

# The Boys' Bugle

Calling all young men to the service of Christ

Vol. 7, Number 2

Summer 2007



In Loving Memory of

*Jonathan Z. Martin*

August 16, 1991 – March 30, 2007

## The Boys' Bugle and Heart and Home Harmony

Editors: Luke and Rachel, and Melvin  
Martin

*Heart and Home Harmony* along with *The Boys Bugle* is published quarterly or as the Lord leads. Your input is welcome.

### Planned Theme for the Next Issue. **Contentment**

Please send us your contributions before August 31. We planned this theme for this issue, however because of Jonny's death we pushed it off until the fall.

## Subscription Information:

Please let us know, at least every 4 years, that you want to continue to receive "The Boys' Bugle." Back issues available. Donations appreciated. We reserve the right to print anything you send us, unless you specify otherwise. Please make checks payable to The Boys' Bugle.

Send to:

The Boys' Bugle  
156 Newton Rd.  
Potsdam, N.Y. 13676  
theboysbugle@yahoo.com  
315-265-0026  
www.green-trust.org/TBB/  
Notice "TBB" is in Capitals.

## Man charged, jailed after crash kills teen

PARISHVILLE—An intoxicated man was charged with vehicular manslaughter Saturday after hitting and killing a Parishville teen with his van Friday night.

Jonathan Z. Martin, 15, was killed when the modified golf cart he was using to carry sap on County Route 47 was rear-ended at about 7:40 p.m. by Richard Hayes, 39. The boy was thrown off the cart and declared dead at the scene.

Mr. Hayes was taken to Canton-Potsdam Hospital for treatment of bruises and scrapes he suffered when his van overturned after hitting a utility pole just off the road. He was kept at the hospital overnight then arraigned in Town Court and sent to the county jail.

Mr. Hayes had a blood alcohol level of 0.21 per cent when tested after the accident.

## Jonathan Zimmerman Martin

went to Heaven March 30, 2007.

Born August 16, 1991 in Parishville, NY son of Luke and Rachel Zimmerman Martin, he was working to graduate next year in his home school education.

Funeral Service was held at Parishville Firemen's Hall, April 4, 2007, 10:00 AM. He is buried at the Martin Farm at Southville. Arrangements were with Seymour Funeral Home, Potsdam.

Surviving besides his parents are five brothers and a sister-in-law: Daniel and Mendy, Timothy, Melvin, Luray, Nathaniel, five sisters and three brothers-in-law: Ellen and Michael Atnip, Baltic, Ohio, Emily and Robert Hall, Dawn and Luke Rosenbarker, Joy Martin and Larisa Martin, paternal grandmother: Verna G. Martin, Bethel, Pa. maternal grandmother: Martha Z. Zimmerman, Ephrata, Pa. Plus eleven nieces and nephews and many uncles, aunts, and cousins.

Age: 15 years, 7 months, and 14 days

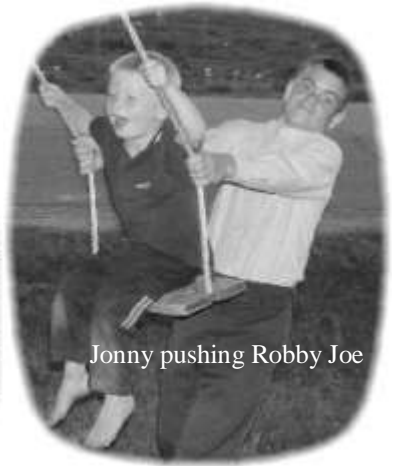
**On the cover:** Jonathan with a cedar waxwing he found in our yard in 2006. It must be the baby waxwing he found in 2005 and fed flies and berries for 2 weeks.



my Jon Jon Baby  
 we all adored him  
 Dad, Mom and siblings ten  
 he grew so fast  
 and was almost nine  
 when he announced to me  
 "I told God that I'll live for Him"  
 he found much to do  
 in the woods, farm, and shop  
 capable, willing, helping, and studying  
 kind, forgiving, charming and fun  
 he was known to argue with the dictionary  
 and delight us with tricks  
 fast becoming a man  
 he was doing his duty  
 suddenly hurled in the air  
 angels were there  
 ready to catch him and carry him yon  
 oh how we miss him  
 but through the dark cloud  
 my sonshines from heaven  
 his example a beacon  
 bidding us come



We love you, Jonathan!  
 Mom



Jonny pushing Robby Joe

# The Funeral Service

Words in brackets were added by editors.

To start the service Michael Shell led the congregation in three hymns.

*“Teach Me O Lord to Number my Days”*

*“Peace, Perfect Peace”* The first line of this song asks the question, the second line gives the answer. It is only by the blood of Jesus that was shed that we can have peace today.

*“Abide With Me; Fast Falls the Eventide”*, Jonny’s favorite song

## **Luke Martin speaking – Father of Jonathan**

Good morning, in Jesus’ name I greet you. I have a few things I would like to share this morning on behalf of Jonny and on behalf of our family, in the name of Jesus. The first thing I would like to do is to thank everyone for the terrific support that we have gotten in the loss of Jonathan. The rescue people, funeral home, the friends, relatives, the neighbors, fellow Christians for all the services, and support the sympathy and all the love that’s been shown. I don’t think I have words that can fully express the appreciation, but I want God to bless you for it. Let us bow our heads and pray:

Father in heaven, we come before you this solemn morning. Father, I pray that you might help me to pray and all of us to speak. Put words in our mouths, give us grace, help us to do what you might have us do. Lord, I pray that somehow this passing of Jonathan, that Jonathan coming to be with You would be some kind of spiritual awakening for this area. Oh, that hearts would turn to You and realize that You love them. Oh, Father, I pray that you might give all of us grace in the days to come. Oh, Father I pray for

Richard Hayes and I pray that you might bless him and help him to see that you have shed your blood for him. That he could find forgiveness. Oh, Father, I just pray that if there is anyone else here that has guilt that they might also learn to know of your love and your forgiveness. Oh, Father I pray that you will pour your spirit out this morning in full measure. I pray that the passing of Jonny might be like when we throw a stone into a pond and it makes ripples, and that those ripples would go far and wide, and would have an impact on folks to bring them to you. Father, this is my heart, and again I pray that you might give us grace today that we might do what is pleasing in your sight. I ask these things in Jesus’ name. Amen.

I want to talk a little bit about Jonny. The first thing I want to say is he was a Christian. He read his Bible a lot, he memorized his Bible. He carried this little Bible in his pocket most of the time with a rubber band around it and he was memorizing the Bible. He had memorized Ephesians, James, and the Sermon on the Mount. Jonny loved Jesus. I think he was a tremendous example and I just hope that we take some lessons from Jonny. Also, after he died and we went up to his room and were looking at his things, his Bible was open to Psalm 51. I would like to read that right now. I think it is self-explanatory and I think it’s meaningful: ...[Read Psalm 51]... I hope that somehow today, you all will be more inspired to read the Bible to find out what God is saying to you, so that if the time comes that you have to leave this life, that you are ready to meet the Maker.

Some more about Jonny. Jonny was a calm, cool, collected person. He was a very pleasant person. He was a lot of fun. He lived life to the fullest, what he did, he did heartily. He really went at it. When he went at something, he was not a half-hearted person. In school, he had this kind of logic. He said well, if you have to go to school until you are 16 years old, then you might as well graduate by the time you are 16 years old. And so, he was working hard to try to be through 12th grade by the time he turned 16. We home school and many a morning, when I crawled out of bed, Jonny was doing schoolwork. He was very self-motivated. He loved music, he loved to sing. He loved to play his violin and guitar and I trust that today, in heaven, he is doing just that. Another part about Jonny was he loved the outdoors. Jonny was the guy who had seen the bears and caught the biggest fish, and he did all those things that boys just dream of doing. He just seemed to be at the right place at the right time. One little story I'll tell you. He had this dream of collecting [skins of] all the native animals in the area. So he had a collection and he was adding to this collection whenever he had the opportunity. And he had a pretty big collection. One day we were in Potsdam and heard Kent Hovind speaking about Creationism. He said he had a museum and he started an animal skin collection and he had trouble finding someone with a skunk skin. Well, afterward, Jonny went up and said, "I've got a skunk skin for you". He bartered with that man and he got a lot more than skunk skins. One skin he got was a plain, old rat. One day he and his friend, Matthew, were at our house and caught this rat. Well, you know they're kinda native, and so they wanted to

skin this rat. They asked their moms first, and his friend's mom was almost grossed out at the idea of skinning a rat, but they decided that since it was an organic rat, it would be all right to skin it. So they carefully skinned it. He was real careful with his skinning and got the nose and everything. So they skinned that rat, and that rat skin is hanging in Florida in a museum. Jonny had some interesting things that he did.

The other thing I would like to share. As I was going through his things, we found a packet of letters that Jonny wrote to himself. I would like to read part of those letters because I think that they would be edifying. Now, understand this is Jonny talking to himself, and I'd like to say that maybe we ought to write letters to ourselves sometimes.

I'm going to read a couple of these.

"Jonny, if you are tempted to do small things, ask yourself, do I want to? It is totally synonymous –" it doesn't matter what it is, what temptation it is, do you really want to sin?

Let me read another one.

"Jonny, are you going to waste your precious youth, which is the time when my character is being molded, in bondage to sin and frustration for just 10 seconds of pleasure? Or do you always want to be singing Glorious freedom? Then, when I am tempted to do something, I will stop and come and read this note. I read a chapter from Proverbs. If I catch myself doing it, I will read 3 chapters. Lord, if you love me, (I know you do) then please help me. "

Another one: Jonny, you must stop it. It can't go on. It's those little "not too bad " "I can handle this" things, which you must watch out for because you have proven you can't

resist it, Just don't ever start. Lord, please bless my effort. Do you want to be thrown into disappointment again? Then don't start. It has a bitter, grievous end. Help your son, Jesus. Proverbs 5:4, Proverbs 6:33, Proverbs 8:18" [Luke read these]

I got one more I'd like to share:

"This is a test. God wants to know if I will forsake sin or not. He is testing with something little and seeing if I will be faithful to see if he can trust me with something big. Jonathan, you must learn to say no. If you are unfaithful now and say yes, you will also say yes later. It will be much harder then. Jonathan, the devil is out for your priceless virginity and purity and youth. He wants to teach you to say yes now so someday he can destroy you. If you can say no to even starting, that's the real hero. And it will get easier every time. Don't give your years and honor to Satan. What he gives in exchange is not worth it. And don't think that your ruin will come slowly. It will come suddenly and you will be ruined before you realize what happened. So, Flee like a strong man. Strive for the riches and honor. To get it, you must not only know wisdom but also do it. Or, you will come to the same thing that Solomon did. You must stop while wisdom still remaineth. Be faithful in little and God will use you to do great things. Do you think God will trust and put you in the midst of girls if you can't even be good by yourself? You're basically stuck in the mud puddle until you stop. Jonny, this is an important time when you mold your character. If you do little, bad things, it will lead you right to Hell and shame. If you do good things at this "Y", you will learn to be an upright man instead of a wreck of humanity. If you overcome, you will receive a crown of life. You are going to use "opportunities" to strengthen

yourself. In my power is what I want, to strengthen my bad habit that is going to destroy me or my character that will honor me?"

I hope that as I was reading those things, you could understand what he was saying. And don't you think it might be a good idea to write yourself a few notes and make sure that you overcome the temptation when it comes so that you are an overcomer when you leave to go to heaven? Maybe some of you wondered why I insist that Jonny is in heaven. Maybe now, you understand why I am so sure. But, I don't know if everybody else here, that we could have that confidence, but I think that everybody ought to know that Jesus came and died for all mankind. For you, and for me, for Jonny and every one of us. And you can have the same thing that Jonny got. You can live. That big sign we made up there, I believe that Jonny believed that, and I wonder what you think about that? It says, "Jesus said, I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead," and that is dead in sins and trespasses, "yet shall he live: And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." We're talking about spiritually. Then Jesus asks the question, "Believest thou this?" John 11:25-26 And that question is for you and me to answer too. Do we believe that? That Jesus, if we believe in Him, will give us life. You'll have to answer that for yourself. But, it would be a good question to think about and answer to the affirmative. Jonny always lived like he was really gonna go somewhere; I mean he had ideas and he tried to make them happen. He did a lot of things, for 15 years old he had done a lot of things already. The little buggy that he was driving when he got hit, he took a golf cart and he built that thing. He had a diesel engine in that, it

was a pretty nice little cart. He had it running pretty nice. And he was doing a lot of things like that, like he was really gonna do something and he was gonna go somewhere and I wondered sometimes, just what Jonny would become. He seemed like an extraordinary person, like he was really gonna go somewhere. And I guess he really was going somewhere. He was going to heaven. And the Bible tells us that what we do, we should do heartily and the Bible tells us that if we are lukewarm Christians, half-hearted, God's going to spit us out. God wants us to be doing our service, showing our love and obedience to him wholeheartedly. And I think Jonny was doing that. And so I say, if today you are hearing the voice of God's spirit speaking to your heart, respond. Don't put it off. Listen to the voice and obey it. And may God bless you.

**Daniel Martin speaking -  
brother to Jonathan**

Good morning. I stand before you with a heart that is full - full in many ways. We're crying. This community has experienced a grievous wrong and we're crying. We're rejoicing that Jonny has gone, that he has made it to the finish mark. Possibly, some of us are feeling something that feels sort of like anger at the senselessness of yet another alcohol-related death. Another thing that is bubbling in my heart is the fullness of how many people care about us. Our lives are not as much in a corner as you might think at certain moments when you are about, doing your daily routine. Thank you for coming out.

Why was Jonny on this earth? God made Jonny. What for? I want to thank God that He has given us 15 years with Jonny. We are rich for

having known him. The Bible says that God created mankind. God created Jonny, God created you, God created me. We are His. It goes on to answer the question of what we are for. We are to be bringing honor and glory to God. Has Jonny's life filled its purpose in that sense? Yes! Jonny lived a short life but it was a full life. A big part of worshipping God, of bringing glory to God, has to do with valuing God.

Believing that He is the greatest thing going. Out of this valuing God, knowing that God is way bigger than us, that God has his act together, that we are like ants in the grass and God is up here seeing the big picture, we have an answer to the question of why. But it is not a logical answer. Why did this happen? This cannot be answered in a logical, "Well, because of this, it had to happen." It is outside of that realm. You're beating your head against a wall if you try to understand it in those kinds of terms because we are not dealing with something that is on that level of existence.

But Jonny believed God. The ultimate insult that you can do to somebody is to say, "I don't believe you". If you are saying that to God by the way you are living your life, or the way I am living my life, then you will live a life of worry because you have to keep things in control. How much time did Jonny spend worrying, do you think? (Luke Martin answers, "He would say, 'Why worry about what people think? Just do what's right.'") If we believe God, if we value God, if we worship God it allows us to relax, safe in the arms of Jesus. This is how God meant mankind to live. We cannot live a full, rich life without safety.

A second part of worshipping God has to do with loving others, being a servant. Jesus said, "If you have done

something unto the least of these, my brethren, you have done it unto me.” Jonny wasn’t asking, “What is in it for me?” as his first question when a job came up to be done. At least, as I think back, I can’t ever remember him asking that question. He may have. What is in it for me? OR, how can I serve? When God created us, including Jonny, He did not intend for us to stay here forever. Physical death is something that God had in the plan from the beginning. We are on our way to a better place. Heaven is not a patch up job because the earth didn’t get the way it belonged. This earth was never meant to take the place that heaven has for us. There is a sense that this is a period of transition. There is a sense that this is a period of testing. Will you follow God? Death is not a mistake, and it is not an issue of if we will die, in the sense of drawing our last breath here on this earth. Jonny was a mortal; Jonny is not a mortal anymore. He has shed the last remnants of mortality. He is free: time, space, matter. He’s outside of this sphere that we live in that limits us. This is not a mistake.

I’m switching to a different subject here. Our community is hurting. A grievous wrong has been done and we are crying because of it. A young life, full of promise, is gone. Can this community love and value Richard Hayes again? What will it take until we are one in love? We feel anger about this crime. I ponder, I knew Richard Hayes, but not well. Why, what kind of pain is in his life that caused him to be drinking? Did he have a mother and a father that loved each other and were able to equip him with skills for living? Who else was in his life and how did they reach out to him? I cannot answer those questions at this time and I don’t need to answer those questions.

How does He [God] want us to deal with the grieving and the anger? You can say, “I don’t have any anger about it”, and possibly if you are not close, it might be true. But more probably, you haven’t thought about it, because it’s the way a human being is made to respond. It is right but we have a responsibility as to what are we going to do with this anger? Is it going to be turned into love? How does God want us to deal with this? What will it take for us to love and value Richard Hayes again? The past is in the past. Nobody can fix the events of this last week. The pain is a present reality. It affects the present and the future. We can say Richard Hayes could come and he could say, “I’m sorry”. And we could say, “Well, it didn’t really matter, we forgive you”. Not true. It did really matter! It really, really mattered and Richard Hayes cannot fix it. Forgiveness is not about undoing the past. The past is the past and it cannot be changed by any of us. Forgiveness is a present response to a present situation. Forgiveness is about present relationships, the canceling of demands, the returning to loving and valuing.

Was Mr. Hayes a sinner above all the rest of sinners because of this? How many people have had a drink and drove and arrived at their house? I didn’t talk to Mr. Hayes, but I would expect that that’s what he was planning, what he was expecting to happen. That he was going to get in his van and he was going to drive home. A very normal thing to do. It could have happened to many of us. That we would be in his shoes, instead of scot-free and looking down our nose at him. I hope we’re not looking down our nose at him. So you say, “I don’t drink, this isn’t about me”. How many men, if the wrong opportunity would have shown itself



up at the wrong moment, would have done things with women that they would be sorry about afterwards, that they would have damaged a life? How many of us, given the wrong opportunity at the wrong moment, would have spoken angry words to another of our fellow human beings and have caused, not physical damage, but pain that lasted and damaged for a long, long time? Was Richard Hayes a sinner above all the rest? NO! He is a man like you and I.

Last fall, this was a divine appointment that I didn't quite understand at the time. I was pulling carrots on a nice, blue, October day. And a crew was following behind me breaking the tops off and putting the carrots into buckets. There was a bed of carrots that had given a fabulous yield: 100 5-gallon pails of carrots in a 300-foot row. And it was taking us all afternoon to pull them things out. I was about 2/3 of the way down the bed and my arms were tired. A man [Richard Hayes] comes walking down; didn't say much, watched us pick for a moment, and had some kind of a small greeting. There was kind of an otherworldly atmosphere about the way he came up that I didn't know quite what to think about it. It actually flitted through my mind for a moment, is this an angel? But I knew it wasn't, but I can remember that flitting through my mind and wondering about the nature of this here. I was on the one side of the bed, he was standing on the other side of the bed. He dropped down to his knees and asked me to show him if he could help, to show him what I was doing. So he took half the bed, I took the other half of the bed. I don't know whether it was one hour or two hours, but we were just about to the end of what needed to be done and the sun was low in the sky

and he stood up. We had some small talk about various issues but not of the normal type of small talk, it was of a somewhat spiritual nature. He got up and said, "I need to be going." I don't know that I have seen him since. I don't know that I had seen him before. This is a man that God loves. God calls us to love, to forgive, to value our fellow man. He says esteem one another better than yourself.

We, in the Christian community, sometimes as I am getting older and as I ponder life, what is important and what don't matter. Our not valuing each other and bickering about and trying to change each other into something different than who we are, sometimes I think that that ought to be put in the not matter, not too important, actually maybe a negative way to spend our days. Can you imagine how different we would feel if the last thing that would have happened in Jonny's life would have been some kind of a spat or fight in the family? Man, wouldn't that be a blotch, a mar, a sadness in our life that's not there? Our last relationships with Jonny were beautiful.

When we are sinned against we can respond with bitterness, hate, malice. We have all seen it, we have all felt it. This cannot undo the past. You have wronged me and I hate you for it. That is a present situation about a present reality that is not about the past. As much as we like to fool ourselves and say, "I hate him because of what he did back there". Yes, the past affects the present, but this is a present relationship. Hate and bitterness and anger cannot undo the past. It is not strong enough to do it. It ruins our ability to love and to live the full, rich life God wants for us. This is vanity. For us to respond and spend our days hating people is an awful waste, it is vanity. It has

no chance of fixing the past problems, but it has every chance of creating present and future problems.

God gives us boundaries and He gives us instruction. Not because He just feels like making a bunch of rules, but because He made us, He made this whole universe. He knows what it takes for the universe to be in its full beauty. God gives us these boundaries that He has given us in the Bible because He loves us. When He says don't hate, He is not withholding a good thing from us. He is protecting us from a bad thing!

For us to really trust Mr. Hayes, what would it take? It takes many things; this isn't going to be a thing that happens all at one moment. This is an interaction that is going to need to take place between two individuals with repeated interactions for us to go past the level of just loving and forgiving to actually valuing and trusting. Proverbs gives a verse that indicates that it is harder to restore a broken relationship than it is to take a strong city. This is not something that happens just like that. This is something that takes work, but one thing that is going to help a big pile is if we know that Mr. Hayes is crying with us. That he realizes the grievousness of what he has done. If we see him serious about chopping down into the root of these issues that have caused this to happen. That he has repented, that he has turned. That he is not going to repeat this. This is a scenario that I am going to unfold that I don't think will happen, but if the police would turn Mr. Hayes loose tomorrow and we as a community realize that he, if he would communicate to us that it was all Jonny's fault, it wasn't his fault, that he don't care about what happened. If he gave a hard, callused response, and we seen him in the bar

and get behind the wheel again, it would be virtually impossible for us to trust him. We would be scared. We may love him, we may want to have forgiveness, we may have forgiveness. But not in it's full beauty without him also realizing the grievousness of what has happened and crying with us and turning and saying, "I am going to go a long ways out of my way to prevent anything like this from ever happening again in my life". The preliminary words that I have heard, reports from those that have met him in the last days, this man IS crying with us. He hit a friend. He hit somebody that he knew and liked. This man is crying about this situation. Is that accurate? [Turning to Richard's brother who nodded yes.] What will it take for us to love him again? So my words in closing, Jonny made it to the finish line. Thank you, God, for giving Jonny to us for 15 years.

### **Speaker Gerard Monnat**

I, too, greet you all in the precious name of Jesus Christ. I have many questions in my heart about this day, about what happened. And yet I agree wholeheartedly with brother Luke and his family that Jonny is in glory. I have listened this morning to brother Luke and brother Daniel, and I have said what more could I add? And yet, what I realized, what they have asked me to do is share part of my testimony. I was not brought up in a Christian home. I was not a Jonny. I was a Mr. Hayes. I was a drunk; I was a sinner well into my early thirties. Even though I quit drinking, I still sinned well into my forties. I did not know the Lord at all even though I had been brought up in a so-called church. I did not know Christ. If I had died, I'd be in Hell, no doubt about it. I was destined for dam-

nation. I take comfort in God's word from Luke Chapter 4. Christ stood up in the temple, in the synagogue to read and it says, He opened the book of the prophet Isaias and in verse 18, it says he read "The Spirit of the Lord [is] upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised."

How was I set free, how was I healed, how was my sight restored? I stand before you, some of you know me, a lot of you don't, I am a 58-year-old Vietnam Veteran. I came out of that mess angry, bitter and well on my way to a life of nothing. Somehow, and I don't know how, and I sometimes wonder why God put up with me and allowed me to live so long that He could get hold of me and bring me into His kingdom. I have asked that many times, MANY times when I hear of a young one that God takes. Why, Lord? Why did you save ME of all people? And yet, I stand before you this morning knowing that God saved me and got me out of that mess. God healed me from the hate, the bitterness, the vengeance that I had in my heart. He healed me from the drugs and the alcohol. For those who say, once an alcoholic, always an alcoholic I suppose that is true. But for those who say that you will always want to drink again, that's not true. The Lord Jesus Christ took away the desire to drink from my heart. It took a few years. My father died two years ago and in our family, drinking is a tradition. There was a lot of alcohol for three days around me at the home, at my parents' home. I had not one desire to take a drink. That is the miracle of Jesus Christ in your heart.

What about the vengeance, what about the bitterness, what about the worst of sinners? What about somebody like Mr. Hayes? Is there a chance for him? I deeply believe there is. It says in Romans 6 that we were dead in trespasses and that now we are alive in Christ. When we die to Christ, he takes over. My life, my desires, my whole spirit had to change to come into line with Christ's teaching and lordship over my hate, over my bitterness, over my desires to get even. I had to learn to give way to love. I had to learn to give way to forgiveness. I had to learn to give way to forgiving from my heart when I see a Vietnamese family. I lost friends over there. I lost my innocence over there. It took Jesus Christ in my heart for me to be able to smile and say hello to a Vietnamese person again. I came out of there hating them. Today, I would love to see every one of those people in the Kingdom.

I didn't grow up being taught to hate, but hate found me because I did not have Christ in my heart. When I am offended today, or when somebody speaks about me that I hear and drags my name through the mud, or somebody takes me financially for some reason, or someone that I know and love is taken away, how many times do I forgive? Jesus tells us to forgive 70 times seven. Matthew 18, Peter is asking Him. Peter says, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against thee and I forgive him? Till seven times?" Which I think was kind of the rule in Hebrew times. And Jesus saith unto him, "I say not unto thee until seven times, but until 70 times seven."

Christ didn't save me so I can keep doing my own thing, to keep an unloving spirit. As a Christian, it is my duty, my profession of faith to love; not just family, not just friends, not just

other Christians, but to love my neighbor as myself. And we know who our neighbor is – it’s anybody we meet. And to especially love as Jesus did the unloving as the world sees them, and the unforgivable, as the world sees them. Does that mean that I have to love, not only Dick Hayes, but also Osama bin Laden and Saddam Hussein? Yes, it does. I do not have to love their actions; I have to love them as souls to be saved. That is what Christ is asking me and that is the love that the world does not understand.

“There but for the grace of God, go I”. The evangelist and preacher Mr. Finney said that to his associates as he was going to a revival meeting in a city and had to step over a drunk on the sidewalk. I believe that every true Christian should remind themselves: there but for the grace of God, go I. When I hear, when we hear of somebody such as Mr. Hayes who has committed a crime, that more than likely is going to jail, when they did something either in anger, or they were drunk or on drugs, we agree and we know that in Romans 12, God has given civil authority the power, the right to punish crimes, to put those people in jail who commit crimes to get compensation from them for that. But God has commanded that we, as Christians, must also forgive. It is not our duty to condemn; it is our duty to forgive and to seek that they come to Christ.

As one who was saved by Christ, whose blood on the cross washed my sins away, whose resurrection gives me hope of life eternal; as a sinner, a drunk, a liar, a thief, and an ungodly human being can I not now feel compassion and love for those that are still gripped by sin in terrible darkness? Can I not have a forgiving attitude to others as God has forgiven me? Now that I

have been saved, am I so self-righteous and holy that I can choose who to forgive, when Christ tells me that my job is to obey his commandment, to love and forgive? In John Chapter 14, Jesus talks about loving Him and obeying His commandments. He says, “If you love me, keep my commandments. And I will pray the Father and He shall give you another comforter that He may abide with you. Even the spirit of truth whom the world cannot receive because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him but ye know Him for He dwelleth with you and shall be in you.” As we obey God’s commandments, we love Him and He loves us and as we abide in Him, He abides in us and His spirit abides in us. The rewards of keeping Christ’s commandments are great; the rewards of living in sin are terrible. There is no real reward for living in sin. Can others that we know; those who have committed crimes, murder, rape, sex abuse, arson; can any of these people still come and be saved and forgiven by God? I think you all know the answer, the answer is yes! Can they be saved by God’s grace and take on the spirit of Christ and His love? Yes, they can! For God so loved the world that he gave His only begotten son and Jesus said, “I am the resurrection and the life”. Paul did such a turn around, not because of his own will, but because God turned him around and changed Paul from an unbelieving, murderous sinner into one of the greatest apostles.

There is hope for the hopeless. What about our neighbor? What about the one down the street that rubs us wrong? What about our boss, our spouse or our child? Should we as a Christian seek their salvation? Of course we should. How do we do that? Do we do it by just walking by and not saying hello? Do we do it by

ignoring them? Do we do it by not speaking kindly to them? We do it by first loving them in our hearts and actions, by praying for them and by having a Christ-like spirit of forgiveness towards them. Love of fellow man was missing from my life before I found Christ. I was lost in sin. I was lost in sin, Christ wasn't. I was blind to the truth of Christ and His love for me. In spite of my sin, God kept calling me to repent before it was too late. As long as you draw a breath, it is not too late! The second you die, it IS too late! Thank God I gave in; I came to the end of myself and fell on the rock Jesus Christ. I am forgiven fully by God. Now, that Agape love needs to flow from my heart in a Christ-like manner to all others. That love, that Christ-like love, that spirit of forgiveness is what defines true Christianity. Anything less is hypocrisy. I'd like to leave you with one last reading from 1 John Chapter 4. I want to ask you all to think about what Christ did for us who know Him as Lord. What Christ did for Jonny, what Christ did for me, what Christ can and will do for Mr. Hayes and others like him. What Christ can do for you who do not follow Jesus or do not have Him as your Savior and Lord. Christ wants our love and Christ wants us to love. 1 John 4:6-11, 20-21

There is hope for everyone. There is life in Jesus Christ whether you are a youth, a teen, in your twenties or 30's or 40's or 50's or 60's or 70's or 80's or 90's. If you're here today and you don't know Jesus Christ, don't waste your years thinking about it like I did. The scars, physical and emotional, will follow you the rest of your days. If you have not come to Christ you needn't put it off. Today can be the day of your salvation. Could we bow our heads for a prayer, please?

Almighty Father, we thank you, dear God for Jonny's testimony, for the family's testimony, for the testimony of Christians that have come here today. Oh, Lord, You have called us to be Your own, You have asked us to follow You with all our hearts and we thank You God that You so kindly, lovingly gave your Son, Jesus Christ, for our salvation. Father, we do not want anyone here to put off coming to Christ.

We do not want anyone here, Lord, to think that it's too late, or they are too young. Lord, if you are knocking at their heart, we ask you to open their heart so that they can say, "Yes, Lord" and they can accept Christ as their Savior and Lord. And that they too can be ready to meet their Maker, should God call them this very day, possibly this very afternoon. We don't know, Lord. We ask you Lord, to bless the rest of this day, the rest of this service. We thank you, Lord, that You have shown Yourself to us through Jonny. And we're so glad that Jonny is with You in heaven. And we pray this, Lord in Jesus' name. Amen.

### **Michael Shell:**

When I think of Jonny's testimony, I have to think what a man! Jonny was 15 and he was miles ahead of where I am. What a man!

*"Abide with Me 'Tis Even Tide"* another favorite of Jonny's

*"Be Still, My Soul"*. This is my prayer for everyone that is grieving over this. As they go through this, they can trust God that he is in control and that they can sing this song and mean it with their hearts.

*To hear this service in audio format go to: [www.green-trust.org/TBB/2007/04/jonathan-martins-funeral-in-audio.html](http://www.green-trust.org/TBB/2007/04/jonathan-martins-funeral-in-audio.html) or [www.green-trust.org/TBB](http://www.green-trust.org/TBB)*

## The Burial

A neighbor and friend, Ben Sharlow offered to make the coffin. Jim Kane helped him. They did a beautiful job. Others made a rough box and dug the grave.

After the service at the Firemen's Hall, we went to Daniel's farm and laid Jonathan's body to rest under a wild cherry tree.

Three songs were sung at the gravesite:

*I Need No Mansion Here Below  
I Love to Steal Awhile Away  
Death Shall Not Destroy My  
Comfort*

Then a friend, standing back a piece, played *Amazing Grace* on the bagpipes.

The rain had stopped, but now God showered some tears to mingle with ours. Straps under the coffin were used to lower it into the rough box. The thud of the lid closing on the rough box, hit us in the chest. More impromptu songs were sung while the men and boys took turns shoveling dirt on the grave. With the first shovel full my being wanted to scream, "No! Don't do that!"

It was painful but helpful to bring closure and healing to our aching hearts. —RM

We found the book open to Jonathan's favorite song where he played it shortly before his passing. The words fit his experience.

## Abide With Me

By Henry F. Lyte, 1847

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;  
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide.  
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need thy presence every passing hour;  
What but thy grace can foil the tempters  
power?  
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?  
Thru cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless;  
Ills have no weight and tears no bitterness;  
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy  
victory?  
I triumph still if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou thy cross before my closing eyes;  
Shine through the gloom and point me to the  
skies;

Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain  
shadows flee.

In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.  
Amen

## Jonny's Death

From Melvin's Perspective

Jonny was my youngest brother. He had spunk. You could get him excited about doing something. He still was young and ignorant about how hard life can be at times. He approached life with faith. Jonny had as bright a future ahead of him as anyone I know of.

A few weeks ago, before Jonny's

death, I was very discouraged. That is if discouraged is the right word for where I was at. I felt like a failure in life, though in many ways things were going good. I had done my very best to succeed. But because my enemies had more leverage than I had, because I was a fool at times, because I was fearful at times when I

should have been bold, because I was weak and sinful, I failed. In my discouragement, I even sinned farther. I felt like I needed to start life all over again. On top of that, I had no strength left. I felt like Job when God told him to gird up his loins like a man. But I couldn't get up. I didn't have the nerve to get up. I didn't want to get up just to be knocked down again. Needless to say, there were a lot of things I didn't (and don't) understand.

My enemies are enemies from within and from without. My enemies from within are my own natural desires and my enemies from without are the pious people who should have given me support, but were unreasonable, lied, and were manipulative in their "piety." They seem to think the end justifies the means. They don't live what they preach.

I trusted God. I wanted God to continue to lead my life. Therefore I wrote a prayer to God in my journal. I prayed to God that I either want to die and go be with Him, or be delivered from my "enemies" and truly live. It's a big thing to ask God to die. I truly meant it. I really wanted to live, but the future looked so dim I wanted to die.

When I was about finished with my prayer, the lights got real bright for a moment and I heard the phone go "ding." I thought to myself, "That is odd." The time was around 7:40 pm, March 30, 2007.

After I was finished writing my prayer, I went about doing things around the house. A bit later, I heard some commotion at the door. Luke and Dawn were there, crying. It sounded like something serious had happened. I figured someone or something had gotten hurt. Then I heard Luke say, "Jonny is dead. There is no bringing him back." At first, I was speechless and blank. I was shocked. Then I wept. Jonny was gone.

I realized that Jonny was killed the instant the lights blinked. I remembered what I was doing when the lights had blinked. My thought was, "Why did

Jonny die? Why wasn't it me?" I realized that God was going to leave me here, and that he was going to give me life rather than death. I realized that my time to go was not yet. In the midst of my great sorrow, I had great joy.

Before long, people started to come. The kitchen got full of people. By the time the people started to come, my eyes were dry; both from Jonny and from before.

Life was certainly different than it was the day before. People were coming and going. A lot of things happened that I didn't have anything to do with. It was like a whirl of excitement all around me, and I didn't need to worry about any of it. We can be very glad for all the support we got. I didn't know we had so many friends.

The two hardest times were right after the accident and watching people throw dirt on the grave. I never before cried in such a big crowd.

After the funeral, everyone was tired, very tired. Some of us got sick. Dad said he had been running on adrenaline. I think all of us were to some extent. We can be thankful for all the support that we got even after the funeral. After the excitement calmed down, life went back to the way it was before, except I was even more drained and tired and felt like doing nothing.

I realized how good of a brother Jonny was more clearly after he was gone. Before I took for granted that he was there and I don't remember that I encouraged him for being who he is. I must remember to be thankful to those that are still alive; for the ones that are still alive are the ones that need to be encouraged.

Jonny's death was a sad event. But a lot of good came out of it. And I hope and pray that a lot more good comes out of it yet.

I see that God is changing my enemies into friends. And that my life hasn't been a waste.

—Melvin Martin

## Safe at Home

Friday afternoon, March 30, 2007 was sunny and the sap was flowing. It was Jonathan's job to pick up the sap at Luke and Dawn's place, about 1 mile. He used a utility cart that he had made from a golf cart, which he equipped with a diesel engine that he had just rebuilt, also lights, a slow moving vehicle emblem, and a bed to which we strapped a barrel for the sap.

Jonathan was sitting behind the wood cook stove doing schoolwork. He asked, "When will supper be ready?"

"I'm running late. It'll be at least half an hour," I replied.

"Then I should go get the sap now. It would be too late if I would go after supper."

He left. Luke and Nathaniel went in the other direction to pick up sap in our woods to the east.

Later I thought I heard Jonny's cart and figured he must be back. Soon the phone gave a short ding and the lights flashed bright. "That's how it sounds when someone runs into a power pole. Was there an accident?" I wondered. Then Luke, my son in law, called Joy on her cell phone and asked if we had electricity. They didn't. We did but our phone was dead for a short time. Some heard sirens. Then Emily called. She thought the accident was between the crossroad near her and the farm my nephew Jason was farming. (Jonny traveled the opposite end of that stretch of road to get to Luke and Dawn's.) *I hope Jason wasn't in the accident. Who was it?* I felt a bit uneasy.

Before long someone drove in our driveway. Larisa and I went out on the porch and met Luke and Dawn. By the way she was crying, I thought it must have been someone in Luke's family. What pain and shock to hear him say,

"Jonny was hit. He's dead." Joy came to the door wondering what was the matter. "Jonny? No, not Jonny!"

I called our other children and his grandmothers. After a few calls I thought, *why am I making these calls? It can't be true.* In the rest of the calls, I reported, "They say he is dead."

Jonathan was going for a second load of sap when he was hit from behind by a van. It was the first time he got more than one load of sap.

Soon after he had called us, Luke Rosenbarker, who is an EMT, got the call for a van versus power pole at the intersection near Emily's place. He headed toward 11B and not finding it, he turned around and went the other way until he came to the scene. By that time his radio informed him that one was dead and one hurt. He walked past the body covered with a white sheet and the mangled cart to help rescue the injured person. He turned around and recognized the cart...and he "just lost it." "Where's Jonny? He's only 15..." Some of the rescue workers drew him aside, then one took him and got Dawn and Micah and brought them to us.

Later that evening, some of us went to the scene but were not allowed in. The coroner told us the back of his head is crushed but his face is intact. It is obvious that he died instantly. I am glad that he did not suffer.

Later, when the investigation of the scene was finished, the sheriff allowed us to see Jonathan. I can't describe the depth of anguish to see my beloved son—it's true—the features are his—but without life. I touched his face. It was cold. I touched his hair. That didn't feel so unreal.

There was a gouge mark in the pavement, then an oil spot. His bright



orange knitted cap lay on the road. There was a scattered trail of debris and widely spaced gouge marks in the sand beside the road where the cart hit four times before it stopped right side up with the flattened barrel still strapped to it. Beyond that, about 130 feet from the point of impact, was where he had landed. At about 190 feet was the pole, its mid section sheared out, the top part dangling on the wires still intact and the overturned van just on the other side. There were no skid marks before the impact. Though dusk was beginning to fall when he was hit, it was still light and there was no hill or curve to obstruct vision. We were suspicious the driver was drunk.

We are glad they let us see him.

During the next few days the painful knot in my stomach lessened and I gradually became able to sleep and eat a little better. Monday morning around 3:00 I got awake feeling refreshed. The evening before someone had suggested that I write a poem to put on the memorial card. I had replied that my brain was not in shape to write anything. Now as I lay in bed, I thought, maybe God wants me to think about it. When I got up, I wrote a poem about my sunshine. (Page 3)

Through it all I was tense and hurting inside but I wondered why I was outwardly as calm as I was. I had no question that this was God's will and He had made and prepared Jonathan for this. I wondered why I felt no anger toward the drunk driver.

Lately, a few times, the thought of Jonathan dying had crossed my mind. *Probably not, I hope not.* Now, in my grief, I remembered that not long ago, immediately after I had again thought of Jonathan dying, I heard in my mind, "It **will** be and it **will** be soon." Strangely, I felt no fear. I did not push

the thought away. I did not disbelieve it. But it must have left as mysteriously as it came, for I forgot about it.

Almost a week after Jonny's passing, more memories surfaced. That fateful day, when he asked about how soon supper would be ready, he had an unusually solemn expression on his face. I thought I sensed in him a reluctance to go. As I went back to peeling potatoes, something told me, "Turn around again and look at him longer." I was briefly half conscious of that earlier voice. I watched him put on his boots and coat and go out the door.

The return of these memories made me wonder if that was why I could be relatively peaceful through it all. They also brought fresh tears and distressing questions. How could I forget it? How could I, who tended to worry until they were home safe, not be afraid? Why didn't I try to prevent it?

Of course I could not stop God's purposes in what he allows. While I did not disbelieve those words, I can see that a part of me could not accept and believe it. And I did not know what was about to happen. Still, how could I forget such words? I suppose I must accept that just as God gave them, He also took them from my consciousness for a time and I must thank Him for preparing me.

It is now three weeks since Jonathan left us. The numbness of the shock is wearing off and the pain of reality is sinking in. At one time he was completely dependent on me. Then the cord was cut and ever since he was gradually becoming less dependent on me. I was still doing a lot for him and he was doing a lot for us when he was suddenly wrenched away. It hurts terribly to give him up but I am really thankful that he is not lost. I know he is safe at Home.

—Mom

# Remembrances

I remember the night that Jonny was born; Mom called me into her bedroom when I got up in the night. I was the first of the children to see the cute little fellow. The first while someone had to be with him all the time to keep an eye on his breathing.

Remembrances, so many- 15 years of them. Fond, sweet, funny, good memories spent with Jonny. He was sober and serious minded, but lots of fun. He loved riddles, jokes, and tricks. It was not hard to get him to join a game. He loved a challenge and would get involved in whatever was going on. Just recently he mastered the art of swinging the jump rope twice before landing. I loved to watch him. He also would cross his arms back and forth in smooth motion as he jumped. That was Jonny. What he did, he did good.

He helped in the race to memorize the whole book of Ephesians a few years ago. He memorized Matthew 5, 6 & 7 so well he knew the verses by number. Last summer he and I memorized the book of James together. He did better than me. A day or two before he died he asked me what he should memorize next.

When Jonathan was 10 he bought a brown poodle, which he named Hickory. He trained him very well, including playing dead on command. He was a great horse rider—a brave one. He would ride my horse, Mercy full blast. He trained Velvet after she bucked Larisa off. Just this spring he started training his horse, Spring Beauty. She was a good horse and he was proud of her. Jonny was brave and daring, but at the same time he was careful and conscientious.

I miss Jonny's music. He was good on the piano and violin. This winter he

picked up the guitar and played wonderfully along with Larisa or by himself. He could sing bass and tenor, too.

That fateful Friday, it finally worked out to butcher an old ewe I had. I do not like to kill my sheep so I would get Jonny to do the necessary deed. I wondered at Jonny's carefulness as he brushed off the skid-loader in preparation for the job. I only expected Jonny to kill the sheep for me, but when I came back from my 'hide-out', he continued to help me to do the whole thing. After the first sheep was done, I decided to do a second one. He didn't complain a stitch. He worked carefully, but quietly. I wonder what he was thinking. At one point an unpleasant and irrational thought crossed my mind, "He's killing my sheep. Will he be killed?" I pushed it aside.

Later, I remember clearly thinking, "What would I do without a brother like Jonny?" I intended to tell him my appreciation but never did...

After lunch he helped me load up my lambs to take to the auction. My last memory of Jonny is of him walking into the shop after putting fuel in the truck. How could I know that the next time I would see his strong, young body would be amid flashing lights, lying still in death?

It has been three weeks since my dear brother went to be with Jesus. Three weeks since I have seen his smiling face or heard him play the guitar, since he has sat down at the table with us or he has shared his input in discussions. Three weeks since he has lent me a helping hand and since his familiar form has just been around to share life with us. It's a struggle and it hurts to accept that we never again will experience Jonny's physical presence with us here. But, God has been very good to us and given us grace to bear it cheer-

fully. It lightens our burden to see our loss impacting many people for good and being used in furthering God's kingdom. It also gives some sense of purpose to it.

Still missing him, Joy

Oh, how we miss Jonny! But it is a joy to know he is with the Lord. Jonny was loving. He had the Spirit of God. As I think back on Jonny's life there are several things that stand out to me. He loved to sing and was very learned in music. He had already surpassed me; I am 22; he was 15. He would take over song leading when I was gone. Often times when we were singing and we made a mistake on the timing, he would sing it right and I would hear it and help him. Till the end of the song, he had everyone singing right.

The discussions we had were blessed. We talked about all sorts of things from how to rebuild his diesel engine to whether the Bible allows, condemns, or commands us to use musical instruments. Most of the time we agreed and I don't ever remember having a bad discussion with him.

Jonny loved to play with little children and they loved it. As far as I know, Jonny had no enemies.

Jonny lived for Christ. God didn't just forgive his sins but also gave him the ability to live above sin. God will do that for you and me too if we trust God and accept Christ's gift of salvation. Jonny was a true hero. Because of his testimony and the suddenness of his death, many lives were touched, including mine.

Many lives will be better because of Jonny but really because of Christ, because Jonny wouldn't have been what he was without Christ.

—Luray Martin

Jonny, my brother, my friend. What a man! So many memories—there were times I would mention that I wanted to go for a ride on Glory and Jonathan would go out to the pasture and get her for me. I have fond memories of riding horse with him, of playing instruments together, of washing dishes and reciting Scripture, of playing games and going on walks, going up to Quail Rock to see the spring beauties, the trilliums, the Dutchmen's britches, and the daffodils and periwinkle that he planted up there. And how I will miss singing with Jonny—while we worked, rode horse or with our guitars and in the evening with the rest of the family.

Jonny loved Jesus. Even though it is hard to let him go, I am glad that he is with Jesus. I miss you so much, Jonny. I love you.

Your sis, Larisa

Upon entering the Martin home, I found Jonny sitting behind the woodstove busy with his schoolwork. I then found Sean and informed him that it was time to go, he should get his things together. Sean told me, as he often does, that he didn't want to leave. Jonny, Sean, and I discussed having to do things that we don't want to do, but we must. Jonny encouraged Sean that once we finished the things we must do, only then can we do as we wish if we have time, for we never really know how much time we have. This was on March 29, my last time with Jonny. I didn't know he had only one more day. — Dan Whitten

On the Wednesday before Jonathan traded his cross for a crown, I was walking with him through some trees behind his family's home. As we walked, Jonathan stopped and pointed

something out to me. A young tree had been cut and from its rotting stump, several smaller trees were sprouting. He smiled. As I looked closer, I saw that the bark on the original tree had never died. In fact, all the smaller trees were one. One life from the original life. I think I'll always remember that when I think of Jonathan.

—Day Waterbury

Jonathan was only 2 ½ weeks younger than our Matthew. They enjoyed spending time together; therefore, they didn't waste much time sitting around thinking about what to do.

On one of our visits as we adults sat around the living room visiting, Jonny and Matthew came into the room and politely asked their mothers if they may skin a rat. Matthew's mother hates rats and said "No!" Matthew's Daddy kindly intervened on the boys' behalf. Bless his heart. I've often been glad that he did. He said, "You really should allow the boys to go ahead and skin the rat. After all, the rat is an organic rat since it probably grew up in the greenhouse. And besides, if you don't let boys be boys, then men can't be men."

They proceeded to skin the rat. Jonny being the expert taught Matthew his first lesson on skinning animals.

This "rat-skinning story" became a fun and fond memory with both families.

Several years later while listening to Kent Hovind teach about creation versus evolution, Mr. Hovind mentioned that he has a lot of animal skins in his museum in Pensacola, Florida. He mentioned that he didn't have a skunk skin. That it was difficult to find someone brave enough to get a skunk.

All those who have had the pleasure to look into Jonny's face with that delightful smile and those bright blue

eyes can imagine the next step. After the meeting Jonny went up to Mr. Hovind and told him that he had a skunk skin. He offered Jonny a set of videos of his seminars and debates for a collection of Jonny's skins. So now that "organic" rat skin is in a museum in Florida.

How thankful this mother is that Jonny and Matthew were allowed to be boys. —Love from your friends

Jonny and I had a lot in common. We both loved the Lord Jesus, fishing, hunting, trapping, hiking, helping others, making people happy and the list goes on.

I have peace that some day I'll be with Jonny in person again. Jonny will always have a place in my heart.

Jonny was easy to love. When I drove over to pick Jonny up to go fishing, one look at Jonny smiling from ear to ear and I knew it was worth it. When you have a part in making someone smile, it gives you great joy, lifts your spirit and makes you feel needed. Let someone need you today. And need someone today. Jonny was not too proud to need someone. He was an amazing young man—so full of life!

One day I needed help butchering a bull. Dad couldn't be there but did not want me to do it alone. So I asked Jonny if he could help me. He said he would if it would work out to come over. A little later, Joy and Jonny came down my drive. I was glad to see them, but didn't realize till the end of the day how much I needed them. I could not have done it without them! I was so glad my Dad asked me not to butcher alone, because by asking Jonny to help I had to overcome some pride. I love to help others, but wouldn't ask them to help me. Don't be too proud to ask for help. You are depriving yourself and

those that help you from receiving a blessing.

Jonny was very appreciative—a very strong point in a Christian life. He accepted your love. He was very bright and mostly right. He had a heart full of love. I enjoyed the time we spent together very much even though he caught the bigger fish, would stump me with his riddles, and beat me in Dutch Blitz.

I thank the Lord for Jonny and his family for allowing me to be a part of his life. He touched my life and will live on in my heart.

Life is short. Live every day to the fullest for Jesus. If it is not for Jesus, is it worth doing?

I miss him dearly and my heart is aching, but my Lord Jesus makes no mistakes.

Love, David Maslin

Jonny brought a spark of life when he was in a room. I always had a sense that deep, intelligent things were going on in his head. I loved his energy and

abilities. I know and feel God's presence was moving during his departure from this life. My friend Debbie and her boys were talking about him the very day he died and they were handling the 3 pelts he gave them over 2 years ago. They hadn't thought of him in awhile but on that day, way across the country, his kindness was being remembered just hours before his death.

Love, Dawn Goff

I haven't seen any of you in a year or so but from what I remember of Jonathan, he was quietly friendly, hard-working, and most of all peaceful. I remember being almost shocked at his demeanor. Most kids his age are more restless where he just seemed at peace. I hope to someday have that same peaceful aura surround me.

Sincerely, Anne Marie White

Jonny's help will be missed in the making of The Boys' Bugle, especially in running the Risograph.

We wish to thank everyone for all the love and support, the prayers, expressions of sympathy, cards, food, help, and donations given in our behalf. Thanks to the fire department, police and rescue teams, churches, Seymour Funeral Home, and each individual. Your help was very much needed and appreciated. May God bless you.

The family of Jonathan Martin

### **Paula Joy Hall**

born to  
Robert & Emily Hall  
April 23, 2007  
Siblings:  
Jessica  
Amanda  
Robby Joe  
Jasmine  
Christopher



Jonny's Cart



Jonny and Larisa



30 in.  
walleye



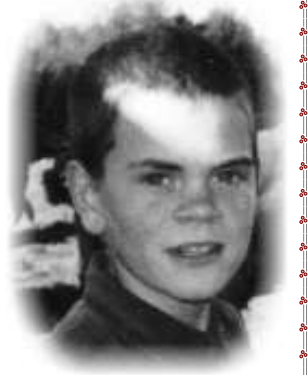
Shearing sheep

03/31

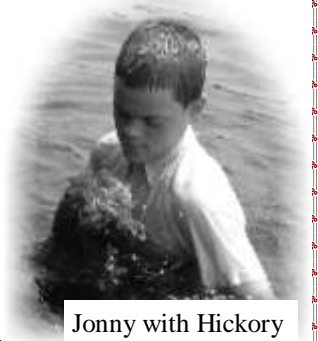


## God Answers

My Lord,  
Where were You  
When that drink-blinded man  
Was speeding down a country road?  
My child,  
I was preparing a Home-coming  
Celebration in Heaven.



My Lord,  
Where were You,  
When I stood rooted to the spot  
In unbelieving anguish and heard the news?  
My child,  
I was welcoming your brother  
At the Celestial gate.



Jonny with Hickory

Lord,  
Where were You  
When the tears came in torrents?  
My child,  
I cried with you.

Lord,  
Where were You  
When I lay grief-stricken and sleepless  
in the darkness and You seemed so far away?  
My child,  
*I was at the Father's right hand*  
Interceding for you with groanings  
That cannot be uttered.

Gather my  
saints  
together  
unto me...  
Psalm 50:5a

My Lord,  
Where are You  
When I miss him unspeakably,  
And everywhere I turn his place is empty?  
My precious child,  
I am preparing a place for you  
That where we are you may  
Someday be also.

~ Chloe Molner

## In Memory of Jonathan



PRSR STD  
U.S. POSTAGE PAID  
POSTDAM, NY  
PERMIT NO. 32

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

Address Service Requested

**The 2007 Energy Fair is Dedicated to  
Jonathan Z. Martin  
August 16, 1991 — March 30, 2007**

*The North Country community was saddened to learn of Jonny Martin's sudden death. He and his unique family have been a part of the Sustainable Energy Fair for years, bringing us news of their far-ranging experiments running vehicles of all kinds on veggie oil and biodiesel, as well as solar and wind. His presence at the Fair this year will be missed by many. We are happy to dedicate the Fair to his memory.*

"I enjoy almost any outdoor activity like trapping, fishing, hunting, hiking, climbing the Adirondack Mountains and watching birds," Jonny wrote in a recent issue of *The Boys Bugle*, a magazine printed by the Martin family, "I simply enjoy the outdoors."

Although only 15, Jonny was busy training his horse, playing the guitar, memorizing scripture, working hard at his home schooling to graduate next year and helping his father, Luke, in the production of maple syrup. He had also rebuilt the diesel engine in the modified veggie oil golf cart he was using to haul sap.

He was his father's right-hand man on the farm and in wind and solar experiments.



**Jonny Martin with Mercy**