying.

Whoever **cometh** to me, and **heareth** my sayings, and **doeth** them, I will show you to whom he is like. He is like a man who built a house, and digged deep, and laid the foundation on a rock: and when the flood arose, the stream beat vehemently upon that house, and could not shake it: for it was founded upon a rock.

*(Luke 6:47-48)*

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## Promptness versus Procrastination

I had always been one to put off dishwashing. I did not want to waste hot water and soap, so why not wait until I was done cooking and baking or until after the meal? Trouble is, there is almost always something else more important to do.

It wasn't too much of a problem after I got married; there were very

few dishes. I got into the habit of letting them set until after supper. It was more fun doing them together with my husband anyhow!

Then our first baby arrived. Guess who often had a stack of dried-on dishes to scrub in the evening? My dear husband was happy to do the job for me. *(Continued on page 5*

*Promptness versus Procrastination*

# Gentle Humblings and a Sunset Promise

*By Moriah Schaaf*

It was just one of those days. I was discouraged and consequently, feeling very pessimistic. Fears and questions of the future, unpleasant flashbacks of the past, and all of life's latest frustrations threatened to stifle me. The pettiest of yesterday's cares seemed suddenly a hundred times more serious, while those faint wisps of gray on the horizon had turned ominously black and threatening overnight.

It seemed no matter which way I turned, I simply couldn't find the silver-lining anywhere! Although, of course, I knew better; God suddenly felt very far away. I couldn't help wondering why I always feel so when I'm in such straits.

Needing a breath of fresh air and a few quiet moments to think, I hurried out into the crisp, cool air and sunshine for a walk. The slight breeze held a sharp chill, and I quickly sought refuge in one of our greenhouses. As I sat there bathed in the warm sunshine brooding over my latest misfortunes, my thoughts were interrupted by the arrival of a UPS truck. A loud honk brought me to my feet, and I hurried out to accept the package. I cheerfully (?) returned his enthusiastic greeting and answered that I was alright when he asked how I was doing. I returned the question... more out of a sense of duty than sincerity of

heart, I'm afraid... and was caught completely off guard by his vivacious, "Better than I deserve to be!"

Long after his truck had roared out of sight, those words rolled through my mind... "Better than I deserve to be!"

"I wonder if he's a Christian?" I thought to myself. "What if he isn't? I like to think he is, but what if he isn't and here I sit a saved child of God hosting pity parties for myself! I'm sure that man has at least as many hardships...likely a good many more!" I was humbled, yet encouraged.

That evening, while enjoying supper around the table with my family, my older sister glanced out the window, and noticing the lovely sky, exclaimed, "Oh! Look at the sunset!" Begging to be excused, I threw my coat around my shoulders and hurried out the door.

The once-gray clouds in the distance seemed to burst with glory as the setting sun's rays lit upon them. Their flaming orange-laced edges merged into a lovely deep pink, and finally faded into the gentlest shades of lavender and mauve. The beauty nearly took my breath away as I stood gazing in awe at the splendor before me.

"It's when the sun hides its face, and its beams of light break through the storm clouds that there's such

beauty in a sunset,” I mused to myself.

Suddenly, my eyes filled with tears as I felt the Lord speaking to my heart. “My precious child, it’s when I hide My face, that if you’ll allow My rays of love and light to break through the storm clouds in

your life, others will see the same beauty in your own life... the glory of a sunset.”



**“Oh, Lord, let the troubles in my life be a stepping stone, not a stumbling block.”**

*(continued from Page 3)*

But I felt something needed to change. It was not right to let him do most of the work. I also did not like having that job hanging over us at the time of day when we wanted to relax, and focus on getting to bed at a decent hour.

The thing that made the biggest difference for me was, after some research, we decided to not use even “natural” dish soap except for really greasy dishes. We felt it was better to just wash and rinse the dishes under hot running water, preferably within a half hour of making the dish dirty. If the dish sets several hours or all day, not only does the food dry on good and hard, but the bacteria also has time to grow.

We have a good well and a very low-cost hot water system. We have plenty of hot water during the winter. In the summer we don’t run the wood cook stove as much (maybe once a day); then the water is luke-warm or cold. I like to keep a covered kettle or two on the stove so I have hot water when needed. I’ve been amazed at how much cool water can clean (when running). It’s what you want to use anyway for

dishes that had milk products or egg in them.

I really like how this has worked for me. I can stop for emergencies and not need to worry about wasting soap and my hot water getting cold. Actually, I’m rarely interrupted as there are so few dishes! It’s not that difficult to wash up dishes while baking and cooking. I wash my hands often during that time, so while I’m at the sink I wash a dish or two.

If I don’t get the lunch dishes done before our afternoon nap, I make an effort to get them done before supper and before I start any other project. I like to save on dishes by keeping a measuring utensil in the dry ingredients I use the most, and using the same bowl or pan to make more than one thing.

Washing dishes promptly is so much more enjoyable!

*By Savannah Martin*



# A Mystery and a Lesson

By Rachel Martin

One evening we met at a sister's place for a prayer meeting and singing. One of the brethren was there with their 16 year old foster boy. At the time, this boy (we'll call him Joe) had struggles and problems regarding his behavior and integrity; also he had a problem with drugs. We left our coats in the kitchen and gathered in the living room. Joe stayed in the kitchen for awhile.

As we were preparing to leave, David, another brother that was there, discovered that his wallet was missing from his coat pocket. He was sure it had been in his pocket when he came. Joe was questioned. He said he did not take it. Most of us were suspicious that he took it but the matter was dropped.

David searched his car and searched at home and asked his

family but no one had seen his wallet. Later that week as David was at home in the kitchen, he was impressed with the thought that he should look in a certain cupboard. There was his wallet!

This was not a place for him to ever keep his wallet; there was no reason to put it there; and he, nor anyone in his family, did not remember ever putting it there. How it came to be there is a mystery.

This incident was a strong reminder to all of us. **Don't surmise. Don't assume. Don't accuse, if there is no proof.** If you do, **you may prove to be the bad one.**



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## The Time of the End, or End of Time?

The Bible says quite a bit about the "time of the end," and "the last days," and so there has been much discussion as to what this means. I would like to share what I have learned.

2 Peter tells us about the scoffers, being willingly ignorant, and saying "all things continue as they were from the beginning." What many miss is that all things don't continue

as they were from the Fathers (Abraham, Isaac and Jacob). First in importance we have Jesus being born of a virgin, dying for our sins, resurrecting from the dead on the third day, then ascending to Heaven to present our sacrifice (Himself) to the Father, from hence to return with His reward for every man.

From my childhood to now, I have heard that with the forming of

the new state of Israel in 1948, “now prophecy is unfolding before our eyes.”

Since a generation is approximately 40 years in the Bible, it was predicted that these are the last days, and that by 1988 the end will have come, or at least “the tribulation” will have begun. People calculated that if a thousand years was as one day with the Lord, then the earth would be six thousand years old from creation to the year 2000, predicting a “day of rest” (the thousand year reign of a literal New Earth kingdom). Many Christian professors insisted we would not see the year of 2000 (Y2K). A very lot of those folks are still trying to figure it out.

Now let us notice the language of the Prophets, Jesus and the Apostles. They are all very consistent with their time statements. What the Prophets predicted came to pass as stated. The book of Daniel gives a very specific timeline. It has come to pass exactly as predicted (see chart on next page).

One must take note of time statements connected to a prediction, to whom was it addressed and in what context. For instance in Matthew 24, Jesus in answering the disciples questions about the destruction of the temple, the time of the end, and His coming, tells all these things would come to pass in their generation. Another plain example of a time statement with an event is found in Hebrews 9:26 telling us that the “end of the world” is when Jesus was crucified. Paul tells the Corinthian Church that the ends of the world have come upon them. (1Cor. 10:11)

Preconceived ideas often mess

up people’s understanding of what actually was meant.

The Bible does not teach an end of time (if it does please show me the scripture where it does). It does teach about the “time of the end.” The end of what? For sure the end of the Old Covenant. Just read the book of Hebrews to see this truth.

There are many time statements to take notice of—“the time is at hand,” “shortly come to pass,” “this generation,” “some standing here shall not taste death till they see the Son of Man coming in his kingdom.” Please take notice and consider the meaning of these phrases. What does “at hand” mean?

Something else that is safe to do, is where Jesus said an event is the fulfilling of a scripture, look up the original scripture in the Old Testament, and read the whole account there. Comparing scripture with scripture is a very safe way to get a proper understanding of the language being used.

May you be blessed with understanding when you read the Bible, and please be obedient to what you understand.

*By Luke M. Martin*









# Caring for Grandpa

*By Esther Giffen*

A few years ago, I was privileged to be well enough to help care for my aged grandfather during his last days on earth. Dear grandpa suffered from congestive heart failure more years than anyone had expected, slowly but surely growing worse. Now he was confined to his bed for the most part, but still able to sit in his wheelchair for short lengths of time.

For most of my stay, my duties involved his nighttime care. We soon found it worked best if I stayed up at night and slept during the day. Grandpa's nights were normally very restless and pain-filled. Medications did not work for him like they did for others, nor did natural remedies seem to avail much. Often the side-effects were worse than the problem we were trying to cure. But we kept trying to relieve him the best we knew how.

I marveled at the struggles he faced. These were the very same things I'd had to deal with during my times of worst health, as a young woman! Would an elderly person be tempted and tested by the same things young people are? It appeared so. But another aspect also held true: Youth and age may face the same foe, but the same God is available to grant victory! Many, many times Grandpa would call me to his

bedside, asking for help I could not give, or asking for answers I did not have. Many, many times we concluded that there was nothing left to do but take it to our Heavenly Father. Those times of prayer together strengthened us both, and left me with very special and sacred memories. Sometimes I would read or quote Scripture for him, or sing to him. He also would recite what he could from memory— especially Psalm 23, and poems he'd learned as a young man. He would even sing at times, although this didn't come easily for him at this time in life. These things helped us both, and meant a lot to me!

Some of the struggles he faced, I concluded must be universal. This experience helped me realize I was not alone in the feelings, doubts, and fears which can accompany times of severe illness. Basic questions can come, such as, "Why am I here? Why was I ever born? Why would God allow this? Will I ever get well? What is God trying to teach me through this? Does anyone else have it this bad? Would anyone else understand? I'm not good for anything anymore. Why doesn't God just take me Home? Am I really as sick as we all think? Should I try to get out and do more? Am I ready to

die? Are all my sins really taken care of? Oh, I just want to go Home...”

There were many times, too, of irrational thinking, especially as the illness progressed. In a different way, Grandpa faced similar battles to what I’d faced over things such as past mistakes, regrets, and sins—actually forgetting that these had long ago been dealt with, repented of, and forgiven. He was blessed by his own openness about the past, by having witnesses who could again and again assure him that these were no longer debts he owed—he was free and clear.

He was also blessed by his faithfulness as a husband and father, by the love and care shown to him by his wife and children and grandchildren during these dark days. He expressed gratitude for this care many, many times. As a church-member faithful in his place, he was also blessed, by visits and gifts of help with his care from brothers and sisters in Christ. Most of all he was blessed by the Tender Loving Care of his Heavenly Shepherd. Food, encouraging notes or visits or calls, extra help, needed supplies at the right times, just enough strength and wisdom and patience to make

it to the end of the next “shift,” God provided abundantly for both Grandpa and his caregivers.

It is not easy to see others suffer. It is not easy to “walk through the valley of the shadow of death.” But Christ, who has been there before us, can help us through. Be assured, sorrow and suffering *do* have an appointed end for the faithful servants of God. He gives all we need to be faithful here—until He calls us Home at last. Grandpa’s pain and questions and suffering are forever ended, and I’m sure he’d tell each of us that the glory and joy of being with our Redeemer in Heaven is worth far more than the few difficulties we endure on earth. Let us keep on The Way with courage, sisters and brothers!



**The fear of the Lord goeth before the obtaining of authority: but roughness and pride is the losing thereof.**

*Sirach (Ecclesiasticus) 10:21*

**The Lord is terrible and very great, and marvellous is his power. When ye glorify the Lord, exalt him as much as ye can; for even yet will he far exceed: and when ye exalt him, put forth all your strength, and be not weary; for ye can never go far enough.**

*Sirach (Ecclesiasticus) 43:29-30*

## Sleeping While Driving

This story happened about 38 years ago, while we lived at Bethel, Pa. I was on the way home from a board meeting at Newmanstown. It was quite late in the evening when I headed for home, about a half hour drive. On the way home, while I was traveling on Route 419, I became very sleepy. I must have drifted off into sleep because all of a sudden, though I was traveling alone by myself and my dear wife was at home, I heard her just like she was beside me. What I heard was her voice, in an alarmed tone yelling “Luke!” I quickly swerved over off the gravel shoulder of the road unto the macadam. Now, I was wide awake and shook up.

With a prayer of thanksgiving and praise to God for saving me from what was sure to be a very bad accident, I continued driving toward home.

When I got home Rachel was anxiously waiting for me. She asked me if I’m OK as she had heard the fire whistle blowing at the same

time I was falling asleep on the highway. She was afraid for me, and prayed for my protection. Yes, I was OK! I told my side of the story of how I was awakened by her voice so many miles away, and got back on the road just in time!

What shall we say? Did God send an angel with Rachel’s voice? I like to think that He honored Rachel’s prayer, for surely God does hear our prayers. May all praise be to God our Savior!

Do you have a story to tell of God sparing you from a close call? I would be glad to hear of it; these things are worthy to share. Maybe someone will think you’re a little mentally off, but someone else’s faith in God will be strengthened by the telling of these true events, that the regular news mostly misses.

*Luke M. Martin*



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## The Kind Stranger on I-81

Many years ago, before cell phones, a good thing happened from a car breakdown on I-81. My family and I were going south on I-81. We were in the part of Virginia that has

those long hills, and all of a sudden my 1977 American Motors Matador station wagon lost power, missing real badly.

We limped slowly along till we

came to an off ramp. To our relief there was a gas station there, but upon inquiring, alas we found there was no mechanic at this station. We were told to cross over the interstate highway, that there was a garage there on the left side of the road. We found the garage but again no mechanic on duty; it was Saturday.

While we were talking to the man at the garage, another man walked in. Upon overhearing us discussing what to do, he asked if he could take a look at it. Of course we were glad to let him. He then asked the garage man if he was allowed to work on it outside on the lot. With permission granted, he got his tools, opened the hood, and removed the valve cover on the side that the trouble seemed to be coming from. A rocker arm was broken, and we needed a new part. The garage man said the parts delivery man was soon to come our way. So they ordered the part; within an hour we had the part (in those days parts stores stocked a lot of

parts, no waiting till the next day for necessary parts).

If I remember correctly, we lost less than 3 hours on that repair. We thanked the man, but if my memory serves me right the mechanic would take no pay for his work. I got his name and address.

When we got home we sent another thank you. Would you believe it came back with a message that there is no such address? What should I think about this unusual coincidence? Could he have been an angel, or was he just a very kindhearted man? I don't know, but to God be the praise and glory and thanksgiving for this very interesting breakdown.

Luke M. Martin



There be nine things which I have judged in mine heart to be happy, and the tenth I will utter with my tongue: A man that hath joy of his children; and he that liveth to see the fall of his enemy: Well is him that dwelleth with a wife of understanding, and that hath not slipped with his tongue, and that hath not served a man more unworthy than himself: Well is him that hath found prudence, and he that speaketh in the

**But the love of the Lord passeth all things for illumination: he that holdeth it, whereto shall he be likened?**

ears of them that will hear: O how great is he that findeth wisdom! yet is there none above him that feareth the Lord. But the love of the Lord passeth all things for illumination: he that holdeth it, whereto shall he be likened? The fear of the Lord is the beginning of his love: and faith is the beginning of cleaving unto him.

*Sirach (Ecclesiasticus) 25:7-12*

## Today

I've seen a man regret the past;  
Remorse and grief it brings.  
Though there is hope for him from here  
The past, it seems, still stings.

So let me live as day to day  
Tomorrow's past is built  
A life of truth and faithfulness  
With conscience free from guilt.

Oh, let me live a life of love  
And speak a kindly word—  
That when the echoes answer back,  
Kindness may be heard.

And as the Lord directs my way  
And leads the way to Heaven,  
I want to follow in the light  
Till further light is given.

Then when I'm old and close my eyes  
To recollect my days,  
May God whisper peace within  
While I shall whisper praise!

*-by Anna Putt*

*Take from "Mist & Rainbows"  
a collection of inspirational poems by Anna Putt  
Used by permission*

**The knowledge of wickedness is not wisdom, neither at any time the counsel of sinners prudence.**

***Sirach (Ecclesiasticus) 19:22***

**He that hath small understanding, and feareth God, is better than one that hath much wisdom, and transgresseth the law of the most High.**

***Sirach (Ecclesiasticus) 19:24***



Weston Titus Martin was born to Timothy & Barbara on May 4, 2018



Azalea Dawn Thonus was born to Charles & Joy on June 9, 2018  
Siblings: Lilya, Viola, Jonathan



Phoebe Giffen Martin was born to Nathaniel & Savannah on November 24, 2018  
Sibling: Elizabeth

Kind thoughts,  
 Industrious hands;  
 Thankful hearts,  
 Caring plans.  
 Helping others  
 Enjoy blessings  
 of Nourishment.

- Anonymous

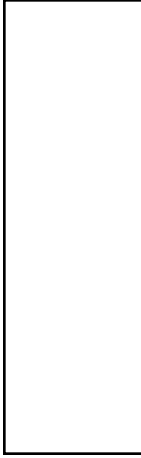
*I will praise the name of God with a song,  
and will magnify him with thanksgiving."*

*Psalm 69:30*

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**And he said to them,  
Take heed, and beware  
of covetousness: for a  
man's life consisteth  
not in the abundance  
of the things which he  
possesseth.**

*Luke 12:15*