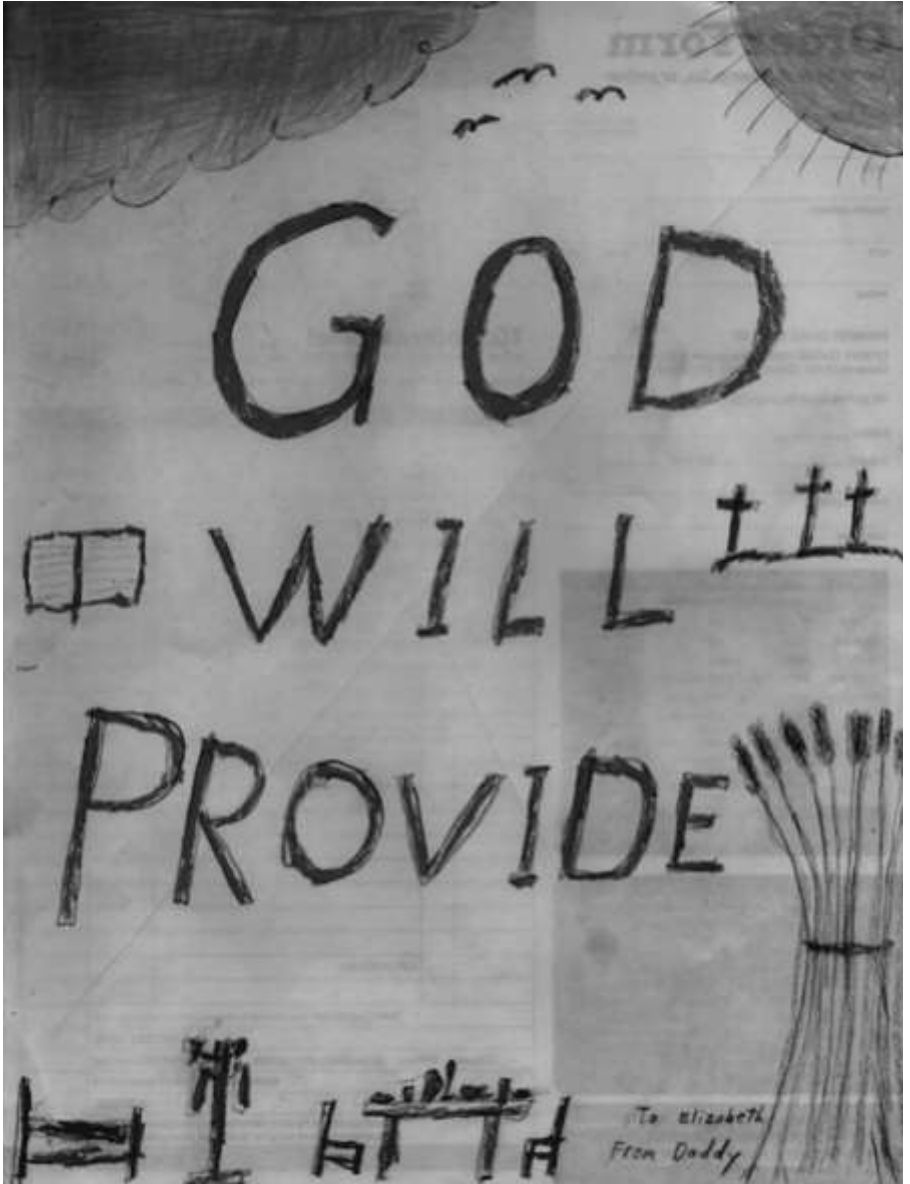


# The Bugle

Calling everyone to the service of Christ

Vol. 24, Number 1

Spring 2024



# Welcome to The Bugle

## Contents:

Editor's Desk.....	3
Some of My Reading Experiences.....	4
Loving One Another.....	9
Ad for: Scripture Verse Song CD.....	9
Baby Picture.....	9
Out of Egypt have I called my son...10	
The Lord Will Provide.....	12
Road, Deer, and Light Safety.....	12
Down on The Farm:	
Tallow and Gelatin.....	14
Answered Prayer.....	15
Ad for: A New Song For My Lord.....	15

## 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.

Send to:

The Bugle

156 Newton Rd.

Potsdam, N.Y. 13676

(315) 265-0026

Email: [thebugle@martins4u.com](mailto:thebugle@martins4u.com)

[www.thebugle.martins4u.com](http://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.

**On the front cover:** Drawn by Nathaniel as a gift to his daughter. Do you have a drawing that we could use for the Bugle that shows an attribute of God?



# Editor's Desk



“God will provide.” What does this mean?

Who do we worship, the Giver or His gifts? Do we greedily take the gifts without thanks to the Giver?

Are we too lazy to take hold of the gifts God gives to us? Or do we like the birds, hop down from our branch to take God's provisions with a song.

Do we value His gifts? What about His gifts of rebuke and chastisement? He gives instruction and commandments. Do we accept His words to us?

The Lord provides all that we need. Then why do we worry? If we accept Jehovah's provisions for us, we have nothing to fear. But if we do not, then we will lack in the time of need. The time to accept His care is now.

There is no area in our lives that

God cannot give us light and direction.

God provides justice for this world. We do well to accept His laws, His justice for transgression of His laws and then with thanksgiving accept His pardon.

When we see that God provides everything we need, boasting in self vanishes and we are filled with thanksgiving.

What better gift could God give, then to give Himself—the One that made all things and has power over all. Jesus gave His life for us on the cross. He comes and dwells in our hearts by faith. He sends His Spirit.

May we always accept the gift of Jesus Christ's Lordship in our lives which is His rightful position.

*Nathaniel J. Martin*

\*\*\*\*\*  
**And Abraham said, My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt offering: so they went both of them together.**

*Genesis 22:8*

\*\*\*\*\*  
**He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?**

*Romans 8:32*

# Some of My Reading Experiences

*Anonymous*

Spying one of my sister's new birthday books, I snatched it up. Here was my chance to check it out! At 9 years old, I was a bookworm and not ashamed to admit it. My birthdays, and the new books that came with it, did not come around often enough. At least I had siblings who shared their books!

Flipping through *Anne of Green Gables*, I immediately noticed the fine print and lack of pictures. Disappointed, yet undaunted, I began to read. It wasn't long before I laid the book aside. The big words were too difficult.

A couple of years later I opened the books again and discovered how very fascinating they were. Around the same time, books similar to *Anne of Green Gables* began making their way into our home, charming us with their old-fashioned morals, belief in God, love of nature and romance. Before long, I was hooked. If any reading material had to do with courtship and romance, I wanted to read it—good or bad.

\*\*\*\*\*

One day Dad and Mom came home from town. They'd been at the library and borrowed a few Amish romance novels. A customer had been astonished that Dad had never read these "excellent" books and urged him to read them. Dad and Mom made it clear to us children that they would read them first to check them out.

"If Dad and Mom can read them, why can't I?" I questioned. I knew that my reasoning was faulty and that I should respect Dad and Mom's wishes. However, I was a teenager or nearly so. Why couldn't I know and do and see the things adults do?

Amazed and delighted that the books were "hidden" in plain sight in the office, I'd sneak one to my room in the evening. One night while skimming one of these books for the most exciting scenes, I lost track of time. Suddenly I realized that my heart was pounding and other feelings were arising that puzzled me. I was totally involved in the life of the characters. Glancing at the clock, I was shocked to see that it was so late, it was early. I guiltily put the book back where I'd found it and went to bed.

Dad and Mom were not favorably impressed with those books. They returned them to the library without giving us children permission to read them.

\*\*\*\*\*

One Sunday afternoon we were visiting with two families from church. "When I was young," one lady shared, "my mother read quite a bit. Often the house was a mess. She neglected to teach us children basic housekeeping skills. She had her good points, but reading was a weakness.

So when I got married, I had a lot to learn. My husband was very patient with me. He taught me most of what I know about cooking and keeping house.”

I was astonished! I didn’t expect to hear this from this meek, quiet woman. I already admired this couple’s orderly home and good relationship with their children. Now I appreciated them all the more. I knew she had only shared her experience as a means to encourage another struggling mom and not to put down her mother in any way. All the same, I was certain of one thing— I did not want to be like her mother.

\*\*\*\*\*

Picking up the latest *Young Companion*, I was soon engrossed in a story. This was one of my favorite Pathway publications. Yes, there was romance in them. But because of the godly courtship standards that were upheld, it left me with a solid, satisfying, clean feeling. It was the same way with the *Christian Example* (Rod and Staff) stories for youth which are based on actual happenings. I was not ashamed to be seen reading these two papers which taught clear lessons and pointed the reader toward truth, holiness, and God.

“Romance novels are to girls and woman as pornography is to boys and men.” The words seemed to jump off the page of the *Young Companion* at me.

“No,” I told myself in denial, “It’s not that bad. Porn is disgusting; it’s sin! Romance novels aren’t that bad.”

I read the words again. And again. “Well, maybe there’s some truth to it,” I conceded. Slowly, thoughtfully, I continued reading the rest of the story.

That bold statement stuck with me. The more I thought about it, the more I realized the truth of it. Why did I delight in reading stories that did not support a hands-off courtship? They only added fuel to my already active imagination. My ideal was definitely a hands-off courtship. Why did I feed on romance stories lacking in purity?

\*\*\*\*\*

Another *Young Companion* story brought more aspects of reality to my thoughts. It told of a young married woman who was addicted to romance novels. She kept this hidden from her husband. It wasn’t too hard to keep the house in order and meals on the table... until they were blessed with a baby. Things stock-piled. Juggling baby, housework, and novels became overwhelming. Fortunately, an older sister in the Lord was able to draw her out and discover what was causing her discouragement. She encouraged the young wife and mother to confess to her husband what types of books she had been reading. Furthermore, she tried to help her see the need to put away all romance novels and feast only on the Word of God and other godly, upbuilding reading material.

This story was an aid in helping me to see where I was headed. Already I was struggling with deceit, lack of sleep, neglecting my responsibilities, etc. If I married someday, I didn't want to be hiding things from my husband. One major thing that concerned me was my lack of interest in the Bible. To have daily devotions was often a duty to get done with quickly so I could read more exciting things.

"Lord," I prayed, "create in me a clean heart. I want to hunger and thirst after righteousness. I want to love the things You love and hate the things You hate."

This was not the end of my struggles. There were harder battles to come. A taste of "tame" romance novels had given me an appetite for more.

\*\*\*\*\*

Dad and I were on our way home from a carpentry job. "There's a used bookstore along this road that I noticed the other day. Let's stop in," Dad decided.

At first I could not find anything that interested me. While waiting for Dad to finish shopping, I eyed a shelf of paperbacks. "Dare I look at them?" Several times I nearly reached out for one, but something held me back. Did I really want to find out what they contained? I wasn't sure. I did know that I did not want anyone to see me loitering near that shelf. I knew without a doubt that Dad considered them trash.

I moved on, searching the shelves again. This time my eyes lighted upon *Little Women* and *Little Men* bound in one volume. These were old classics, "safe" and approved.

But I wasn't sure that I wanted to own any of Louisa May Alcott's books. More and more I didn't know what to think. Why was I ashamed to be seen reading romance novels? For some reason, I did not want anyone to know how much I liked that type of book.

"These do have some good morals," I reasoned. "There is trash out there. I know! I'll read it then give it away as a gift."

Feeling justified, I purchased the book. To my delight (and consternation!) this was an unabridged version of the *Little Women* and *Little Men* I had grown up with. I enjoyed the more descriptive romance scenes, but with a guilty sort of relish.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Here are some stories you will like." My aunt handed me two books.

"They look like romance novels," I thought. A quick check con-

firmed my suspicion. There were books in this aunt and uncle's house that Dad did not approve of. Were these some of them?

As if sensing my hesitation, my aunt added, "Take them along home. Your dad will enjoy them too."

I still wasn't too sure; this was the type of book I did not like to be seen reading. I nearly put the books back on the shelf. Looking at the author's name again, I realized I had read one of her books before. It was her preacher husband's life story and a compilation of some of his sermons. "It will be okay; it surely won't be too bad," I convinced myself. I foolishly decided not to let Dad see them first, just in case he never gave me a chance to read them. I stayed up late that night, reading as fast as I could.

When I was nearly finished with the first book, a thought began to pester me. "What if I die tonight?" I tried to shrug it off with, "Satan's just trying to scare me," and kept on reading. Several times it came again. "Are you ready to die right now?"

God was speaking to me. The book lost its appeal. I felt so dirty. I knew I wasn't ready to die; I was disobedient and deceitful. I was addicted to reading material that God was not pleased with. "Father, forgive me," I pled. "I'm sorry. Help me to do what's right."

I went to bed with peace in my heart. In the morning I would confess to Dad and Mom. I would not finish the book nor read the other one.

Morning came. And with it, new temptations. I "had" to see what happened in the next book. I quickly skimmed it whenever I had a chance. The last suggestive scenes were burning in my mind when I finally finished. "Why did the author put in those details? Why did I give in and even open this book?!"

If these books were mine, I'd burn them before anyone else had a chance to read them. I didn't want to see them any more! I returned them to the shelf they came from at the earliest possible opportunity.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight." The speaker paused. "This weight is anything that keeps us from being our best for God."

I knew in my heart what was weighing me down. My desire was to give God my very best. Why should I continue to make choices that displeased Him? Jesus was tempted, yet He did not give into temptation. He chose what pleased the Father. By looking to Jesus, I could be an overcomer too.

\*\*\*\*\*

"I left a box of stuff out by the garage," my uncle was saying. "You can go through it and get out what you want. The rest goes to the dump."

Not long afterwards, I passed the garage on an errand. I stopped to check out the box's contents. Among the other items was...a book! What

kind of book? It was yellow with age, the cover and some pages were missing. This uncle was not a born-again child of God. I needed to be cautious.

“It’s old,” I reasoned. “It might be a good book he’s discarding simply because he doesn’t like the message or just because it’s missing pages. If it’s bad, no one else needs to see it.”

I skimmed at least part of that filthy book. I knew I should have quit before I did. After crying to the Lord to cleanse my heart and mind, I knew I must confess. I could not keep this hidden.

I waited until most everyone was in bed that night before I found an opportunity to talk to Mom alone. I told her of the book I’d found in the box. “I read some of it—more than I should have. It’s bad. I don’t think anyone should see it. Can we burn it?”

“Where is it?” Mom asked. I quickly fetched it. To this day, I do not remember whether or not Mom even looked at the book. I do remember that she believed me. Taking the book, she opened the firebox of our Pioneer Princess and chucked it into the flames. With her own hands. No hesitation. The book was gone for good. What a relief!

\*\*\*\*\*

Numerous times I asked God to take away my appetite for unhealthy reading material and to give me a hunger for what was wholesome. Gradually my interests shifted. As I put away the untrue, unholy and impure, the precious Word of God became more alive. I could read it again and again and there was always something new or meaningful that applied to my life. Why, oh why had I wasted so much time filling my mind with fantasy when I could have been allowing God to saturate and satisfy me with His truth and love?

Philippians 4:8 was valuable in helping me to decide whether or not something was worth reading. Is it true? Is it honest? Just? Pure? Lovely? Is it of good report? Is there any virtue in it? Any praise? If not, it was not worth indulging in and getting contaminated.

2 Corinthians 10:5 also became meaningful. “Casting down imaginations and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ.”

Gradually romance novels lost their grip. Bit by bit, other less-than-ideal reading material lost appeal too. I didn’t need to see and read and know everything that everyone else did. I wanted to see and read and know and think on what God wanted me to.

\*\*\*\*\*


Time passed. There were many books I could enjoy reading conscientiously. I had always liked true stories, especially ones that acknowledged God. Now I appreciated them all the more.

Occasionally I was tempted to select a romance novel from the shelf. If I did, I was quickly reminded of how unsatisfactory they were to the soul.

Today I am free! God has answered and delivered! To Him be all glory, praise and honor.



Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting. And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not. *(Galatians 6:7-9)*

“Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory forever and ever. Amen” *(Hebrews 13:20.21)*. 

---

## Loving One Another

Lately I heard two men talking about a church that was going to pieces. I commented that they should be reminded of what Jesus said, “By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another” (John 13:35). The one man commented that those who are disagreeing and dividing do love each other, but are just arguing about silly stuff! That reminded me of a friend, who was separated from his wife and later divorced, who said he loved his wife while he was being mean to her! What does 1 Corinthians 13 mean to these people? What about the Golden Rule?

I hear of divisions among Christians, but where are the stories of reconciliations? What kind of love is the world seeing?

Remember the Christian faith is a faith that works by love.

*Luke M. Martin*



### Scripture Verse Song CD

46 songs sung by Ben Shell  
2 songs sung by Joy Martin (Thonus)  
King James Version.

For a free copy, contact The Bugle.

**William Seth Martin** held by his brother Weston. Born December 4, 2023, to Timothy & Barbara Martin. 8lbs. 20 inches.

**“Out of Egypt have I called my son.”** *Matt.2:15*

O, dear soul, why must you languish  
For the life that now is past?  
Leave old Egypt; leave your bondage,  
Leave the sin that held you fast!  
Nothing worth is there to aid you  
In the search for Truth and Light,  
For deceivers all surround you and  
The darkness shrouds your sight.

Follow Christ with true-heart passion,  
He will save without delay.  
In repentance yield unto Him,  
He will strengthen you today!  
From temptations, fleshly pleasures,  
Pride of living, worldly thrall,  
Jesus will deliver fully,  
If you will surrender all.

For we know all goods will perish;  
All that men esteem so high,  
Carnal pleasures for a moment  
Melt as dross before God's eye.  
Who will stand before His presence?  
He who has been cleansed in heart;  
He who left the world behind him,  
In God's kingdom takes his part.

Rise, O soul! And leave your pining.

Rather, mourn the stains of sin,  
Sorrow for the sinful self-life,

Deeply purge your soul within.  
Rise! And feed the anguished spirit  
On the lasting manna given,  
Seek delight in Jesus' presence;  
Satisfy your soul with heaven!

Trials here may intercept you,  
Opposition test your stand,  
But the cross of Christ is lighter  
Than the chains of Egypt-land.  
Press with courage through this desert,  
Christ will aid you in the strife.  
He has power to redeem you  
And infuse you with New Life!

As you trust in God's provisions,  
Satan's host will lose the ground,  
Streams of Living Water flowing  
In this desert will abound,  
Bread of Life will fill all hunger;  
Food enough for every man,  
Clothed in righteous garbs, together,  
We'll sing praises to the Lamb!

*By Maria G. Giffen*

# The Lord Will Provide

Though troubles assail,  
And dangers affright,  
Though friends should all fail,  
And foes all unite.  
Yet one thing secures us,  
Whatever betide:  
The promise assures us,  
“The Lord will provide.”

The birds, without barn  
Or storehouse, are fed;  
From them let us learn  
To trust for our bread.  
His saints what is fitting  
Shall ne’er be denied,  
So long as ’tis written,  
“The Lord will provide.”

When Satan appears  
To stop up our path  
And fills us with fears,  
We triumph by faith.  
He cannot take from us,  
Though oft he has tried,  
The heart-cheering promise:  
“The Lord will provide.”

He tells us we’re weak,  
Our hope is in vain;  
The good that we seek  
We ne’er shall obtain:  
But when such suggestions  
Our graces have tried,  
This answers all questions,  
“The Lord will provide.”

No strength of our own  
Nor goodness we claim;  
Our trust is all thrown  
Upon Jesus' Name:  
In this our strong tower,  
For safety we hide:  
The Lord is our power;  
“The Lord will provide.”

When life sinks apace,  
And death is in view,  
The word of His grace  
Shall comfort us through,  
Not fearing or doubting,  
With Christ on our side,  
We hope to die shouting,  
“The Lord will provide.”

*John Newton*

---

## Road, Deer, and Light Safety

One foggy evening my son Kip and I wrapped things up at the feed mill. We got in the Escape and headed toward home.

There was a minivan parked along the road. I didn’t think much of it—probably talking on their cell phone. Just a bit farther down the

road there was a deer laying in the road in the other lane. I assumed the minivan had hit the deer.

I stopped and backed up to the deer. I intended to pull the deer off the road so no one would hit it. I had my headlights on and I turned my 4-ways on. I parked on the road so

anyone coming would stop. I was being safe—or so I thought. I got out, leaving the driver door wide open. I went to the deer and to my surprise, the deer was still alive. I know an injured deer can be very dangerous, so I got a wrench out of the back side door, leaving that door wide open too.

As I approached the deer, I heard Kip say from inside the Escape that a car was coming. I looked up. I thought, “That car is really coming fast and is close.” It was obvious that I was there, but to be safe, I quickly jumped behind the Escape. Just then there was a rumble and crash and flying plastic as the car flew by, running the deer over and throwing it off the road!

The driver stopped. He said he thinks he hit my car. I didn’t think he did—he hit the deer. His car looked mostly unharmed except his driver side mirror was smashed. Obviously, he did hit my car. But I didn’t see any marks on the door (I forgot the front door was open too and I didn’t even look at it).

As we talked and looked at things, Kip mentioned that he was hit. But he was inside the Escape—how could he have been hit? But he had a reddish area on his forehead. You could hardly see it and he was acting fine. He had his head out a bit and when the door slammed shut from the other fellow’s mirror hitting it (or maybe from the wind too), the glass in the door hit his forehead. Kip said it knocked him to the other side of the Escape. After some time, the ‘reddish area’ turned into a large ‘egg’. After a few days, it gave a scab. Even to this day, there is a scar. Kip said he was knocked out,

but when I asked him if he saw the driver get out of his car, he said he did. By that, I knew he wasn’t knocked out for more than a second, if even at all.

As I thought about it, this story got scarier and scarier. No marks on the Escape door but his mirror smashed? Why? I looked at the front door and it was indeed hit—it was bent so it would not close tightly! If the front door hadn’t taken the blunt of the force, how much harder would have the glass of the back door hit Kip’s forehead? Kip could be dead! If Kip hadn’t warned me, I likely wouldn’t have jumped out of the way and I could be dead! We both were close to death! Why? I was being safe.

Let’s look at this from the other fellow’s perspective. He is driving along at about 40 MPH because it’s foggy. He sees a car ahead, nothing alarming. Except the oncoming car should have dimmed his headlights. Suddenly he realizes the oncoming car is not moving, or not moving fast. But he still doesn’t see anything except bright lights. Then he sees the deer and the open doors, but it’s too late that he doesn’t have any time to react. And smash!

I thought I was being safe. But reality was quite different. I made a very dangerous situation. I should have parked off the road with my lights shining on the deer and not in the eyes of the oncoming traffic.

It’s good to look at things from the perspective of others. Perhaps it’s not as we thought.

I am very glad for God’s protection!

*By Melvin Martin*

## Tallow and Gelatin

We use beef tallow for cooking and baking especially when our butter is scarce. I use mostly soft tallow. The only thing I can use hard tallow in, and not get a greasy paste in my mouth, is bread. Hard tallow is better for making soaps and candles. Tallow is the hardest from around the organs of the cow, getting softer the farther away from the organs you go. The oil from the feet is liquid at room temperature; it is called neat's-foot oil.

To make food-grade neat's-foot oil, we boil the legs of the cow from the knee down to the hoof for about 10 hours. The broth, which contains gelatin, is poured into pans to cool. We boil the bones a second time to break down more of the collagen. We skim the oil from off the top of the cooled gelatin. We heat the oil to above 212°F to get rid of any moisture. We use this neat's-foot oil in cooking and in place of olive oil in salves.

The gelatin can be cut into squares and frozen for future use in desserts or soups. One year I made fruit salad jello with it, some of which I canned in quarts at 10 pounds pressure for 30 minutes (just like I can broth). It was runny. We read that if you cook gelatin too long, it will lose its jelling power. We figured that's what had happened. I'd just have to use it to make cobbler or sauce..... A year later I finally opened a jar. I was delighted to see that it HAD jelled! It was delicious eaten as-is right from the jar or on top of cheesecake.

To dry gelatin, crumble up the jell and let it dry slowly on screens in a cool place (45°-50° F) at first. As it dries, you can move it to warmer temperature to finish it. We made the mistake of trying to dry fresh, wet gelatin on drying racks in our kitchen. Melting gelatin dripping onto the floor was rather dismaying! I have used dried, blended gelatin in place of boughten unflavored gelatin. It takes at least four times more of the home-made than the boughten, in my experience. The frozen gelatin takes guesswork too, but it dissolves much more easily!

For animal-grade neat's-foot oil, we scrub the hoof with a brush and process it like we do the food-grade. The oil we use in making herbal salves and oils for the animals, for leather care, and for oiling our wood floors.

We feed animal-grade gelatin to the poultry. It would make cats and dogs happy too. If you want to treat your animals to more gelatin or want to make your own glue, boil pieces of cowhide! Because of the strong smell, we cook it in the oven in a pan with a tight lid. We have used dried animal-grade gelatin for glue. It takes a little planning ahead, but it's worth having non-toxic glue. Melt/rehydrate the gelatin in hot water. Apply with a small brush or popsicle stick. As it cools, it thickens. If it gets too thick to spread nicely, warm it up again. Sometimes adding a little warm water is helpful.

*By Savannah Martin with Nathaniel*

# Answered Prayer

I want to tell you about an answer to prayer. It started one Sunday with a little joint pain in my knee. As the day progressed, the pain spread to my neck and ankle and got much worse, so that by evening I could hardly get around.

At bedtime I did my usual tick check and what did I find, but a tick. This was not my first encounter with ticks and Lyme disease, so I decided I better do something to counteract the symptoms I was experiencing. What had worked for me before for Lyme didn't do the trick this time.

I consulted with a couple of medical people about my knee. Both said it's my knee that's wearing out. They disagreed with me that Lyme could be the cause.

I was using crutches to get around and spending a lot of time in bed. I felt like something more needs to be done. So, Rachel and I prayed to God for direction, and by the time we were done praying, the thought of oregano oil was in my head. Could this be the answer to our prayer? How do we use this and how much? It occurred to me to look up oregano and Lyme online. What I found was that studies showed that 4 drops of oregano oil 3 times a day killed all the Lyme spirochetes within 10 days, and did not return. I tried it. In 2 days, I was walking and only continued to improve. I no longer walk with a limp! Praise God.

Others struggling with Lyme tried it and got good results as well. Again, praise God for answered prayer and healing!

**WARNING:** Oregano oil is a very strong wide spectrum antibiotic, so do not take it for more than 2 weeks at a time. It kills the good with the bad in your gut. It is recommended to take a probiotic (raw fermented foods contain probiotics).

**ANOTHER WARNING:** Oregano oil will BURN; it must be diluted to use internally. Dilute it with milk or something else. I often mixed it with some of my food.

May you be encouraged to trust God for all your needs, and to give thanks and praise to Him.

*Sincerely, Luke M. Martin*

New songbook coming soon.

## *A New Song For My Lord*

Compiled by Micah Rosenbarker

Contains Songs by Micah, James Giffen, Maria Giffen and others.

Contact: Micah Rosenbarker

327 County Route 47 Potsdam, NY 13676

Phone: (315) 414-7610 Email: [mrosenbarker4jesus@gmail.com](mailto:mrosenbarker4jesus@gmail.com)

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

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

Electronic Service Requested



---

**But my God shall  
supply all your need  
according to his  
riches in glory by  
Christ Jesus.**

*Philippians 4:19*