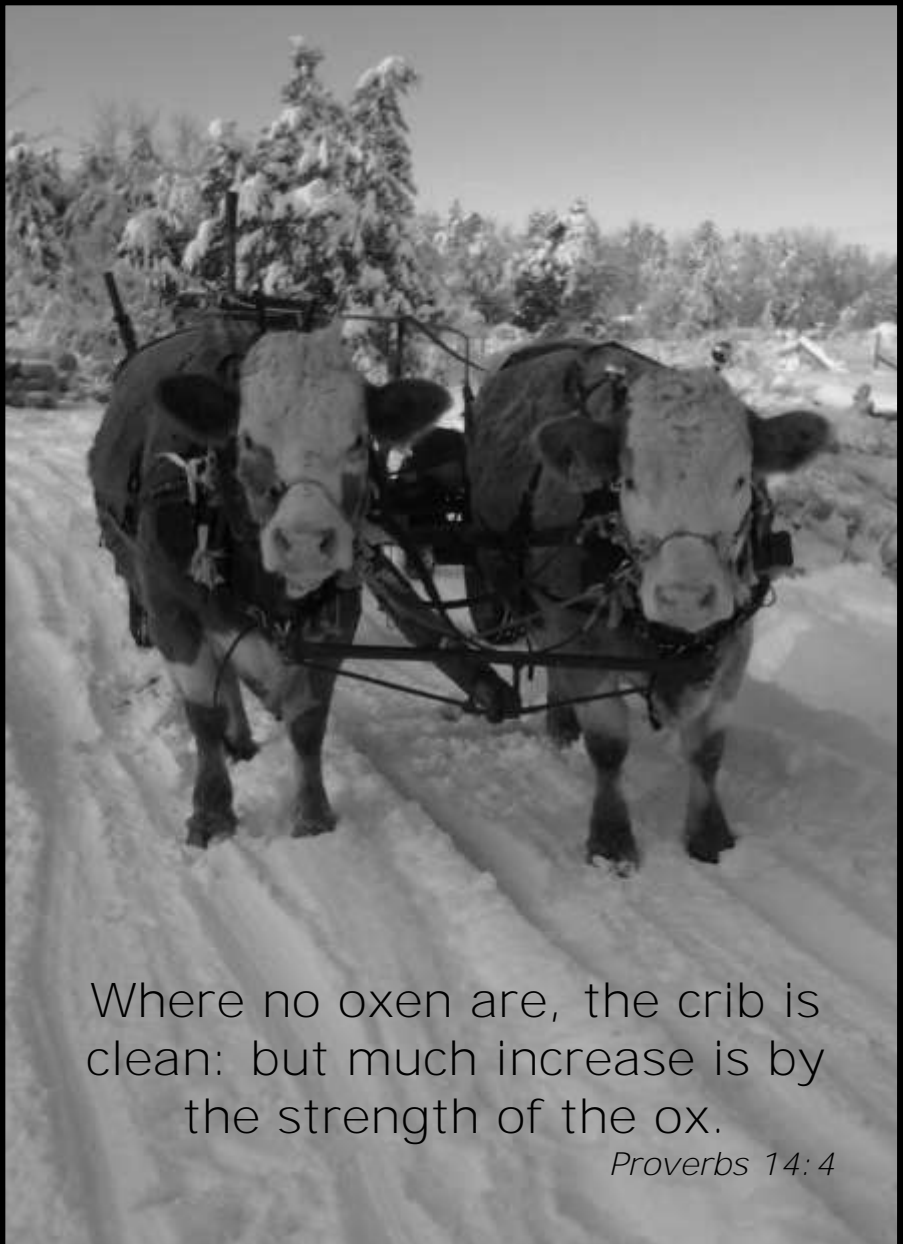


The Bugle

Calling everyone to the service of Christ

Vol. 20, Number 1

Spring 2020



Where no oxen are, the crib is clean:
but much increase is by
the strength of the ox.

Proverbs 14:4

Welcome to The Bugle

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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.

Front cover: Yamaha (on right) and Evelyn (on left), two full-blood Simmental heifers stand ready to pull a load of firewood.



Editor's Desk



In the last Editors Desk, I wrote about training two heifers to be draft animals. Last year they would not let me walk up to them in their pen and pet them.

Now I can go out to the barn, put a simple rope halter on them, open the gate and send them out to the trough where I put their harness on them. I can harness and hook them to the forecart and go out and haul fire wood with them. (Early winter is a good time to cut fire wood for next year or even for the following year.) I have skidded and hauled saw logs and firewood. I have raked hay, plowed, cultivated and hauled things in the trailer with them.

There were moments I could have given up on training them and just used the tractor. Like the times they ran off on me and I was a little scared to go back out to the barn and hook

them up again.

I spent some time at night in bed thinking about how the harness should be. A few hours were spent in the barn working with harness parts, trying this and that. But I did not give up, and now I have two animals and a harness system that work.

So it is with many things in life, if we have a goal and we continue to press toward it, we get there. But what are our goals? Are they worth the effort? Are they of lasting value? Or are they like the ox that some day will die?

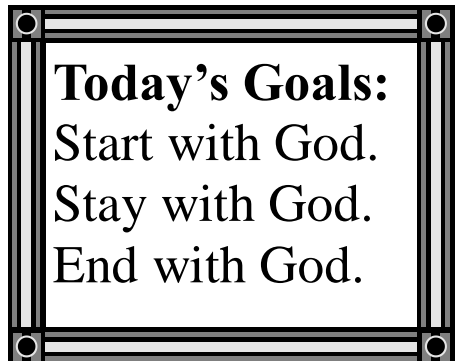
There is One who never dies. He has eternal reward for those that seek Him. Let us serve those around us in this life as He did and seek things above, things of eternal value. He is the highest. He is the best. Never give up on Him.

Nathaniel J. Martin

But without faith it is impossible to please him: for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him. *Hebrews 11:6*



Nathaniel cutting grass with a European scythe. If it is kept sharp, it really cuts nice.



Ordinary Greatness

There are people who stand in the limelight of life
Who are praised for the things that they do;
For building and acting and joining the strife
Or the greatness of things that are new;
But behind every conqueror are so many more
Who are quietly doing their best,
Who never receive the applause when they score
But who work even more than the rest.

It's these common and ordinary people, you know,
Who are living and teaching God's love;
Though they may not be honoured as heroes below
They are building up treasure above!
So if you are among this assembly on earth
And it seems what you do is not great,
Just remember the Lord had a plan for your birth
And the faithful are crowned at heaven's gate!

By Rebecca Weber

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.

1 Corinthians 1:26-31

The Stove

In the corner of our dining room, we used to have a wood stove whose doors were fitted with clear glass panels. It was fascinating to watch the flames devouring wood on cold days. And the heat it gave off was comforting.

But sometimes smoke and dirt clouded the transparent panes. No longer could the fire shine out in all its brightness.

Then it was time to approach that glass with a scrubbing pad and hot water. All the dirt needed to be rubbed away before the firelight could sparkle out of the stove again. When that was done, the simple clarity of the glass allowed anyone to see easily what state the fire was in.

I am that stove. Once I was only a cold black one, with the ashes of my failed life inside. But God's love kindled a fire there, and the blood of Jesus cleansed the soot from the windows of my soul. I had nothing to hide anymore, and gladly shone forth the fire.

God's purpose in my fire is to shine forth His glory and

comfort others with the heat. As long as the glass stays clear, others will only notice the fire within and will forget about the stove that holds it.

But since I have not attained perfection, the soot of selfishness now and again settles on the panes, and I'm no longer a transparent witness.

Yet the redeeming blood of Christ is just as available to me as it was at the first cleansing. When I repent and cry out to Him for forgiveness, He makes me clean again to shine out His glory once more.

Master, I praise You for igniting Your love and power in me. May that fire grow brighter and bigger to the praise of Your name. Reveal to me, Lord, when my soul-glass is dimming, that I would turn back to You immediately. I want to stay transparent and burning with zeal for You and love for others, that the world may know that I am Your disciple. Amen.

By Rebecca Weber



Caring for the Chronically Ill

By Emily Hartranft

Have you ever been sick with the flu for a week? Did it feel like a long time? Do you ever wonder what it would be like to be “sick” all the time? Do you know someone who has a chronic illness and is sick all the time? What is your role in their life? Do you know how to relate to them?

As my family and I have experienced chronic illness, I’ve come to realize that relating to those dealing with long-term sickness doesn’t come naturally. We know how to encourage someone who has the flu, appendicitis, or a surgery, but when it comes to someone who just doesn’t seem to get better, we aren’t sure how to relate. What should we say or what should we do?

I would like to offer some practical pointers on how to care for someone who is chronically ill. My definition for chronically ill: someone who is sick for a long time with no definite time of recovery.

First, remember them. It is easy to think that their sickness is just like the flu or the common cold; that in a few days or at the most a few weeks, they must be better. And so it is common for them to receive lots of acts of kindness at first, but as the months or years go by, they begin to feel forgotten.

Keep on caring until you hear that they have recovered. Ask them how they are doing and listen if they want to talk about their illness. Don’t feel like you need to have answers but just offer a listening, sympathetic ear. Send a card for no reason except to encourage them. Call to see if they

need help with anything. Let them know that you haven’t forgotten that they are sick.

Our family attended a church that is a great example of this. When my mom was sick, they provided meals for us for eight years. They continued with at least one meal a week until we moved out of the area. It didn’t put pressure on mom to get better in a certain time frame. Throughout those years they would send cards or give little gifts—evidence that they still cared and hadn’t forgotten. They were willing to stand by us as long as we needed them. Keep caring even if it seems like a person will never get better.

Second, acknowledge that they are sick but don’t make a huge deal out of it. This is a fine line, the ability to recognize the sickness and yet treat them like normal people. I’ll give an example of each. Recognizing their sickness means you won’t expect them to go to Africa in mission work. Treating them like a normal person means that you include them in everyday conversation. Simply put: acknowledge the elephant in the room, but don’t focus on it.

Third, be sensitive when sharing medical advice. They don’t mind if you tell them about some newly discovered treatment for their illness, but pressuring them to try it is stressful and tiring. Realize that for many years they have been trying all kinds of great “cures” and eventually become very skeptical that anything will work.

You may make a suggestion, but

then allow them time and room to decide. What works for one person doesn't always work for the next person, and they get tired of trying new things. Money is often another issue, and they hesitate to spend more money on another product.

Fourth, have an appropriate expectation of their recovery. It's nice that you expect them to recover, but they need to be allowed to be sick. If you insinuate that they should be better by now, it makes them feel guilty for still being sick. They may think that they've done something wrong that has prevented their recovery.

Never assume they are well! They will let you know if they have experienced complete restoration of health. Chronically ill people are very good at hiding their sickness because they have to. They become experts at appearing well even if they aren't. It's not that they want to be super secretive, but if they are sick every day, they can't just lie on the sofa. They have to keep on doing life even if they feel rotten.

They do a lot of pushing so don't jump to conclusions of how they are feeling based on their actions or their looks. Human reasoning isn't a good way to figure out if they are still sick or not. Ask if you want to know.

Fifth, be compassionate. You don't have to completely understand their illness or how they feel to be kind and caring. You might think that since you never had "fill in the blank," you can't understand what it is like. You can still care! It is nice if you show interest in learning about their illness, but it isn't essential for caring. Don't use the excuse that "I can't care, because I haven't experienced it." God wants us

to show compassion in every situation because He is a God of compassion.

Sixth, pray for them. The best thing you can do is pray. Pray for their healing, but more than that, pray that they would be strong in the Lord and that their hearts wouldn't grow weary or discouraged. Pray that they wouldn't lose hope and give up when the battle is long and hard.

They struggle a lot with discouragement, doubt, and fear. Ask God to give them what they need to walk through this valley that seems to have no end. Pray that they would feel His presence close and rely on Him when their faith is weak. Pray that they would be faithful until the end. Letting them know that you are still praying for them would be a great encouragement.

Caring for the chronically ill can be challenging and difficult at times. As you relate to those in your community who are chronically ill, remember them, recognize their illness but treat them normally, be sensitive when sharing medical advice, have a healthy expectation of their recovery, be compassionate, and pray for them.

Some additional ways to show that you care: offer to help with tasks that take a lot of energy such as housecleaning, canning, gardening, yard work, firewood, etc. Ask if they could use financial help with medical bills, call to see how they are doing, send a card, take a meal, and let them know that you want to support them in any way they need.

If you feel like you've failed in the past, don't give up, but try again. Ask God to give you wisdom and a heart of compassion. Thank you for caring!



Unworthy— Yet Loved

Why did You choose me, Lord of Light,
To walk before Your face?
I have no standing to be called
One worthy of Your grace.
Why did You lead me out of sin
Into this watered place?

The King of heaven and of earth
You are, O Lord, my God;
And yet You stooped to rescue me?
O Lord, I am in awe
That You would make a child of one
Whose ways have been so flawed!

A drop of water in the sea,
A grain of desert sand,
Is all I am in light of You—
All earth is in Your hand!
And You have brought me forth into
An overflowing land!

O God! There's nothing I can do
But give You everything!
Since You have truly chosen me
Of You, Lord, will I sing!
That such a one as I could be
Adopted by the King!

O Father! Mighty, awesome God!
I know not what to say
And worshiping before Your throne,
All idols cast away.
My life is Yours—but Lord, Your love
I never can repay!

By Rebecca Weber

Answers to Grandpa's Questions

A sequel to "Caring for Grandpa" by Esther Giffen
Scripture verses are King James Version

"Why am I here? Why was I ever born? Why would God allow sickness and suffering? Will I ever get well? What is God trying to teach me through illness? 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 to Heaven? Am I really so sick as we all think? Should I try to do more? Am I ready to die? Are all my sins really taken care of? Oh, I just want to go Home..." These were questions my grandpa and I asked, which I wrote of in the article "Caring for Grandpa". (*Spring 2019 Bugle*)

Would you like to hear some of the answers I've found?

Why am I here? Why was I ever born? These are good questions to ask. Until we find out the truth about this, life will not make sense. I am here because there is a God. I was born because He thought about me, planned for me and created me. God desires to have meaningful relationships with intelligent beings. He wants to be chosen, admired, loved and needed.

Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour and power: for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created. (Rev. 4:11)

Why would God allow sickness and suffering? It is not because He enjoys seeing His creation suffer—

not at all. But in order for us to be better than mere robots, in order for us to be able to make an intelligent choice to believe and love God, there had to be another option. Sickness and suffering come because of people's choices to reject God. Yes, innocent people suffer too. Sickness is not always a result of personal choice. All of it is heart-breaking to God. We easily tend to blame God for "causing" the world's suffering. But this is NOT what God wants! Unless you and I choose to believe and love our Creator—no matter how "good" a life we live—we are a part of the cause of humanity's sorrow and suffering. Living as God intended contributes to healing in every way.

For I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord GOD: wherefore turn yourselves, and live ye. (Eze. 18:32)

Will I ever get well? Anyone with chronic illness wonders this! The answer, for those who choose to love and believe their Creator, is YES. I might never be well on earth, but I will be in Heaven. An eternity of perfect health with the ultimate Healer Himself will far eclipse the present infirmity.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the

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Answers to Grandpa's Questions

(Continued from page 9)

former things are passed away.

(Rev. 21:4)

What is God trying to teach me? It has been said, "God never wastes pain." He has many ways of using pain to work healing. Sickness, sorrow, and pain alert our attention to the fact that something is wrong and we seek solutions. For those who find answers with God, physical sickness will add to spiritual health, earthly sorrow will enhance heavenly joys, and pain will help us understand the heart of God Who suffered, sorrowed, and endured much pain for our sakes because of our choices to reject Him. God wants us to understand how much He loves us. The hard things I face may be from my own wrong choices or they may be from other's wrong choices; but in any case, rejection of God causes trouble. God loves me! He wants me to extend the same compassion to others. I believe these are some of the greatest lessons God has taught me through times of illness and difficulty.

Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort; Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God. (2Cor. 1:3-4)

Does anyone else have it this bad? Would anyone else under-

stand? It's easy to think I'm the only one who ever faced this hardship. In a sense it is true, in that no one person is exactly the same, and no one has all the same experiences in life. But it is not necessarily true in the sense that my suffering for me is more or less than your suffering is for you. "There is no new thing under the sun." (Ecc. 1:9) Yes, others have it this bad. I have found many people can empathize because of their suffering, no matter what sort it was. Some people say, "Look for someone who has it worse, and count your blessings." I'm not sure, when it comes to degrees of suffering, if we can gauge who has it better or worse. But as for blessings, every human being has many if we'll only look, and it does us much good to cultivate gratefulness! One blessing we all can enjoy, is that no matter who we are, not one of us can experience all the types of sickness and suffering there are to be had, all at once. As for someone who has had it worse, I think we could look to Jesus for an example. He was the only man who did not Himself choose to reject God, but out of love for us allowed Himself to experience the terrible suffering that mankind chose by rejecting God. Not one of us can match what He did, and not one of us can say we fully understand His suffering. None of us can comprehend the dreadful agony He endured because of His love for us – so that we could be forgiven our treachery against Him and be redeemed back to God from the slavery we sold ourselves into.

For even hereunto were ye called: because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps: Who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth: Who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not; but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously: Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness: by whose stripes ye were healed. (1Pe. 2:21-24)

I'm not good for anything anymore. Why doesn't God just take me Home to Heaven? The first statement is a false belief, which could be why the second does not happen. God created me for a purpose, and no matter what I can or cannot do, and no matter which side of eternity I am on – I can glorify Him by simply “being”. Acknowledging His creation plan, and accepting by faith His salvation, are positive responses to God's desire to be loved and believed. There are things anyone with intelligence can do. Because I exist, I am good for something—I am created to have a relationship with my Creator that gives Him the honour and glory He deserves for His great love to me!

God says, **I have created him for my glory, I have formed him; yea, I have made him.** (Isa. 43:7)

Am I really as sick as we all think? Should I try to do more? It helps very much to have others with understanding and compassion involved in helping the weak and sick

to accept and understand their condition. Yes, there are times when it helps to exercise. But there are also times when this is unreasonable or even life threatening. Difficulties can arise when well-meaning people who think they have answers, try to give advice and help. With some conditions, the answers are obvious to those with stable minds. For other illnesses it can be harder to discern but often time will tell. With Grandpa it was obvious to us that he was in a very weakened state and would not improve much without miraculous intervention. We tried to help him understand this but there were times he was determined to try something. So we would let him and he would soon see that he could not. For me, it was not always transparent whether I really could not do more. I felt as if I could not but I doubted myself. So I would try again and again and the results were often obvious. I don't think it's wrong to keep trying if it is done in moderation, because it is true that disuse can cause deterioration of ability. But there are times the body and mind need a period of rest in order to heal. In all this we need to be able to accept the many mistakes and learn from them and also to forgive those who try to help unsuccessfully. Looking to God for wisdom and healing, accepting the illness and learning from it, and doing what we can where we are at, are all helpful in avoiding distress over the unknowns.

...having compassion one of

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Answers to Grandpa's Questions

(Continued from page 11)

another, love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous: (1Pe. 3:8)

... comfort the feebleminded, support the weak, be patient toward all men. (1Th. 5:14)


Am I ready to die? Are all my sins really taken care of? One comfort I have found is the fact that if I am not ready, I can get ready now. Today is the day of salvation! (2 Cor. 6:2) Someone has said, “The devil delights in making the unsaved feel saved and the saved feel guilty.” What does God say? Have I accepted His conditions?

Sin is rejection of God. It is unbelief. I need to repent of this, and believe in God. I need to plead His mercy and forgiveness. I need to believe His promises of forgiveness and love. In this I accept responsibility—that I chose to add to the pain and suffering and now I am choosing to add to the healing process. I come to God through His Son Jesus, who suffered and died in my place because rejection of God’s love deserves death. Only Jesus’ perfect sacrifice can clear the record. I pledge my life to live for God. I am ready to live or to die—my sins are really taken care of! As long as I am in this human body on earth, I am subject to the temptations—and suffering—of the human race (results of people’s choices to reject God). I will not always love God perfectly; I will make some bad choices. But once I am on God’s side, dedicated to the law of love, my direction of

travel needs to continue upward toward Heaven. God will reveal to me when I fail and how to take care of it. Thus the life lived for God is a growing process. Like a seed or baby maturing, I can reach perfection at each stage of Christian growth. A mind fixed on God, a heart enlivened by His love, and a life lived for the honor of the One who suffered out of great love for me, will add to this world’s healing.

Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved. (Act. 4:12)

I just want to go Home... this is the heart cry of all God’s children! But while we are here, we have work to do—even if it is simply “being” for the glory of God. The desire to die in order to escape suffering is natural but it can also hold a selfish element. Jesus suffered for us and He will walk with us through the suffering we face here. He will not give us more than we can handle with His help. He has promised to meet our needs. The time here is short. The timelessness of Heaven will far eclipse our moment of distress on earth. And so we can trust the Father-heart of God. We can choose to add to earth’s healing while we are here and look forward to Heaven’s healing at the end of our earthly journey.

And even to your old age I am he; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you: I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver you. (Isa. 46:4) 

Hope In God

And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in thee.

Psalms 39: 7

O troubled soul,
I'm in control.
My ways are best—in Me abide.
Let go. Let God. Trust Me to guide.

O child so dear,
When days are drear,
While things are not as they appear.
Let go. Let God. And do not fear.

My child, My love,
Look up above.
When you're distressed and feel depressed,
Look up. Let God. And be so blessed.

O child of Mine,
When days are fine,
And hope abounds on every hand,
Rejoice! Tell others how to stand.

My promise nigh-
Let faith not die!
Your load will fall—kneel at the cross.
Christ's blood will cleanse away the dross.

By Mabel Giffen



Evelyn, the family milk cow, harnessed in a horse harness that is modified to fit the cow. She gives 1 to 2 gal. of milk a day on grass and hay, even with a few hours of work a day. That is a perfect amount of milk for our family. She's a first time heifer, so I would expect more as she grows older. She's a full-blood Simmental.

You, Beautiful Girl

By Rachel Martin

—With Eternity Set in Your Heart

He has made everything beautiful in His time; also He has set eternity in their heart, so that (some translations, instead of “so that” say yet, without which, or except) **no man can find out the work that God makes from the beginning to the end.**

Ecc 3:11 MKJV

God made you a beautiful, sexual being. He also set eternity in our hearts; and yet (or without which) we cannot fathom the work that God does. Though we are earthy, finite, and self-centered, our hearts desire Something outside of ourselves, something bigger and more lasting than our self.

He made us for a purpose as a man or as a woman, to have a voice, to be creative, to live in relationships. We desire that what we do and say would have a lasting impact in this world and that our relationships would last. And beyond the temporal things of earth, we yearn for a connection with Something divine and eternal. That connection will impart an eternal essence to everything we do.


It is people’s self-centeredness that causes them to sin and lose their connection with God. We have left God’s way and taken our own way. Therefore, we grow up among me-centered people. We know how terrible me-centered people can make us feel. Neither do we feel beautiful when we are me-centered. Without our life being centered on the eternal One, our Self is looking to temporal things to feel satisfied and beautiful again.

Men and women go to great lengths to prove that they are worthy. Women spend much time and money trying to make their selves more beau-

tiful. But you would be surprised at how few people are impressed by our attempts at beautifying our self. Those, whose lives are no longer dictated by selfishness, want to help you blossom.

Women have a need to be beautiful and to be loved. Men are wired in such a way that the sight of the female body has a powerful effect to arouse their sexual passions. Women’s fashions are designed to draw attention to the female form. Dressed in such a way, you will catch the eye of men who would like to use you. The men and boys, who desire to keep eternity in their hearts and have lasting relationships, must look away and avoid you.

Beautiful girl, think about it. That is not what you want. You want better and lasting things to offer to the world. You are a precious person with great potential and a high calling. Allow your heart to pursue the Eternal. Wash your face; dress in a way that will enhance the beauty and love from within. It is said that beauty is in the eye of the beholder. But everyone will recognize that the glory of eternity shining through your eyes, face, and actions, is Beauty.

I will praise You; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made; Your works are marvelous and my soul knows it very well. (*Psa 139:14 MKJV*) 

The Power From on High

We need the power from on high—
The Holy Spirit's fire
To burn within us and supply
Unquenchable desire
To build the kingdom of the Lord—
And boldly speak His name,
As when at Pentecost was poured
On men the Spirit's flame.

We need the power from on high—
The water flow of Life;
No fruit will come if we are dry
But only thorns and strife.
Come, visit us with power now,
O, Lord, till we are filled
That water from our lives may flow—
Your Word in us instilled!

We need the power from on high—
The Holy Spirit's breath
To come upon us and inspire
A reckoning with death.
O, blow Your wind among us, Lord
That we would watch and pray
With earnestness, till our reward
Arrive at break of day!

By Rebecca Weber

“Just for Anyhow”

“Dack-ou! Dagoo! Gank-ou!” My one-year-old niece, Phoebe is learning to say “Thank you.” She says it often, and in many different ways. Once in awhile, she says it about something she shouldn't—like the time we heard her delighted voice exclaiming over the muddy boots. She's little enough to enjoy eating dirt! Sometimes, she'll say it for seemingly no reason at all.

God must like to hear us say “Thank You!” often. We can say it in so many

ways; not just with our voices but also in deeds such as believing God, accepting His gift of love and salvation, and doing what pleases Him. He will not appreciate thanks for things He has forbidden. We are old enough to know that not everything we might enjoy is good for us. And I think God must really like if we even say “Thank You” sometimes “just for anyhow.”

By Esther Giffen 

“My Life”

There are many things in life I'd really like to do:
Camping, living simply, washing clothes by hand,
Weaving, knitting, gardening, living off the land,
Learning many languages, studying G.E.D.*
Mastering some shorthand, including Braille, you see?
I'd like to excel in teaching, accomplish A.S.L.,*
Learn the art of papermaking, and in a tent to dwell.
Tanning hides and spinning wool are also my ambitions,
And having a knowledge of nursing next to that of a physician's.
I'd like to train more oxen, make ink and baskets too.
Sew with a treadle, mold some candles, it's more than I can do!
That's why I'd like a husband with a mindset like my own,
And children all around me so I'd never be alone.
I'd like to grow good mushrooms, drive a diesel car,
Or rather, I would prefer to walk if it is not too far.
Missionary service in some remote location,
Is something I would do had I no hesitation.
I'd like to acquire a pony, weave all of my own clothes,
Make shoes and socks and sandals, eat out of wooden bowls,
Learn how to yodel and woodburn, make soap and sourdough bread,
Do felting, quilting, crocheting, sometime in the years ahead.
I haven't even listed all that I would like to do,
For I have not yet thought it all, this is just a few!
I doubt I will accomplish even half of what you read,
Although I live for sixscore years, like one we know has said.
If I but stop...and ponder... the purpose of my life,
Is it to seek the things I want?...or, make a sacrifice?
The Lord has said, "Let no gods come before you."
These things that I have listed are not wrong to do,
But if I put them first before my Father's will,
I'm making them an idol and His plan He can't fulfill.
It also fills my heart with a lot of discontent
When I can't accomplish all my goals, that much is evident!
I have to think of all the things that I've already done,
Are actually things that those around me wish they had begun!
They say I really have it made. My life is their desire...
But really, if not done for Christ, it only makes me tire.
So, whatever you or I would really like to do,

It's Matthew seven: twenty-one that really gets us through.

Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord,
shall enter into the kingdom of heaven;
but he that doeth the will of my Father
which is in heaven. *Matthew 7: 21*

- * G.E.D. - General Education Diploma
- * A.S.L. - American Sign Language

-Anonymous



It's Only Children

The family was assembling for breakfast, with the normal chatter and scraping of chairs. I washed and dried my hands in the kitchen, dimly seeing my sister Judith set a pot on the table before she sat down. A hubbub of boyish chatter ensued.

When I slid into my seat beside her, the boys were still eagerly gesturing and chattering. Judith watched them a moment, then whispered to me, "It's only children that make you a hero for reheating the oatmeal so they can melt their cheese."

It was only then that I really listened to the boys. Yes, they were saying, "Judith warmed up the oatmeal, and now we can melt our cheese!" There were slices of cheese lying on their plates and Caleb was feeling the generous heat of the oatmeal pot with his hands.

That morning, for some reason,

breakfast had been delayed, and the oatmeal had cooled off. But my brothers wanted it hot enough to melt their cheese on the plates. So Judith had come to the rescue.

I mulled over her words after the prayer as we dished out food and began eating. The boys pulled the melted strands of cheese out of their oatmeal and grinned. To them, it was a wonderful morning gift from their sister.

Oatmeal and cheese.

Simple happiness.

Where do I lose that? There is a Father in heaven who loves to give good gifts to His children. Why do I forget to make Him out to be a hero for the tiny blessings?

There's the echo of my sister's words: "Only children..."

Only children.

By Rebecca Weber



A Mother's Lap

Inspired by my 3 yr. old talking in his sleep about wanting to be in Mommy's lap.

The lap of a mother is a place like no other:
Where baby, sister and brother
All eagerly want to be.
They like the best their head to rest on Mother's chest;
It's their favorite place, you see!

It's a warm place for the sleepy face;
Rock-a-little, hug-a-little, doze-a-little,
Kiss my face in this place like no other.

It's a comfort place for the sad face;
Cry-a-little, talk-a-little, fix-a-little,
Wipe the tears away in the lap of my mother.

Read me a story place; let me have a space;
Move-a-little, share-a-little, squeeze-a-little,
Please don't fight for this place like no other.

It's a nourishing place for the baby face;
Nurse-a-little, burp-a-little, cuddle-a-little,
I love to be in the lap of my mother.

It's a teaching place for the naughty face;
Rebuke-a-little, train-a-little, sigh-a-little,
Instruct me in the way I should go
In this place like no other.

It's a lovely place for the human race;
Sing-a-little, pray-a-little, smile-a-little,
Show me God's grace in this place,
In the lap of my mother!

By Joy Thonus

Mommy's Following

*Mommy is like a magnet
Seems everywhere she goes,
Following close behind her
Are forty little toes.*

*When baby dear is tired,
Mom wants to rest her head.
But three energetic youngsters
Beat her to her bed.*

*Yes, Mommy's like a magnet;
She sits down in her chair.
The children all come running
And pile upon her there.*

*May I not be irritated
To have them always near,
But show by my attitudes
I hold them very dear.*

*I'm thankful You have given
These ones who cling to me.
By my life may I show them
The way to follow Thee .*

By Joy Thonus



Asher Ian Martin was born to Melvin & Clarissa on June 30, 2019. He weighed 7 lb. 2 oz. Siblings: Kip and Easton.

Out of the Mouth of Babes

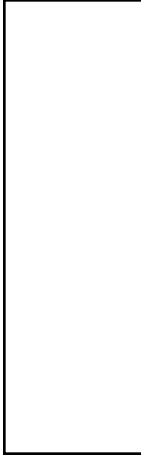
Jonathan (3yrs.) & Mommy stepped outside after a light snow had melted. Noticing the snow was gone, Jonathan said, "God took it up again."

Viola (4yrs.) was praying and said, "And God, I pray for You too."

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So God created man
in his own image, in
the image of God
created he him;
male and female
created he them.

Genesis 1:27