

STILLWATER, PA.

July 6 — Almost a thousand people were killed over the long 4th of July weekend; 509 deaths were due to auto accidents, and the rest were drownings, boating accidents, and other miscellaneous misfortunes. The National Safety Council predicted that 450 would be killed on the highways but their figure was too low. This is more people than were killed in the Johnstown flood, or the Spanish-American war. But there are every year many more cars on the road, and the highway expansion is not keeping pace with the vehicles. Many roads are yet just like they were back in the horse and buggy days, and they do not stand the heavy traffic.

Sunday School can be a rewarding hour every Sunday morning, but then it is no better than the ones who attend. If the teacher does all the talking, the benefit derived is usually greatly curtailed, but if those in attendance do not respond to questions, etc., there is little else to do. Some say silence is golden, but at times it is just plain "yellow".

At Beaver Run on Sunday morning it was especially interesting. Clarence Zeager is the regular teacher, and is a good one, but he wasn't there, so he asked Edward Ker, one who is an Agriculture teacher in the local school, to take his place. (I, too think it is strange the way his last name is spelled, but he insists that it has only one R). He is a man who does much thinking and would pass as a good example of what James says, "slow to speak, swift to hear." When teaching, he gives time for meditation, and the results are very rewarding. The subject was the character of Mary, the mother of Jesus. And to complete the superb class and teacher was an interesting visitor, who was not afraid to express

his opinion. The question of the Virgin birth came up, and he had much proof that Christ was virgin born. Not that anyone disbelieved it, but we are aware of the time in which we live when many discredit this doctrine, and wanted to establish it more firmly in our minds. This interesting visitor was Amos Yutzi from Milverton, Ontario, Canada. He is the father of Amos Yutzi, Jr., who lives in the community and attends regularly. And his method of proof of the virgin birth was unusual and goes to prove how interesting it is when the class participates, and shares their views. Amos says he has a bible that is 400 years old, a German bible. And in Isaiah where the RSV has it translated, "a young woman shall conceive," which infers that it need not have been a virgin, his bible says a maid, which Luther translates *Yungfrau*.

Amos quoted Shakespeare to prove his point that when pregnant, a young woman is no more a virgin, and he went on to say that the Lord said to king Ahas he wants to give him a sign, but Ahas said he does not want a sign, but got it anyway, which was "behold a virgin shall conceive, and bring forth a son." "Now," he said, "it is nothing unusual for a young woman to conceive. This happens every day, and would not have been a sign, but this was unusual in that Mary was a virgin, in spite of the fact that she was with child, which is the only time in the history of the world that anything like this ever happened."

Amos Yutzi is rather an unusual character, in that he waited to get married until he was good and ready, at the ripe age of 33, and they raised 11 children to maturity, and now are still not too old to enjoy life. He is beginning his seventies. His oldest son, Amos Jr., is not quite as old as I am at 37. We were also privileged to have the father and son, and their wives pay us a visit this week. He is very interesting to talk to because he traveled when he was young, and can relate many experiences. And of course the ones that were most interesting to me were those he gained at Big Valley.

He spoke quite extensively of the late Sam Peachey of White Hall. He heard him preach on several occasions, and Sam was also up to Canada, and preached

for the Old Order Amish there and told Claus Nafsinger, then the bishop of the Beachy church where Amos belonged, that he would preach for him too, but not in his meeting house, for he was opposed to them. So they had church in Claus' barn to hear him preach. He then wanted to go back to the Old Orders but they refused to listen to him again, after he preached to Claus. Amos says he doesn't laugh at peculiarities of people, for he made too many dumb moves himself. He later left the Beachy church and joined with the Conservatives, but recently left them for the non-conference Mennonites. He still lives on a 150-acre farm and pastures cattle on it for farmers. J. R. R.

STILLWATER, PA.

July 15—So far this has been a wonderful summer weather-wise. A little on the cool side, and a little on the dry side, but not too dry. We had an excellent hay crop, and the wheat looks good, but not very much is raised right around here, where there is dairy and poultry farming. Corn will soon be in tassel, and the oats is turning yellow, and looks like it will be much better than last year. Oats likes cool weather.

Recently I had the privilege of attending a Sunday evening service at the Holdeman congregation in Big Valley. This congregation is composed mostly of ex-Amish, plus a few others whom they have been able to win. I cannot sanction all their doctrine; nevertheless I feel pretty well at home there. This service was a little different in that the main speaker was a man and wife who just came from Norway a few years ago. The man gave the history of their life. He said they used to attend dances, etc. back home, along with all the glamour that goes with such a night life, but he

said he was not satisfied, much less happy. In fact he was so disgusted with it all when he came home at times that he just broke down and cried. He then went on to reveal how he found the Lord and was also able through his different life to lead some of his colleagues to the same knowledge.

He said there are many Christians in the Scandinavian countries, just about like here in America. They had a nice home and he had a good paying job. He is a carpenter by trade and seems like a man with some purpose, and so can get a job anywhere, anytime. But his nice home and good living quarters did not satisfy him either. He felt the call of God, says he, to go into some kind of mission work. So he bought a ticket for Toronto, Canada, and came there, not able to speak a word of English, but he managed to find a hotel to stay for the night and he soon found a job, and in five months time he had earned enough to buy and pay for a plane ticket for his wife and children to come over to him.

They lived in Canada for a short while, but again got homesick and so went back for a few years, and recently returned to Toronto, and from thence to Kansas, U.S.A., and there came into contact with the Holdeman people, and from there went to Fla., where he joined that church. Now they felt that the Lord wanted them in Big Valley, and so they were at the last reports looking for a house there. They seem like nice people, from what I could observe in a few hours, but they cannot speak English well. They have that foreign accent which makes them a little hard to understand.

The Mennonite church has a membership of 86,333 people. Of these there are 1,109 congregations, organized and unorganized, and in these there are 1,203 ordained ministers, and 257 bishops. There are 21 conferences in all, the Lancaster being the largest with 15,180 members, and the Ohio next with 11,498, and the third largest is the Indiana-Michigan with 9,399 members. In my mind, the Mennonite church is the nearest sound doctrinally, of any that I know of. If you think that way about your church that is the way to feel, if you don't you aren't satisfied where you are, & if you aren't satisfied you are not an efficient member. Satisfaction is a wonderful thing in any area of life. But I do not mean that we should be satisfied and complacent and just get into a rut and not seek to better ourselves, if we can't improve we are ill favored.

Last year in the United States

38,000 people lost their lives in traffic accidents, and another 1,500,000 were critically injured, and every year that number increases, because there are every year more cars and people on the highways. It seems about the most dangerous thing to do is get on the road with a car. All these accidents cost the Americans over \$6,000,000,000—enough to buy and pay for one-third of all farm machinery used. What a waste of money. Let's do try and be more careful. But it's not only the city people that are hurt, also 11,700 rural residents were killed, and a million more injured.

In ten year's time the accident rate increased by 26%. And every year more than 1,000 people are killed in farm tractor accidents, and in the last 8 years this figure was increased 50%; one-third of all tractor accidents occur on the highways. The leading cause of traffic deaths is excessive speed, and many of these are youths under 25 years of age. The most dangerous period to drive is between 2 and 4 a.m., and 65% of all fatal accidents happen within 25 miles from home.

This was also a bad week for airplanes, although they say this is the safest way to travel. Many crashes were reported around the world, and hundreds killed. But it was a good week for rockets, as several of them were sent aloft. They also have a new kind of bomb that has no fallout, and that will not destroy property. It kills only people. And what next? J. R. R.

STILLWATER, PA.

July 21—The weather is wet, the humidity high, the temperature pleasant, and plant life is flourishing.

Two men have committed suicide this week, they lived about 14 miles apart. Both were alcoholics. The one lived two miles from our place, is a first cousin to a friend of mine, was once a good church man, a respectable farmer, but he started drinking and ended up as so many eventually do — a hopeless alcoholic. His wife died about a year ago,

his father committed suicide two years ago, and he lived with his in-laws on his own farm. He had just returned from the hospital a short while ago where he was admitted because he was subject to those liquor tremens, where the victims see snakes and all kinds of evil things. After a few days at home he went out on a hill back of the house with his .22 rifle and there put an inglorious end to his career. He probably thought he'd get away from it all quick. But what he did was wiser than smoking cigarettes, according to a report recently where a doctor was reported to have said, that smoking brings about the same result as a bullet, but he recommended the bullet, because it's much cheaper.

The other man I don't know so much about except that he was also once a prosperous farmer, and respectable citizen, but he got to drinking and his wife left him and his children, and he lived with his sister in town, and went into the back yard with a shot gun and leaned on it and pulled the trigger. Did any of these expect to end up so miserably when they took that first drink? Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby, is NOT WISE.

This reminds me of the booklet I've read, "Voices Of The Living Dead." It's a 32-page book with four testimonies of men who for their crimes were put to prison, and Dan Gilbert of Upland, Calif., who spends all his time visiting prisons and preaching to these men, in meetings and on radio, put their testimonies in print after they were saved.

The one was convicted of helping in robbery and murder. He said when he got a life sentence then he soon realized his was a living death. All life involves looking forward to something better. The man at his job looks forward to getting home when the day is done. The person in a hospital looks forward to getting well—at least he has hope, and that is what a life term in prison lacks, no hope. He said over and over through the long nights he would think, he is still alive, but already dead and buried in prison.

The one who is not there for life looks forward to getting set free, but not him. He had no hope, until it was suggested to him that he may be able to es-

cape and this gave him a faint hope. He had it all planned, had a gun hidden, and everything when he heard Mr. Gilbert preach, and he received Christ. Then he says he was free, even though in prison; and the next morning he turned over his revolver to one of the guards. The guard turned pale, and could hardly believe he was seeing right, but the man said, "Last night I received Jesus and he took all the murder out of my heart." Now he says days and nights behind prison bars contain sunshine and joy, he now has hope.

Another man says he was a dope fiend. But before dope he went through the kindergarten school of smoke and drink, until that didn't give him a big enough "wallop" then he tried something stronger—cocaine or heroin, or marijuana. He says a young person needs lots of sleep, but he wasn't getting it because of late parties and dances, and so to pep him up he'd grab a cigarette or a slug of liquor, until that didn't do it anymore. It was recommended he use dope, and once you try about three times you are hooked. Your mind as well as your body demands it, and you will do anything to get money to buy more, and it's expensive. Its use is illegal but that doesn't matter to an addict. This man was put in the penitentiary, and at a place where they don't give you any to taper off with. The supply is cut off immediately. This, the man says, is ten thousand times worse than alcoholic tremens. When dope is cut off, your mind becomes prey to fears, dreads, and anxieties, that make life a living nightmare. You are surrounded by wild animals, tortured, and fear of being scalded, burned, cut to pieces trampled to death, or strangled. But he says the indescribable fears and dreads are beyond words, worse than anything you could imagine. He rolled, and groveled in agony on his cell floor, bit the iron bars with his teeth, breaking some of them. He knocked his head against the bars, bringing unconsciousness, which was a relief until he came to with a sore head. He finally decided to climb up as high as possible and drop to his death if possible. A guard saw what he was up to and said, "there is a better way." But he protested there is no other way. But taking a new testament from his pocket he showed him the better way, he accepted, and the next morning when the doctor came around he couldn't believe his eyes. The habit had gone, along with his sins, when he met Jesus. J. R. Renno

STILLWATER, PA.

July 27—The days are now getting noticeably shorter. Weather is hot and humid most of the time, and the moisture supply is sufficient to grow an abundant corn crop. This should be a good year for the farmers here as far as crops are concerned.

The churches in the Big Valley area sponsored the annual revival efforts. Last year they had for each church an evangelist, all in the same week, and they like this idea and were planning to have it thus again, but then someone discovered George Brunk was available so he was obtained. They had a fairly large three-pole tent, and it was filled each night except the first Monday.

Much prayer was made in behalf of the meetings; daily a group gathered at the tent and one at the Maple Grove church at 1:30. And every evening the adults had a prayer service at the elementary school, on which ground the tent stood, and the youth had a prayer service in the high school gym. These meetings were well attended. A prayer chain was also formed, starting at six in the morning until seven in the evening, and then again at nine-thirty in the evening until six the next morning. The ones who prayed, changed off every half hour. On a Saturday a fast was called and a special prayer meeting at the tent.

George claimed that there were few places where God's people stood under the burden of prayer like they did here. It is, of course, impossible to count noses of all who were spiritually revived, because some was not made known, and more impossible yet to determine how many really struck rock bottom. I say this because so many these days who make an outward show of being revived, do not hold out when trials come.

Was it co-incidental that I was handed a book by a Baptist preacher entitled, Evangelism. The author is James A. Stewart and he gives a very timely warning concerning what he calls, Hollywood Evangelism, which he says is very defective.

He says we see in the many churches today so-called revival meetings where saved and unsaved sit side by side as members of the same local church in an unholy compromise. The world

has invaded the churches and moulded their life and outlook, the "upper room" has been turned into a "supper room". He says Acts 4:32-35 could well be paraphrased . . . "And the multitude of them that professed were of hard heart and stony soul, and everyone said that all the things that he possessed were his own, and they had all things in fashion. And with great power gave they witness of their mighty preachers and the attractions of the world and great selfishness was upon them all. And there were many of them that lacked love, for as many as were possessors of land bought more and sometimes gave some of it for a public good, and for missions and their name was heralded in newspapers and distribution of praise was given to everyone according as he desired."

This man further states that modern evangelists try to make the gospel palatable to the unconverted; they try to brighten it up, streamline it, and hand it to the unsaved in a popular way. But in contrast he says that the preaching of the cross is always foolishness to them that perish, and we must not try to make it more attractive in order to get the appreciation of lost people.

I do not wish to be understood that this is my opinion of the above mentioned Brunk meetings. I was only there once at the beginning, and received my information concerning them from another person; but have seen so many times that the criticism of Mr. Stewart in his book fitted the occasion. Many evangelists are not serious enough for the calling they have, and try to have a cheerful crowd, thus winning their approval, and seem to forget that the true gospel will always be unpalatable to the unconverted.

World conditions are growing very tense, and I suppose it's somewhat like a rope that is drawn up very tight. If it's a strong rope it will take a tremendous force to tear it, but if it keeps on getting tighter it will eventually break. I have no way of knowing just how long and tight the tension between the Communists and the Western world can get until it breaks, but if it does break there surely will be chaos. I can somewhat see the Communist strategy—they just keep us on the jump from one crisis to the other, and our national budget is expected to be five or six billion

dollars in the red this year because of the state of emergency Kennedy has declared, which causes increased military spending, and the race for space, and everything makes for a weak nation. They expect us to get so weak from trying to keep up, and keep ahead of them, that we bring our own ruin. No one, not even a government, can keep on operating in the red indefinitely. A day of reckoning will come.

John Renno

STILLWATER, PA.

Aug. 5—On this day, just 469 years ago, a man who believed the world was round, set sail to discover what was on the other side of the great and mighty ocean. He never set foot on America though and thought his efforts were futile, but he opened the gate into a new world. His name was Christopher Columbus. And now 469 years later we live in the new world and enjoy the results of the labors and toils, tears and strife, that our forefathers went through.

We were very pleasantly surprised by unexpected visitors; it seems the more unexpected they are the more you enjoy it, but it is rather risky to come that way since I am pretty much of a road farmer. About 10 o'clock my brother Eli and his family drove in, and about an hour later my old-time buddy, Kore Peachey, along with part of his family, drove in. No, they hadn't planned to come together. They just took a sudden notion to come and visit us. And was it co-incidental, or providential that they both planned on the same day, completely unknown to each other. They live about 15 miles apart and a big mountain between them. Yes, I was away, and didn't come home until 12:30. I am away every day in the forenoon for 2 weeks at present, engaged in teaching a class of young boys in daily vacation-bible school at our church.

A bus load of 38 American tourists were touring Switzerland in a sight-seeing bus this week. The bus side-swiped a big truck beside a lake, and the bus went into the lake in almost 200 feet of water. Twenty of them got out but the rest are still in there at the last reports. A diver went down today to look at the bus and said it lays on its back and is about half filled with mud, with no sign of any survivors. Probably they are already buried in the mud.

Another accident that took place recently was that of a truck load of eggs going down a mountain when the brakes failed, and the two-speed rear axle disengaged. The driver just related the experience to me this evening. They had just topped the mountain and were going downgrade when he applied the brakes. The pedal went all the way to the floor with no response. He knew that meant a broken brake hose. His companion quickly pulled the emergency brake lever and when he did he stalled the motor because this brake-band holds around the drive shaft. Because the two-speed axle shift works with vacuum from the motor it would not work, and as the position of the axle was neither low nor high, the truck was completely free-wheeling. They could not start the motor because the battery cable was loose or something and they had no current.

Can you imagine the sensation they had starting down a long mountain with a free-wheeling truck loaded? He said he didn't

know how fast they went because the drive shaft was disengaged from the rear axle and the speedometer did not work. How they ever managed to get around some of the curves he doesn't know, but they did. He was watching for a place to run it into to stop it, but on one side was a steep bank up, and on the other side a guard-rail fence with a steep ravine below.

They finally came down to where they were fixing the road and the flagman was holding traffic on their side of the road until traffic headed the other way came through. So they had to do something or run into standing cars with terrific force. He saw a place to turn off where a big shovel was standing. In front of it laid a big rock. He headed right for this rock which was low enough that the front end went up over it but tore both axles out from the truck. The truck at this impact went straight up in the air like a space but it came down again right rocket. The stone started it up; on its rear and skidded on a little ways then fell over forwards, came to a stop laying on its side.

The truck was so severely damaged they had to haul it away on another truck. The men in it were not even hurt save for a few scratches on their faces. The windshield was not broken. The eggs in it? All the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't put them together again. This was expert maneuvering on the part of the driver. He said he was watching for a big rock over which he might run and tear the axles out from under the truck. The rock which he hit did not even budge it was so huge. The power shovel had just dug it loose and was waiting for dynamite to break it so they could move it. I suggested to the man that he apply for a job operating a space ship, but he wasn't willing, saying one trip like this was enough for him.

John R. Renno

STILLWATER, PA.

Aug. 12—After three days of nice drying weather, which many have taken advantage of to harvest their wheat and oats, it now has again rained quite heavily. The corn had all the moisture it needed and sure looks good, and the second crop hay is tall.

We have just concluded two weeks of Summer Bible School at the Beaver Run church. Last night we had the closing program where the children had the floor and gave scripture verses they had memorized, and sang little choruses, etc. There were eight grades plus a youth class. The day the most were there we had 292 children, and the lowest day was 264, and always about 20 more girls than boys in any day. There were 29 teachers and staff members. Preacher Ben Lapp was principal. We had two tents erected on the church grounds to accommodate them all.

I personally have never assisted with bible school before, except morally; All the classes were seemingly taken care of for teachers except one. They had asked an 18-year-old boy to take that and he seemed to show no interest, so they asked me, but when the time came he was there, and we were both together for the same class. After I had gone one day and took my own children along they wanted to continue going, and so I was there every day except one. It was rather far to travel 30 miles every day but after going the same route often enough you get used to it. That is, everything gets used to it except the car. The miles just keep mounting on the speedometer and the gas gauge keeps going back.

Now, after having taken part in summer bible school, I can better evaluate its usefulness. The class I had consisted of fifteen 8-year-old boys; many went to Sunday school and church, and five were from the home church, but several said they did not attend anywhere.

They seemed to enjoy it very much and regretted that it was over. We had graded material put out by the Mennonite Publishing House, and was geared to fit the needs of each age and put up simply enough for a small child to understand, but we also used the bible, and taught them how to use it for themselves and how to find scripture references, etc. There were two who said they had no bibles, and their parents were too poor to afford any, so bibles were obtained and given to them, much to their delight.

I know in a community that is crowded with churches, that seem to compete with each other, and where children regularly attend services, bible school may not be of too much value, and I noticed that those who go to church were the least interested; but those who didn't were very attentive. Another reason why I feel that spending thousands of dollars to build the home church big enough to accommodate the growing population is not wise. Would it not be much better to take the same money and build another church a little out of the heavily - churched area to reach those who do not go? Or are we more interested in "me, my wife, my son John and his wife and family, just us and no more".

In this time and age of ever-tightening tension, and strife and turmoil, and juvenile crime on a sharp increase, what else is there to do to give hope and instill faith but to teach the word of God. If we do not sow there surely will be no harvest. What if some does fall along the way-side and amid thorns and thistles, which are growing with ever-increasing tempo. There is still some good soil to be found, and that needs to be planted with pure seed. The main reason it's going the way it is in this country is because we feel we have arrived. We have reached the top. Now we have no purpose in life anymore. There is no goal to strive for. We can now sit down and enjoy the fruit of the labors of our forefathers. Surely, idleness is the devil's workshop.

J. R. R.

STILLWATER, PA.

Aug. 20 — The annual J. Y. Peachey reunion was again held in the Valley, and we were also present. It is doubtful whether half of those who would have qualified to attend by virtue of their birth were there, but nevertheless it was again interesting for me personally. It is astounding to see those who it seems were just married not too long ago, bringing their children and grandchildren with them. Was also glad for the opportunity to converse with Leroy, the son of Eli Yoders.

A little prior to the above mentioned reunion I was privileged to attend the Brethren in Christ camp meeting at Roxbury, Pa. This is a place near Chambersburg and is a large camp. Indeed it is four camps in one. It's for preachers, children, youth, and then the main auditorium which is for all of these together, at times, plus anyone else who seeks religious instruction. They have four services every day, one in the forenoon, two in the afternoon, and then the evangelistic service in the evening. It usually lasts ten days, around the 2nd week in August. Wednesday is missionary day, and if I can only go one day, this is the day. They operate their camp on a free will offering basis. No charge is made for anything. Many who attend every year build their own cabins there in the woods. They serve all who wish to stay two free meals a day, and it is enough to satisfy the normal demands for food. Boxes are placed at the dining room entrance and all who will may donate toward the expense.

But the food for the body was not what I enjoyed the most. A man and his wife, who were in Cuba, Howard Wolgemuths, and were driven out because of the Anti-American feeling that exists there, spoke quite extensively of their experiences. When Fidel Castro took over the reins of Government by overthrowing the Batista regime, the Cubans were happy, and hoped a deliverer had come. But now for the most part they are unhappy and disappointed. The hate-America propaganda came over the radio continually, and people were divided. Even politics entered into church arguments. One could hear it in the prayers, testimonies, and sermons; a very unhealthy situation. The

influence of American missionaries was hindered, because all Americans were considered spies. Some even determined they would die before leaving the people alone, but they too left, being warned of God.

They appointed a local committee to take care of the work, and left them in the hands of the Lord. They have since discovered by correspondence that the government is considering a state church.

Food is very scarce in Cuba, and those unsympathetic towards the government can hardly get any. Medicine is also very limited, and only the critically ill can obtain surgery. And because of the fear and dread there by many of the people, they leave the country as fast as possible. Already nearly one hundred thousand refugees are in this country. People who were well-to-do left everything just to get away. Now these missionaries are starting to work amid the refugees in Miami, along with those of 11 other denominations.

Samuel Wolgemuth was also at Roxbury and spoke of his experiences in Russia. I suppose the situation is the same everywhere in a police state. He said the people do not smile, they have no flowers around their homes in the country, no young people are around either. They are taken off to schools at an early age to be indoctrinated into Communism. The people as a whole are hopeless, dejected, having no feeling of love toward one another. They care not for another's welfare. They move about mechanically, being slaves to materialism, and the individual doesn't matter at all. Life is not valuable, and all that is done must be done for the glory of the Communist state.

He attended a Baptist church, that on the outside didn't resemble a church, but was just an apartment house. It was large enough to hold 600 people, but 1600 were there, and no young people at all. Those who were there were spiritually alive, but were sorrowful because it was a one generation affair, as the youth is the church of tomorrow, and here there was no youth. They have youth meetings where they are taught that man has no soul and God does not exist. The state is above all.

John Renno

STILLWATER, PA.

Aug. 25\$—As of tonight we are as close to war as we can get, without shooting, it would seem. The situation is the same as it was 20 years ago between France and Germany. The history of our nation seems to indicate we have a war every 20 years, and that time has now just about elapsed. And yet man whose judgement has been trustworthy in the past, say it will blow over. Not only in Germany is there trouble, but Cuba is getting restless about the U. S. Naval Base on their island. This land was leased in 1903. The Cuban government says the situation is the same between us as it is in Tunisia, where France has a military base, which caused so much trouble.

I received a booklet from the Word of Life Fellowship, entitled, "Will America Win the Next War." In this it is disclosed that according to this man's opinion, and his understanding of prophecy, America will not win. He thinks there will be a terrible holocaust, with fatalities around seven hundred million, but Russia will survive, because we can read about it in prophecy, as a northern power. Also prophecy speaks of a southern power, and of course the East will always be there, because there is where God's chosen people dwell. But nowhere, says he, do we read of a great western power. He thus concludes that America will go down in defeat.

Lately in spare time, and some not so spare (I read anyways), I've studied the history of the church, from Calvary all the way down. It's quite interesting to notice how things went in time past. Indeed the history of the Christian church is not too much different than that of the Israelites. They were a little like the moon, increased and decreased. And so the church. During the dark ages, so called because of the church being married to the state (a period which lasted for several centuries), many false doctrines came out of Christianity and if the world didn't persecute the church, they persecuted each other.

One thing that impressed me more than anything else was that, in the early days, down until the days of Constantine, anyone who became a Christian automatically also became non-resistant. But after that time only some were non-resistant. The most believed in war. In fact, there was a religious war which

is known as the 30-years war. It was not political, as we know war to be, but religious. One religion strove with the other. Of course, neither side won completely but the very idea of it seems to be ridiculous—professed followers of the lowly Nazarene, killing each other.

John Calvin seemed to be a greater reformer than Martin Luther. The latter just nailed 95 thesis on the church door to prove to the people that to give money for a church building, and for the wealth of the clergy, while the clergy would then remit sins, the more you gave, the more sins would be remitted, was very foolish, seeing that the Bible declares, the Just shall live by faith. The people just took it from there and almost went overboard.

John Calvin was almost political ruler of the city of Geneva, in Switzerland. He tried to make everybody obey the gospel, and prosecutions, and also executions were common place. He was a great witch-hunter, and in one year it is reported he had 36 women killed whom he believed were engaged in witchcraft. And speaking of this, a letter came from one who does not wish to be identified concerning "Broucha". In the Aug. 10 issue of this paper was a news item about someone who engaged this means for the curing of a son. I quote from this letter . . . "I had a burden before this for those who believe in broucha because it works, without giving any thought what power it may be. Isn't broucha pow-wow in English? My dictionary says "pow-wow among the Indians, a ceremony in which magic rites are used to bring about things desired, as cures, success in wars, etc." . . . it appears to be a magic that doesn't make sense. A woman has to learn it from a man, and a man from a woman, which doesn't make sense either. Just because it works doesn't say it's right."

Personally, I know nothing about it but have heard from someone who was converted after he practiced witchcraft. He said one must consecrate his life to Satan before it works, which is logical, as one must also consecrate his life to God before he can have God's power. This man further said all pow-wow is witchcraft, but it will not work on one who is dedicated to the Lord; in other words pow-wow will not work on a dedicated Christian.

The first step towards good health is proper living and eating. Have plenty of vitamins and minerals. Prevention is far better than a cure. J.R.R.

STILLWATER, PA.

Sept. 8—Fall has arrived, but corn is late. Only a little past roasting-ear stage. Some are already filling silos but for me it's too early. It makes much better quality when no juice runs away. There's little use in putting quality in the ground for the corn to receive only to have it run away from the silo in the form of juice and down the drain.

In America only 9 percent of the people are engaged in agriculture, and we have a surplus; and so much so that there is very little demand by the consumer for the things we have to sell on the farm. In Russia they tell us there are 50 percent of the people raising food and they hardly have enough. It shows the difference between free enterprise and a government controlled enterprise.

Of course in America, farmers are more tied down to government restrictions than in any other free country, and it's getting worse all the time. There is so much milk that they are seriously considering quotas for farmers, telling them how much they dare produce. Like it has been for wheat for a long time. Now, no government controlled quotas work well. They favor the big farms, and those who do not farm to make a living but are at it to lose money. It seems a little foolish to be in a business of producing food which people do not want. There is too much milk, too much meat, too much wheat, corn, and just about everything the farmer raises.

People are constantly consuming greater amounts of beer and tobacco, and it is much higher priced than food we raise, but regardless of the price people buy it, and there is a great demand for it. No, I would not recommend we get in the business of producing those things which shorten life, but it seems that's about the only thriving business there is so far as agriculture is concerned. Broiler prices are way down. Egg prices held pretty good this summer but will dip again when all the fall pullets start to lay.

Farming is a poor business to be in financially speaking, because of the lack of demand for the products, but where else can one get more out of life. They say money isn't everything, and it's no disgrace to be poor, but a lit-

tle unhandy sometimes. We were put on this earth for a purpose, and are supposed to stay here until our time comes to depart.

But in order to stay we must have some means of livlihood, and to pay our taxes which are terrific this year, and seem to be on the increase. Not only real estate taxes but everything we buy is taxed very high.

I suppose if I were young again and starting in life I would farm; I cannot see a better future for it financially, but mentally, and morally, and psychologically, it's the best life there is.

Possibly some have misunderstood when I spoke of the U. S. as being a western power. A letter said that depends on where you are as to which is west or north, etc. But let me make clear that the land of Palestine is called the Middle East, that is the center of the earth, in Bible language and the language of our present day, and it depends on where you are located in relation to the land of Israel, as to your location. And because the bible refers to a land called midnight, that means north. Morning is always east, evening is west, midday is south, and midnight is north. And when these terms are referred to in your German bible that is what they mean.

John R. Renno

STILLWATER, PA.

Sept. 16 — Which comes first, the chicken or the egg; has long been a cause for argument, but there really should be no argument, because the bible says God created the fowl, and not a lot of eggs and hatched them out.

The baby chick comes first for most poultry farmers; although some do purchase started chicks, this is not an economical practice because no one is going to buy the chicks, the feed and put his labor into them, then turn around and sell them for a loss. Labor is usually half the cost of about anything, and if you put your own labor into it you save that much. Incidentally, I had the tractor to a shop for some repairs, and the labor was \$17 and the parts 67c.

Coming back to the raising of chicks again, I do not even think it pays to buy chick starter to feed them, because this always costs far above other mash. If you look what's in a bag of starter there's very little difference from other feed except it has medication, and perhaps a few extra vitamins in it. It's possible to buy the medication and extra vitamins separately, and if you have this you can use your own grain to grind for chick starter. If you don't have enough grain, it's much cheaper to buy local grain than to buy a commercial feed. If you can't get local grain you can buy it at the mill and still save quite a bit over a commercial feed. For example corn from the mobile grinder that grinds our feed costs \$1.90 per cwt, but I can buy all I want for \$1.25 a bushel locally, and this would cost a little over \$2.20 per cwt, a saving of about 70c per hundred.

We also buy quite a few baby chicks in a year's time, and by experience so far as I have proven them, it's money wasted to buy those high-priced nationally advertised chicks, and there are quite a few of them. There are many small local hatcheries around, and it has proven itself to us that their chicks lay just as good as those big name brands do.

We've also tried raising chicks in confinement, but this is a poor practice, we've found out the hard way. Not only does it save feed out on the range, but they seem to feel much better, and there's not always one or two sitting around sick-looking. Although there is a greater danger of losing some from foxes, dogs, etc. I would rather let a fox have a meal than to have to throw out so many dead from coccidiosis as I did last summer. Then we lost about 300 at 16 weeks old.

Since farming is a poor bargain financially, it pays if you watch and save every cent you can. Too much of the farmer's dollar goes to the big advertisers, and if that is bought which is nationally advertised you must pay for this. Radio time is very expensive, and if I hear any feed advertised thereon I'm not apt to buy, the same holds true in national magazines.

When it comes to selling eggs it's also important that you prevent the egg man from pulling the wool over your eyes. Here again it's much better to sell to

a small dealer than a large one. He is not so liable to try it. For instance, if he gathers your eggs on any given day of the week you should demand that he pays you that day's price, for unless he pays you cash, and he thinks the eggs will drop a few cents he will wait to make out your report until that day, and if they are rising he will make out the report earlier. I do not wish to infer you should be shrewd to the point of being grabby, but be honest and try to deal with honest men if possible. One cent more per dozen per week will add up to \$50.00 a year if you get 100 dozen eggs per week.

John R. Renno

STILLWATER, PA.

Sept. 24—The hurricane which we looked for did not come, even no rain was received to amount to anything. It's getting dry now, more so than it was all summer, but there is no damage done as the crops for this year are about all in except the corn and that had sufficient moisture to make it an abundant crop. But there are those whose water supplies are exhausted and they must haul water for their stock.

I personally cannot participate in the corn bank program, to receive money from the government for not raising corn, and I can imagine those who did receive it now have their money all spent, and no corn to harvest and wonder how they will buy corn for feed. The reason I can't take part of it is because I do not think it right to do so. I personally am losing confidence in our government. They are hopelessly in debt, and men with sound judgment and honesty in governmental circles seem to be very scarce. They are in it for gain for themselves, first of all, and if they can be of benefit to the people after that, they will be—but for most of them their own purse comes first. I was told that any government that charges its people 25% or more of their income in taxes is on the way out, because the people lose confidence in it. At present we are being charged right around 25% in America for taxes.

My wife's brother, Eli and his wife, spent last weekend at our house. They are in 1-W service at the Harrisburg State hospital. They live in a house trailer, in a trailer court east of Harrisburg. He works on cars as a side line. Since he works only eight hours at his job it leaves a lot of spare time, and he gets two days a week off. But he is very busy, as anyone who is handy with a wrench and not afraid to get a little grease on his hands has a job now-a-days in this age of automation.

Now that the first of October is upon us, I suppose many changes have taken place in the churches across the nation. I'm referring to Sunday Schools, as the new SS year begins then. It takes teachers, superintendents, treasurers, and secretaries, etc. I wonder sometimes if it's not too much like the story I heard of a man who made a large machine, with all kinds of belts, cogs, bearings, and

pulleys, and it all ran smoothly at the touch of a button. When asked what the machine does when it runs he said, "Well, it doesn't actually do anything, but doesn't it run beautifully?"

And Ezra Kanagy wonders whether life is a bargain; or whether you get much more out of it than you put in. As I see it, that depends on your attitude on life, your goal, and the means you take in achieving that goal. Life is a bargain for many, but for many more it is not. For those who seek to gain the whole world and lose their own soul at their attempts, it is surely a sore loss. Christ implied that if anyone were so successful as to gain the whole world, and lose his own soul it would be a bad bargain.

The way up is down. He who seeks to find his life shall lose it. If the attitude in life is to get all one can by any means at his disposal it is a losing battle in the end. But if the attitude is to be of service to others, regardless of the consequences, that life will invariably be a success.

As to the strange phenomena he saw in the sky, I cannot explain it. I did not see it. It's usually a little late till I get started to the barn in the mornings anyway, so I do not spend much time in star gazing. But have found by experience, as he puts it, it helps to carry on when you look up. As someone has said, the Devil can put you in a barrel but he cannot put the lid on. He may surround like a flood, but you can always look up.

STILLWATER, PA.

Oct. 1—Fall is upon us. The seasons rush by us one after the other, and we seem to be getting older with ever-increasing momentum, no wonder David said in the German, "it goes so fast as if we flew."

The 1961 Bloomsburg Fair is again history. It was the usual conglomeration of voices each trying to be heard; wanting people to buy what they have to sell, and to pay money to see the things they have to show; and of course an over supply of eating places so that an overweight, and overstuffed society can eat a little more. The whole business makes me sick so far as that is concerned, but we had business there. Several others and myself from Beaver Run stood outside the gates passing out gospel tracts. Hordes and hordes of people pass by continually, and if you have any interest in people at all you are impressed. For here are living souls for whom Christ died, and before whom they all must give

an account of the deeds done in the body. We as individuals are so small. We think we see a lot when we see a few thousand, but what about the million we do not see, and cannot see in our lifetime. It is said that if the Chinese would pass by us single file, the end would never come for they are being born so fast, and that is just one nation.

One noteworthy item that happened while passing out tracts was that a group of Mennonite youths from Belleville passed by, and to me they were just part of the crowd. I didn't notice them particularly, until they stopped and started to seem to heckle

me, and started talking "Dutch". But no; thank God! they were not of that type, they loved the work I was doing and encouraged me in it. It was David Sharp, and his younger brother, sons of Jesse Sharp, Willard Peachey, son of Pre. Elam Peachey, and Ronnie Kanagy and his sister, children of Aaron Kanagys. It is always a source of inspiration and encouragement when you are at the battle front and meet those of like faith.

The Fair is not necessarily an evil place; sure there are evils there, just as there are in any place if that is what you are looking for, but there are also the good and educational things on exhibit, yea even a gospel tent, where there are continually workers present inviting those who will to come inside, and see the better things of life and the eternal things. Teachers are continually there teaching those who will come inside and listen.

There was once a fellow and his father that farmed a little piece of ground together, but beside that they had little in common, the son was always in a hurry, the father, never. One morning they loaded up their ox cart and started for town; the son figuring if they drove all day and all night they'd reach the town by the next morning. He walked along side, prodding the ox onward, while the father said, "take it easy, you'll last longer." But the son thought they must get there ahead of their competitors to sell out first, and hurry home. The father pulled his hat over his eyes and went to sleep. After a while they came by a house of an uncle; the father said let's stop and say "hello". The son complained they lost an hour already, to which the father said, "then a few minutes more won't hurt. The young man fidgeted while the old man spoke for an hour. On they moved again and it was the father's turn to drive the ox; and he came to a Y in the road; the son wanted to take one road because it was shorter, the father took the longer road because it was prettier. "Have you no respect for time," the young man asked?

"I do indeed," he replied. "That's why I like to observe beauty." It was twilight, when they came by an old garden. "Let's sleep here," the old man said. "This is the last trip I'll take with you," the younger man snapped, "you are more interested in looking at flowers than making money." "That's the nicest thing you said about me today yet," the elder replied.

At sunrise the younger shook the old man and said they must hurry on, and had not gone far when they saw a man with his ox cart in the ditch. "Let's give him a hand" the father said. "And lose more time," the son exploded. "Relax", said the father, "you may be in the ditch yourself sometime." By the time they were again on the way, they saw a great flash of lightning, the thunder rolled.

"If we had been on time, we'd have sold out by now" the young man grumbled. "Take it easy, you'll last longer" said the old gentleman.

It wasn't until afternoon when they reached the top of a hill overlooking the town. They looked at it for a long time, neither of them spoke. And they then turned their cart and started for home, for the town they saw and where they were going to sell their ware, was that what had once been Hiroshima. An atom bomb had been dropped on it several hours before. "I see now what you mean by saying I'll last longer by going a little slower," the young man said.

John Renno

prophet says that this present world system presents a picture of nothing but absolute despair. As inhabitants of this earth we can anxiously expect historic turmoil for the rest of our lives. He further says we are going to see many wars, small wars, not big ones, but many tragic conflicts. During the remainder of our lifetime we will see countless satanic oppositions, struggles, and revolutions unleashed upon struggling humanity. He says, presently we see the weakened forces of freedom challenged by the atheistic monster called Communism. We see freedom-loving countries totter and fall one after the other. There is hardly a person on this earth who is not being squeezed to death, morally, socially, economically, physically and spiritually in a vise-like grip by the forces of Hell. This sin-bound world has reached a point of no return; you will never again in your lifetime see the carefree days of years gone by. From here on out, life will be a raging battle, and we are in the front lines of the bloody conflict.

He also says that the majority of the churches are not giving the meat in due season, but present only a form of religion which can never satisfy the spiritual man. The great satanic storm is approaching, with the angry, devastating speed of a blinding tornado.

And speaking of churches; an automobile salesman who likes to talk about the Mennonite church where we attend, but never comes himself, has again asked about it, and after having been invited again said, "No, my wife is constantly after me to attend my own church, but I don't like it. Most of the people who do go are there for the prestige it gives to them and their business; salesmen go to sell to their fellow church man." He also said he is on some kind of a board at their church, and at the last business meeting they made out their budget for the next fiscal year, a budget of \$24,000, but only \$240 of that budget went for charity. He said he thinks God made a big mistake when he turned man loose and on his own. He should have kept him under more restrictions.

And speaking of cars, it's amazing what a good quality automobile one can buy for less than a hundred dollars. Yes, I know there are also many lemons on the market and for a lot more money too, but if you know the salesman, and keep looking around, and aren't particular how old it is, just so it's in good running condition, there certainly are a lot of unused miles in some of them.

STILLWATER, PA.

Oct. 7—This morning the temperature was down to 23 at our neighbors, which is a little lower than we are. We had 32. In Philadelphia they had the coldest October 7th for eighty some years. Here we had 156 days that were frost-free; that is officially. We saw some frost down in the meadow several morning before this. This is a shorter than normal growing season for this vicinity, which is 176 days.

Billy Graham says many of our government officials are worried about the world outlook, and can see nothing but doom ahead for this country. And another man who poses as a present-day

prophet says that this present world system presents a picture of nothing but absolute despair. As inhabitants of this earth we can anxiously expect historic turmoil for the rest of our lives. He further says we are going to see many wars, small wars, not big ones, but many tragic conflicts. During the remainder of our lifetime we will see countless satanic oppositions, struggles, and revolutions unleashed upon struggling humanity. He says, presently we see the weakened forces of freedom challenged by the atheistic monster called Communism. We see freedom-loving countries totter and fall one after the other. There is hardly a person on this earth who is not being squeezed to death, morally, socially, economically, physically and spiritually in a vise-like grip by the forces of Hell. This sin-bound world has reached a point of no return; you will never again in your lifetime see the carefree days of years gone by. From here on out, life will be a raging battle, and we are in the front lines of the bloody conflict.

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I can remember back when I bought an old spring wagon that was yet in good condition for 45 dollars, and spent more than that to have a top built on it, because I thought one who has to go out in all kinds of weather should have at least a reasonable protection from the elements. And it certainly is a lot warmer to drive in a top wagon with a storm front than an open wagon. I also remember how I made a little box up under the wagon roof and there hid some tobacco and pipe, and when I went away after supper I liked to do a little puffing. NO, the things I enjoyed would be very repulsive to me now. But I was just reminded of the olden days since just recently I purchased a small panel truck, and it's about the same as the old top wagon was, except the (horse) is under the hood and can run a lot faster than old Mutt did, and I got it for less than a hundred dollars.

John Renno

STILLWATER, PA.

Oct. 12 — Just 469 years ago this day, three small ships landed on some of our neighboring islands. Those aboard were very glad to see land, for shortly before they had spoken of mutiny, and cast their brave captain out and turn around and go home. Columbus opened the gateway to the new world. He proved to the Spaniards, who thought that the world was flat, and if you went too far you would drop off over an abyss, that they were wrong. How thankful we should be for a land of liberty, a land where you can say what you want to, and go where you please, and worship God the way you choose, and can be home at night and have no fear that some secret police will knock on the door, and cart you off to jail, because he heard something you were supposed to have said against the government. Although our liberty and freedom is slowly slipping away from us, and we are losing our precious heritage a little every year, because most people are soft and lazy, refusing to make an honest living, wanting the government to support them. Paul Harvey spoke about this and said, "We as a nation are either going to work and scratch for our living, or the Russians will put us to work;" it's just that simple. He said we should go to the barnyard and learn a lesson from the old mother hen. When it's dry she scratch-

ches harder, and when it's wet she scratches where it's dry; she doesn't just sit and wait for the worms to come to her, she goes after them.

Last Sunday, Oct. 8, our Bishop, Elmer Martin, and Deacon Ellis Landis were at our church, from the Stumptown congregation, to which churches efforts we owe our existence. One young girl was baptized Sunday morning, and received into church fellowship. Our membership now stands at 42. We have 120 on the Sunday School roll, and our attendance averages about that too. Bishop Elmer preached in the morning.

These are some of the things he said. Each individual decides here on earth where he will spend eternity. We have within us either one of the eternal spirits, the spirit of Satan or the Spirit of God. Our bodies which are 90% water have a soul living in the blood, and the soul is the executive of the person and does the choosing, either for or against Christ. Jesus was willing to come to earth and die for us because he looked at the joy he would have in receiving us unto himself into glory. He looked forward to his suffering, and we likewise look forward to the time of our death when we can go and be with him. We will just as truly be ourselves in that future world to come as we are now. And to be able to speak with Abraham, and all the saints of all ages will be joy beyond words.

These are just a few of the statements that struck me as weighty when I heard them so I jotted them down, as I have a habit of doing every time I go to church. It helps to keep me attentive, and also provides an interesting history book for the future.

Back to church again; we had the usual church services in the forenoon, then in the afternoon at 2:30 we came together again, and had a little preaching, then had the communion services, and feet washing.

Corn husking time isn't what it used to be either, we used to spend days out in the corn field from early till late, then go to the barn and do chores, and in the evening sit and knot twine till bedtime. Or when we modernized a bit, and cut the fodder with a binder after it was husked. I sometimes cut fodder after dark. But today the picker was here 5 hours, and we had well over 1,000 bushels husked. Yes, we get more done in less time but we are still busy.

J. R. R.

STILLWATER, PA.

Oct. 23—The total debt of the United States government stands at the enormous figure of over two hundred and ninety-three and a half billion dollars; and perhaps this wouldn't be too bad if they would be trying to pay it off, but seemingly no thought or even plans are made to pay off even a little of it. In the last 15 years we paid off some of it only to turn around and borrow more and sink us even deeper into debt. And yet we give billions away as free gifts in foreign aid to help the underdeveloped countries, trying to buy friends, and besides all this we spend other thousands in wages paying men to go out and find out just what others really think of us.

But a government can rise no higher than the church in it, and the way some of these are conniving is scandalous. The church can rise on no higher a plane than the home and individuals that make it up. It has been reported to me of a certain (Conservative) church that has been tolerating gross sin in a certain member for 7 years, a sin which the Bible says that those who practice such things shall not inherit future blessings. Yet the leadership of this church did nothing about it even though it was known. They don't want to hurt anyone's feelings.

We have gotten to the place where everything is love, love, love, and tolerance, and endurance, and have quite forgotten that the God who is love, is also justice, and cannot be just without punishing sin, and that the sin which goes unconfessed will take the committer thereof into eternal condemnation. We need more of the old fashioned fire and brimstone type preaching, and stop this lovey-dovey playing church.

One of my old-time friends and schoolmates came to our church on Sunday and came to our house to spend the afternoon with us, and we had a very pleasant and upbuilding time together. It was John S. Zook and his wife of Belleville. That their visit was enjoyed is putting it very mildly.

Revival meetings have started at Beaver Run last night, Oct. 22, with Harvey Shenk of the Pondbank congregation near Chambersburg as evangelist. He is 74 years old, and very small of stature, somewhat like I suppose Zaacheus was who climbed up the sycamore tree. He talks fast and seems to have a heart full of love for the Lord and his people.

John Renno

STILLWATER, PA.

Nov. 3—Suppose you went to a restaurant and ate a full meal and after you were full and completely satisfied the waitress came around and offered you another meal just like that at half price; if you refused she would insist and keep on coming down in price, and asking you what you'd give for it. This sounds ridiculous, but that's about the way it is with farm products anymore. There are just too many, and people can't eat any more, even at a greatly reduced price. In a month's time the price farmers received for their products declined 1%, while at the same time the price demanded from farmers rose one and one-tenth percent. Farmers receive 37 cents of the food dollar, while just ten years ago it was 47 cents.

The other day was very interesting to me as I spent it in going around with Al Schoenfeld, the Astrol salesman. He just came from the vale of my nativity the day before, and gave me the goings on there, which was interesting enough, and gave me a bit of his life's history.

He is a native of Germany. He went to school and to college and studied the feeding and nutrition of animals. He did not graduate from college, because of difficulties at home and because of World War One, so he did not get any degrees, but he still knows a lot about it, at least says a lot. His aged father lives in California, and is in his eighties, and Al supports him too.

Al started selling Astrol 16 years ago in Lancaster Co., carrying it around in gallon jugs. But nobody would buy it from him. He was a stranger and so was the product; so Al just sat down and cried. He had to sleep in his car because he had no money to pay for sleeping quarters anywhere. He finally decided to try giving it away just to get them to try it, but many refused even this offer. He finally did convince a few to try it, and it soon took, and he had a great business going, and today he sells over 4,000 barrels annually. It must be good stuff. Even though he has a very convincing argument and works hard at selling, it would be impossible to sell that much if it weren't much good.

A chick agent once told me if you go down the road and knock on every door with something to sell, you are bound to sell to someone regardless of what you have to offer. But it

seems to me Al has a good product or people just wouldn't buy it on such a scale. He is just about to make a long trip out to the western states, as some have written inquiring about it, having seen the ad in the Budget.

Whats more, I've been feeding Astrol for years myself, and as scarce as money is around here, I wouldn't be wasting it on something for so long unless I was convinced of getting the desired results. I'm always on the lookout for something better, and more economical, but haven't found anything yet to take its place.

I like to watch salesmen, how they go about it. I like to travel with them, and I even don't mind when they stop in here trying to sell me something.

Selling something and witnessing for the Lord has a great similarity. The first thing they do is to ask if you are acquainted with the product, and upon introducing it, they proceed with convincing you of your need of it, and if you have something similar, they try to get you dissatisfied with what you now have so you will buy theirs. A good salesman can see if you are becoming interested, and if you are he will not take no for an answer, nor will he be satisfied with a promise of consideration for the future. He will not let you go till he has your name on the dotted line.

Russia has now exploded 27 nuclear bombs, including the big 50 megaton one that was so much talked about and protested. Today the women in our own country rose up in protest to any nuclear testing. A thousand of them marched around in Washington, calling on Embassies, and officials, etc., trying to get it stopped. They are afraid of having the atmosphere so contaminated that it will be unfit and unhealthy to live anywhere.

More and more talk is going on about the neutron bomb, which if exploded will not damage property. All it will do is kill every living thing and let the buildings stand for the conquerors. This bomb is not completed yet but they are about ready to make the needed tests, and that means it's just about here. Yes, we sure have a lot to worry about, unless we know Him who is the author of life and peace. John Renno

STILLWATER, PA.

This week I have a guest writer, the pastor of the Beaver Run Mennonite church which I refer to quite frequently in my write-ups. He is a young man, 28 years old, married, with three children, lives on a 150-acre farm and tries to support his family thereon. Needless to say he is busy.

He had a few thoughts and wrote them down, handed them to me for the Budget. I think they are worth while reading, much more so because I know his manner of life pretty well, and he lives his profession; the name—Ben Lapp.

One of life's experiences is that of disappointment. How often we are disappointed in life. The business man is disappointed in his business prospects. The lover is disappointed because his love is rejected. The farmer is disappointed because his crops did not yield what he had expected. The pastor is disappointed in one of

his members or the member is disappointed in the pastor—and so it goes on and on through life.

Webster says that disappointment is to fail to come up to the expectation of. In other words, we set our hopes high, fail to realize their fulfillment, and that is disappointment.

Some time ago I read in a news magazine (U. S. News and World Report) of policemen turned robbers. For a number of years they have been burglarizing, looting stores, and cracking safes. Sometimes some would patrol the area while their buddies would be doing the stealing. This reached a climax when they robbed a business place of some \$35,000 to \$40,000. This, in turn, was divided among six policemen.

One feels quite keenly a sense of disappointment in this account. Here were men who were hired and trusted to keep law and order but were untrue to their charge and to the trust that was placed in them. They failed to live up to their profession.

But then on the other hand is this not also true in religious life? I believe that many people of the world are disappointed in Christians because they do not live up to their profession. Instead of living a life of holiness as God requires (1 Pet. 1:15-16) they are living a sub-Christian life.

It seems to me that sometimes the world knows better how to live a Christian life than do some Christians, and how hasty they are when speaking to them about their souls to point out inconsistencies in the life of Christians.

Do you suppose that at times God himself is disappointed? In the fifth chapter of Isaiah, God tells of how he planted a vineyard in a very fruitful hill. He gathered out the stone thereof, he built a fence around it, and put a winepress therein, then he looked at it expecting it to bring forth fruit—but instead of bringing forth grapes it brought forth wild grapes. God was disappointed.

This is a parable of Israel—how God expected them to bring forth fruit for his glory but they failed him. God was keenly disappointed.

God has done everything possible for the church. Purchased her pardon on Calvary, loved her with the tenderest love, given her armour against the wiles of the evil one, and the sword of the Spirit which is the word of God. He has promised that the gates of hell shall not prevail against her, that no power can sever her from his love.

Jesus is expecting to present to himself a glorious church not having spot or wrinkle of any such thing, but that it should be holy and without blemish.

Let us not disappoint God.

J. R. R.

STILLWATER, PA.

Nov. 17 — The present world situation was described as two men sitting on a keg of dynamite with the fuse already half burned, and they were trying to negotiate, and couldn't agree as to who should pull out the fuse, nor how, nor when; the survivor would be the one who dies last.

I heard a conversation at the feed mill; one man was saying that in 25 years from now all the small farmers with 100 acres or less would be forced out of business, because they couldn't operate efficiently, but the man who operates the mill said in 25 years from now we will all be out of business. Neither of these men have any assurance of eter-

nal bliss in the future that I know, they just face uncertainty, with a very black outlook. And mens hearts are failing them for fear, for it is reported that the aspirin and sleeping pills, and tranquilizer manufacturers are doing a record business. The cold war is a great booster for them. And for many, fear of what the future may hold for them is destroying them before the thing which they fear has a chance to do it. As for myself I'm glad I was born at this time, had I had the chance I would not have chosen any other time. I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me.

The congregation from Belleville gave us the program at Beaver Run on Sunday evening, November 5. The newly organized Holdeman church, Ben Peachey was the song leader, and his brother, Eli, had the devotional exercises. Kore Peachey then gave us a little history of the church, how they started, etc. Mrs. Daniel Peachey, who seems to have a special talent teaching children, then had children's meeting; teaching them several new songs, then giving each school child a card with a letter on it from the alphabet, then asked each of them to think of some bible name that starts with the letter they happened to have. That made even some of the older ones think sometimes. For instance, what bible name starts with the letter K?

A quintet then sang several numbers, very beautifully, their voices blending almost perfectly. Even though they didn't know much about music they could sing better than some of these college choirs who think they know all about it. It was Abe Swarey and his wife, Elsie, Gilbert Lannon and his wife, and Susie, daughter of Ezra F. Peachey, who is yet unmarried.

My brother Eli then preached a sermon, speaking of the deliverances of the children of Israel from Egypt. Eli pointed out very clearly that we must make a clean break with the world, and immediately, with no waiting until tomorrow, and go far enough away from it so as not to be influenced by their wickedness. There dare be absolutely no compromise whatsoever with the world if we would be used of God in his service. J. R. R.

STILLWATER, PA.

Nov. 23—I was told that during the depression years in the early 30's, President Roosevelt told the nation to be thankful for what they have even if that is not much, and he received over a million messages in one form or another, from people who said they don't have a thing to be thankful for. Another statement that I've read raised the question, "where but in America, can people afford reclining chairs that vibrate, and automobiles that do not vibrate?"

The average man in this world does not live in a house, but in a hut, his income is between 40 and 50 dollars a year, and that's all he has to live on. He doesn't know what it's like not to be hungry, for he never has enough to eat. Taking all the people of the world together and averaging it up, that is the standard under which the average people live in this world. This is very hard for us in America to believe. We spend millions of dollars to preserve our health which, by a large majority, is ruined because we eat too much.

Our government is continually trying to devise means by which they may reduce our tremendous food surplus, the storage of which

costs us as taxpayers several million dollars every year. This money that was paid to farmers for not raising corn was supposed to help, but it only intensified the problem. Many farmers put in the most worthless land they had which they knew wouldn't raise much corn anyways, and got money for that, and bought more fertilizer to put on the corn they did plant, and besides all this the weather was ideal for growing and harvesting the crop so it reduced the overall crop very little, and it cost millions to pay the farmers the money.

That program has put us in a financial hole for about a billion dollars. All this going on while two-thirds of the people of the world are starving; it seems preposterous, and unbelievable, but facts are facts, and you can find out for yourself, if you avail yourself of the information. I don't believe God in-

tended it to be this way, there is enough food for all, but there is too much in one place, and because of greed and selfishness it's not distributed.

It was now almost two years since we were at a church service at Locust Grove. Today (Thanksgiving) we were there again. How things can change in two very short years! Young people grow up almost beyond recognition, and I sat in Amen corner where people used to sit, but they do not anymore. They have gone the way of all flesh. A few were still there that deserve mentioning. There was old Tom Byler, who has been a great encouragement to me in time past. His smiling face and firm handshake, with a "God bless you" was very much appreciated. Then there were Johnny K. Yoder, and Abe Lincoln King, and Crist Smoker, Ray Peachey, Sam Zook, and not to forget Nelson Glick, who has aided me much in the past and kept my reins tightened up a little.

We ate the noon meal at the home of John S. Zook, where we enjoyed warm fellowship, along with them and Percy Yoders and Paul Hollingsheads who came there in the afternoon, and a trip to the Valley would not be complete without stopping at Daniel J. Peachey's, our in-laws, where we also purchased some apples.

And now a clarification was requested; some time ago I was reminiscing, and stated that I used to have tobacco in my top wagon, but now enjoy a very different life, and much better. This seems to have hurt some feelings, as it was not taken in the same sense as given. I did not for a moment wish to imply that everyone who drives a wagon is guilty of the same thing. I have nothing whatsoever against anyone who prefers a horse and buggy to a modern vehicle. That is strictly their business. I was only thinking with ink, and had no intentions of smearing, our mud-slinging.

J. R. R.

STILLWATER, PA.

Nov. 30—The last day of this month, for this year, forever. It is amazing how rapidly time passes away. Already I have reached middle age, and it won't be long 'ere time will be no more for me. Children have lots of time. I did when I was a child. Days dragged on without incident, one day like the other. Youth lives for thrills. They live looking forward from one gathering to another. When there is no singing Sunday evenings it's rather dull. Of course there are no singings any more where we attend church (for youth that is). They have special youth meetings though, which answers the same purpose. They like to get together for their social times. People are basically the same the world over. I used to work for I. Y. Hostetler for 50c a day. Wages increased and my ability also, and I later worked much for Bennie Peachey by the day for 20c an hour. This was high wages I thought. I still work out some by the day but now I demand over six times that amount.

Five men were caught stealing milk off a truck. They were unloading so rapidly that a passer-by suspicioned them and called the police. They actually were stealing the milk, but the police questioned the man who reported them why he was suspicious of them, and he said that he thought they worked too fast because honest men do not work that fast anymore.

There are many tons of literature sent to our country from Russia, and our postal service delivers the mail free of charge. It is mail advocating the Communistic theory; it's printed on good paper, and well written to inspire the readers to accept that doctrine of devils (for that's what it is), but our government delivers it free of charge. We are unable to do the same to their people. They won't deliver our democratic idealism, and even private mail is opened and censored. We have what is called Radio Free Europe, where they try to spread the Capitalist idea that way and tell the millions of enslaved people the real facts, but they have many jamming stations to jam the waves so people can't hear what's said. All this while we deliver their doctrine scott free. But take relig-

ious papers, from among ourselves; the real thing, which everyone needs for eternal survival, that is delivered too but not free. That must be paid for. Sometimes we sit back and wonder!

They are just about ready to put a man in orbit around the earth several times and bring him back alive. The first man to go is John Glenn. This they expect to do early in January if not before. Yesterday they had a Chimpanzee in orbit and brought him back, and today stores are sold out of stuffed toy chimpanzees. People are funny!

They are also working on a super weapon called the doomsday weapon. This they claim is now capable of destroying every living thing on this whole earth, with one blast. The 50 megaton super bomb which Russia exploded some time ago is capable of blowing a hole in the earth 400 feet deep, a mile and a half wide, and will kill almost everything in all directions in a radius of seven miles. Also it would knock down frame houses within sixteen miles, even big steel reinforced structures for five miles. Its explosion would create a fire ball seven miles in diameter, with heat causing second degree burns in a radius of 35 miles, and the radiation fallout would affect an area of 10 to 20 thousand square miles. But this one will be small compared to this new weapon; which they expect to have completed by 1970. This is supposed to be able to destroy even the one who sets it off and all his associates. The one who has it first can sit in his hemisphere and say to his enemies, "Now if you make any more trouble, I'll set off this weapon and destroy all of you and all of us, and everyone else in between. This ought to be then the war to end all wars, and about the only way to end wars, according to man's philosophy, for if sinful man had all his enemies destroyed he would turn around and make enemies of his former friends. This new weapon is supposed to cost somewhere in the neighborhood of ten to a hundred billion dollars.

John Renno

STILLWATER, PA.

Dec. 8—Beautiful fall weather so far. It was very dry through October and November, so that the water supply is still not normal for this time of year.

I haven't been out to look, but hunters that usually go to Potter County for bear hunting say there are no bear there this year, because there are no beechnuts, and also locally there are no acorns, however, there are a few walnuts.

Did not our forefathers say, before the invention of modern weather predicting devices, that if there are no nuts and acorns to feed the wild life we will not have a very hard winter? I used to like lots of snow and some is still essential for winter grain, but this year I have no winter grain, and anyway I just don't care much about battling with the elements. So I hope we will get through this winter a little more easily.

Recently I went to hear John Noble speak of his experiences in a Russian slave labor camp, and also give his experience while in Germany before his arrest. John is an American citizen and was so born, in Detroit, Mich.

His father used to be a Seven Day Adventist missionary, and was overseas a while, but his support was too poor during the depression days so he came home, and his wife worked in a photography shop, until that went bankrupt. John's father bought it and after a while had a very prosperous business. He also went abroad again in quest of his business, and bought a factory in Germany. He then sent for his whole family to come over there with him which they did. His business grew until he was a multi-millionaire.

Then the war broke out, and they were in what is now East Germany, and were American citizens, but from this they fared no ill effects until the Russians took over. They lived on the out-

skirts of the city of Dresden, up on a hill that overlooked the city. One night the Americans and the rest of the western world bombed that city to an ash heap, mostly. Afterwards those who went to clean up saw a hideous sight. The bombing caused excessive fires, and the buildings were high, so that the lower parts of the buildings did not burn, the fire drew out all the oxygen and the people that lived in the lower parts were still sitting, or whatever they were doing, and looked quite normal, but they were dead, and complete de-humidified; the human body is 90% moisture, and when all the moisture was taken away they just dried up. At the slightest touch they just fell all apart, like sometimes you see a piece of paper or wood at an ash pile, when you touch it. At a bomb shelter in the city of Dresden in under a railroad station, there were 1500 people during the bombing. The steam pipes were put in the ceiling, and the vibration broke the hot pipes, and all those people were cooked with steam.

The people were on their knees praying those days, "Lord defeat the west and let the Reds take over", and this is what happened. The Russians did get there first, but the prayers of the people soon changed, for the soldiers were turned loose without any restraint, and they plundered, and raped and murdered all over. Not a female there that was not raped, between the age of seven and seventy, and anyone who resisted was shot. Some girls were assaulted as much as 20 times a day.

The Nobles who lived in luxury and ease until now needed to change too. The father and John were taken prisoner, without any charge, except that they were too prosperous, and the Russians did not believe anyone could be that prosperous without cheating, so they confiscated all their property. They were turned from millionaires into poor slaves in a few days. The life at the prison was horrible beyond words, and of the 700 that went in when they did, only 22 came out alive. The rest starved, or were murdered.

John said he was so hungry, that he decided to pray, but wondered what right he had to ask God for help now that he was in need, when before, when everything was going well he completely ignored him. But he did pray, after he was so weak he couldn't talk loud anymore. He was just about gone when he gave his life over to the Lord, and from that point on he started to survive, even though he did not receive any more food for six days, yet he still grew stronger.

He said in 1954 there were 5,000 Americans held prisoner by the Russians, but only nine released since, and he was one of the nine. He claims he was released by the direct intervention of God, for it would have been impossible any other way. God delivered him so that he might live to tell us of his history, and warn us of our impending doom unless we nationally turn back to God and patriotism.

John Renno

Everyone to whom is given, of him will much be required. If in imagination we compress the present population into a group of 1,000 persons, this is what we'd see. Sixty persons would represent the U.S.A. 940 the rest of the world. The 60 Americans would have one-half the total income, the 940 would share the other half. Thirty-six Americans would be Christian church members, twenty-four would not be. Of the whole thousand, about 300 would be Christians, 700 would not be. At least 80 persons would be Communists, and 370 would be Communist dominated. The Americans would produce 16% of the food supply, and eat up all but one and one-half percent of that, keeping the rest in expensive storage equipment. Most of the non-Americans would always be hungry, while the Americans would eat 72% more than the minimum food required to live.

The Eastern Board has 23 school teachers, and 43 schools, including one for the blind. One hundred three mission outposts, and 60 of these supported by missions. The total budget for 1960 was \$724,667.00 and for 1961 it will be \$765,000.00. From Jan. 1st to Sept. 30, 1961 the total expenditures were \$416,000, and the receipts were \$363,000, or a debit of \$53,000. A generous response will be appreciated. An average of \$10.00 per member during the month of Dec. (mission month) would complete the year's work and provide a balance to begin the New Year. What will your answer be?

That complete the report by Mrs. Meyers.

I have a friend several miles from here, a religious person, who has church at his house every Sunday. Only a few gather there to break the bread Sunday mornings, and in the evenings they have church services. They have no ordained men, no organization, no membership, etc. They claim to be just like the early church was. When they gather, the one whom the Spirit leads does the speaking, so they say. This man would very well like for us to come to their assembly because he thinks all organized denominations are wrong, but there's where he and I differ. They have traveling men in their group which would be

STILLWATER, PA.

Dec. 14—This week we have another guest writer, Mrs. Reuben Meyers. Reuben is the superintendent of our Sunday School, and he gave the report of the work of the Eastern Board of Missions and Charities. I thought it was interesting and asked him to write it for me, but he got his wife to do it.

I would like to give a report of what the Eastern Board of Missions and Charities are doing and also the needs of today. In 1950 the world's population was 500 million people, and by the late 1920's two billion, and by 1962 our population should reach three billion; and in the year 2000 it's expected to be six and a half billion. By 1975 the urban areas are expected to have 60 million more inhabitants than in 1950, or an increase of 71%.

The cry of liberty is heard throughout Asia and Africa; freedom is the magic word. A billion people today are suffering from extreme hunger, poverty, illiteracy, and ill health. Communism has overrun North Viet Nam, North Korea, and China is threatening Laos. The church in these areas has suffered severely, and in many cases has been wiped out. The future is uncertain in many places. Our world is getting smaller.

called evangelists in our church. They call them laborers. The late J. N. Darby, who is the author of many good books, and a good man on Prophecy was one of their number. They do however, practice discipline on those of their number who walk not according to the gospel, and refuse the Communion, and if one group censors a member he cannot go any place else to another assembly if it is known. They have assemblies all over

the world. At one time there were as many as 100 in the city of London alone. They gather in private homes or in rented halls, etc. They have no church buildings of their own.

Recently this group here had a Laborer come in and this man called me to come and hear him which I did, and he was extra good on prophecy and this is one thing that I remembered. He said Communism will one day cover the whole earth and for his scriptural proof he gave Isaiah 10: 13-14 which says . . . "by the strength of my arm have I done it, and by my wisdom; for I am prudent, I have removed the bounds of the people, and have robbed their treasures and I have put down their inhabitants like a valiant man: And my hand hath found as a nest the riches of the people, as one gathereth eggs that are left, have I gathered all the earth; and there was none that moved the wing or opened the mouth or peeped." The way Communism is gaining ground it looks very much like it may come to pass. We'd better avail ourselves of the wonderful opportunities we have to serve the Lord openly for we will not have it if and when that takes over America. John Renno

STILLWATER, PA.

Dec. 22—For the last two Sundays it was bad to travel on the highways. Our neighbor who claims Saturday is the Lord's proper day of worship always had nice weather, but we who waited till the next day woke up to slippery conditions. The last Sunday was worst by far, for it was raining and freezing. Our preacher talked longer than usual, saying he thought those who came to church on such a morning manifested a spiritual hunger, and he wanted to give us plenty. He went through the entire book of Daniel. It was very good.

Last Sunday was also a never-to-be forgotten experience for our good friends, Kore Peacheys of Big Valley. Two of their little girls slept together in the same bed. On Sunday morning the one got up and the other one didn't. She made no response any more. The one quickly ran downstairs and called her mother and said she should come quick. She doesn't believe Anna is alive any more. She had died in her sleep. She was almost five years old. She was not normal mentally, and very mischievous. Kore's still have eight other children, including another one that isn't normal. She is about nine years old. Her one leg is amputated about at the knee, and the other foot is also missing. This came about when she had a bad case of measles, and she became very sick, was almost gone. She also had gangrene in her legs from this, making it necessary to take off her one foot and the other leg at the knee. She doesn't make too much trouble though as she is very quiet and you hardly know she's around when you're there.

We were at their place on Tuesday, when the funeral was for Anna. There were also many there from Ohio, from the same faith denominational. Were it not for those from a distance there would've hardly been anybody there, altho Kore and wife both came from large families. There seemed to be very little concern locally. The funeral was held at the Locust Grove Mennonite church, because the church where they go was too small to accommodate very many people, being a converted schoolhouse. Erie Renno, the pastor of the Mennonite church, made a few opening remarks, and read several fitting portions of scripture. My brother, Eli, the pastor of the church where Korie's attend regularly, read a nice poem in high German. Elmer Sommers of near Alliance, Ohio preached the funeral sermon.

One party at the funeral that is noteworthy, were Melva Shetlers, who exactly two weeks

earlier had a funeral for their 3-year-old son who was killed by fire, the story being in the Budget. They came 300 miles for the funeral and planned to return home the same day.

While passing out gospel literature on the city streets one is impressed with the empty look on many faces. Only seldom do you see someone that looks as though they had a reason for their existence. Many run to and fro, rushing to do their Christmas shopping, carrying packages and parcels, and say their hands are full they cannot take a tract, but one can often see the emptiness of the heart, while the hands are full. Martin Luther is said to have said if he were God, and the world so full of evil and wickedness, he'd knock it to pieces. I feel the same way sometimes.

The Jackie Kennedy hairdos are very popular. Many are those who try to wear their hair like the so-called first lady does. They have them cut about eight inches long, then twist them around and fluff them up making them almost stand on end. It looks something like a brush pile to me. John R. Renno

STILLWATER, PA.

Dec. 29—Last December (1960) was the coldest on record for 89 years, with an abundance of snow besides. This December, some snow has fallen but nothing serious. The temperature was about, or slightly above normal.

Last Saturday evening it started to snow again, but didn't do much until Sunday morning when it started in earnest. We went to church anyway, in spite of the fact that we have 30 miles to go, figuring it would stop before too long, but it didn't. When we got out from services we had about a foot of snow to contend with. The snow plows could not keep up with it either. There were, however, well worn tracks in which progress was not too bad, but the snow hitting the windshield melted then froze on the wipers. We had to stop almost a dozen times to clean those off, and if you got beside the track the snow was so deep the bumper hit it and it flew all up over the car. One car got off the road so we pushed him onto the track again. Several others were ditched and the occupants departed. One was almost standing on its nose in the ditch. After a while the road was plowed which greatly aided our progress, but another motorist couldn't make a hill, so we pushed him up to the top. My wife said she smelled something hot, and I couldn't think just what it was, but glanced at the temperature gauge which was up almost as far as it could go. Then I wondered if my radiator was empty? But then it dawned — we were pushing snow and the grill was packed full, thus blocking the air passage. When it was cleared the temperature went back to normal again.

It took us two hours to get home and it usually takes less than one. I rather enjoyed it though—it was a change from the hum drum. They say of the billions of snowflakes that fall there are no two exactly alike, but those on the road looked all alike to me, in that they were all white.

John Renno