

The Boys' Bugle

Calling all young men to the service of Christ

Vol. 8, Number 2

Fall 2008/Winter 2009



Welcome to The Boys' Bugle

This issue's Theme: **Selfishness/Selflessness**
Please send us your contributions before February 15.

Contents

Editor's Desk	3
Still Alive.....	8
Selflessness.....	10
Proverbs 3:1-10.....	11
A View from the Hill.....	12
God's Ways are Best for Me.....	13
Turn it Over.....	14
Axe to the Root.....	16
Thoughts on Selflessness.....	18
Hand-cuffed at Gun-point.....	20
To Compose a Letter.....	23
The Power ... Your Life.....	26
Slaves.....	28
Spelling Baseball	30
The Spoil Sport.....	30
Dear Fathers and Mothers.....	31

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.

Theme for the next issue:

Unity

What can be done about all the divisions between Christians?

What does it mean to have unity?

Is there unity between you and God?

Write from your heart.

The Boys' Bugle & Heart and Home Harmony

are a ministry of the Parishville Christian Church.

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.

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:

Top: The nearly finished print shop, built in memory of Jonny.
Bottom: Jonny's grave stone with engraving.



Editor's Desk



Dear Readers,
 Praise to my Lord and Saviour.
 I am here, alive and able to write
 you this letter.

A few weeks ago we were just about ready to print—finally. The Editor's Desk was brief on how things have been going in my life because I was tired of writing sad stories. My health was a constant struggle. In some ways I was very healthy, but in other ways I was struggling hard to be functional. I knew I needed to rest for a few weeks, but I wasn't managing well enough to do it. I'm not sure though that rest was all I needed. I had plans to take a trip to return a bad deal of a potato digger to Canada and pick up a Risograph in Ohio and visit friends all along the way. I also was planning to take over Martin's Farm Supply because my brother Luray has plans to get married in February and he wants more free time. It is a growing business and fills an important need in this area. I also was making plans to build a shed for my used vegetable oil next spring on my place. I am not satisfied with the setup I have

now. I also was making plans to build a small house to live in so I can be close to the oil.

Let me tell you of the story of the last few weeks of my life. Somehow this writing is lacking in fully expressing how I feel.

On 12-16-08 Dad's trailer was loaded with a load of hardware we had gotten at an auction the Saturday before. Charlie wanted it unloaded so he could use it. I had some TBB stuff I needed to do. So I went to Mom and Dad's to do it. By the time I got to my brother Daniel's place, the trailer unloaded already. Daniel wanted me to help my brother Nathaniel run the planer.

At first it was kind of awkward putting the boards in the planer because the boards were on the skid loader forks and it was at an angle. In a bit, Daniel came and took the skid loader out of the way. I was having fun. I was able to keep 3 or 4 boards going through at a time. The planer ate the boards nicely and didn't seem like it was even working very hard. After a bit I was warm and breathing fast. I never thought of it that I was running a dangerous machine. Nathaniel was taking the boards out of the planer.

Suddenly a terrible rumble came out of the planer. But before I even heard it, I was hit in the left of my belly by something fast and heavy. It gave a pain like you'd see in a picture where there is a star circling a focal point, like an explosion. I rolled and rolled and rolled.

The Boys' Bugle

Editor: Melvin Martin

Heart and Home Harmony

Editors: Luke and Rachel Martin
 Parishville Christian Church

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

I don't remember if it was head over heels or sideways or what. It almost seemed like I was making myself roll, but I know I wasn't. It didn't seem like I was rolling on the ground, but rather floating through the air. I landed out in the driveway somewhere. I almost didn't know if I was landing on earth or going on to heaven. I was gasping for air. Nathaniel came to me and asked if he should call 911. I was able to weakly nod "Yes."

It hurt terrible to breathe. I told myself "It'll hurt less if I relax." And the next thought was, "This is just going to hurt." I had to relax every breath. I couldn't escape from the pain. I was who I was; I couldn't switch to being something else. I couldn't do anything. I couldn't even finish what I was doing.

When I realized I was alive, I trusted I'd get well. I realized God was watching over me, and that God said there is hope. There was no fear in me.

Somehow I switched into a different mode. I was still conscious and awake and could respond, yet I had shut down. I knew I was hurt bad. Yet I didn't realize what happened.

I vomited. I had enough strength to pick myself up to vomit, although Nathaniel was there to help hold me up. Daniel got a blanket for me to lie on, and to cover me up. I was able to move some, but I didn't even try to get up.

I heard Charlie's truck coming down the road. Amazingly, quickly lots of people came. Charlie, Tim, Dad, Mom, Luray, David, Emily,

Jesse. The ambulance came. They started to take my coat off. I asked that they cut it off because it hurt too bad to take it off. They put me in the ambulance and checked my vitals.

They took me to the Potsdam Hospital. I remember riding in the ambulance while I was in the Fire Dept and going really fast through town. It is a lot different to be the fellow on the stretcher riding in the back!

They gave me a CT scan. On the outside, I only had a big brush burn on my belly. The CT scan showed that my spleen probably was lacerated, my stomach was full of air and my bladder was full and 4 little back wings were broken off my spine. They decided I should go to Burlington, Vt. I liked that idea.

After some time the ambulance came. Dad and Mom followed in the Mercedes. It was a long ride to Burlington. I could see the Mercedes lights out of the back window of the ambulance. They had me on oxygen and pain killer.

At Burlington, they took some x-rays. Later (the next morning) they took another CT scan. It hurt extra when they moved me on to the different tables. I was in great pain all the time. My memory of it is blurry. After some time, they decided they needed to do surgery. Soon before they decided they needed to do surgery on me, my shoulder started to really hurt. It hurt worse than the injury itself did. The doctor said my shoulder hurting was an indication that my

**If you can
freely take a
deep breath, be
very thankful.**

spleen was in bad shape. I remember them putting me on the operating table and hooking things up, but I was half unconscious by that time. Then they put me to sleep. I'm told it was at 11:30 Wednesday morning. Mom and Dad stayed around the whole time. I don't think I slept at all from the time of the accident until they took me to surgery.

After the 2 hour operation, I awoke feeling really sleepy. But I felt a lot better. I was still in pain, but not like before the operation. The doctors said my spleen was fine. But my small intestine had a

hole in it and it leaked stuff all over the inside of me. So they had to take my insides out and wash them.

Some of my belly muscles were torn

and the intestine juices had gotten into the tear. So they made a hole there, longer than 1 inch, to allow it to drain. It will be awhile before it heals. Thankfully I still have all my parts and I should heal up to be able to function normally. I don't understand why I don't have any broken ribs because according to the marks the board hit my bottom rib!

I remember Mom stayed the night with me in the Intensive Care unit. We had a nice nurse. I was helpless, very helpless; almost more helpless than a new born ba-

by. It's quite an experience to have others do everything for you. I was sleepy, very sleepy.

The next day Mom and Dad went home. I remember the nurse took me for a walk. Tim and Luray came that afternoon. They told me some details of what happened in the accident.

Because of the surgery, my intestines were shut down. It took 3-4 days before they started to wake up. I think it was Sunday when I started drinking and eating liquid food.

Tuesday morning they put me on a regular diet. They sent me home that afternoon.

I was very pleased with Burlington's service.

Dad brought me home from the hospital with Daniel's minivan because it rides nice.



Melvin in the easy-chair, talking on the phone and running the computer.

I was hesitant to come home to my parent's place because I didn't think I could handle the wood smoke that I knew would be there. However, I found the wood smoke didn't bother me at all, and in fact it smelled a bit good. But it was important I breathed deep. I used the easy chair in the living room as my chair and bed. Life would have been really hard if I wouldn't have had the easy chair. I was happy to be home.

At first, my whole belly was very sore. As time went on, only

parts here and there were sore. The 10 ½ in. long incision and the hole in my side took the longest to stop being sore (and still are sore). I had a hard time laying out flat on my back. I slept almost all the time for the first 2 weeks.

On Tuesday (one week after I came home) Mom and Dad took me back to Burlington for a checkup. The doctor took the 35 staples out and checked me out to make sure everything was going fine. He taught us more about how to take care of the wound. I hadn't realized it, but there is a lot more than just a hole in my side. My belly muscles were separated making an 8 in. channel in my belly muscles going from my navel over to my side just below my ribs. Dad says I'm more like Jesus now because I have a hole in my side. I have another appointment in Burlington in two weeks. Till then I have orders to take it very easy and not work anything. I'm at risk of getting a hernia.

Normally I weigh 155 lbs. Now I weigh about 126 lbs!

Nathaniel set me up with a desk on either side of me and hooked a phone up. Luke Rosenbarker set up my computer so I can put the keyboard on my lap and run the mouse on the arm of the chair. I can relax in the easy chair. It works nice. Now I can work on TBB and the farm supply business when I'm feeling good enough.

On January 10th there was a work party to move stuff from Luray's place to Daniel's barn and to fix the barn up for the farm supply

store. I am very thankful for all the help. It was -17 F that morning. I dressed very warmly and watched the people work. I'm not used to it when people are doing my work and I can't help at all.

While I was sitting there, they started the tractor and filled the barn with diesel exhaust. If I'd have gotten that much diesel exhaust last summer, at best I'd have been sick for a few days. But it hardly affected me at all!

It looks like the Farm Supply store will be up and running on the original schedule. We plan to have an open house on 1-27-09. Fertrell and Restora Life Minerals plan to speak about their products and services. I plan to be strong enough by then to run the store. I plan to make the customers load the stuff they buy. To start with, I plan to be open Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday from 9-5. I also plan to sell some hardware, surplus items, and lumber.

There is a lot I didn't know. One thing I am confident of is that God loves me and cares about me. I thought of this pretty soon after the accident. I think perhaps God did the right thing to me at the right time to cure me of the problems I had that I couldn't fix. I don't think God brought this accident about to punish me. I think God was happy with me. I expect my digestion problems, my smoke allergies, and my long-term lower back problems will be fixed by the time I'm healed up. I think there is also an emotional aspect to it too. I think God is

Safety First. Don't stand in front of the planer.

using every aspect of this accident for my good.

I am so happy, for I see that God wants to bless me. I am so glad my soul was filled with peace and rest, and not fear. It's better to go through all the pain I went through than to live a moment with guilt and hopelessness without God.

I am so glad for all the prayers, cards, letters, and help. And for all the friends that came to visit me. Your thoughtfulness and caring is very much appreciated, even if I hardly lifted my head to notice you. I want to especially thank my Mom and family for all they've done for me.

With gratefulness and thankfulness,



Be Still, My Soul

Be still, my soul: the Lord is
on thy side;
Bear patiently the cross of
grief or pain;
Leave to thy God to order
and provide;
In every change He faithful
will remain.
Be still, my soul: thy best, thy
heavenly Friend...
Thro' thorny ways leads to a
joyful end...

The booklet **“Always Ravished with Love”** is available again. If you ordered some and did not receive them, please reorder. Sorry for the delay. Thank you for your patience.

Still Alive!

By Tim Martin

Tuesday, December 16, 2008 was a nearly wind still day. The day before had been a windstorm that melted all the snow. Overnight the temperature dropped below freezing again and in the morning I looked out the window thinking how nice it was to see brown again. I went up to Dad's place to cut up the last deer from hunting season. Melvin was finishing up the editing of the next issue of *The Boy's Bugle*. Dad and Charlie were there for lunch. After lunch, Dad's cousin, Jesse Brubacker, called and said he was coming over. Shortly before Jesse came, Melvin left.

We had been visiting with Jesse a little while when the phone rang. It was about 3 o' clock. Shortly Mom announced, "That was Mendy. Melvin was hit by a board from the planer. They called 911."

No more words were needed! I grabbed my coat and ran out the door after Charlie. We jumped in the black F250 and Charlie lifted the snow plow and started the engine at the same time. We were cruising down the road before I even got my seat belt fastened! Charlie wasted no time in shifting the gears and we went as fast as we could safely go in the old truck. Whether Melvin was living or dying, I wanted to be there. I knew it could be bad. I had heard of people ending up in the hospital because of such things but I really didn't have a concept of the forces involved.

The three mile ride seemed short. As we came tearing in the driveway, my sister-in-law, Mendy, was standing there waiting for the

ambulance. She waved us toward the sawmill. Daniel was running from the house with a blanket under his arm. As we rolled to a stop on the rough, frozen ruts in front of the sawmill, the passenger side door handle came off effortlessly in my hand so I dove out the driver's side door before Charlie slammed it shut.

Melvin was lying in a crumpled heap on the rough frozen driveway with a blanket over him. I went over to him. There was a puddle of vomit beside him. I knew he was in shock. He wasn't moving. I asked him where it hurt. He said, "The left side." I noted that his color was good and that he was warm. He groaned like he felt terrible and needed to vomit. I didn't know what more to do. We thought we had better not move him. Dad said "Get something to catch the vomit so we can move it away from him."

Soon I heard the distant wail of sirens. "Here they come!" Charlie said. I stood where I could see down the driveway and direct the ambulance driver. From there I could see Dad's old yellow Mercedes parked by the barn with steam rising from the hood. By the sound of the sirens I knew they were coming fast. "I hope they don't miss the driveway" I thought. Abruptly the sirens stopped and the ambulance came up the hill. I waved them over to the spot.

We began to prepare to load Melvin. Dad carefully pulled his boots off. The EMT said, "Can we take your coat off?" Melvin said, "Cut it off." The ground was too rough to roll the gurney so we car-

ried it and loaded him into the ambulance. Then the ambulance stayed parked for a few minutes while they hooked up their equipment to Melvin.

The driver tried to ease the ambulance over the bumps. On one big rut he had to rev the engine to get over it. The ambulance lurched and the wheels nearly came off the ground! I wished we would have carried Melvin over that area.

Mom rode in the ambulance and Luray and Dad followed. Luray said that was the fastest he ever drove on 11B!

My sister, Emily, had been driving by when she saw the ambulance at the sawmill. Nathaniel said she had quite an expression on her face when she walked up! There were eight vehicles in the driveway before the ambulance left.

The rest of us stood around awhile talking and trying to figure out what had happened. Jesse found Melvin's glasses about 18 feet to the side of where he was originally standing, and a bit in the opposite direction he was thrown! I did some measurements on the planer blade marks on the board that hit Melvin. A few moments with a calculator revealed that the board was traveling 73 ft/ second (50 m.p.h.) when it hit him! Another piece of wood was jammed in the feed rolls of the planer. Our friend, David Maslin said he is careful when he uses his planer but now he has new respect for it!

About 5:00 PM Luray called to report on Melvin. He had a bad brush burn on his ribs. The CT scan showed lacerated spleen, bruised kidneys, some internal bleeding, and the "wings" broke off four vertebrae. The spine was ok. He was not

on painkiller. 80% chance he will only need close monitoring and 20% chance he will need surgery if there are complications. They are sending him to Burlington, Vt. That didn't sound too dismal. I said "How could a 1 inch board hit 4 vertebrae?"

The next morning I heard that Melvin had a lot of pain overnight and was on morphine. His bones were not broke by the board hitting them but that he was twisted so violently that his muscles sheared them off! Also, something about a torn muscle. They were doing emergency exploratory surgery because of "leakage."

I did some more measuring and calculating and pieced the accident together. Melvin was feeding boards into the planer to make flooring for the new print house. Nathaniel was taking the boards out of the planer. They were planing three or four boards at a time side by side. Melvin was on the left side of the planer and the nearest board had already cleared the in-feed roll. The next board over had just started into the cutter head. It had a defect in the end and the cutter head knocked out a 3 ft. tapered sliver of wood driving it under the board and lifting both feed rolls. That allowed the first board to dip up into the cutter head. The cutter head, spinning at 3,525 r.p.m., gained a solid grip on the dry ash 1"X8"X12 ft. long. The board instantly accelerated to 50 m.p.h., traveled 5 ft. 5 in., and tore into Melvin's left side. With the full power of a 20 h.p. 3-phase motor still driving against the resistance of a 155 lb. man the blades bit deeply into the wood and tore out pieces. Over the next 18

(Continued on page 19)

Selflessness

Philippians 2:3-4, “*Let nothing be done through strife or vain glory; but in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves. Look not every man on his own things, but every man on the things of others.*”

Wow, that’s hard Paul... a daily struggle in our lives is to put others before us no matter what we do. Let each esteem other better than themselves. Esteem in Strong’s concordance means to *account, be chief, count, governor, judge, have the rule over, suppose, think.*

So that part of the verse can be understood as – letting others have more account than us, let others be chief, let others be the governor, the judge over what we have to say, let others have the last say in the conversation, lastly we must think or suppose that they are better than we are. It’s almost like *Charity*; charity is all about serving others, willingly, happily, and gratefully.

1 Corinthians 13:5 says, “... seeketh not her own...” When we put others before us we will never seek our own good will. In the Christian life there should never be self-serving. It’s God first, then you. Never me, never my plans. It’s God’s plans, God’s commandments... your plans (as long as they line up with God’s), your opinions, what you want to do. Nothing about what I want. For instance, if one of my siblings wants to sit on a certain chair then I should let them without a murmur. If someone wants the paint to be a different color in a house or church, then I

should never argue with them, after all God never said “Thou shalt have a certain color of paint.” What about the color of the carpet... or the kind of speakers you should have in the house? First line it up with the Bible and if it isn’t a biblical controversy, SHUT UP. Let them do the talking.

That’s one way of selflessness... the other is being a servant. We have the greatest example in the world of being a selfless person... Jesus Christ. He came as a servant to all, according to God’s word. Our greatest servitude is witnessing to people. 1 Corinthians 9:19, “*For though I be free from all men, yet have I made myself servant unto all, that I might gain the more.*” Paul goes on to say that he makes himself a servant to all men just so he can win a few to Christ. Do you know how hard it is to speak to people about the Lord? How much pride do you have to shove down to talk to someone about their spiritual well-being? It takes lots and lots for me. How selfless are you being if you pass up a person without asking them where they’re going to spend eternity? Not very much. That person has a precious soul, how can you let your pride and selfishness carry you past them? It takes humility, complete selflessness, and a God-driven desire, to stop a person and hand them a track and ask them a spiritual question. You may know where you are going to spend eternity; can you help others to see the light as well?

Kent Hovind once said that he asked everyone that he talked to where they were going to spend eternity... He said other Christians were frightened to speak to people, they were afraid that they'd scare the other person off. Kent said "Where are you going to scare them off to, a second hell?" And how true that is. You can't scare them any worse than the place they're already headed for, why not tell them about a different way? The way to Glory.

Gulp down the nervousness, brighten up that smile, keep all pride from your voice as you tell them what GOD has been doing for YOU.

Selflessness is a big word to work on. It requires diligence, lots of Bible reading and prayer. And of course practice. Let your siblings, parents, or friends have the final say in the trivial things. Talk to people about their souls, and keep

reminding yourself that God is still working on you; He will never be done perfecting you till you reach heaven. Keep the humility and selflessness in your life, esteem others better than yourself, but most of all, don't let pride and selfishness keep you from witnessing to the unsaved around you.

Hannah Holter
Bonners Ferry, ID

Proverbs

3:1-10

My son, forget not my law; but let thine heart keep my commandments: For length of days, and long life, and peace, shall they add to thee. Let not mercy and truth forsake thee: bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table of thine heart: So shalt thou find favour and good understanding in the sight of God and man. Trust in the LORD with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and

he shall direct thy paths. Be not wise in thine own eyes: fear the LORD, and depart from evil. It shall be health to thy navel, and marrow to thy bones. Honour the LORD with thy substance, and with the firstfruits of all thine increase: So shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine.



A VIEW FROM THE HILL

By Gerard Monnat

As I look down over the city,
As I look down at the gravestone;
As I look at the names on the stone,
Leonard S. Monnat and Florence W. Monnat,
Dad and Mom.

The dirt lies on the newly closed grave,
Flowers still fresh lay on the dirt;
The coffin just buried beneath,
The mother, wife, mom, grandma, aunt, friend,
Mom I miss you.

The Fall sky is warm in the sun,
The trees all colored;
The leafy smell in the air hangs over the cemetery,
The funeral is over, they've all gone home,
I came back one more time.

I had to come back to say goodbye,
I had to be here alone;
I knew it would hurt, but I had to.
This is the end of my parent's days,
Oh God, it hurts so much.

I didn't collapse at the funeral,
I knew mom wasn't going to last;
Dad went first three years ago.
Now it was mom's time to leave this earth;
She went quickly, peacefully.

We gave her a funeral filled with memories,
They sang her favorite songs;
They filled the church with her love.
She loved her God, her church, her family, her community;
She loved life.

I took one more look over the grave site,
I knelt and picked up some of the dirt.
From dust thou art.....unto dust thou return.
The pain of loss hit me; the tears came hot and swift,
I know it has to be this way.

I put my hand on the stone,
I had to say my final goodbyes;
I wish I could kiss them one more time.
It was time to walk away, to go on with life;
To look at the view once more.

There they lie in rest,
Together in death as in life;
Dear to each other.
In the shadow of the maple tree nearby,

(Continued on page 13)

God's Ways are Best for Me

Teach me thy ways O Lord,
I want to walk in thy truth
Let my heart search your word,
For the path you have for me.
Guide my footsteps take me by the hand.
For it's with you, I want to always be.
I want to reach that heavenly land
Tho' days of unsurety arise in my life,
About my future that's untold,
Please ease this heart of strife.
Lead me on the narrow way,
Keep me always close to thee,
May my unsurety at the cross stay.
Help me to put all my trust in you,
Teach me thy precepts and thy ways.
Teach me moment by moment,
Lest once again, I fall away.
I know now my unsurety can rest,
This I know is true O Lord,
Because your way for me is best.

By Britany Knapp

They have a view from the hill.

This poem was written by Gerard on October 19th, 2008; the day after his mom was buried next to his dad, in St. Mary's Cemetery, Syracuse, N.Y.

Turn It Over

By Cherie Whitten

Recently a lot of attention is being paid to the economy. There seems to be a problem with it. But is there? Historically, economy is unstable in nature. People want more and better, and when those desires are satisfied they climb to a new level. People climb to wealth and power on the backs of others. Most people seem to partake in this climbing. Even if we are not at the top, it seems that this desire to exceed is in us. It is as though we feel we need more, an insatiable lust for the world. This exists in us on all different levels, and in some sense achievement is good and proper, in right relation to God.

Historically people have desired supposed comforts enough to give themselves to some form of idolatry. Rulers do seek on some level to provide, either out of compassion or fear, as uprisings could result otherwise. However, nature dictates a sort of balance that is not always heeded. How long will the slaves, wood, coal, water, soil or oil hold out? These are limiting factors that if misused, by rulers and the people, can cause economic and societal collapse.

Our economic situation is not new. In history we have many examples of a dominant minority becoming selfish and betraying their people, and of greedy people. Whether you look to Rome, Egypt, Greece, Russia, etc... you

see oppression and apathy, a lack of caring for others. Apathy abounds as people believe they can't handle their own situation, much less think of others' welfare.

In Old Testament times, the law required a sharing and even a redistribution of wealth to mitigate poverty, Leviticus 25. There were also many laws regarding lending, borrowing and repayment, Exodus 22, Deuteronomy 23. These laws would certainly help to keep us out of these economic struggles, but God brought us more...

He brought us Jesus...
“And one of the scribes came, and ... asked him, Which is the first commandment of all? And Jesus answered him, The first of all the commandments is, Hear, O Israel; The Lord our God is one Lord: And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength: this is the first commandment. And the second is like, namely this, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. There is none other commandment greater than these. And the scribe said unto him, Well, Master, thou hast said the truth: for there is one God; and there is none other but he: And to love him with all the heart, and with all the understanding, and with all the soul, and with all the strength, and to love his

neighbour as himself, is more than all whole burnt offerings and sacrifices. And when Jesus saw that he answered discreetly, he said unto him, Thou art not far from the kingdom of God. ...” Mark 12:28-34

We should ask, “Who is my neighbor?” Jesus was asked this question in Luke 10:29 in the parable of the Good Samaritan. Jesus’ definition of neighbor includes people not usually thought of as a neighbor.

Jesus spoke repeatedly, as one of his main topics, about ministering unto others, and lived as He preached. **“For even the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.”** Mark 10:45 This ministering is what Jesus brought with Him, Agape Love, His great gift to us. Agape love is an unconditional love, as opposed to affection for someone or something you like. Agape love will sacrifice self for something greater.

“For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel’s, the same shall save it.” Mark 8:35 Can you lay your life down? Often I don’t feel like it is possible to fully lay down my life, but certainly I could lay a little more down than I do. **“And the cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, and the lusts of other things entering in, choke the word, and it becometh unfruitful.”** Mark 4:19

Historically, after times of economic and societal collapse you often see a revival of the Spirit.

Apathy will turn to empathy, a Genesis happens, a new beginning. If I can’t lay my life down, perhaps a poor economy will help me some. So, is there really a problem with the economy?

As long as there is selfishness, the injustice of economic and social status will continue. But, the Serenity Prayer says “God Grant me the serenity to accept the things I can not change, the courage to change the things I can, and the wisdom to know the difference.” If I change in me what I can, and turn over to God the cares of the world, perhaps I can feel the Spirit better. Perhaps I will become more fruitful and my fruit will be agape love. I would hate to squander a gift like that. If I turn my cares over to God and listen to the Spirit, I can lead by example and try my hand at peacemaking, a true search for justice. If I can do my part, I can make a difference. The question is, will I?



Axe to the Root

Imagine your surprise if your 1st-grader came home with his reading book and asked you to help him read today's lesson. You open the book and find this.



Your head might spin a little. This is Alex? He can run, but not smile? He was aborted?

Must have been a misprint. Or else the book is trying to say that this is what Alex may have been.

But the book is speaking the truth. Alex is a real boy that lived across the street from me for over a year, on the outskirts of Candua, Bolivia.

His real full name is Alejandro, but most everyone called him "Ali" (Al-lee), shortened version of his full first name. I call him "the boy that could not smile". He lived in a hut of a house, some 12' by 15' in area, with his grandmother and aunt. They lived a sustenance lifestyle, not so much by

choice as by chance. "Chance" had them born in a place where minimum wage laws deal in the realm of \$50/year rather than in \$6/hour.

Alex was a typical child in some ways, lots of energy, curious, and could turn a chunk of wood into a truck plowing through a mud-hole in the street. But he could hardly smile. In the year that he was my next door neighbor, I saw him smile maybe two or three times. As he was poor, I got the idea that I would take his picture with a little digital camera that I had at the time and print him a black and white photo for a keepsake of his childhood. It was an effort on my part to do something "special" for him, something that I rarely do myself (waste time with pictures, most of which have no value).

So I lined him up against the wall and said, "Smile, Alex!"

Nothing changed.
"Smile, Alex! Smile big!"

"Bigger!"

"Come on, Alex, smile real big for your picture!"

"Smile!"

Seeing that the little crook of a smile that he mustered was about the best I would probably get from him, I clicked the shutter and printed him a couple of black and white copies. When he received them, I could tell he was happy. It may have been one of the occasions when a smile did actually creep across his face.

Why could Alex not smile?

He was aborted.

"Huh?", you ask.

Yes, Alex was aborted.

You see, Alex's abortion was the drawn-out type, those that last years instead of moments.

Alex's mother did not want him, but did come to visit him once or twice a year. For that matter, the grandmother that raised him did not really want him either, but at least she did have enough compassion to keep him and feed him, and occasionally show him a bit of affection. His father? I never met him, and to be honest, I could not even say if the mother knew who he was, let alone Alex. I don't know that for a fact, that is just the way things are too many times with "living abortions".

No, Alex did not survive a botched abortion. He was simply born to a mother and father that did not love him. So instead of his left arm, head, right leg, and then his abdomen being sucked out of his mother's womb by a vacuum, his soul was, and still is as far as I know, being vacuumed out by a self-centered mother and father who do not care about him.

Alex was an angry little boy. No, he did not really throw anger-fits as such. His grandmother would not permit that. She would occasionally chasten him with a stick about 4 feet long if he misbehaved. About the only thing left in his vacuumed out soul was a deep-rooted anger.

And thus Alex could run fast, but he could not smile.

He is a victim of "drawn-out abortion".

+++++

Ok, now for the rest of my sermon.

In the last few weeks, I have

received several emails about the coming election proclaiming the urgent need for disciples of Jesus to get out there and vote against Barack Obama, the pro-abortion candidate.

I will not be voting against Barack Obama. Neither will I be voting for him. Here's why...

I am a Christian. A follower of Jesus of Nazareth, who proved Himself to be the Son of God by resurrecting from the dead, on His own strength.

And this Jesus had a message for mankind, summed up as follows: "I am Lord of lords and King of kings. I paid the ransom price, death, to liberate mankind from death, hell, sin, and Satan. Whoever will believe upon me may join me in my triumph over all sin, including the sin of abortion. I will pour out my Spirit into that believing heart, which as a fire of Divine Love will purge away all selfishness, which is the root of abortion."

I have believed that message. I can witness it is true. He has done it for me!

And so, instead of trying to stop the utter gruesomeness of the sin of abortion by campaigning for John McCain, I will continue to use my time, money, and efforts to promote a righteousness that springs from a spiritual renewal of the heart, a new birth if you will.

We can stop the abortion industry in this nation by legislation, outlawing it completely. But it will only produce thousands and thousands of little boys and girls like Alex — boys and girls who suffer having their soul vacuumed out over many

year's time. Statistics show that over 100,000 unwanted children wander the streets of Lima, Peru. Mexico City has about 230,000 if I remember right.

Saints of God! Let's not be deceived by the call to muster our strength for the right political agenda -- and the anti-abortion agenda is a good agenda. Let's dig at the root of the problem, and cut it off once for all.

Preach the Gospel of Jesus, do not campaign in politics!

Constantine of old tried to straighten up the world by welding politics to Christianity. His experiment failed. It produced the Roman Catholic and Orthodox churches that burned witches -- and "heretics" -- at the stake. Both burned (witch) and burner went to hell.

We can outlaw abortion, and I do hope that happens, but that will not solve the problem!

If you do not believe me, ask Alex.

Yours for the kingdom of righteousness,
Mike Atnip
www.primitivechristianity.org

A Few Thoughts on Selflessness

The goal and focus of being selfless is not to ignore yourself, but rather to think and look out for those around you. First do God's will, (love God), and also care about the long-term well-being of those around you (love your neighbor).

As in all aspects of life, Jesus is the A to Z, and he is there, somehow, someway. Jesus is our perfect example of selflessness. Jesus came here to earth, not only for us, but for himself also. For he suffered here on earth because of the Joy that was set before him, (Hebrews

12:2).

I will venture to say that when you do what is good and right, it is very good for God, for you, and for your neighbor. No one is a loser, except those who refuse to accept God's goodness. No one is ill affected because you did what is good and right. If you do what is wrong, if you are selfish, no one is blessed, not even yourself, EVER.



(Continued from page 9)

inches of travel, which took .047 (1/20) of a second, the board dropped to a low of 13 m.p.h. and quickly accelerated again to 50 m.p.h.. With Melvin now out of the way, the board went flying and landed 65 ft. away. The board's full length passed the cutter head in 1/5 of a second (12 ½ revolutions of the cutter head)! Melvin was thrown tumbling and rolling out into the driveway where he landed 16 ft. away gasping desperately for breath. Later he said he had heard a loud "bang" and then it seemed he just kept tumbling and rolling for a long time. He had been breathing hard from working fast and then for the longest time (after he was hit) he just had to breathe but couldn't.

Nathaniel saw the whole thing happen. He quickly shut down the planer and asked Melvin if he should call 911. Later Melvin said "I didn't have to think long to answer that question!" Daniel was nearby running the skid loader. Nathaniel told him what happened and then ran to the house. He was huffing and puffing too much so Mendy called 911.

I examined what we thought were anti-kickback fingers on the planer and decided that they were simply chip deflectors. What a tragic way to get an education on planer safety!

That afternoon I heard that Melvin was out of surgery and the doctor was pleased with what he saw. He sewed up a cut in Melvin's intestine, cleaned a pocket in a torn muscle that got contaminated by the leaking intestine. His spleen was not hurt.

On Thursday Luray and I made

the 3 hour trip to Burlington. We got there just as Melvin was transferred out of intensive care. He got out of bed and walked twice that day! Luray was impressed! The surgeon said if the board would have hit Melvin more toward the center it could have cut the aorta that runs down the inside of his back and he would've bled to death.

It could've been so much worse. The other end of the board that hit him had a sharp ragged fork on it. If the board would've been turned around and he wouldn't have had a coat on, it probably would've ripped his guts out! Thank God that there are people around who can and will do emergency surgery at a moments notice. Melvin said he felt so much better after the surgery than before. Remember, this guy just had his belly cut open from top to bottom, his intestines taken out and washed, and put back in!



Hand-cuffed at Gun-point

By Melvin Martin

From my perspective a few days after the incident:

I was living with Luray in his shop this fall. I was sleeping in the main room and Luray was sleeping in his “room” in the corner behind the bolt bins and the curtain. We had stacks of sweet potatoes stored in the middle of the floor, besides the usual things and stuff a bachelors house would have.

Around 3:00 AM on Saturday morning, September 27, 2008 I awoke from a very sound sleep. When I looked up, I saw bright lights and men with guns. The very instant I looked up, the one man shouted, “Put your hands behind your head! Put you hands behind your head!” I realized these men had guns and I’d better obey quickly. The one man quickly came over to me and told me to put my hands behind my back and he put hand-cuffs on me. I assumed these men were thieves. There were at least 4 men in the house. I saw one fellow had a short (short compared to a hunting gun) gun that looked like a shot-gun. It looked like it had a really big barrel. It was a 12-gauge shot-gun.

The man that hand-cuffed me asked if I was Jim **** (Not his real name)... he asked my name... if there was anyone else here... who’s place is this... if I knew Jim...if I had ID? Being I had hand-cuffs on, I couldn’t do anything. I told him where my wallet was. He got my wallet and opened it and asked which pocket my driver’s license was in. By this time I realized they were police. When he saw that my name and picture matched, he accepted that I wasn’t Jim. Then he took the hand-cuffs

off. I was so glad when they took those hand-cuffs off. I asked what it was all about. He said Jim was suspected of a shooting. I should have asked more questions, however I was somewhat in shock and didn’t have time to think about what to say or do. This was a totally new thing to me, so I didn’t have any experience to draw from. There was more talk. Something was said about being at the wrong place and something about the right place being across the road, which is the unfinished print shop and the squash patch. After he took the hand-cuffs off, he said sorry and they left. They never even communicated who they were and I didn’t think to ask.

After they left, I walked over to the window and watched them leave. There must have been more than I saw because I only saw 3 of them. For awhile they were standing between two police cars talking, They were walking back and forth like they were very nervous.

Before I went back to sleep, I thought to myself; “I didn’t even breathe a prayer to God.” There was no time for it. I was so glad that I was right with God before. I didn’t need to breath a prayer at the time, for I trust God was watching over me. Our time could come at any time. Walk with God now, so you can walk with Him after your time is up.

Amazing as it is, it took until that afternoon until either me or Luray got scared. But in the morning when I went to pick produce, I couldn’t remember what produce needed to be picked. It had an affect of resetting my memory. While the police were not intentionally trying to cause

trouble, and they did apologize, I don't have the same trust and innocence I had before. It was a traumatic experience that I won't forget. Its affect went farther than just my head.

Afterwards I thought of how these police were feeling. Here they are walking into a strange house. They think there is a fellow in there with a gun and that he'd shoot if he had half a chance. And perhaps more than one fellow shooting. They walk in, and there are lots of places that a fellow could hide behind. They see the bad guy and there he lays without moving, pretending to be sleeping. So they have guns drawn and ready, and they are at least somewhat scared and jumpy.

But looking at it from my side, there I am an innocent farmer, soundly, peacefully sleeping. I look up and I'm at gun point by some thieves.

You hear about gun safety and how terribly careful you need to be with a gun. But suddenly you are at the end of a gun barrel, a loaded gun barrel, a big loaded gun barrel. Not only that but a nervous fellow is holding that gun and you can be pretty sure his finger was on the trigger. And not only that, but the nervous fellow wouldn't think a second before pulling the trigger if something prompted him to.

What if I, in my sleep, and in my ignorance of the situation, would have done the wrong thing? I may not be here to tell the story. If I really would have been Jim, I'd probably have been a lot more familiar with such activity and I wouldn't have been sleeping soundly.

It could have been any one of you.

This made me think of what it would be like if there were real thieves, or police that really wanted to persecute me for my Christian be-

liefs.

From Luray's perspective:

I woke up because I heard people talking. I looked up and between the curtains saw guns and flashlights pointed at Melvin. My first thought was robbers. I heard them tell Melvin to put his hands behind his head. I thought "Oh no," and prayed. I considered calling 911 but didn't want them to know I was there. I also considered jumping out the window. They asked Melvin if he was Jim. I thought it must have been some drug people looking for someone. And they had the wrong place. Then they asked Melvin who he was. I'm not sure what all happened next. At some point, I realized they were police. They asked if anyone else was here and who's place it was. Then Melvin said it was my place. Then they came back to where I was. They asked me who I was. And had me put my hands on top of me so they could see them. They asked if I have any firearms. I said I wasn't sure. They asked if I have any within reach. I said, "No." They said we just had to make sure everything was safe. At some point they were talking on the radios and discovered they had the wrong place. They said they were sorry and started to leave. Melvin asked them what was going on. They said there was a shooting. Then they left. The time was 3:15. I didn't get scared until that afternoon.

The Other Side of the Story

Dad wanted to know more details of the story, who did it, and such. I called the State Police and a lady told me more details.

The Wednesday afterwards, the cop that was carrying the shot-gun came to us and apologized. He was nervous. He made it very clear they

were sorry and what they did was wrong. It wasn't like some people that very vaguely apologize. He wanted to answer any questions that we had. I wanted to know more about what all happened.

Here is the story as I understand it:

Jim was allegedly drunk and beat his wife. Then he slammed his car into another car a few times. Then he started to shoot at someone. The fellow he was shooting at ran into the woods and called 911. The sheriff came and started to chase Jim on foot, so Jim took off in his truck. Being the sheriff was on foot, he called the State Police. The police chased him, but they over-turned their car in the chase and Jim got away.

Later Jim called in and gave an address where he was. I'd think that would have made them very nervous, for it could have been a challenge. Being the local police had rolled their car, they called in police from out of the area. They had the right number but the wrong road. When they got to Luray's place, they didn't think it was a residence. The outside door was open, which he said made the hair on the back of their necks stand up. They came in the door and announced themselves but we were sound asleep. That's when my excitement began.

The police made a mistake. I could sue them, and I'd probably win. I could make a lot of money without doing much work. But would it be right for me to relate to the police like that? I think of the Golden Rule; "And as you desire that men should do to you, you do also to them likewise." (Luke 6:31) If I made a mistake, would I want the one I wronged to force me to pay as much as they could get out of me? No. If I make a mistake, I want to be shown

mercy.

Also I think of Matthew 6:14-15, "For if you forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you; but if you do not forgive men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." The way I relate to the police is the way God will relate to me. I want God to have mercy on me and forgive me for the mistakes (sins) I've committed against Him. The grief I've caused God is far greater than the grief the police caused me.

Anyway, I don't want to contribute to making this society so everyone is scared they will get sued if they make a mistake. Law-suits make for a lot of trouble.

Love and selflessness is to be the mark of a child of God, not selfishness. (Galatians 5:6, Luke 12:15-34)



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.

TO COMPOSE A LETTER

by Terri Bale

Perhaps it's the distance, or "cuz it's one-way
That when writing a letter there's too much to say,
And too little hope that when it's all through
The people who get it will understand you.

A person might whistle, a person might sing,
But to compose and write down is a different thing.
A person might walk or a person might run,
But hurdles and pole-vaulting rarely are done.

It seems correspondence is much the same sort
As hurdles and pole-vaulting: strenuous sport.
And writing out songs is like writing out letters:
My heart would soar free, but I've pen and ink fetters.

Some people can *yodel* with paper and ink.
Some people take hurdles as quick as a wink.
But most of us walk, and sing as we go,
Content as we must be to amble on so.

I think 'twas in grade school my trouble began
I could not write letters, "You certainly can!
You can and you must! You must and you will,
Or this time next year this same desk you will fill!"

"But, M a'am, (beggin' your pardon) can't you see
the great weight of the thing?
Implications, complexities, dangers do bring.
Communion is fashioned by communication,—
But clanging klutz clauses just causes frustration.

"Opening paragraphs, tone, punctuation,
Concluding sentences, poor integration,...
These weigh on your mind 'til you haven't a clue
Of what to say next, or how to get through.

"If I were a teacher, what would I do?
I'd give them the rules, and then tell them true:
Read excellent things! Write straight from the heart!
Re-read and rewrite 'til read/writing's an art!

"But, first, *live* in the light of the fear of the Lord.
Read/writing needs guidance, so you'll need God's Word,
He'll guide you, inspire you, and lift your light high.
God's the greatest of writers, so to Him draw nigh."

Our teachers all press us new heights to surmount.
It's good that they want us to make our lives count.
But, if you are lacking in strength or in skill,
Yet don't let it stop you from doing His will.

In Scripture He's called us to *do*, and to *go*,
To *speak*, and to *help*, and to *let our lights show*.
But to write out our thoughts He did not command.
He knew of the hurdles. He does understand.

For now we must leave distant friends to His care.
They must draw on Him; we cannot be there.
He's near and He's loving, He's faithful and just.
He's there for each person, we really can trust.

Now, Jacob and Laban, they knew what to do.
They said "The *Lord* watch between me and you
When we are absent one from another."
Whether parent, or neighbor, or sister, or brother. (or friend,...)

We ought not to vow, or promise to write,
Then weep and feel wretched when, night after night,
Our brains simply fail us. There's no hope in sight,
Except that the *Lord* keep us close by *His* might.

So still on the ground I must walk and not soar.
My letter may never get 'round to your door.
I'm grateful, in tons, to have you for a friend.
I pray that our friendship never shall end,

(So then,) If *you can't manage in strength or in skill,*
Still don't let it stop you from doing His will.
Good writing is one way Life's harvest is stored.
But, (more importantly,) Live in the light of the fear of the Lord.

I don't know just when I shall see you again.
I don't have much hope in my paper and pen.
I *do* know the Lord can be with you 'til then.
I thank you for patiently being my friend.

'Til we meet here on earth, or we meet up in heaven,
Read Philippians one, verses two through eleven.
Not that I'm like Paul. so great and so bound,
But in similar loves, great comfort is found.

Grace be unto you, and peace, from God our Father,
and from the Lord Jesus Christ. I thank my God upon
every remembrance of you.. . . Philippians 1:2-3

I have always had trouble with writing letters. I recently wrote a poem about it. Because of *that* I figure some people might get to wondering: "If you can write *poems*, why do you say that you cannot write *letters*?" I think I would tell them that writing a poem is, for me, a little like weaving a rope; whereas writing a *letter* is, for me, a little like weaving a rope while it is attached to a moving object, while *I* am sitting atop *another* moving object following the first, I imagine for instance, two moving camels!

The idea of motion probably comes from the idea of two lives in motion, and weaving the rope is like trying to make a long distance connection between the two. Some people do a marvelous job in this kind of "rope weaving." As for me, I usually fall off before I get half started.... And what I do manage to "weave" or write —before I fall off— looks nothing like the poems, but all frazzled and rumpiled; or heavy, and rumpiled, and long.

Besides writing poems, I also, sometimes, feel a tremendous need to write something down that I have thought of, on the hope that it might be useful —*somehow*, —*someday*, —to *someone*. This kind of writing is also a lot like weaving a rope that isn't in motion, and also should not be taken for evidence that I can weave the in-motion, hazardous kind of thing. ☩

The Power to Lay Down Your Life

By Luke and Rachel Martin

I am the good shepherd... and I lay down my life for the sheep. John 10:14-15

Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us: and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren. 1 John 3:16

Scripture references are KJV unless noted otherwise.

Just what is God asking us to do? Maybe we can gain a clearer understanding of what we ought to lay down, if we consider the question: what is life?

Our body is alive if it can breathe. But the things that make us want to breathe are someone to love, something to do, and something to look forward to. To truly live we need loving relationships and a place of significance. Adam and Eve had someone to love, a garden to keep, and they could look forward to talking with their Creator. It was a happy life until they sinned.

Our sins take life from us. They disconnect us from God and others and keep us from fulfilling our purpose. So, instinctively, desperately, and blindly we grasp for the life we need. We manipulate and latch onto people to secure a relationship. We do things to be noticed so we feel worthy. We grab worldly treasures in hope of something to look forward to.

But these things have a way of slipping away. The harder our stranglehold, the more people try to get away. Others, pushing their way to the forefront, displace us. Our earthly treasures rust, are eaten by moths, are stolen, or they soon bore us. Disillusioned with our life, we keep looking for better things, better peers, a better

partner, a movement with a better purpose, a better church—something to identify with, something with more life.

Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life, that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again. This commandment have I received of my Father. John 10:17-18

While we cannot give our life in the way that Christ did, we too have received the commandment to lay down our life. But we lack power; it is not in our nature to lay it down. It is natural to get what we need to live. However, God is calling us to a higher form of life. **Therefore I say to you, Be not anxious for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than food, and the body than raiment?.....But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added to you. Matthew 6:25&33 Webster**

We have lost our spiritual life with God through our sin. We cannot keep our physical life. All our grabbing and clinging does not make or keep our life. Our only chance is to

look to God, who is love and the author of life, and accept the Son who laid His life down and took it up again and offers it to us by His Spirit. We must let go and lay our life, every bit we are clinging to, at Jesus' feet. He is Someone to love. And He will give us many to love, something worthwhile to do, and eternal life in His Kingdom.

Jesus said, **For whosoever will save his life shall lose it: and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it.** Matthew 16:25

He that hath the Son, hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God, hath not life. 1 John 5:12 Webster

Back to the question: Just what is God asking us to do? What is laying our life down for the brethren?

Read 1 Corinthians 13. I think here Paul describes what it is and what it isn't. He uses the Greek word, *agape*, which means Godlike love, translated charity in KJV. We may do many great things for others, even so much as giving our physical life for their sake. But we have not laid our life down if we are arrogant, if we give to get praise, to prove that we are one up, or to earn life. Our efforts fail but love never fails. Faith, hope, and love live on. Faith enables us to do and fulfill our purpose. Hope helps us endure. And love is our greatest need and accomplishes the most.

Our deceitful hearts make it hard to grasp the depth of the concept of love, even harder to put it in practice. Regardless of how much wrong we have done, we like to think we have a good heart and it's just because we are victims; therefore, others are to blame for our actions. We want to hang on to our victimship; we think it gives us an excuse. But it's a sinking ship. Let go and take responsibility for your sin. If we repent, Christ can raise us, victors over our past, our self, substances, peers, and leaders we were in bondage to.

Unless Christ opens our eyes and

helps us lay our life down, we don't know what we do. We are too busy hanging on for dear life to notice other's needs. When matters get shaky, we gotta kick in shape those who shake us. In our grabbing for control, popularity, fellowship, recognition, and honor, in our fearful compulsion to fit in, we submit to dictates that in varying degrees, are unhandy, ridiculous, painful, and even harmful. It's no wonder that cults and cult like groups abound. "Christian" ones convince themselves they are submitting as God instructs.

Actually He asks us to be... **Submitting yourselves one to another in the fear of God.** Eph 5:21. If we allow ourselves to be sucked into anything that is not of the truth of God, we are on sinking sand. We'll be grabbing and sucking others in too. It's a place where life keeps slipping away. Some that reach the end of their rope get desperate enough to take their life—all because they cannot lay it down.

Regardless of the scope of your perplexity, let go and look to God in faith. You will find the Everlasting Arms that will set you on the Solid Rock. From there you can't push anybody. You will only draw them to where you are.

Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, 1 Timothy 6:12. It's a continuing battle. When things get rough and our faith wanes and our trust in one another wears thin, we easily revert to grabbing and wrestling. Turn your eyes again to Jesus. He will give you power.

And he said to them all, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me. Luke 9:23 Webster

To lay our life down for our brethren is to repent and first of all love and obey God. **By this we know that we love the children of God, when we love God, and keep his commandments.** 1 John 5:2 Web. **And this is love, that we walk according to his**

commandments. 2 John 1:6 Web. It is to preach, teach, and stand for truth even if we are misunderstood, mocked, rejected, persecuted, or killed. It's letting go of our rights, bitterness, wrath, and hatred. It's forgiving and esteeming others better than ourselves. It's receiving and acknowledging them and having faith in them. It's rebuking and correcting them. It's being humble, patient, vulnerable, transparent, honest, and real.

It's dying with Christ and rising with Him to be a fellow helper with Him to give love and honor to the brethren—and keep on giving...

He who believes in Me, as the scripture has said, out of his heart

will flow rivers of living water. John 7:38 NKJV ✠

Slaves

They are slaves who fear to speak,
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose,
Hatred, scoffing and abuse;
Rather than in silence shrink,
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

James Russell Lowell



Charles Thonus and Joy Martin plan to get married April 18, 2009.



Luray Martin and Britany Knapp plan to get married February 21, 2009.

Pellagra was very common among poor families living in southern U.S. in the early 1900's. Their diet was mostly corn meal and grits. However, Mexicans living on mostly corn, very rarely got pellagra. Traditionally, they cooked their corn in ashes or lime water. It has been discovered that in corn the nicotinamide, (vitamin B3) which prevents pellagra, is in a form that is not easily absorbed. Cooking corn in ashes or lime releases the vitamin and increases the calcium. So I set out to find out how to cook corn the old way. There are different ways to do it. This is what I came up with.

Making Tortillas and Hominy

Sift hardwood ashes. Add approximately 2 cups to 1 gallon of boiling water. Boil about 10 minutes. Let settle a few minutes and carefully pour off water into large pot. You may add a little more water to ashes, cook again, and add to pot if needed. Bring to a hard boil and add 2 quarts dried field corn. Boil hard for up to 1 hour or until the hulls slip easily or have come off. Add more water if necessary to keep corn covered. If the hulls do not come off after 1 hour, it will not help to cook longer. It will still be good to eat. Use more ashes next time. You will have to experiment to find the right proportion for your ashes and corn. With very hard woods, you may need less than 1 cup to 1 quart of corn.

Drain off water and discard. Cover with water, rub corn with your hands, and drain again washing away the hulls and eyes. The eyes are the part where the kernel was fastened to the cob. Try to keep the nutritious germ. Keep rinsing and rubbing until you are rid of most of the hulls. It may take about 8 rinses.

Cover with water and boil about 5 minutes. Drain, cover with fresh water and cook until soft. Drain.

Whole Hominy

Use in soups or casseroles. Fry in fat (beef, chicken, bacon, butter, etc.) and season with salt or add pepper, garlic, or whatever you wish. Children love it, just like that. Fry with sausage or other meat.

Corn Crumbles

Grind the hominy in a meat grinder. Fry in fat with salt. This is what I use when I want a tortilla meal but don't have time to do more with the corn. Put fried crumbles on your plate and top with the ingredients you would use for tortillas.

Or add other seasonings or meat. Use with eggs or top a salad. The possibilities are endless.

Tortillas

After draining corn, while it is still very warm, grind fine in a meat grinder. Sprinkle with salt and grind again. Form into balls, knead a bit, and flatten in a tortilla press between waxed paper or use a rolling pin. Keep the pot of corn covered and work with small amounts at a time so the dough does not get cold or dry out too much before you press it. Knead in a bit of water if necessary.

Shortly before serving, fry in fat until it is as soft or crisp as you like. Keep warm. We usually make a stack on our plate with tortillas, browned ground beef, refried beans, grated cheese, fresh tomatoes or tomato sauce, lettuce or other greens when available, onions, dressing, and sour cream.

To make refried beans, mash cooked kidney or similar beans and stir fry in fat with garlic and salt. ✕

—Rachel

The Children's Challenge

To Charity and Cheerfulness

Spelling Baseball

By Rachel Martin

Would you like to play spelling baseball? You need at least 8 children, more is better. Form two teams. One team goes to the front of the room. The speller-up stands at home plate and the rest line up behind him or her. The teacher pitches a word. If he spells it right, he goes to first base. If he gets it wrong, he is out and goes to the back of the line. At the next correctly spelled word, the first player goes to second base. Keep a score of the players that make it home. They go to the end of the line. After three outs, the next team is in.

Here is a true poem about a girl that liked to play spelling baseball.

The Spoil Sport

"Spelling baseball! Let's have fun!"

The teacher said one day.

"Anna, Rachel pick your teams."

And they began to play.

Now Rachel loved to play such games

That put her skills to test.

We'll win, she thought. We must! We will!

For surely I am best.

They spelled and 'round the bases went

And when the game was done,

Rachel's face began to pout

For Anna's team had won.

Rachel said behind her back,

"I will not be her friend."

The teacher said, "This is no fun.

We'll never play again."

Oh, how that stung. She was ashamed.
She saw what was the cost
Of all her foolish pride and how
That everyone had lost.

So now she's not a spoil sport.
For whether she lost or won,
A game's a time for making friends
And learn while having fun.

Thank God! She learned her lesson well,
And that the goal should be,
To win their hearts by being kind,
Instead of praise for me!

Dear Fathers and Mothers,

I want to encourage you in the training of your sons and daughters. Do not let the fear of making a mistake keep you from disciplining with firmness. Let your father/mother heart guide you. Of course, you must be led by God's love rather than by any teachings or examples you inherited that may not be in line with true love.

To discipline effectively, you need confidence in its rightness. Confidence will come as you know in your heart:

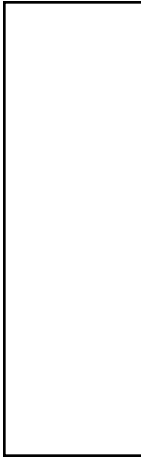
1. You are looking to God for help, realizing your children belong to Him.
2. Your anger is under control.
3. You are setting a good example.
4. You are showing respect for your child.
5. You are treating them in a manner you would want to be treated were you in their place.
6. You understand them in the level they are at.
7. You are entirely honest with them (and yourself and God.)
8. You are connecting with them.
9. You convey the joy of the Lord.
10. You are as consistent as you can be.
11. You are flexible when the situation calls for it.
12. You are relaxed and trusting God will undertake for you.

May God bless your efforts,
Rachel Martin

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

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

Address Service Requested



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

Luke 12:15