

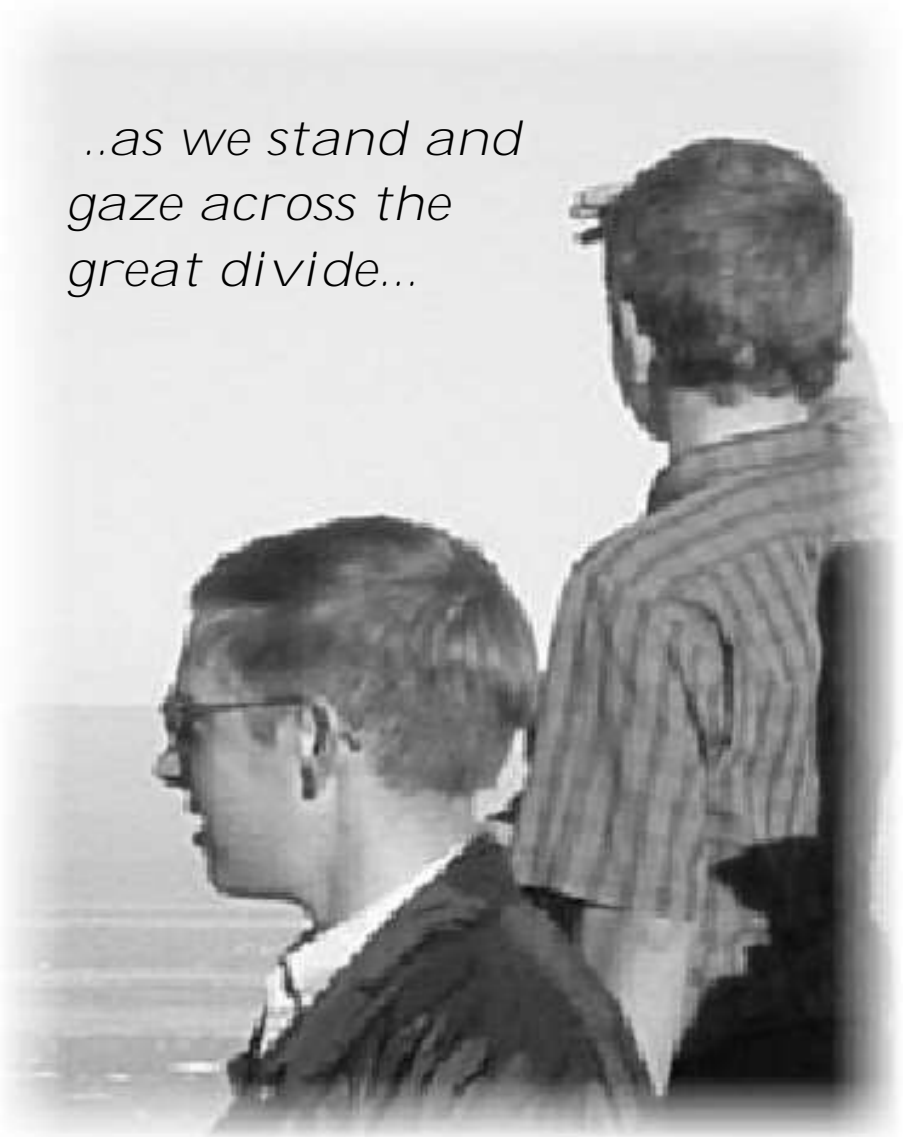
# The Boys' Bugle

Calling all young men to the service of Christ

Vol. 7, Number 3

Fall 2007

*..as we stand and  
gaze across the  
great divide...*



# Welcome to The Boys' Bugle

Theme this issue: **Contentment.** Next Issue: **Anger**

Please send us your contributions before December 15.

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## 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. Donations include articles, stories, poems, pictures, ideas, letters, and etc. We reserve the right to print anything you send us, unless you specify otherwise. (Our cost per year for printing and postage for both *The Boys' Bugle* and *Heart and Home Harmony* is \$5.20.) 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.

**The Boys' Bugle & Heart and Home Harmony** are a ministry of the Parishville Christian Church.

The magazine is managed mostly by the Martin family: Luke and Rachel, and Timothy (32), Joy (26), Melvin (25), Luray (23), Nathaniel (20), Larisa (17), plus 4 married children and grandchildren.

The editors are: Luke, Rachel, and Melvin. Most of the time we publish 4 issues a year.

We live in the country and manage a number of projects such as: organic produce, honey, maple syrup, orchard, sawmill, blacksmithing, sheep, dogs, cows, chickens, earth-moving, fryer-oil for diesel fuel, carpentry, printing, always something to keep us busy! Our children were all homeschooled.

TBB was started in 2001 to help fill the need for Christian boys magazines

Any comments, suggestions, or ideas you may have are greatly appreciated.

If you are ever in the area, we would be delighted for you to stop in for a visit or come to our church services.

## On the Cover:

Cousins, Paul Hoover and Jonathan Martin, enjoying the beautiful view from atop Lyon Mountain after climbing it in Sept 2005. Paul left this life 3 months after Jonathan left us. "Love is calling from the other side, as we stand and gaze across the great divide" is part of the song "Love Will Bring Us All Together."



# Editor's Desk



Dear Readers,

It has been awhile since you heard from us. The summer issue was very early and this issue is very late. You may have been wondering what happened to us. Well, we are still here. Let me tell you a little about how my summer went.

This summer Luray had surgery for appendicitis, therefore I had to do a lot of Luray's work. Thankfully, the beginning of August Charlie Thonus moved from southern N. Y. and helped a lot.

This spring I used a cream separator to clean vegetable oil and had great success but the cream separator was very slow and didn't do as good a job as I liked. I realized a centrifuge is very important for cleaning my used vegetable oil. After some research, I decided I'm best off making one myself. I didn't realize how much time it would take to make a centrifuge. I spent almost all my spare time from June to now making my centrifuge, and I'm still not finished. I was very pleased with how accurately I could turn the pieces on my lathe. That was encouraging. But when I (and Tim) welded all my accurate pieces together, it warped it just a little. I straightened it on the lathe, but it was still too bent that the centrifuge vibrated too much when I got it all together. Now I'm almost finished making a new center-shaft that is perfectly straight. I sure hope it works nicely.

This spring both Dad's truck and Luray's suburban's injector pumps were showing signs of dying any day. Dad's truck gave up this fall but Luray's suburban is still running.

There are many factors that could affect it, but I think it is because of the cleaner oil (centrifuge/cream separator) that made those injector pumps run so long. Time will tell, but I think I'm making headway in fixing problems.

At Jonny's death, I realized that God wants me here on earth, and that there is hope of victory. I am very thankful for that confidence. I am very thankful that God is faithful, that there is hope in God, and that God loves me and cares about me. I'm thankful that God is a terrible God, bigger and stronger than anything out there. (Job 38-42). I am thankful to be under God's wing.

This spring my back was aching some. I've had back problems since I was a boy. It didn't seem to make it worse to work, so I worked. The end of August I stressed my back a little more than normal by welding on Luray's track hoe and my centrifuge and then doing some heavy lifting. The next day my back was stiff. I was working around the stand and my back got more and more tired. I decided to rest for a few minutes, so I laid down on the ground. To my surprise, when I wanted to get up, I couldn't! I could hardly even roll over. My back was just too tired and sore and weak and hurting. It's not like I over-lifted or such; it just got tired. There really can be a time where your strength is gone and will-power is not enough to keep you going. I realized my back is a physical picture of how I was this spring. After about two hours of resting and trying to get up myself a few times

*(Continued on page 9)*

# To Be Content?

Contentment is never gotten without Christ. When we are content, we're satisfied, we're completely happy. There is nothing wanting, we're simply happy. Personally, I think contentment and happiness run hand in hand, as does satisfaction. You feel a certain amount of satisfaction, when you've finished painting a fence, a feeling of contentment settles on your shoulders as you look at the work, and then happiness comes, sometimes because you're glad the fence is done, sometimes because it made your yard look nicer. Whatever the cause of your contentment, you feel secure, you don't want anything more. Often when I come home from a horse ride and see the barn, the roof of the house through the trees, hear the kids playing on the lawn, watch my Dad as he walks toward his shop, hear Mom calling in one of the younger children for a shower, and seeing some of my younger sisters riding down the driveway ahead of me, I feel so content sometimes I just have to sit there and take it all in. Some say it's tiredness after a long ride, some say it's happiness to have a family and home. But when I sit there on my horse watching and hearing the sounds of home, I don't want anything more in the world. I don't want money, I don't want material possessions, I have my Savior He's with me at all times... I have my family, they won't be with me my whole life, but I know that God is in control and I can be content in letting Him guide my life.

To be content, to be satisfied, to be totally happy.

1 Timothy 6 talks about those who are not content with what they have and want money, they wish to

put a heavy load on themselves with their love for money. Money in and of itself is not bad, but loving money is wrong. Lets read from the 6th verse till the 8th verse... **But godliness with contentment is great gain.**

**For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out.**

**And having food and raiment let us be therewith content.**

Godliness, food and raiment, interesting combination.

**But I rejoiced in the Lord greatly, that now at the last your care of me hath flourished again; wherein ye were also careful, but ye lacked opportunity.**

**Not that I speak in respect of want: for I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.** Phil.4:10 & 11. Paul writes to his fellow believers in Philippi, that he was greatly blessed by the gift they had sent him, but that even before they sent the gift to him, ( which I can imagine contained clothing and food) he had learned to be content in the circumstances that he was in, which was in a prison in Rome. Can you imagine for a minute where Paul was and then you will understand why it is and was an accomplishment only to be had when following Christ. That you can whole heartedly say, "I am content" and be in prison, most likely without food and clothing, till some Christian friends sent you a gift. That is true contentment filling yourself with the Lord, not wishing or wanting anything more than to be with Him. Contentment is a hard thing to learn. And it is interesting to think that you can be content when you have food, raiment and

godliness, but you can also be content with either little or no food and raiment and only have godliness and still be content. "In whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." To be content is to be thankful, I find it interesting that a person that is content is very thankful for what they have, (or sometimes don't have), and those that are thankful are content with where they are. They can thank God, and they are perfectly content to stay put in His mercy and grace.

Hannah Holter  
Melville, Sas.

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## Let God Be Your Husband

Based on Isaiah 46.

God made us.  
God carries us.  
God is our helper.  
God is our refuge. Saviour.

Man makes a Golden image.  
Man carries it.  
Helps it.  
Protects it.  
Saves it.

God will bring his righteousness near to those that are far from righteousness when they hearken to Him.

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**David had lots trouble in his life, but was a man after God's own heart. Most everything went good for Solomon, but he ended up being a loser. Trouble isn't always bad, and good times aren't always good.**

## Contentment:

Accepting the pain  
God brings into your  
life.



## From our Readers:



Dear Luke and Rachel,

It's 4:30 in the morning and I've been up for at least an hour. The fire is going and I've made a pot of soup. I've been awake thinking about yesterday—the day of Jonathan's funeral, as well as other events in my life. Something stirred in me yesterday—my great fear of God. I was taught to fear God, that He is angry and rageful. This was reinforced by my father who was the same way, acting out his rage on his children. I forgive him. As an adult I've come to my own limited understanding of the pain and suffering in his life that compelled him to behave the way he did. But how can I forgive a God who is all powerful and almighty, who knows no suffering?

I have a deep reverence for life and the mysteries it holds. My spirit soars and dips. As I have searched for meaning as long as I have been conscious, I learned to turn my back to God in the same way I turned my back, and shut down my love to my father. My father acted in the manner that portrayed God as I was taught to understand him.

So now I hear that God loves us. I'm familiar with this message; I've seen the signs and bumper stickers. I smirk and somewhere in the deep recesses of my heart a brick is added to the wall that got started years ago with my father's first aggression toward me.

Well, yesterday I got it. The mortar is crumbling. Not from any scriptures but by the manner with which you and your family have embraced the tragedy of Jonathan's passing. I can't imagine you are mourning any less than someone who doesn't have God in their hearts and lives. I have to believe your heart is broken even just a little bit. It is how you have chosen to respond to that heartbreak that inspires.

Daniel said something to the effect of "what is it going to take to make us one?" Yes, these tragedies of our lives—whether it be the betrayal of a

child's trust, the untimely death of a son, or the incessant bombing of ones home and community—these are all opportunities to let go of our human limitations so that we are free to embrace and be embraced by God's love. In my mind I don't fully understand it but my heart is full and resonating with the truth.

I hesitate to send this note. Your loss is greater by orders of magnitude to be bothered with my glimmer of awareness. Yet I also feel it is only right in honor of Jonathan's life and spirit to share directly with you how the ripple of which you spoke is reaching out to the rest of us.

In friendship, A.M.

Dear Brother Luke and Family,

Greetings to you in Jesus precious name. We were deeply moved by the news about Jonathan. I opened the Boys Bugle as usual and saw on the front cover the headline from the newspaper, "Man charged, jailed after crash kills teen" I thought, that is an unusual thing to put in there, maybe this would be an article against drinking. I hadn't read the cover, I only saw Jonathans picture with a bird in his hand, but as I read on I realized what had happened. Then by the time I got to page 1 and read the first line from the poem, My Jon Jon Baby, the tears started flowing and didn't stop until I had finished the whole issue. When I got home and read it to my family it had even more affect on them. I remember thinking, "Why is this affecting us this way. We never met him?" But I realized that when parents are blessed the way we are and given stewardship over a number of souls that the Lord has entrusted to us and we take it seriously, serious enough to go out of our way to protect these precious ones from the worldly influence, public school, bad company, ect. and have sought diligently to raise them in an environment suited for them, an environment and life

style fit to raise men and women in, to prepare them the best we can to be mighty men and women for Jesus, to be outstanding lights in this world of darkness, the relationship being built in Jesus, the pleasure and joy of seeing them grow and develop and overcome evil, seeing good fruits coming to maturity, reading about what happened was like losing one of my own dear little children. Immediately after coming home I told each child individually how much I love them and how well pleased I am with them. My oldest boy is 15 years old and I always compared him to Jonathan, they have many of the same interests and he reads the Boys Bugle.

I can't help but feel a terrible sense of loss for you, but it is not right to call the Lord's will loss. I don't know what to call such a feeling. I don't think people who don't have priorities like ours can really understand. I know that all parents mourn at the loss of a child, but not all parents have dedicated so much to raising a family, some are seeking their career, money, success, their farm, some may even be seeking to build up a church. But I believe that only those believing parents who have put the priority in raising a family for Jesus can quite relate to what you're going through.

Again I don't like to call it a loss, because with our eyes we only see the here and now, so according to sight we can not judge loss or gain. If we use our eyes of faith we trust that all things work together for good to them that love God and I believe that you all love God. So if I don't call it loss what can I call it? Well, all I can say is I feel a deep anxious sadness of you being separated from your beloved boy, for a season and I yearn for the day you will be reunited with him and us and Jesus. Praying for you, may God bless you all.

Your Brother and Friends,  
Matthew Nichols and Family  
Bolivia, South America

To the Martin Family 9/12/07

Should start by thanking Larisa for her card, kind words and blessings. It was truly good for the heart! Blessed is sincerely how I feel about your kindness! As a family you should positively know how your blessings toward me are not merely appreciated but cherished immensely! Really helps me through my remorse.

...My trip from Canton Correctional Facility to Dannemora Facility took me directly past my road and directly in front of your Roadside Market. Definitely a harsh reality! I spent 4 days at Dannemora until escorted to this Downstate Facility. Dannemora was quite a harsh reality also. This Downstate Facility is not quite as shocking as Dannemora. Please don't get me wrong—I know your family is still facing the harshest reality!

My view here from my one bedroom window is the best view I've had in around 6 months. Usually clear view of miles of smooth mountains beyond barbed wire fences—seeing geese, groundhogs, all kinds of birds. When seeing the sky along with everything else, like fresh air that I haven't had an abundance of, makes me think of God and Jesus—Jonathan—my mother and father...along with endless cherished people. Realizing this is a perfect time to pray—mostly for your family and friends grief! Many prayers for the easing of your grief! Peace be with you always!

Certainly looking forward to a barn-building and seeing you at your religious services as long as the offer still stands. Let it be known for sure that the offer is mostly appreciated. Best of everything to all!

Sincerely, Richard Hayes

*A few weeks before we received this letter, Larisa was hanging up laundry when she looked up at the sky and prayed," God, please let Richard see the sky." Friends, there is power in*

*(Continued on page 8)*

*(Continued from page 7)  
prayer; thank you for praying,  
too.*

*We received many wonderful  
letters. Thank you to each one  
that wrote.*



## Forgiven You

It was a beautiful eve' on March 30<sup>th</sup> '07,  
The day that Jonny left us to go to heaven.  
You'd been drinking that day, you were drunk as  
could be,  
You were driving your van when you hit dear Jonny.

I remember so clearly that horrible night,  
Oh, the pain and the shock; I can't forget the sight  
Of dear Jonny's strong body laying so very still.  
Oh, how my heart screams and my eyes with tears  
fill.

I thought I couldn't bear to have him taken from me,  
No, not Jonny, not dear Jonny, how can it be?  
I loved being with Jonny; what an awesome brother,  
I wish I could see him, just to be together.

Maybe, I should hate you for what you did to Jona-  
than.

But Jesus put such love in my heart for you, my  
friend.

Oh, Richard, somehow with Jesus I've forgiven you,  
I love you, I care and my dear Jesus does too.

~Larisa Martin

August 16, 2007 Jonny's 16<sup>th</sup> birthday

*From news reports:*

### **Drunk Driving Victim's Father For- gives Hayes August 29, 2007**

CANTON-The father of a 15-year-old Parishville teenager who was killed by a drunk driver offered forgiveness and prayers to his son's killer who was sentenced to spend 2 to 6 years in state prison.

Richard Hayes pleaded guilty July 17 to first-degree vehicular manslaughter and felony driving while intoxicated in connection with the March 30 death of Jonathan Martin.

More than a dozen members of the Martin family attended Tuesdays court proceedings. Prior to sentencing, the deceased boy's father, Luke Martin, said, "We grieve much for our son Jonathan and miss him."

However he offered forgiveness to Hayes, telling him, "As a family we offer forgiveness to you. We believe, even though you are a prisoner, the Spirit of Je-

sus can set you free and fill you with life." He welcomed Hayes to socialize with his family and attend barn raisings, other work parties and in church. "We want you to change the company you keep. We don't want you sitting at a bar," Martin said. "We are praying for you and we value you. Jesus loves you, Richard. Please let him into your life."

Hayes was portrayed as someone who helped his neighbors harvest their crops. "Mr. Hayes is a good person who made a tragic mistake," according to the St. Lawrence County Public Defender.

Hayes also read a letter expressing remorse for his actions.

While he may regret his actions, the judge said, "There's no going back."





# Questions and Answers

## Question from last issue:

How can we be sure that we will not be one of those who will be told “I never knew you, depart from me ye that work iniquity?” Matthew 7:21-23 Also see: Matthew 25:31-46

## Answer:

Have faith in God and don't work iniquity. James 1:27; Romans 14:17; 1 John; Galatians 5:22.

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## Please send us your questions and answers:

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

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*(Continued from page 3)*

and once Charlie tried to stand me up, I very slowly got to my feet by pulling myself up on Daniel's car which was near by. Ever since I've spent lots of time resting and getting as much exercise as I can. I'm amazed at how much I can rest, and still not be rested.

I've posted stuff on my website about various of the projects we do around here. There is more on my website than what is printed in TBB. I even have Jonny's funeral sermon on my website in audio format.

I want to thank Mom and Joy for all the work they did for this issue.

The next issue we will be removing from our mailing list those who haven't corresponded with us in the last 4 years. If we haven't heard from you, send us word to stay on our mailing list. You will get another warning next issue.

“For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal

power and Godhead; so that they are without excuse.” Romans 1:20 We can learn a lot about God by taking notice of the things that God made. If we are honest with reality, there is no excuse for not knowing God or not living a life that is pleasing to him. Read all of Romans chapter 1.

In His Service,

What do you get if you cross a hippopotamus and a cricket?

A hypocrite. What might such a creature do?

# The Calling of:

Paul Hoover

February 19, 1987-July 2,2007

February 19, 1987 my second son was born, greeted by 2 older sisters and a brother (Martha, Lorraine, Nathan). We named him Paul, after my father who passed away when I was 11 years old. He was a very good baby, a thumb sucker, which made him very content. I called him my peaceful patient Paul. He had a happy normal childhood with two younger brothers joining him (John, and Samuel). At age four, David, his daddy was killed in a farm accident. This tragedy put our family life in turmoil, although, not so much for him at that young age as for me.

We sold the cows and farm and moved to a smaller farm. He seemed to adapt to the change of growing up without a Dad. He enjoyed school and did well with his studies. He had an afterschool job on a pig farm which also gave him some fatherly guidance from his employer. He gave his heart to Jesus and was baptized at age 16. He took an interest with electrical work and helped an electrician when he was through school. However, when the need arose for an upper grade teacher at Lakeview School, he took the challenge when asked to

teach. When summer came he put the books aside and went back to electrical work, which was where he was going that morning of July 2<sup>nd</sup>.

We had all eaten breakfast together. Then most of the children left for their various jobs. Paul usually left with a friendly, "Bye

Mom." Soon the neighbor man came driving in the lane blowing his horn, motioning me to come with him. He said, "There has been an accident!" When we got to the scene about a mile down the road, I saw the big crop sprayer sitting in the middle of the road and Paul's car in the ditch. I ran to the car, thinking maybe I could speak a few words to him. Pete

Tracey, the man who was driving the sprayer that Paul hit, was supporting his head which was slumped over the steering wheel. I asked Pete if Paul was unconscious, and he just nodded yes. I think Pete knew he was already gone. The ambulance arrived then and the neighbor lady offered to take us into the hospital. The rest of the children had all gathered at home by then and we all went in together.

At the hospital the doctor told us that they were working on him, but



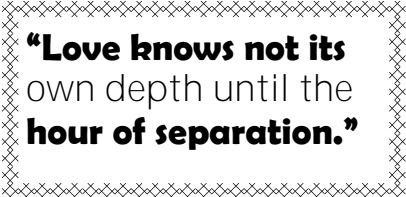
he had no pulse when he arrived. The doctor mentioned that he had such a peaceful expression on his face. No wonder, I thought, he is experiencing joy our human minds can not comprehend. We all went in to view his body. Then we had to go home and face stark reality. But not alone, friends were already gathering at our place, offering assistance where they could or just to cry with us. Oh the wonderful prayer support of family and friends.

The next few days were a turmoil of planning the viewing and funeral. On the evening of the viewing several people mentioned about the beautiful rainbow that was seen, reminding everyone that God was still on his throne. The morning of the funeral when the first minister stood up to speak, such a peace of God that passes all understanding came over my soul, knowing Paul was in a much better home. Then we sang the song "Hold to God's Unchanging Hand", #446 in the Christian Hymnal. All the words had so much meaning and so beautiful to me because it

was one of Paul's many favorite songs. While here on earth he greatly enjoyed singing. Now he can sing the far greater celestial songs in heaven with his cousin Jonathan that went on just three months before him.

By his mother,  
Ellen Hoover  
Waterloo, N.Y.

*See the winter 2006 issue to read Ellen's story of her husband's death, also John's testimony.*



**"Love knows not its own depth until the hour of separation."**

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## Two Things Not to Worry About

In my life, I have found there are two things I should never worry about. First, I shouldn't worry about the things I can't change. If I can't change them, worry is certainly most foolish and useless. Second, I shouldn't worry about the things I can change. If I can change them, then taking action will accomplish far more than wasting my energies in worry. Besides, it is my belief that, 9 times out of 10, worrying about something does more harm than the thing itself. Give worry its rightful place----- out of your life.

Source Unknown

# The Bed System for raising produce

By Melvin Martin

The conventional way of farming did not suit us for our pesticide and herbicide free produce farm. We had problems with erosion, overworking the soil, tilling and mowing small sections when a crop was finished, etc. Therefore we switched to a bed system. The bed is about 5 ft. wide and the walk way is about 3 ft. wide.

Generally we first mow the bed down with the flail mower to grind the weeds and spent plants. Then we disc it twice, followed with the roto-tiller. We may also run the field cultivator (S-tines) over it to make it smoother. Then we plant it and if necessary, we'll culti-pack it. We haven't yet moldboard plowed it or remade the beds after a few years. The tractor tires always are driving on the walk ways; therefore the beds never get compacted. We try to have clover growing in the walk ways. We have very nice sandy soil, which makes life easier.

We try to keep a cover crop growing any time a bed isn't planted in a useable crop. It's best to never have bare dirt. Cover crops are good for soil fertility and for weed control.

We use mostly oats, buckwheat, rye, and vetch for cover crops.

We built a nice cultivator for cultivating the beds. The cultivator has a diesel engine with hydrostatic drive (like a skid loader). The engine and operator and cultivators all go up and down. We made it so we can quickly put different attachments on it. Mostly I use 9 inch sweeps on S-tines or the tine harrow for cultivation. The tine harrow has lots of long (about 24 inch) teeth something like would be on a hay rake that scratch the ground. The tine harrow is good for sprouting weeds. We use it on most everything, including carrots. I also have an attachment for making hills, like for potatoes and attachments for marking rows, harrowing a whole bed, and such. I really like my cultivator.

This system works nice for us on our farm.



Cultivating strawberries



Potatoes in a bed

## Let Your Love Flow

*David wrote this as he thought about an incident that took place 2 days before Jonathan died. He had come to our place, and asked Jonathan if he wanted help collecting sap. As they rode his cart down the dam road at Rosenbarker's, David wondered why he kept going past the last bucket. He soon found out that Jonathan was taking the time to show him the dam, which he hadn't seen before.*

Sin is like a dam, love is like the water. We, and the people in our lives, build dams in our life that keep us from loving the way we should. We hold back sometimes because we have been hurt by people, life, and sometimes ourselves. I believe the closer we are to God, the more love we have for others, because God is love. Satan tries to keep the love from flowing because love changes people in a great way. You want to be around people with God's love and spend time with them because they are kind, pleasant, fun-loving, honest, true, appreciative, thankful and make great friends like Jonny! It's hard work to be around people that don't have God's kind of love. You always have to watch your back. They do things that displease God and that displease you and they sometimes try to get you to do it with them so they don't feel so bad doing it.

I have had things in my life that I have had to deal with, fighting evil, doing things that I shouldn't do, not always loving as I should, not taking the time for people that I should have, and not always having the love for God and his people that I should have. We are to love God with all of our soul, might, strength and whole heart. Do we truly even know what that is?

Life, Satan, people, and hurt have

supplied me with plenty of rocks to build a big dam. Sad to say, I have started to use those rocks to build a dam. I'm so glad that God's love broke it down. At one time in my life I was just going to live alone, have nothing to do with people, except my family. It seemed that every time I would give my heart, love, or time to someone I would get hurt. So I said no more of that. That was my corner stone and I was building off of that, though I didn't know it at the time. I said I would spend my life serving God, read, pray, and sing to my God, my Lord Jesus. I said I would never turn my back on God; He has done so much for me. He sent his only son, Jesus, to die on the cross for me because of my sins that I might be saved from hell. But if we turn our backs on our fellowman, we have turned our backs on God, because people are God's creation. To fully love God and his son Jesus you have to love life, people, creation, all of God and hate sin. Life has many rocks that you could use to build a dam to separate you from God and his creation and make one of the biggest mistakes of your life. ~ David Maslin

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### *Answers to Rhyme Time from page 23:*

Man's plans, tall wall, new view, fine line, fair share, big wig, grand stand, low blow, mild child, sweet treat, best rest, prime time, raise praise, deep sleep, snug bug, best nest.

# Heart and Home Harmony

Aiming for hearts, homes, and lives in harmony with:  
God and His Church, and the rest of His creation through the Holy Spirit.

## ✕ Learning How to Love ✕

### Don't Drink and Drive—

By Rachel with the  
help of the fellowship

### Drink and Strive

Scripture references  
are KJV except  
where noted

It has been three months since we have enjoyed the presence of Jonathan, our dear son and brother. We have been separated because of a drunk driver. Each day we face the fact that we will **never** again experience his presence in this life. After the numbness of the shock wore off, I began to feel some anger. I asked myself, “With whom am I angry?”

Mr. Hayes did it. God allowed it. But I certainly am not angry with God. Yes, He could have protected Jonny. But God owns him and did not say how long He would loan him to us. Furthermore, in spirit we were one with Jonathan and can look forward to the day we will join him.

To be separated in heart and spirit is even more painful than physical separation. Every act of greed, pride, and abuse create emotional distances and spiritual separations. I thought about all the separations that man causes—from every little unkind word to serious crime, divorce, church divisions, war—and I was reminded that many are suffering more than we are.

There are many drunks that drive, but the focus is now on Mr. Hayes. Those who make and provide the liquor, and the whole social and political system that supports the business, care more about the money they make than about the wrecked lives. Why else is

there a law that makes it discrimination (!) for a policeman to watch at bars for drunk drivers?

Also in the picture is lots of religion. Religion is supposed to remedy all this sin and bring peace and righteousness. It didn't prevent Mr. Hayes from hitting my son. Religion is everywhere—but strife, divisions, and wars continue, innocent ones still get mangled, and the guilty still reap what they sow...

AND IT'S ALL UNNECESSARY.  
THERE IS AN ANSWER TO THIS SUFFERING—IF ONLY THEY KNEW!

Something like that was what went through my mind when I first asked myself, “with whom am I angry.” As I continued to consider this scene, I was moved to try to paint for you the picture I see.

If religion doesn't keep us from sinning, why are we so religious? You may say that you aren't religious, but I don't believe it, at least not in the full sense of the word. Or, you may say your religion does keep you from sinning. That is great—if it's true—if you aren't one of those that is just too blind to see what you are doing. *Lord, open our eyes that we may get a clear vision of the real picture.*

We are thirsty souls. Just as our physical bodies need water to live, our

emotions and our spirits thirst for a connection with others. It's called love. Our Creator is love and made us for love, to connect with Him and one another. He made us with desires that we might enjoy His creation and the connections of our place in it. He also gave guidelines so that our desires would be a blessing to us. But we have not followed those guidelines. We have taken our own way, breaking the connection of our spirit to Him. Without Him we are lonely spirits, seeking something, led by our desires. But unchecked, our appetites get us into all kinds of pain and trouble. Our selfishness causes divisions against others, increasing our misery and loneliness.

IN COMES RELIGION. We come up with some kind of philosophy or belief to try to deal with the pain of the guilt and loneliness and to control our selfishness. We turn to some thing, person, group, or doing good works to try to remove or drown out the gnawing. That, and self, becomes number one, the object of our worship. We will drink something. Some drink alcohol or take drugs. Others drink of pleasure, work, money, power, fame, or religion, organized or not, until they are controlled by it. Without God, we are all like drunkards that can't see and think straight, blind to our real self or addicted to all kinds of idols, never satisfied. Family often gets neglected and ties get frayed or broken, trust is shattered, and we find ourselves building walls to protect ourselves from each other.

A long time ago at Babel man tried to solve the dilemma of his lonely spirit. **And they said, Go to, let us build us a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth.** (Gen 11:4)

We are still the same. We do not like to be scattered so we get together

to form groups—everything from nations to churches to playground cliques. (There is nothing wrong in forming a group if it serves a good purpose, doesn't hurt anyone, and doesn't take the place of God.)

God knows that first we need a connection to Him. He knows that the groups we form, that all our strategies to make a name for ourselves and to keep anyone from scattering from us, will not satisfy us. It will not connect us in heart and spirit. We can be in a big city, in with the popular crowd, or even in a big church, and be as lonely as ever. No level of physical contact alone satisfies our heart and our spirit.

God stopped the building of Babel by confusing their language. He still scatters groups that we make, to break the strength of that peer pressure so that we look to Him where the answer is. He made a way to reconnect. By giving himself, Christ, the Son of God, not only paved the way back to the Father, but also showed us how to mend severed relationships among ourselves.

Jesus said, **But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.** (John 4:14)

**Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink. He that believeth on me, as the scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water. (But this spake he of the Spirit, which they that believe on him should receive... (John 7:37-39)**

Drink of Jesus! ... **the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance (self-control): against such there is no law.** Galatians 5:22-23

If the desires of the flesh and mind are the controlling factor in our

life, ...the works of the flesh are clearly revealed, which are: adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lustfulness, idolatry, sorcery, hatreds, fightings, jealousies, angers, rivalries, divisions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkennesses, revelings, and things like these; of which I tell you before, as I also said before, that they who do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God. Gal 5:19-21 MKJV

While dying on the cross, Jesus said, **Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.** (Luke 23:34) Just as drunkards do not know what they do, the rest of us sinners do not fully realize the damage our sin is doing. A drunkard will often refuse the offer of a safer ride because he thinks he can handle his own car. His judgment isn't clear enough to see his need. God offers each of us a safe ride to abundant life but most remain suffocated on Self.

Jesus warned us: **I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot: I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth. Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked: I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thine eyes with eyesalve, that thou mayest see. As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten: be zealous therefore, and repent.** Rev. 3:15-19

Religiholics of all kinds disdain alcoholics, especially when a binge results in severing the spinal cord of an innocent life with great potential. They just don't see the wreckage of their own doings. Without that

eyesalve from Christ, even our best may result in shattered hearts and pieces of humanity scattered along the road of life. God needs to open our eyes to see the real picture, to see through the layers of misunderstandings and the wreckage of abuses and misuses, received and committed, that have wedged hearts apart, detached feelings from one's self, arrested the development of budding achievers, and even snapped minds. Words and actions of religiholics and sexoholics have impacted dear ones, killing their self-respect, their innocence, their trust, their confidence, maybe even their will to live. These dead walk the earth, looking for something to drink...

The apostle Paul said he ...**was before a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious: but I obtained mercy, because I did it ignorantly in unbelief.** 1 Timothy 1:13. We too can obtain mercy if we leave the bar of lust and religious zeal and drink of Jesus.

God worked on me a long time to get some scales from my eyes and clean my heart of wreckage. How much more work must He do until I never fear, manipulate, or prejudice others, or distance myself (except for those times it is wise to do so) or until self never pushes me around or falsely accuses me, and I am free to love like He does?

**Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.** (James 1:27)

John describes the world in 1 John 2:15-16: **Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the**



**pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world.**

As long as we have any spots where we are controlled by the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, or the pride of life, we will be the cause of cutting cords that God created. No amount of religion or reform can remove the spots. Only Christ's living water from within can wash those spots away. It doesn't work to just stop drinking the old stuff. A relationship with the Redeemer lets us replace it with the real stuff that comes right from our Source of Life.

Life on earth is a busy highway with most of the drivers intoxicated. No wonder we try to keep the drivers beside us in line. No wonder we band together and try to agree to keep our crafts in unison. But the only way to get to where we want to go is to let Christ in the driver's seat. He will take us down the narrow road, ever closer to the center of Life, therefore closer to each one going there.

God's creation is good, peaceful, and unified. Jesus came to bring peace on earth. But He also said, **Suppose ye that I am come to give peace on earth? I tell you, Nay; but rather division:** (Luke 12:51) He went on to say that members of households would be divided against each other. He came to divide the Highway from the roadway. The lane that takes us higher is his Kingdom. **The Son of man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity;** Matthew 13:4. The King will mend hearts, restore minds, and reattach feelings. Here is where we can all learn the same language. It's the language of love, joy, peace... a language our hearts can understand.

**Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God: because many false prophets are gone out into the world. 1**

John 4:1

Many claim to follow Christ but take the broad way of divorce, of war, of loving the world, of making a city and tower. They form a "church" and climb the steps of regulations and membership to reach unto heaven and make a name, something that identifies them and keeps them from scattering. They try to feel connected by outwardly conforming to each other. But invariably they have trouble understanding each other and they find they are not above the world; they are still bothered by those spots.

They say they trust Jesus but the group and its laws are paramount. They interpret Matthew 18:18 as God giving them the right to make their own rules but it really is saying that the church shall do as it is done in heaven. They may sincerely think they are fulfilling their responsibility to the members, not realizing they actually are using brainwash tactics to bring compliance. Such methods do not reach hearts. Maybe that is why so many are drawn to such groups. They can belong and what is hidden in their heart remains safe.

**An astounding and horrible thing has happened in the land. The prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means (authority); and my people love to have it so, and what will you do at the end of it?** Jeremiah 5:30-31MKJV

A selfish clique sets itself apart from the rest of the body. Then they feel compelled to prove that they are right and the others wrong. Throughout history, religious devotees, to prove their own validity, praised their forefathers but persecuted and killed the prophets God sent to them. When he sent his Son, they hated and killed him too. Still today, religious enthusiasts extol faithful martyrs of old, who bravely stood for truth. But they persecute and, in one way or another, try to

eliminate the living who proclaim truth.

What is the impact of these divisions? The impact that tore Jonny's cart in pieces and mangled his body is such a tragedy to us humans. But Jonny's spirit is alive and his new body is well. **THE REAL TRAGEDY IS THAT DEFILED RELIGION OFTEN CAUSES THOSE COMING FOR LIFE AND HEALING AND WHOLENESS TO STUMBLE FOREVER.**

Drinking of Christ produces faith that lets Him be the Head of the church and **...set the members every one of them in the body, as it hath pleased him.** 1 Corinthians 12:18 Faith assures us that our security is in Him, not in the group. Our connection to the Head makes up the body, or church, and allows it to function. And function, it will, if we follow His guidelines. His laws are love. True love always carries with it a responsibility and accountability. **As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten:** Rev. 3:19. It must be done with all the fruit of the Spirit, which is mercy. That will penetrate our hearts.

If you find yourself falling short of that fruit, remember that Christ has it. With much longsuffering, He will keep pouring it in; that is, if you are connected and continue to feel your need of Him. The gates of Hell shall not prevail against Christ's church. (Matthew 16:18b)

**...ye are come unto mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, To the general assembly and church of the firstborn, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, And to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant...** Heb. 12:22-24

God greatly cares for the children He created. They are His **own** chil-

dren—of course He wants their hearts. How does it make Him feel when they disobey and reject him, fight among themselves, and refuse the help that He has made available? Or honor Him with their lips while their heart is far from him? Or use His name but have given themselves to other things? The Bible says it makes Him angry and very sad. I would think it would.

My sorrow at loosing Jonathan is a deep well. But Jonathan did not choose to leave us. Some have chosen to leave and shut us out of their circle and out of their heart, yet they say they care. Because we care, we want a relationship that is more than just words. We would thou wert cold or hot.

God pleads with His children and I am pleading with you. God knows that few will hear him and I don't expect many addicts will even know that I am talking to them, especially those drunk on their own good works. But those who are MADD\* can not be silent. Whether the drunkards are driving a car or a powerful social, political, or religious machine, I care about the ones they run over.

\*Mothers Against Drunk Drivers

Mr. Hayes has justly been arrested, sentenced, and imprisoned. We are thankful that he has expressed sorrow for what happened and wants to live a different life. We pray that love arrests each prisoner of sin, and keeps them captive, setting their spirits free, before the most just Judge of all gives them an eternal sentence in fire.

We, every one of us, can be thankful **...for I am merciful, saith the LORD, and I will not keep anger for ever.** Jeremiah 3:12

**Death is swallowed up in victory.** 1 Corinthians 15:54 With such a resurrection available, we have no excuse to remain spiritually dead or in pieces, angry, hurt, and hurting others.

It is now over 6 months since my

“baby” was taken. As I scrutinized the picture, I was challenged, and warned, and sobered. The more details I examined, the more I saw and the more I despaired of painting such a panorama. I realized I can only make a rough sketch. I hope I depicted the lines and colors true.

But even if I could paint every detail, it would not make you see. Christ heals the blind. I hope I have shown you enough to cause you to look to Him. A glimpse of His glory is a sobering experience. It will open our eyes to reality. It lets us see that we are too small to build a lasting city and a tower. It introduces us to a better Lover, making it easy to leave our romance with the bottle, or pleasures, or work, or any other worldly or filthy love. When we drink deeply of Him, we cannot hold all the love, joy, peace, and what else living water consists of. It will flow out of us in rivers.

Don't drink and drive. You can't handle your car—and people don't like to be driven. Clashes and separations will result.

Do drink of Jesus and **Strive to enter in at the strait (narrow) gate: for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able.**  
(Luke 13:24)

Follow the example and command of Christ to love, forgive, and submit yourselves one to another in the fear of God, **...that ye stand fast in one spirit, with one mind striving together for the faith of the gospel;**  
(Philippians 1:27b)

I will that my anger become a passion to tear away whatever cuts into that which God has joined and to promote the unity of His Kingdom. Remember Jonathan. His advice was: *don't worry about what people think, just do what is right.* He was a peace-maker, not a piece maker. What will you do? There is work to do while we miss him and look forward to some-

day joining him and seeing God face to face. ✠

# Be Content—With What?

By Rachel

... men of corrupt minds, and destitute of the truth, supposing that gain is godliness: from such withdraw thyself. But godliness with contentment is great gain. For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. And having food and raiment (clothing) let us be therewith content. But they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil: which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows. But thou, O man of God, flee these things; and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness. Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called, and hast professed a good profession before many witnesses. 1 Timothy 6:5-12

How often have we supposed that gain is godliness? We labor much, not only for money and material things, but also for a name, favor with man, to belong to a movement or cause. We think if we can gain these things, we will be better, higher, more like God—more content.

But we never get there. No wonder. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts. Isaiah 55:9. Our ways just don't reach.

If we would be more like God, we must take His high ways. He laid down his life for the Father's will. We must do the same. We must flee these things of the world and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness.

Get on the Highway. There is nowhere else to find contentment. There is no gain but the person of Christ.

But godliness with contentment is great gain. 1 Timothy 6:6.

The degree of our godliness will determine our degree of contentment. If we are not godly, we will not be content, nor should we be.

Not that I speak in respect of want: for I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound: every where and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need. I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me. Philippians 4:11-13

If we are on the Highway with Christ beside us, we can be content, because he fulfills all our need. At the same time, we have a great need for more godliness.

Or are we content with doing and being less than we could be? Do we know how to love like God does? Do we always know when, where, what, and how to act, speak, or be quiet? Are we content to be lukewarm? (Rev. 3:15-19)

Wherever you presently are, you can be content if you are hotly pursuing God's ways but do not be content to not be content. Pray for the fire of God to consume you until you come forth as gold and silver—beautiful and useful. That is great gain that will content you! ✕

We are eternally thankful for God's love, comfort, peace and joy, also the prayers and caring of many friends. It helped us through the weariness of a busy spring and summer of missing Jonathan. Luke would go and get sweet corn for the roadside market without Jonny and his cart. Somebody had to set the catch-'m-alive traps so the coons do not destroy the crop. It was hard for Luke to think of doing it but he did it.

We will miss him this winter and next spring and.... But we can be thankful that we feel the pain of Jonathan's absence. There was a time in my life that I felt so hopeless and empty that I thought, *it would be better to feel some pain*. If there is pain, there is life and, in Christ, hope of help and healing. This little writing that someone sent to us expresses my feeling.

A death has occurred and everything is changed by this event. We are painfully aware that life can never be the same again; that yesterday is over; that relationships once rich have ended. But there is another way to look upon this truth. If life went on the same without the presence of the one who has died, we could only conclude that the life we here celebrate made no contribution, filled no space, meant nothing. The fact that this individual left behind a place that cannot be filled is a high tribute to this individual. Life can be the same after a trinket has been lost, but never after the loss of a treasure. ~Pua Irion

We treasure the memory of each day we loved and lived with Jonathan. When missing him weighs me down, I try to remind myself to look above the cloud to my sunshine and God's Sonshine. Sometimes for encouragement I pick a few of the many cards, letters, or poems we got and reread them. I find that I do not remember who all sent things and I often did not grasp the full message. All of it did minister to me when we received it but my mind could not fully absorb it all. This winter I want to read them all again.

May 17th we welcomed a new grandchild, Matthew Paul, born to Luke and Dawn Rosenbarker. Paul Gardner was born Oct. 5th to Dan and Cherie Whitten.

On July 2nd my sister's son, Paul passed away (see page 10). We took the 4 hour trip to attend the viewing and funeral. It was sorrow upon sorrow.

In the beginning of August, Luray had surgery and 2 hospital stays.

August 16, the day Jonathan would have turned 16, Richard and his family gave us wind chimes in memory of Jonathan. When I hear the chimes, I am reminded that he is playing heavenly music. In John 3 the Spirit is likened to the wind. I like to imagine it is bringing a song from Jonathan. The glass ball hanging from the chimes catches the sun and flashes rainbows in my kitchen, reminding me of God's promises. The ball looks sort of like a teardrop. When God's light shines through our tears, it creates beauty. Praise God for his faithfulness.

Regardless of our failures in the past, let us take the Highway, pressing on, learning how to love. Let it not be lukewarm ...**see that ye love one another with a pure heart fervently:** 1 Peter 1:22. In Christ, our connections can be strong and lasting. We need each other.

Sincerely, Luke and Rachel Martin

# The Perfect Picture

Life is like a mixed up puzzle,  
From our human point of view,  
Pieces just don't fit together,  
And the picture is askew.

“Why dear Lord, do You bring heart-  
aches?  
Why the tears and broken dreams?  
Why the dark and unknown shadows?  
There's no purpose, so it seems.

Why so many doubts and questions,  
That we do not understand...  
Lord, is this how you designed it?  
Is this really what you planned?

And it's not just me that's hurting,  
Many other folks are, too.  
But...I thought things work together  
For our good when we love You!

As our lives You are perfecting,  
Trials, too, will have a part.  
Oh, I know it in my head, Lord,  
But I can't convince my heart.

Where's the beauty in the picture?  
Will it ever be complete?  
How will You make something lovely,  
Out of darkness and defeat?”

“Child, you know my plan is perfect,  
Even though you cannot see  
Everything from my perspective.  
Just surrender. Trust in Me.  
You don't need to know exactly,  
Why, or how, or, when, or where,  
I'll give grace for each tomorrow,

*As Luray and Larisa were proof reading this, he discovered he can sing it to the tune of  
“Life is Like a Mountain Railroad.” Three stanzas completed one verse and the chorus.  
For the last chorus they repeated the 10th stanza.*

And I promise I'll be there.

I'm preparing you for glory.  
Give your life for me to hold.  
After you come through the fire,  
Then you shall come forth as gold.”

Praise the Lord in every trial-  
It won't help to fret and sigh.  
Soon we'll gather up in heaven;  
Then we'll know the reason why.

God is working things together,  
For the good of you and me.  
Every circumstance he gives us,  
Is a gift of love you see.

He is proving that He loves us,  
When we face another test.  
He is molding and refining,  
And He wants the very best.

He has said His ways are higher,  
Than our feeble minds can see,  
And I know His plans are greater  
Than what I had planned for me.

All eternity, we'll worship,  
Bowing, praising, at His feet,  
And the beauty of the picture,  
Only then, will be complete.

Author unknown

“But,” I said, “he was so young.”  
The Lord said, “He was mine.”  
“But he left so much undone...”  
The Lord said, “It was time.”  
“But, it's all so hard for me.”

And I questioned Him still-  
“Lord, I don't understand.”  
He said, “You will.”

From: Keeper of the stars

# The Children's Challenge

To Charity and Cheerfulness

## Rhyme Time with a Love Dove

*On each blank, write a synonym for the word above it. Each pair must rhyme. Example: charity bird = love dove. Little children will need help. Answers on page 13.*

I have a friend named Jesus. When human intentions fail and you run into a high barrier, He is the one to turn to for a fresh outlook. He helps us know where the thin string is between right and wrong. If you want more than your just portion or you start feeling like a large hairpiece on a great platform, you might get a base slam to help you be a meek youngster. To know Jesus is a delightful delicacy and the choicest relaxation. Anytime is best moments to lift blessings to this Friend. With a clear conscience, you will find intensive slumber like a comfortable insect in the choicest refuge.

Blessings to you too, Rachel

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## Proverbs 19:23

The fear of the LORD tendeth to life: and he that hath it shall abide satisfied; he shall not be visited with evil.

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Let your conduct be without covetousness, and be content with such things as ye have. For the Lord Himself said, "I will never leave you nor forsake you." So we may boldly say: "The Lord is my helper; I will not fear. What can man do to me?" Hebrews 13:5&6