

STILLWATER, PA.

January 5, 1963—New Year's day was celebrated by many in the same old sinful rut. A local cattle dealer furnished the pig, and another one the stuffings, and the bartender provided the place to eat and I suppose they thought they had a good time. Probably the only one who prospered financially was the bartender, and certainly no one prospered in any other way.

Many churches also try to have something special for the people, so they have what they call a watch-night service. It starts around nine o'clock, and they have preaching services, and a social gathering with things to eat and drink, then they make it a practice to be in prayer when the new year begins at 12 o'clock. I personally never attended such a service, but suppose it would be much better spent thus than the way it is done by worldlings.

It isn't so bad when it's down to zero for a few nights, but when it first snows, then starts to blow strong gusty winds to pile the snow and the temperature drops below zero, then it makes you wish for places like Phoenix, Ariz., or Miami Beach, Fla. It was that cold here, and the road past our house was shut, so that we had to stay home for a whole day, and couldn't even go to the chicken house we have leased several miles away. Furthermore, the water froze, even in places where it usually doesn't freeze, like down four feet under ground, where the pump for our water supply is. The pipe was frozen, and I have never known that to freeze before. We had potatoes in our cel-

lar, and they froze too. Even the canned goods were touched.

We were at Belleville at my wife's brothers place on New Year's day, along with Dan Swareys, who is married to my wife's sister. Both of us had all the children along, which makes quite a houseful. We also stopped in to see my wife's father, Dan Peachey, who is ailing somewhat, and was at the time making preparations to go to the Huntingdon hospital to have a cataract removed from his eye. He had it for some time, and just used his good eye, but that one is getting dim too so he decided to do something about it. Daniel M. Peachey, son of Dad's second wife, was also there. He is the son of the late Abie Peachey.

The work at the lake is progressing very slowly. At first we dragged the trees off one at a time, and next we tried to burn them out on the ice, but that doesn't work so good, because the fire melts the ice. The ice is barely thick enough to bear the small caterpillars and every once in a while it breaks through, down in the mud, which is black and about two feet deep, and below that is some peat moss, and even quicksand in some places. It is very slow and even disgusting at times when we think that all we are doing it for is so that those who can afford it may have more pleasure. Of course they hire us and pay us for the labor, and it is something to do and a way to earn pay in the winter time when for the most part work ceases.

John Renno

STILLWATER, PA.

Jan. 12 — Rain this morning, the first time it rained for quite some time. The snow removal costs this year will be higher than normal, for they have had to hire quite a few bulldozers, as this was about the only way to move it any more. They have some of these snow blowers, but it has been said they are not too satisfactory. They clog up when the snow gets too heavy, and they lack the power to blow it that fast. It seems the best way to remove it is still the old way of pushing it aside. They have those big graders here with V blades.

It's very hard to find something wherewith to bed your livestock this winter. The summer was very dry and things didn't grow so well, and the snow came so quick that we had very little time to put up much corn fodder for bedding. There is still some corn to pick too, and I suppose that will be hard to get when spring comes. There is a great race to the sawmills for sawdust this winter, and that is also taken about as fast as it's made. Locally there are no sawmills operating so that we have to go to Muncy Valley for most of it that we do get. There are three big mills there. The biggest one supplies only those people who get it during the summer when nobody wants it. I personally don't like sawdust as well as straw, because it will make the soil acid, and straw makes much better manure. There were ten tons of straw advertised in the paper and they soon sold all they had for 30 dollars a ton. The farm income being as it is, one cannot afford to pay that.

A man called recently and wanted to have me haul him a load of sawdust, for he has been completely out of any bedding of any kind for about a week. His cows were very dirty. Since that time he has been out of it again, but made no move to get any more. I suppose because his financial condition is such that does not warrant his spending for anything that can possibly be gotten along without. His feed is scarce too.

John Renno

STILLWATER, PA.

Jan. 19—The days are getting noticeably longer, and it makes you feel a touch of spring in the air, and long for warmer weather. We have had snow on the ground since early fall, and the January thaw did not take it all away. We had a heavy rain recently and much of the old snow is now turned to ice. The ground is not frozen at all.

The human brain is a marvelous device, that has even the most sophisticated scientists baffled. If they were to make an instrument that would do everything the brain does it would take a tall building ten stories high, and then it would be inefficient, and faulty because everything that man has yet created will fail at times.

Indeed, man creates nothing. He only places things together that God has created. The brain is where our thinking and reasoning goes on. It is where we remember things that happened in the past, and it is claimed that we never forget anything that we have ever known. Even if in our conscious mind we cannot recall, it is hidden in our subconscious mind. And remember, we are only ten percent conscious, the other ninety percent of our mind is sub, or beneath consciousness. When we sleep only the conscious mind rests, the subconscious mind takes over control of our bodies.

I can remember the time when I was so sleepy that I slept while I was walking, and even once when I was up all night I was told to take the roller and roll down the field the next day, and I balanced myself on that roller to keep from falling off, while I was sleeping.

It is through the brain that we can locate pain in the various part of the bodies. The pain is there, and an electrical impulse sends it to the brain, and it is there that it is decided where the pain is, and what to do to alleviate it. All the impulses are sent up through the spinal cord in the center of our backbone, and there are thousands of tiny nerves all centering together in the brain that must figure out just what and how to do different things. We make thousands of decisions every day. Like when we are stung by a bumblebee, we must first feel it hurt, and it must pass through to the brain, and there it is decided to fight and slap. I never

cease to marvel at the wonderful body God has given.

Diesel engines work on the same principle that gasoline engines do, they are internal combustion, but they are different in many ways. They do not fire because of a spark, but the air is compressed together so tight that it gets red hot, and just at the right time the fuel injector puts a little off into the combustion chamber and the red hot air explodes. They were invented by a German man named Rudolph Diesel around 1890. Because of the tremendous pressure it takes to make the air red hot to ignite the fuel they must be built very strong to withstand the pressure, therefore they are too heavy to be used in automobiles or airplanes.

Yes, we just purchased a machine with a diesel engine, and therefore we read up a little on them to see what makes them tick. Big diesels must start on gasoline to turn them over, but smaller engines start directly on diesel fuel, which is not nearly as explosive as gasoline and so a diesel is much safer than a gasoline engine. In cold weather they will not start on diesel fuel alone because for it to turn over to make zero cold air red hot in an instant takes tremendous power from the electric starter, so we use a little ether to start when it's cold.

The work on the lake is nearing completion, much sooner than was expected at first. We did have the small bulldozer down through the ice again, and it took us three hours to get it out for the blade and all was down. It took long poles, and a lot of planning and trial and error to maneuver it out of there. And, ironically enough, I fell in myself. The one radiator was a little low in water, so I got a quart oil can, and said to my colleague, "I wonder where I can find some water to put in this radiator", and just after I had said that I plunged down through a hole in the ice to above my knee. Then I had to sit by the fire and dry myself.

John Renno

STILLWATER, PA.

Jan. 25—Exceedingly cold weather! 20 below zero, and lots of snow.

We have bible school at our church this winter, and have a good attendance. It is held on Tuesday and Thursday evenings. John Erb, the preacher at the Buffalo church, is a teacher. Our preacher Ben Lapp is another one, and Lester Miller from the East district congregation, about six miles from ours is one, and Park Stoltzfus, son of Mast Stoltzfus from Lewisburg is the 4th one. We normally have only around a hundred people at our church services, but at bible school we had 140 the last time, and I think that's pretty good. Of course it is for three congregations, but it's still good compared with some of the big churches where they have three hundred or more members and only a handful at bible school. But then I suppose we shouldn't compare ourselves among ourselves, as the bible says those who do that are not wise.

The people around here are very old fashioned. They even have feuds like they used to in olden days, although they don't go killing each other, but I suppose they would if it were not for the law prohibiting that. What I mean is that they hate each other for incidents that happened years ago, and to the point of disowning each other.

I asked a man I met whether he was related to another man who had the same last name that he did, and lived in the same neighborhood, and he looked at me as though I had just committed some crime, and flatly told me he is no relation at all with the man I had referred to. Now I didn't know what it was all about until someone told me that he is the young man's uncle, and yet he claimed he is no relation at all. The man I asked is George, and the one he denied is Pete. Now George had the post office in Town Hill (there is no post office there anymore). Pete was blamed for stealing some money, and was found guilty, by the local police, and they had a law suit about it, but Pete was smart and hired the best lawyer and the court decided in his favor. Of course he won his case because he paid the best lawyer and also had the biggest bill to pay but he was cleared, legally, and also lost his uncle to the point where they are very bitter enemies, and do everything mean they can to each other to cause trouble.

Now do you suppose either one of them are happy? The bible says envy is rottenness of the bones, and oh how miserable it would be to have rotten bones. How much better it is to suffer wrongfully than to defend oneself at such a price!

Our Sunday School lesson last Sunday was about the man at church with a withered hand. Now he did not ask to be healed that we have record of, and the Pharisees watched whether Jesus would heal him on the Sabbath day. Jesus just accepted the challenge and told him to stretch

forth his hand and it was healed, after which the Pharisees went and held counsel with the Herodians, who were their bitter enemies, how they might destroy Jesus.

What I wondered was this: why did Jesus heal the man then and there when he knew they were watching him? Why did he not wait until the next day and heal the man in privacy, seeing the man did not ask to be healed at that time anyway. Is that not the way we would have done it? We who are preaching tact, and good ethics, and winsome personality? He asked them a question that could not be answered logically and it made them mad, and they became friends with their bitter enemies, in an effort to put Him out of their way. He asked them whether it was right to do good or ill, to save life or to kill, on the Sabbath day. If they would have said it was right to do good regardless, then they would have had to admit it was a good deed to heal on the Sabbath day, but to deny that it as right to do good, they would have had to admit it was a good deed to heal on the Sabbath day, but to deny that it was right to do good, they would have consented it was right to do evil, to preserve the good, and we would have become the laughing stock of the community. Now don't you suppose if Jesus had taken it a little more easy and not hit them where it hurt the most that he would have had a longer life on this earth? Was not Jesus heralded as the Prince of Peace, and yet he was the greatest controversialist of all time. Why? Why did he say he came not to send peace on earth but a sword?

John Renno

STILLWATER, PA.

Feb. 2—The "Back to the Bible" broadcast is an international radio broadcast, that preaches the gospel in eight different languages, and does much towards sponsoring missionaries around the world. It started back in 1939 with two people, and now some 20 years later they have a staff of 240, and a potential listening audience of 5 to 6 million people daily. While Theodore Epp is the originator and main speaker, there are others too, and one of these is Ord Morrow.

Ord was scheduled to speak at the Richfield Mennonite church from Jan. 27 to Feb. 3 every nite. So on Friday evening we decided we wanted to see and hear a man in person whose voice we hear quite frequently, and went to that church only to find that it was impossible for Ord to be there or speak that night, because he had a sore throat and could not speak above a whisper. Evangelist Jack Yost, who lives only fourteen miles from us in Berwick, spoke that night. We drove sixty miles to hear our neighbor speak. Although we never heard Jack speak before, nor met him, I have heard of him quite frequently. He just came home from Iowa the night before where he was holding evangelistic services.

To hear Ord Morrow was not the only reason that we went to Richfield. We also wanted to see the congregation. It is a General Conference Church. The name Mennonite to me means that the women wear the prayer veiling and at least some men wear plain coats, and they believe somewhat in non-conformity in dress, etc. But this particular church does not practice this anymore. You would not even know that it is a Mennonite church. But they do seem to have a spiritual atmosphere, and are interested in missions. The women are dressed modestly, although not as we are used to seeing it in a Mennonite church. All this raises the question in my mind; in many of the so-called plain churches today the sisters do yet wear the capes, and veilings, etc. to a certain extent because of 1 Cor. 11. And the doctrine of the church is that sisters should wear it, but the parents that profess to believe

such cut hair of their small daughters. They are so cute and innocent, and they want them to look attractive. When these innocent little girls grow up and have daughters of their own, these daughters will probably not bother to stop the cutting of hair, and of course cut hair does not go well with prayer veilings and capes, etc., so the whole thing may be dropped.

Another purpose of going west was to visit with the Paul Hollingshead family. Paul comes from a Quaker family in eastern Pa. He found his wife in Germany when he was there in PAX work. He moved to Belleville upon coming to Pa., with the idea of teaching in the Christian Day school there, but then he did not quite qualify. Although he did go to college he is not a certified teacher; but that did not leave him unemployed, for he is very handy with tools and can easily make for him and his family a decent living.

We left Paul's behind when we moved from Belleville, and have not seen them for a number of years. They also have moved to the Richfield area, in the quest

of a more non-conformed church, and have found it in this area, for they have a small congregation there that just started recently. They also have their own school and now Paul teaches there. And quite lately he was ordained to the ministry there too. They are of the non-conference Mennonites, of which quite a few sprung up recently. They adhere more to the original doctrine of the church, and do not go along with the popular trend. Their cry is for one to be true to his profession. They do not say they are right conclusively, but ask only that if you profess to believe in the doctrines of the church, then live as though you believe it.

Paul is just the same as when we left him in the Valley. He hasn't changed noticeably. He is the same build, and like the bible says, "slow to speak, and slow to wrath, but swift to hear." He has the gentle and submissive spirit that he always had ever since we first met him. They have a new house which he built himself upon an 8-acre tract of land that they bought there. Their three sons are well behaved and look as though they were trained in the way they should go. They seem to be happy and quite contented with their present lot. Of course Paul is of such nature that it doesn't take as much to make him content, as many of us. Oh yes, he has his limitations, and shortcomings and faults, and temptations, and probably wears some veneer when strangers are there, but in my mind he is a good example of a man that is being conformed to the image of Christ. May his kind increase!

John Renno

STILLWATER, PA.

Feb. 9—For a few days it moderated a bit but quite unexpectedly it was down below zero again. It is said this has been the hardest winter since 1936. But it has its advantages for there has been very little sickness, except the usual run of colds, etc.

Our winter bible school at the church is very interesting, and I attend two evenings each week. Now I know the word scribes used in the New Testament, goes right along with the word Pharisee, and nobody likes to be called a Pharisee, because they were the educated of the day and so strongly opposed the Lord Jesus. And the word Scribe in the German is Schriftgelearette or "bible taught". And so going to bible school may be looked on by some as making people bible taught or scribes therefore to be avoided, because they are the type of all religious opposition along with Pharisees.

But surely to study the scriptures cannot be wrong, for it's the only source that can make us wise unto salvation, and one cannot be more spiritual than he is scriptural, and you cannot be scriptural unless you know. God does not put a premium on ignorance, and excuse people because they did not know, for the simple reason that they avoided the study of scripture. Study to shew thyself approved unto God.

Everett Metzler and his wife were missionaries to Viet Nam for four years and are now on six months leave. They were at our church last Sunday evening. The language there is very difficult to learn because it is a tonal language. For instance the word Hi has four different meanings, all depending on the sound or pitch you give it. While Everett was having bible study at his home he greeted the people, saying "good evening tables," because the word friends is the same as tables only it has a different tone to it. They say it is not hard to get the children to come for bible study. If invited, they come in hordes, for there is no industry there and many people have nothing at all to keep them occupied, and sin and evil multiplies rapidly, when people are idle.

The people have their own religion though and most are very staunch, except the younger generations are seeing through the sham of setting a table of food out on the lawn for departed loved ones to come and eat. Of course the food is untouched and taken in and eaten by the family. They also worship demons, not because they love them, but because they are afraid of them. Heathen worship is not caused by love, but by fear. They worship that which they fear so as to appease their wrath. When young people are converted to Christianity they cannot submit to demon worship and bow down at the altars in their homes and this makes trouble, for disobedi-

ence to parents is counted a serious offense. What should the young people be told to do? Just go on and bow down to the demon altars in obedience, or refuse and be branded as evil?

Mast Stoltzfus is a member of the congregation at Buffalo. He has a registered herd of Holstein cows, therefore he is a dairyman; and what's more important, he is a devout Christian. Not only that but he is a father of sixteen children, and what is more important than that he teaches them in the way of truth and righteousness. Now, some of the children are just small and only time will reveal how they will turn out, but all the older ones are of such a nature that is the joy of the father and the pride of the mother. They have had difficulties, he said, but they were only of a minor nature. Thus confirming the scripture that says train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it.

Now this scripture has been argued about, and attempts made to change the plain promise, to make excuses for delinquent children. It is reproach for any parent to have dishonorable children, and it proves that they were not trained in the way they should go. Delinquent children point back to delinquent parents.

Now Mast has none of these, and it appears that all of them will be faithful Christians, an honor to their parents, an asset to the community, and the church. For the principles that are taught by ones own parents in childhood are so firmly ingrained that they never depart from you, and they rather gain power when one grows older rather than diminish. A child must start to be trained even before faith.

John Renno

STILLWATER, PA.

Feb. 16—The cold and snows hold on. It's just a continual round; snow, then blow and very cold, and clear skies, and calm for a day or so then moderating and gets ready to snow some more.

And speaking of going in circles, I met a friend from Mattawana, who goes to the Belleville Mennonite church, who claims that is the trend of the people in Big Valley. I was eating at a restaurant, and a man walked in I haven't seen for years. I walked back to where he was and as soon as he saw me he recognized me. Needless to say I most forgot about my business and the other man that was waiting on me; we had so many interesting things to discuss. Even though we get the Belleville paper, it lacks many of the minor details of the news events that transpire.

I doubt if there is another place in the world like Big Valley, with so small an area, and so many people of different denominations. Those who live there are not aware of how the outside looks in on them. I often wonder just why some of the forefathers settled there, as it is one of the hardest places to farm that I know of. And isn't it strange that so important a subject as religion should cause so many divisions?

Mrs. Ritter lives down the road from us several miles, right along side a big cinder pile. She's 84 years old and lives alone. In spite of her age she's just now turning gray. Her husband died years ago; and she has two sons living. The one hasn't spoken to her since her husband died, and the other one is difficult with miners asthma, can't work any-

more, and lives quite a distance away. She has no electricity. Her water supply is down over the hill a ways, and is pumped up with a very old-looking gas engine and pump. She has a big pressure tank in her cellar, in which she stores 80 lbs. pressure. But the pipe was frozen and the pressure was down to 40 pounds and she was worried. She had containers setting around full of water that she had conserved during that last rain. She has no livestock to water, its only for her own use, but she had foresight. She called one of her friends and asked who she could get to help her. It was suggested she call me. I poured some hot water on the frozen pipe and started the old engine and primed the pump, and now she has her desired 80 pounds pressure again, and she's happy. She hoped I would get a reward in heaven.

B. Charles Hostetter, the highly esteemed Mennonite preacher, verified some thoughts that I have had for some time. The price of a holy life is consistent, daily devotional life. He claims many run to and fro to this meeting and that, trying to get an experience that would give them immediate victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil. And even though some claim this experience is possible to those who seek long, and hard enough, there is absolutely no short-cut to spiritual success. He said if some would spend half as much time and effort studying the scripture and applying it to their daily lives, as they do running around to different meetings, and hearing gospel messages, they would grow much faster in their spiritual lives. He does not discredit gospel meetings in any way. They have their place, but he soundly repudiates the thought that there is a short cut from a carnal life to one of holiness.

John Renno

STILLWATER, PA.

Feb. 23—The weather is the subject of much discussion, and it is interesting to note the general pattern throughout the U.S. This has been one of those unusually cold winters in our country, while up north some places they had to close down the ski resorts because the weather just remained around the 30-degree range. Perhaps they had better move further south.

We know that according to the calendar it's only about a month until the earth is green with grass, and it is still sub-zero weather. We are going to have to have a rapid change. The last 2 days it didn't go above ten according to the mercury, but where the sun shone directly on roads, etc. it was melting. The sun is directed much more straight at us now.

Milk is another commodity that is under much discussion. There seems to be a great over-supply. The local dairy at Huntingdon Mills say they are losing money every day. It's just a matter of time until something must be done—either limit the number of cows their farmers can have or shut off some of them completely. This is what Foremost did, last December. The man at the dairy said they have one-third less farmers selling milk, but they are getting more milk than they did ten years ago. And their customers are buying less and less. Substitutes are more in demand, and the consumption of beer and soft drinks is on the uprise, thus taking away the milk market. Besides all this the inspectors are getting so strict that it is hard to please them any more. The one that usually came around here lost his job because he was too lenient, and another one took his place. They won't tolerate things that they did even a year ago. They just go little by little, asking for a little here, and a little there, and the farmer can't get balky because he is in it too far. He would lose too much if he stopped selling the milk. He must keep on to help pay for the investments he already made. When Foremost changed to bulk here they figured they would lose about 40

shippers, and that was one of the main reasons for the change. But they lost only a few, so they had to lay off about 30 of the larger ones.

To try to conform to the inspector's wishes, we were starting to install a partition that they demanded, and in doing so the electric handsaw somehow slipped, and cut through my two pairs of pants and underwear and on into the meat of my leg. It cut the muscles that I use to lift and swing my leg forward, and the deep cut made walking very difficult. But the doctor sewed me up, and I'm well on the way to recovery barring any unforeseen malfunction.

Old Nesbit Williams was deaf, but he and his neighbor, who was also hard of hearing, got produce together and took it to town and sold it, making their living that way. This went on for quite a while but came to an abrupt stop one day on the way home. Nes looked toward Benton and all was clear, and he looked towards Bloomsburg and it was clear there, so he pulled out on the road. But all the farther you can see is about two hundred feet. Before he got very far, an auto carrying a young man and his family, going to the hospital to see their dying father, and going very fast, hit the truck broadside, and killed him outright, and the man who helped him died a few days later, thus leaving two widows to shift for themselves. The father in the hospital died before his son got to see him. Those in the car were not killed, only injured. It seems the most dangerous thing you can do is to travel by auto for they kill and wound more people in the U. S. in one year than are killed in a war. The major cause of this killing is inefficient drivers, many made so by their master, alcohol.

John Renno

STILLWATER, PA.

March 2 — Carrol Wenner is one of the larger men in the community, not large in size but in prestige. He has for quite some time been president of the Columbia County Farmers National Bank, with two places of business, one in Orangeville, and the other in Benton. It's the best place to do banking business that I have ever known. They make no charge for checking accounts, regardless of how little you have in the bank, and yet they are doing a great and prosperous business. They have just enlarged their capital assets, because they had all the money loaned out that they had to loan, and needed more.

The above named Wenner is a personal friend of mine, and we often talk together, and what's much more he knows the Lord Jesus Christ as his own personal Saviour. Now he had been seriously ill, and was to the hospital for an operation, the first he ever had, and he is in his sixties. I had just spoken to his wife regarding his condition, and she said he is at home and is quite recovered, and starting to do a little work. Then one evening upon coming home my wife said "Carrol Wenner died, and you have to dig his grave." I was quite shocked at the report, but saw in her eyes that there's a catch in it. Then she said, "It's not your friend, but one at Register." And this is the Carrol Wenner I have something to say about.

He lived at Register along the creek in a little shack that the community had built for him. Formerly he had lived farther back in the hills close by the little private cemetery where he wished to be buried, but for some reason his house burned down one night, and left him homeless, and penniless. He seemed to have no close relatives left. They were buried in the little cemetery. One of his brothers was a doctor, and after he had been buried they again took his body up and buried it in New Jersey. The place where he had been buried was walled up and covered with plank and Carrol said he wants to be buried there.

After Carrol's fire, some men took the initiative and gathered

some money and material from the community and built him a little home out near the road, close by the store at Register. I saw him long before I knew who he was, for often when I went by I saw an old man standing along the road on the bridge looking down at the water. He would never bid the time of day, but just stand and stare as you went by. He was never married and lived alone.

One day last summer I was digging a grave in the New Columbus cemetery. At the same time the Methodist church was having a supper, and Carrol was very faithful in attending church suppers. He came over and we had quite a discussion started, for he had dug many graves there by hand. He bought me some ice cream, and after that when I went by he would wave at me as he stood there on the bridge.

He lived most of the time in his automobile at night during the winter. He slept in it and about every hour when it got too cold he would start it up and let it run a little to keep the motor warm, for he was afraid it would not start the next morning if it got too cold. He didn't use his car much but he wanted it to keep warm. But one night was the last, for unbeknown to him the tailpipe became loose and the carbon monoxide gas came into his car and he fell asleep never to awaken in this life. The motor ran until out of gas. It was one of those bitter cold nights and by the next morning he was still sitting in his car with his hands on the steering wheel, being frozen solid.

I was called upon to dig his grave. It was cold and the snow was deep. We looked around for the place where he wanted to be buried in his brother's empty grave, but we could not find it. We were afraid we would dig where someone was buried; so we just dug another one.

He was buried like the poor are buried. It was something new for me, for I am required

to be at the grave when they have the services, to cover the body immediately. The usual way is that a vault company sends two men and they install a big concrete vault for the rough box, but not so for him. The undertaker's assistant brought a wooden box that was formerly a shipping box to send a man's body in from the state of Washington. We dug the grave and put the box in, then we let it down with ropes. And I buried him there, just me and his body alone, for it was very cold, and the others left quickly. He was buried like the poor, with only one bouquet of flowers besides the undertaker's usual wreath. But it was good enough. It would be good for everyone to be buried that way, without pomp and extravagance. It's more Christlike.

John Renno

STILLWATER, PA.

March 9 — A very unusual winter. Exceedingly cold with very much snow. It is claimed by authorities that it is not caused by the atmospheric testing of nuclear explosions, but started last summer with the sun shining down on the Pacific ocean more than usual, and water takes and preserves more heat than land, and this in turn created an air current that caused the jet streams to blow the wrong way. Now jet streams are very strong wind currents at a high altitude, and as I understand it they normally blow around the world east and west, but due to the unusual conditions out on the Pacific they blew from north to south, thus bringing the northern cold to us. Yes I know, the Lord controls the weather, but evidently some were watching how he did it, and what means he used, and explaining it to us as a natural phenomena.

Another thing that amazes me is the electric ether waves, created by God and harnessed by man to carry man's voice on them. The other evening I was traveling over the ground at 50 miles per hour, and heard men talking together as though they were in one room, but they were separated by thousands of miles. One was in New York, one in Paris, one in west Germany, and another one in Moscow; they discussed and compared Khrushchev with Joe Stalin. It was interesting and fascinating to hear them argue, discuss, agree on some points and disagree on others. Man has been able to invent and use amazing instruments but due to man's innate wickedness, he uses most or all of these inventions to the lusts of the flesh. This does not in any way make null and void the possibility to harness these same means for the benefit of man and for the glory of God, and it is being done but in far too many instances it is a lack of finances that hinders.

Have read with interest Reuben Harvey's ideas on tithing, and agree that it was an Old Testament practice that has not been commanded in the New, but it is my firm conviction that every born-again believer whose heart is filled with the love of God will give, to the spreading of the gospel, and for the harnessing of modern scientific inventions, and the sending out of more laborers. He will give not because of command, nor because he is told to by his superior, nor to try to buy his way to heaven, or thus appease the wrath of God, but because the same love drives him that caused God to give His Son. For God so loved that he gave.

And perhaps a little information on missionaries would be appropriate. I have just finished reading the book, Hudson Taylor and Maria, and was deeply impressed by the trials that are encountered by missionaries. It

seems that they are human the same as the rest of us and their fallen nature is just as apt to come to the fore as anyone elses. Now Hudson Taylor went to China a little over a hundred years ago as a youth. While there the mission board that was supporting him met with financial difficulty and he stopped working for it, and just was on his own, letting the Lord support him with the aid of his children. He finally shaved his head, all except a pig tail, and wore the same clothes as the Chinese did.

He came upon Maria, who was born of missionary parents, but was orphaned by the early death of both her parents, and she was under tutors. They loved each other and wanted to get married but the idea was violently opposed by her superiors, who were also missionaries, because Hudson was not supported by any mission board and wore Chinese clothing. It might be said they actually hated him, and at the same time tried to tell the lost heathen about the love of God. They finally married by means of their own conniving, which I cannot approve of, but this marriage became the means of a 'holy war' among missionaries, to the wonder and dismay of the lost heathen who looked on. Hudson was from England and they finally went home for a few years, and in this time gathered up several people to come back to China with them from which was born the China Inland Mission.

They quarreled among themselves on the way over, and when they arrived Hudson's work was greatly opposed by others who were supported by home missions. This resulted in many of Taylor's workers leaving him, but it was said that those who did stay with him and wore clothing like the Chinese, and ate the same food and lived just like them, did twice as much good as those who were sent by mission boards, and yet their living expenses were only half as high. Their effectiveness doubled, while their support halved. It leaves one in a perplexed frame of mind, to discover that so many people go abroad as tellers of the good news to the heathen, while in their attitudes they still entertain heathen practices.

John Renno

STILLWATER, PA.

March 16—Spring starts officially at 3:20 a.m. on March 21st. Although March did come in with one of the heaviest snows of the season, it's not been too harsh weatherwise since. There has been much snow, and the warmer weather causes much water everywhere. At Amity Hall the Routes 11 and 15 were closed for a while, because the water had risen to such height that the ice, which was about 2 ft. thick, broke up and was carried out on the roads and onto lawns, bending over trees and everything movable in its wake. Traffic was jammed up for 12 miles, bumper to bumper. Now how would that be in case you were in a hurry to get some place.

M. P. Whitenight has been in the machinery business for 50 years and is now retiring, and as a celebration they had open house and a free lunch for everyone, and a chance to visit with other farmers, which I am always fond of.

I spoke to Mr. Doebler from Jersey Shore who raises hybrid corn by that name. It's a Pennsylvania corn and supposed to be good, at least he claimed they had 178 bushels of shelled, dried corn per acre. This would be the same as about four hundred bushel of ears per acre ready to crib. I never had a crop like this nor do I ever expect to have. This man also told me the habits of ants, saying they use the aphids (those little black bugs on the tassels of corn stalks) for their milk production. So they don't have to go so far for their milk they make one trip for one bug up on top and bring him down and bury him at the root of the corn, then he feeds on that and thrives just as well, and the ants have their milk much closer to home. No wonder Solomon said go the ant thou slug-gard, and be wise.

The above mentioned Mr Whitenight is an old man of 77 years, and quite well to do financially. He said he did not make his money in the machinery business or farming, although he has done both, but by invest-

ing it wisely. He bought stocks in promising companies, for a few cents a share then when the company went up in value the value of the shares increased accordingly and he was able to sell those shares for six or seven dollars apiece.

Nowadays it is hard for any company to start up in business in a small way, and sell shares, then increase in value. The small men are usually swallowed up by the big ones, and they form monopolies, to defeat competition. The days of the small man are about over in this country, and by the looks of things, and according to history, the days of this country, and its form of government are numbered and rapidly coming to a close. The men that are good and honest, and upright, because they want to be, are getting less, and they are the backbone of any country.

John Renno

STILLWATER, PA.

March 30—Spring has come, but there are still a few grim reminders of the long, cold, hard winter we have had. A few lingering snow banks along fences and, as we are in the excavating business, we found frost down about three feet yet and very slow to thaw at that depth.

A familiar springtime sight at my parental home was John Kanagy digging garden. He was a fat man and very comical, and as our garden was right along the main road about all the people that went by in their horses and buggies would holler something at John. John let on he was peeved and threatened that he would throw a stone at the next person that hollers at him, and of course the next person was Dan Hostetler, a commonly quiet person, but he couldn't pass up the opportunity to give John the rib, and John threw the stone but it didn't get very far.

Once I remember Jonas Yoder went down the road in his spring wagon as he often did, and John hollered at him, "I don't see how you can get your farming done being on the road all the time;" but Jonas shouted back, "You shut up, I haven't been down this way for two weeks." Now Jonas and John, and Frank and Johnny are all dead and gone, but one can still carry pleasant memories concerning them.

A peculiar accident happened in this area recently. A man was driving a dump truck from Light Street to Espy one evening after dark. The truck shook and the tool box almost fell to the floor. The man grabbed for it, and when he did he thinks he must have pulled the power take-off in gear, for, unbeknown to him, the dump bed started to rise, and just before he went through an underpass. He was going about 35 miles an hour when there was a terrible crash, and the next thing he knew the cab of the truck hit the bottom of the underpass so hard that it crushed the top down and the truck bed was all bent and battered. The truck was considered a total loss.

It seems when one grows older he longs for the good old days, and just recently I found myself saying "Oh, that I once more could hitch up two horses to the plow and walk down the furrow behind them, and smell the fresh newly-turned soil, and the kill-deers and robins looking for worms and the barn swallows flying around catching the bugs your passing stirs up." But I suppose for me my plowing days are over. Last year I plowed but a few rounds, and possibly this year I won't plow at all. The younger generation takes over.

John Renno

STILLWATER, PA.

April 6—Pleasant spring weather.

Shirley Ker has a real problem. She is the wife of a school teacher. His first job was near Lebanon, Pa. They lived there for a year and went to the Brethren in Christ church in the vicinity. This church was partially plain then and the women wore the prayer veiling, although some were trying to get rid of them, and wear wedding rings and jewelry instead. At that time Shirley just couldn't see the necessity of wearing a veiling. She did not think the bible means just like it sounded on that subject.

Now things are different. The Ker's moved to the Beaver Run locality and Ed teaches at the Warrior Run school. They were formerly Lutherans, but they preferred Beaver Run and the Mennonite denomination instead, so they joined, about a year ago. Now this Sunday they want to go back to visit the congregation where they first attended, when Ed had his first job of teaching. That church is still the same denominationally but the prayer veiling has gone, and wedding rings have taken its place. They have left the tradition of the church in preference to the tradition of the world. And Shirley's problem is this; she now

wears the veiling herself and thinks it biblical, but to go back there to visit her friends that way, are now the way she used to be, it's a little embarrassing. What should she do?

Austin Smith is a friendly old man. Well, not really old. He is sixty already, but works like a much younger man. He lives on a farm about twenty miles from us. A farm of some over a hundred acres, and that is nothing unusual for this day and age, but he does all his farming with two horses. And besides that he milks 18 cows by hand every evening and morning all by himself. And when haying time is here, balers are taboo. He does not even employ a hay loader. He pitches it on the wagon by hand, and in at the barn he has a horse hitched to the rope to pull it up; alone. The horse goes to the end of the rope then he tells her to turn and come in, and she does.

The year before last, he put up fifty tons that way. All this is unusual enough, but he says he owes no man a penny, and he never did and never expects to. One of the main reasons for his financial success he claims is that he was never married. He lives with his sister.

Visitors at the church last Sunday were Ben Lapp's parents, Henry, and his brother Daniel and their wives. Now Henry is a jovial fellow and just a bit comical, and I can imagine his wife has her hands full to keep him in check at times. Daniel is more of the quiet type, and he looks so much like my uncle David used to. He was somewhat astounded after church upon shaking my hand and asking my name. He exclaimed "John Renno! The one who writes in the Budget from Stillwater!" He did not say just what he thought of the writer, and I suppose it was just as well, but he did encourage me to keep on writing about things of a spiritual nature. I told him this was not easy to do as it may seem, for there are many who do not appreciate seeing it in a public paper. And it would seem that those who are opposed are in a greater number than those in favor. At least they cry against it the loudest, and the wheel that squeaks, gets the grease.

The editor tries to print just what the most people want. Although he cannot please them all I believe he does try to please the majority. And in this case the majority are against anyone interpreting scripture publicly.

I did hear one thought from a Methodist preacher lately that I thought would be worth repeating. He stressed the fact that naturally, man is born with an evil nature, and this will tend to pull him down constantly and unless something happens in his life, a conversion, if you please, he will eventually be banished from God and all that's good. But on the other hand; if and when a person has a conversion experience he gets a righteousness implanted in him and this will tend the upward pull constantly so that this will culminate in the eventual living in the presence of God with all His saints.

One more thought in closing: If you get to the end of the rope, just tie a knot in it and hang on.

John Renno

STILLWATER, PA.

April 33—This past week it has turned much colder and perhaps it is just as well for those who raise fruit. They also say that the peepers must freeze three times before it will stay warm.

Another sign that spring is here for these last two years has been the arrival of our friend Nelson Glick from Belleville. He is different from other visitors as he is more old-fashioned and stays over night like visitors used to in olden days when traveling modes were not so swift. Although Nelson uses the mode of travel that modern science has found, he is still old-fashioned at heart. We all enjoy when he comes, even the children look forward to his visits. He is so kind hearted, good natured, and brings news from a far country. He knows the Bible real well, and is very conservative in attitude. But his good nature does not allow him to compromise his convictions, for when he sees something around our home that is not according to good housekeeping practices he comments about it and reproves, rebukes, and exhorts. For instance: last year he reprimanded us for the way we keep the broom. When finished with it we just set it in a corner and, of course, this tends to make it crooked. He thinks that is not thrift—you should bore a hole

and hang it up, to make it last longer. And this year we were down in the cellar washing eggs, which he had helped to gather, and he again saw a broom standing there, and he wondered that we were so irresponsible. We hope he will come every year. We like interesting and old-fashioned visitors, who will not compromise their convictions.

And speaking of visitors, I forgot to mention earlier that we were surprised with the coming of Simon Benders, and Rufus Peachey's one Sunday afternoon, from Union County. Now Rufus is the one who was just married last winter. We were at the wedding, and it seemed to us so much more Christ honoring than many of these new fangled affairs we sometimes are called upon to endure, for the sake of "peace". Rufus chose for his bride the daughter of Bish. Noah Miller. He is the son of Aaron Peachey, brother to my wife. They were of the modern, fast kind of visitors that just pop in and pop right out again.

Again visitors, this time, and just today were blest with the presence of Jesse Kanagys, My brother Eli and Dan Swareys. Jesse's and Dan's went from here to Williamsport for eye glasses. There you can get them for about half the usual price. It's a big concern, with several doctors that examine your eyes, then send you down to a clerk who takes care of you, your glasses are ground according to your needs, and you walk out with them.

I was challenged with the editor's corner in the last issue of the Budget, where he said he gets so many letters that there is not room for them all, and he sifts them out and prints only what will interest the greatest amount of people. This challenges me to do my best, although my best is often not good enough, and he has to keep some back. Recently I did not write at all, and received several inquiries as to the cause, which was simple: I just did not know what to write that particular week, and decided it's better not to write anything, then to write and say nothing.

One more item that is pathetic. And that is of the 129 men who lost their lives in a watery grave this week. They were trying out an atomic submarine 220 miles off shore, and were not heard from again, only an oily spot on the water, and some gloves, and a tube of icing that the cook used to decorate cakes with, is all they found. The water is a mile and a half deep and the water pressure at that depth is around 1300 lbs. per square inch. Think of the anxiety of the families of those men who left home never to return.

John

STILLWATER, PA.

April 20 — Jack Wyrzten is a nationally known youth worker. He is on the go all the time, holding youth rallies, etc. Has a big island in New York state where they hold camp for all ages, to which people come from all over the world, during the summer months. They just closed a camp in Brazil, South America, for winter is now starting in the southern hemisphere.

They claim to win people to the Lord by the thousands, and they possibly do, although not everyone who starts out, finishes the walk. Jack speaks on the radio on the Mutual network every Saturday evening, and they are just starting to go on TV, and he claims this is the most effective way to reach the unreached masses, according to the mail they receive regarding it.

Some time ago Jack and some of his group took a trip to Russia. When they were in Helsinki, Finland, they met a man who fled from Russia, and challenged Jack to take bibles with him when he goes over into Russia. Jack was not too willing at first to ask for trouble, for he did not know if he'd come back out if he would take forbidden things like that, and smuggle it in. But the man challenged him to do it, saying the apostles did not stop preaching righteousness just to save their own skin either. So Jack accepted the challenge, and took as many Russian bibles as he could pack into his luggage.

They went over the border on the train, and at the customs office, they were asked to see their luggage. Of course these bibles were found—some of them. The officers raised an objection and told him this dare not be, this book contains only fables and myths. To which Jack replied, "Why then are you so afraid of it. Usually people are not afraid of myths." They were asked if they had any more of them, and Jack told them they had the privilege to look, which they did and found more on his person, but in the excitement they forgot to look in the valise where he had the most bibles, and these went into Russia.

While on the train they were called back into the office, and they were scared, wondering what now! They were told not to preach or speak to anyone concerning religion, but they withstood them saying if they dare to preach communism to anyone why not preach Christ? They had quite an argument and when it was over, the officer pointed to a man beside him and said this man is like one of you.

Jack questioned him, to see if he was a genuine born again believer; and he confirmed he was. Jack asked him if he had a bible, and the man said he did not, that he never saw one, and the last bible that was in their town was owned by his grandmother. She tore it all apart and distributed it, page by page, so that more might have a portion of the precious word. He asked him if he would like a bible, and he appeared too shocked to believe that anyone was offering him a bible. Jack handed one to him, which he took and was so thankful that he fell on his knees weeping. They went wherever they could, speaking both to small and great, and distributing bibles, and they came out again unharmed.

Surely we in America do not appreciate the freedom we have, or there would not be those who object to seeing religious articles in the weekly paper. One thing that Khrushchev did was to insist that everyone has a short wave radio in Russia. It is the law. Now Jack uses the same ether waves that are used to propagate communism, and preaches the gospel of Christ to those millions behind the iron curtain. He does not do the preaching himself, for he cannot speak Russian, but he and his program provide the means so that it can be preached in the Russian language. Evidently many people write to him but many letters do not come through, for some wrote and asked why they did not answer the mail, for they had written three times. Jack says they have now found a way to get better mail service out of Russia, but he won't tell how they do it, for it is a secret.

John Renno

STILLWATER, PA.

April 28 — She was born in 1914, ten years before I was; grew up into young womanhood, and was chosen by a fine young man as his life companion. To this union were born three sons. Last Sunday evening we received a phone call telling us she had passed on and her funeral would be on Tuesday. We were not blood relations, but relations in spirit are stronger, and more inseparable than blood relations, in that they do not end in death, only revive.

We went to see her in the Danville hospital about seven months ago, and the one thing she said that I will never forget was that she did not necessarily expect to die but it was all in the hands of the Lord, and it made no difference to her. There was no fear at all of death.

She left the hospital some time later, and we never saw her again until she was in the coffin; but the doctors told her husband

that she would be back in so many months. For her one kidney had been removed, and the other one was defective. The poison began building up again, and she was soon back in the hospital again, and was dead in a few days. A person cannot live without kidneys, for they purify the blood stream. The struggle of life begins at birth.

It was at first questionable as to whether we would attend the funeral, seeing we were not blood relatives, we were very busy, and a hundred miles separated us, but we decided a lapse in our heavy schedule would do us good, so we cancelled our former commitments, and we were richly rewarded.

Her life was short but full, and she was happily married. She had a borrowed righteousness, it was given by her Lord, and I believe she was trying to be more and more conformed to His image, as she grew older. Secondly she had a wonderful husband, whose influence worked wonders in her life. Isn't it wonderful if a couple is happily married, that the one supplies what the other one lacks. I doubt that her husband, Abe Yoder Jr., has any enemies, for he is so respectful of others' rights, and above all this he loves the Lord with all his heart, and is submissive to Him.

Luke Keefer preached the funeral sermon, and it was wonderful. He spoke from Hannah's bible from a verse that she had marked, in Phillipians. He also said the spirit that people have at funerals is different from at other times. Then we forget our denominational fences, and our standards of righteousness which we have erected, and everyone stands before God as he is. He suggested that this is something of what heaven will be like. He did not recommend that we take our fences down completely, but that we do not have them quite so high.

There were about five hundred people at the funeral, about all the building would hold, and there were few dry eyes. Not that we were sorry that someone went to heaven. We were rejoicing, and had glorious anticipation of being reunited with our loved ones who have gone on before. But it seems when one you get to know and love and appreciate passes on, even though death is expected, it's a part of our nature to express feelings with tears. But they are tears not to be repented of, for they are not the sorrow of this world.

JRR

STILLWATER, PA.

May 4—This week of May 5th is what is known as "family week", and for some time I've had thoughts on family life that needed mentioning in the Budget. It is something that concerns most of us, and something that is too little taught, for it is considered as private business. It was our renowned George Brunk that said a large percent of Menonite marriages are not happy.

In order for it to be a successful and happy life of companionship the one must have what the other one lacks. If the husband is naturally inclined to slothfulness, the wife must be the opposite. If he is careless

with his money, she must counteract that. If he likes to go away, she should like to stay at home. The proverb is that you despise in others what you find in yourself, and that is true. If two are yoked up for life with the same disposition (and you see it sometimes) it does not go well with that union. They go overboard in one direction.

On the other hand for two people to come together, and stay with one-another for life, that takes compatibility. The first and important step is to get the right companion that is suited to you—made to order. This is difficult to do, for you do not really know a person until you have lived with him intimately for several years. But if you know Jesus personally the one who knows all people, and depend on him to get you the right companion it will save you a lot of anxiety.

For many of us, the getting of a life companion is in the past, and if we are not too well mated, we must make the best of it. It's all too true, that if the plain churches would change their teaching, and sanction divorce and remarriage, many would take the advantage of it, and seek another companion. This is certainly wrong, for if the thought of adultery is as bad as the act, is not the same with divorce? And yet how shall we do? Do we dwell together by sheer social pressure? And just stick it out to a bitter end? There

is a much better way, the way of peace and love. But to take advantage of love, and the real thing comes from the author of it—the God of love, it is necessary to know Him personally, and we speak to those who do.

To love is not something that comes naturally, for if it is natural it is only of the flesh, and the flesh is only evil continually. The real love that overlooks faults, and loves even the unlovely, comes from above. Love always gives, and it never asks anything in return. It is never demanding, does not seek its own rights, does not behave itself unseemingly.

But love between man and wife must be cultivated. It must grow. You do not get it during courtship, enough to last when the going gets rough, and there are disagreements, and trials of life, which are due to all of us. God does not give it to us all in one big dip, as one who dishes out ice cream. We go one step at a time, and trust the future to the one who holds it.

When disagreements do come, it is important that we do not quarrel, for by force and anger only evil is wrought. The thing to do is to agree to pray about it together, for if we cannot even pray together, there is just about nothing we can do together. It is amazing how prayer melts the difficulties, and they seem so insignificant, just as the heat from the sun melts the cold, frozen ground, and makes it fruitful.

It is so very important, if disunity comes, that we do not exercise it before our offspring. For when parents are at odds, the children who look to them for shelter and protection feel very insecure. Their very foundation and trust is shaken, and has resulted in many a crime, and delinquent children. We have heard of such cases where man and wife did not talk together for some time, because they were angry; this is a shameful and sinful situation. Let it never once be heard of among the children of God, and remember it is never right to be angry, for the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God. There is a remedy for every social ill, and earth has no sorrow or difficulty that heaven cannot heal.

I've only touched upon a vital and intimate subject, of which all too little is heard about in our pulpits, for we need to be taught fidelity, and compatibility, for as the home goes, so goes the church, and the nation. May God lead us into a fruitful, and peaceful life filled with the fruits of righteousness which are by Jesus Christ to the praise and honor of God.

John R.

STILLWATER, PA.

May 11 — The weather is a source of interest to everyone, for it concerns everyone, and it is interesting to look across the nation and find just how it is; I mean looking across the nation in the Budget. I find that it is drier than normal just about every place. We just explained a very dry year last year—must we have another one right after that?

We did have a few thunder showers, but they gave little water. There is much wind, and lots of dust, and now after the showers it's down to 36 degrees the 11th day of May. Just about a week ago, on the first day, it was snowing, and the mountains were white on top.

It seems I personally have gotten farther away from farming operations than I've ever been before. Last August a man who lives close by had a small excavating business that he wished to sell and he wanted me to buy it, which I did. Now this takes all the attention I can give it, and the boys keep the agriculture going. There seems to always be a great demand for having dirt removed from one place to another, and that's what I'm doing.

Last week one day it was so very windy, but a man who had flown his own \$30,000 airplane in to Forty Fort because he wanted to attend the funeral of one of his relatives, started out for home in spite of the strong wind. He thought his plane was big and strong, and would take it, and he had intended to fly high above the storm. But before he got high enough, the wind took some of the wing tip, and a part of the tail, and he was left aloft quite helpless. He desperately tried to keep airborne, which he did for a little while, but all he could do was open the throttle, to make it go faster. He could not guide it at all. It flew in circles, and finally took a nose dive and headed straight for the earth. The man was in so many pieces they picked them up and put them in a plastic bag. His intestines were hanging on a tree. In just a short time it is said that there were about three thousand people there at the scene. The plane did not catch afire although the gasoline was spread all around the area. Even though life is so uncertain people will not take it seriously, they just go on as though they were masters of their own destiny.

John Renno

STILLWATER, PA.

May 17—Rain would be appreciated. Weather is very changeable, sometimes hot, and then very cold. Some curse at it, but it does them no good, they do it to their own detriment.

The local Methodist church had a social supper, not the kind to sell to make money, but each one brought a covered dish, and we all sat down and ate each other's food. It was a nice idea. It was done mainly to get the people in the community to meet with the church people, for there are many who do not attend church at all, and it was a means to try to get them better acquainted with those who do go. But the desired goal was probably not reached, for those who should go to church were not there. We were the only strangers that I know of. What impressed me the most was the spiritual program afterwards. It was nice, good gospel songs—the old fashioned kind that touch the heart and lift the soul Godward. And one of the prominent women read a poem, that was thought-provoking. I was impressed with this program in that I marveled that people could sing such deep meaningful words one evening, and the next day go about as usual, taking the name of the Lord in vain thoughtlessly.

William Robbins was just fresh out of college (a Baptist college) and he was a Baptist through and through, although he was brought up in just an average American home, where the Daddy frequented the bar rooms and taverns. He said he often went into these when he was just young. He wanted to be with his daddy. He was one of the most profane young men in the community, thinking that his profanity would impress people. But he met the Lord Jesus and that all left him. He is now one of the finest young preachers in the community, or I dare say the finest. His church, where he has been pastoring for the last five years, is 11 miles from our house. He, with the help of the Lord, has greatly built it up, at least in attendance if not in spiritual incentive. He is now sched-

uled to leave the community the middle of next month. He is taking up a charge at Warrensville, near Williamsport.

The American people just completed another great feat. They put a man in a capsule, and shot him up a hundred miles above the earth and he stayed up there for a day and a half, traveling 17,500 miles per hour, and went around the world 22 times.

This in itself was not so wonderful. We have shot up many of those things already, but the ticklish situation is to get them back down alive, and at the right place. He must fire the retro-rockets at precisely the right second to start slowing him down so he will descend. Every second's delay means that he will go five miles farther. And when he enters the earth's dense atmosphere at this terrific speed the friction caused by the air will heat the outside of his capsule up to 3,000 degrees, and this is about the same temperature as an acetylene torch when cutting steel through with fire. Yet they have done it, at a great expense.

It took 17,000 men to put one man up and get him back down alive and yet he really wasn't very high, compared with the nearest star. To reach that we would have to travel one way much longer than the average life span is. And I'm not sure where heaven is, but I know it is out there and one day, at precisely the right time, when the last member of the bride of Christ is chosen, then the trumpet of God shall sound and the voice of the Arch-angel, and we which are alive when he comes will ascend to meet the Lord in the air. We won't need rockets, nor space capsules and suits, and I'm also not sure just where we will go, but I do know that we will from then on and forevermore be with the Lord.

The thing that amazes me the most is that we shall be like him. We can read in the Bible about the attributes of the Lord; His character, His disposition, His justice, etc. **AND WE SHALL BE LIKE HIM.**

John Renno

STILLWATER, PA.

May 25—When the temperature goes down to 25 degrees the latter part of May it's cold. Many of those who plant tomatoes had them out already, and although I haven't heard from anyone personally, doubtless they must be replanted. But then tomatoes are expected to yield a net income of \$500 per acre normally, so that they probably are worth a little bother. But it seems to me if I were in the tomato raising business, I'd hold off the planting until the last week of May, for it happens so often that they freeze. We had some in our garden covered with buckets to protect them but they froze anyway. Perhaps it would also be well to count the fogs we have in January, and then not plant tomatoes until we've had that many frosts in May, for I personally believe this holds out to be true, in spite of modern weather prognosticators.

We had a funeral at the Beaver Run church last Sunday afternoon, and it's the first one ever to be held there since the church was built. When it first started they had church in a school house, and a funeral was held there for an old man who was a convert of their efforts. This funeral was for Emma Fenstermacher, the wife of Danny Fenstermacher. She was high in her seventies. She was buried on her birthday anniversary. We expected Danny to go first for he has been ailing for some time,

and she took care of him, but then she suddenly took sick herself and died, without much illness. He was at the funeral, carried there on a wheel chair.

They were charter members of the congregation, for they were among the first group to be taken into the church fellowship. They were poor people, and not too well known, but who else will listen to the gospel? For the strong need not a physician, but they that are sick. They were old before they became members, for they had lived there a long time before those from Lancaster County moved into the area, and were witnessed to in later life. They say it's hard to teach an old dog new tricks, and so

it's hard for the gospel to make an impact on an old man who is set in his ways. They professed to believe on the Lord, but that is all I can tell. It's so very important to remember our Creator in the days of our youth, before the evil days come, and we say we have no pleasure in them. There were few people at the funeral, and few tears shed.

Worldliness seems to be bothering everyone; and I know that what some consider worldly, others would call spirituality, but we will not dwell on technicalities, and let the hair splitting up to others who have little else to occupy their time. But I think I can see it everywhere, and in different forms. It's not so much in what people do, or do not do, and wear, but in why they do it. Worldliness is that type of attitude, which one holds and it tends to make him take his direction from those who are unregenerated in their nature. Although some of their actions may lead one to believe they are regenerated, yet if their whole life does not add up, they are not. Worldliness makes one careless in his thoughts, and you can detect it in his speech, for out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh. It makes him careless in his own devotional life, or he neglects it altogether. It makes one so that he does not care if he is late to church for even if he misses church for no apparent reason. Some are habitual latecomers, and even if it would start 15 minutes later, they would still be late. This is worldliness. It also makes one careless as to whether he stays awake in church. He just simply has the attitude that he couldn't care less about spiritual things. These are some of the negative things that worldliness causes. And the positive are perhaps the more aggressive, for it gives one the desire to be just like those who win the applause of the merry world—be like them in thought, word, and deed. It would be much better if we set our affections on things above and not on things that are on the earth.

John Renno

STILLWATER, PA.

June 1—Isn't it strange that the one who claims to be the Vicar of Jesus Christ, one who can forgive sin, needs to be forgiven himself? And that he needs to die like the lowest of men all die? Is it not strange that such a person needs extreme unction, just before passing into eternity? It would appear that after all is said and done that he is no more in God's sight than anyone else; how then can he assume such a high religious position, and live like the top religious man, when at his death he is just like everyone else? Some have felt ill at ease with Pope John's easy-going attitude, in that he seemed to be inclined to accept stray Protestantism back into the fold without recanting, and thus originate a one-world church. To me this looks very interesting, in that I can see bible prophecies being fulfilled. I'm waiting with expectancy for the upper-taker.

At our church we have annual May meetings, when we invite two gospel preachers in and the meetings start Saturday evening, then with three services on Sunday. This is usually a milestone in the life of the congregation. For we do things different then. Instead of all going to Sunday School classes, we just stay put and one of the preachers teaches us the lesson. After that the other one gets up and preaches a sermon on a topic that we have decided early in January that he should preach. In fact we decide all seven sermons that are preached during these meetings. We have a business meeting and titles are brought up and voted upon, and the ones that receive the most votes are the ones we hear discussed. It's interesting, illuminating, and conducive to the doctrine according to Godliness. At noon we don't go home and eat then rush back to church, for each one brings something, and they set it on tables and we eat right at church. It's almost like it used to be when I went to the Amish church. After church we stand around and talk, and talk when we eat, and after eating we talk until church time again. No, we do more than talk. We also have fellowship together.

This year we had J. Otis Yoder, from Harrisonburg, Va. and J. Clair Hollinger from Vine St. Church, Lancaster, Pa. Now Otis Yoder is a descendant from Big Valley, in that his grandfather was Crist Yoder from that place, but he left the Valley in his youth, and found a wife in Lawrence Co., and then went on

to Oklahoma, and homesteaded there. He died before Otis was old enough to know him. And Otis, like his grandfather, also found him a wife in Lawrence Co., and now they live in Va., and he teaches bible at the college. He is well qualified to speak on education, which he did, Sunday morning. His subject was "Issues Facing The Student Today." He said the Apostle Paul had all the education it was possible to receive at that time, but when he met the Lord he made all his talent and knowledge, to conform for the service of Christ. He also mentioned that some people are better off without an education, if with the receiving of it they lose their faith in God and their dependence on His Grace, and begin depending on their achievements, which is true in all too many cases. But it need not be so. He said education should make us better servants of Christ and not wise fools.

He also related that man's first way of travel was over land, and we seem to have conquered that pretty well by now, and we also conquered travel over water. But now, through education, men are trying to conquer space travel, and are seeming to gain something. He said that some declare that it's wrong for men to try to get to the moon, for God has given the earth to the sons of men; but Otis is not so sure that it's wrong. He did not say it's right, but not that it's wrong either. He pointed out the tremendous strides men have made because they were educated, and the much good that has been done, but the evil and immorality that is so prevalent today is because men have not been able to keep pace morally. They have educated only the mind and it has not strengthened his character.

Otis is a highly educated man himself, and holds a bachelor's degree, but when I asked him what a bachelor was he said it was an unmarried man, and he didn't know why they use that term with education. He also spoke over our heads somewhat because we just live back in the sticks, as it were, and he is out in an educated society, and almost forgets that some are not on the same level with him in intelligence. I reminded him of this at noon and he seemed to tone it down somewhat.

His wife is a farmerette. Even though she is married to a college professor, she milks the cow, makes the butter, and cheese, gathers the eggs and sells them to consumers. And she doesn't get excited when unexpected guests come. She gives them a piece of cheese, and a cracker, and says people don't come here to eat, they come for fellowship.

J. R. R.

STILLWATER, PA.

June 8—This is probably the issue some have been waiting for, for it has been my privilege to see quite a number of people from Lancaster Co. And some of them responded as though they would like to see their name in the paper; or that it was a special privilege to meet the Stillwater scribe.

The occasion was back in the last week of May, but I did not have the time nor room to report it until now. Our preacher, Ben Lapp, lives on his own farm and supports himself and family thus financially. Of course his parish is different than many modern day parishes, where the preacher is expected to do everything, from leading the singing to nursing adult babies, and then gets paid so much a week, just like any other job. We believe it makes a good soldier when he endures hardships. Although I personally do not believe Ben has it too difficult financially, for he is a good manager. He has steers and hogs to provide his livelihood, and to have these out in fields takes fence, and good fence too. He cut down locust trees, and made them into posts that will not soon rot, and announced to his relatives that he would have a fence-building project on a given day. He did not invite his own church people, I suppose he thought they would be too busy, but those who are always busy, from Lancaster County.

About 50 people came up altogether, and I would suppose about half of them were Old Order Amish. Not all men, but women too. The men set the posts, and stretched the wire, about a mile and a half of it in one day. The women helped sew, and clean the lawn and other odd jobs that always need attention around a home.

I am not good in remembering names, so cannot say just who they were, and even Ben himself

did not know them all. They just came for the sheer joy of it, and to see where this man lived, and help him out for a day. Now, of course, characters that I met for the first time that have a special air about them that is different from the usual run of men, I can remember. One of these that were there was Joshua Lapp, an uncle to Ben. He has arthritis, and did not go out nor help except to eat and talk. When I came there he was in the house with some of the elderly women, who were sewing.

Joshua is the oldest of his brethren of the Lapp family and is almost 70 years old. His brother Henry (Ben's dad) is younger. And then there is Daniel who is one of the youngest, and I think about the most sensible of them all. Of course, I suppose when he came on the scene many years after Joshua, things were different, and his brethren dominated over him, as elder brethren often do.

And another one was Aaron, and how can I describe him? For one thing the field around which they built the fence, was so long, that he suggested that if the sows have their young out in the other end of the field, by the time they get in to the barn they will be young gilts. One thing that amused me was his little white beard. He is not very old but his beard is white. I asked him why he has it so small, that if I'd want a beard at all I'd have it larger than that; but he said that it suits him, inferring that if he's satisfied, I surely ought to be.

Now the reason I was at that gathering is that my son was digging the holes for the posts, else they would not have gotten that much fence up in a single day. I was just there for a little while to get my machine. They had a table set up out in the shed and ate their meals there. It was kind of a picnic affair, for each one brought some food along, and although I was invited to eat the evening meal, I could not stay for I had other commitments. And in summary, I doubt that any people are as helpful to another in need as the Old Order Amish of Lancaster County; for from where else could you get people to leave their home, and their work and busy schedule and go and help one who does not even belong to their religious group?

John Renno

STILLWATER, PA.

June 15—Very cool weather for the middle of June, often requiring a coat and two shirts. It isn't really wet, in fact we could very easily use more rain, but it's cloudy and damp most of the time, and hay making is at a standstill. Very little is made yet, but some has been down too long.

The annual J. Y. Peachey reunion was held this year at Intercourse, Pa. They have a building there just made for the purpose of such occasions. Not even half of those eligible to attend were there, but I think those who did go enjoyed themselves. It's good to go and see your relatives at least once a year. We decided to have it down east this year because so many of the descendants live in Lancaster Co. Altho most of them live in the Big Valley. It was not too well attended. Even those who do live down there were not all there. There seemed to be conflict of plans, for there was a wedding of one of J. Y.'s great-grandchildren on the same day.

The relation gets bigger all the time, and some get very far removed from the original stem, so that the man whose descendants we are is only a name. Soon we also will be gone and quite forgotten.

We got new carpets in our church. They are green, and deep and soft and beautiful. It smells like the wood shavings do when you get baby chicks. They are just up through the center aisle, and all around the front, and when the preacher stomps it doesn't make so much noise. Although ours is not the stomping kind, you never know.

We took a vote whether we want to buy a carpet, and those in favor of it won, so we got it, and now it must be paid for. It's very expensive, and when you think of all those who are out laboring in the Lord's vineyard, who would appreciate only a modest building to worship in with bare floors, while we walk on plush carpets so the late comers will not disturb the others, etc., we wonder. But the people make the church proper, and we have one of the best fellowship groups we have ever experienced. We are just like one big loving family. It is with joyous anticipation that we await Sunday mornings.

We were embarrassed (I mean

I was embarrassed) for at prayer meeting, Clarence Zeager had the topic and spoke about prayer; and of course mentioned some things we should pray for, and one of those was the missionaries. Then he asked those present to name all the missionaries they can think of and the place where they work. It was interesting and illuminating to hear the many names, and their fields of service. But of all those names I heard I did not know any of them personally. And then the sorry part of it was I tried to think of those whom I had known who were out on the field, and all I could think of were Allen Bylers, James Payne, and Lee Kanagys. And I wasn't well acquainted with any of those.

Since my native home is the Big Valley I marvelled that of all the professing Christians in that valley why are there so few who went abroad to tell others.

John Renno

STILLWATER, PA.

June 22—The things that I had intended to write this week can wait. I have received a beautiful letter from an old time friend, and believe it would be of interest to everyone.

"Dear Brother John: Today I was cultivating corn and I thought back ten years. My! What all transpired in those ten years, do you remember? Yes, the future looked dark to us then, but we went by faith and the Lord has brought us through.

"From the age of 20 to 30 I was real ambitious in this life, established a home, started to farm, and was interested in making lots of money. I worked long and hard, and didn't have time for my soul. Of course, I hoped it was alright. I was plain, and obedient to parents and church, and did as good as I knew how, yet there was a lack in my soul, and I realized this and was unconsciously seeking for the truth, and to know more about eternal things.

"When I was 29 years old I came to the Light I was seeking for; I read a tract that said why all good people will be lost. It told me how I cannot depend on my own good works, nor church membership, nor anything save Jesus Christ. Then and there a new light dawned on me; I now knew I was a lost soul and I accepted Jesus Christ as my Saviour

and 'behold all things became new.' I read good literature with interest, which was satisfying, and a real satisfaction to my soul. The last ten years I spent mostly in growing and working for the Lord in His vineyard.

"Well, I praise the Lord, He was so good to me in the last ten years, that it seems just like a short time. Now I am 40, and I

sure wonder what the next ten years hold for me if the Lord does tarry. But I want to keep on serving the Lord and working for Him if He has anything for me to do. There are many ways we can work for the Lord — we can speak, write, and even just live right, and shine forth as lights.

"We feel we should be more evangelical, since there are yet so many unconverted sinners around. Jesus said, compel them to come. How poor soul winners we are! We often see them but don't warn them. How terrible to see one of these poor souls go into everlasting fire at the great judgment, and they may point their fingers at us and say 'you never warned me!' I believe a sin blinded and tradition blinded person cannot realize how terrible hell will be; at least I could not before I was converted, because I was yet in darkness. We are reading through James now, and I am reminded again that we are not going to be judged by our faith, but our work as a result of our faith.

"I just thought I'd write this letter to strengthen our courage and zeal. Let us be more true to the Lord and work for Him, Who did so much for us. I like most of your Budget letters, keep on writing good sound letters, and write me one also sometime if you count me worthy of one. Your brother in the Lord. Signed . . ."

John R. Renno