

DANVILLE, PA.

Jan. 14--The first time for everything. We have been attending church services at the site of the old Presbyterian church, which was built in 1859; we have attended services there since the late 60's, but never was there a wedding or a funeral there, until now. There have been weddings and funerals, but not held at this building.

The infant daughter of Harold and Lorain Hurst, was the cause of the funeral held on Jan. 13, 1979. She was apparently healthy when born, but through some means the source of which we are not sure, she developed whooping cough. And this is often fatal for such small infants for they do not have the capacity to discharge of the mucus, because their diaphragm is not fully developed, to put enough pressure on the lungs to exhale the air with enough force to clear the passages. That is about all I know about it, and I am not even sure that I am sure of that.

This baby was taken to a local doctor who put her in a small hospital, but they did not have the facilities there to cope with the situation, so she was transferred to the Geisinger Medical Center at Danville, and put in the intensive care unit, for constant surveillance. Had they not taken her there she would not have lived nearly as long. She lived almost 3 months.

Yes I too question the wisdom of putting so many mechanical means on a person to cause them to live when all natural methods would long have ceased to function to sustain life. And it was questioned by the parents, but the doctors thought there was a small chance she would pull through so they just kept her going by respirators, and drugs, etc. Her heart would stop at times, but they started it again, going against all odds in the hope of gaining the victory over death, which seemed to hold her in its grip.

Every hour they had to take a blood test to see how it held up, and what it lacked if anything. Incidentally this test alone cost \$22.00 each. The room where she was held cost \$311 per day. The whole hospital bill comes to the vicinity of \$35,000. You see

they kept her living about 5 weeks longer than she normally would have by natural means.

Her body lies buried over in the North Haven Cemetery, where the new Mennonite church has been recently constructed. The cemetery has been so ardently laid out and planned by Walter Newswanger, who was 1 of the first to be buried there. His wife and grandchild the very first.

The funeral proper, was a bit unusual, in that it was the first for us in this building, and the first time ever to attend a funeral without any heat in the building, and the temperature outside about 30 degrees.

Somehow the oil company that is supposed to keep the tank full, did not figure their degree-days properly, and they came up short. We arrived at the building on time, and instead of the warm air greeting your face, it was a cool blast, and very damp like unheated buildings are.

This was embarrassing to the janitor, which is the preacher at this time, but what could he do, he immediately called the oil company 45 minutes before the time to start, but by the time they got there the service was just over, when the furnace began running again. But really it was not all that bad, for you just kept the outer wraps on, and sat tight, and you did not mind it too much, except your feet got cold, but the service did not last that long.

Thomas Grassel was the main speaker, an old friend of the Hursts, from Conestoga, Pa. There was not much to say about the child, for it was not around long enough for anyone to get too attached to it. Half of its short life was spent at the hospital, and in an isolated intensive care room, with a special nurse to constantly watch it.

Not a large number of people were present, about 75. They did not show the body. After the service they went over and had an official burial service for it.

Afterward most of the friends, uncles and aunts came back to the church for fellowship together.

My friend Clayton Nolt, the grandfather of the child was in from Ohio; we had a nice visit, but he did not stay long, for the weather was inclement. He went home next day.

John Renno

DANVILLE, PA.

Jan. 22--The most beautiful time of the year is just about upon us. The days are getting longer, and as the sun moves northward the whole atmosphere changes, and you just feel better more exhilarating. But as the days begin to lengthen, so also the cold begins to strengthen; and by the time this gets into print, it will be around Groundhog day.

The weather patterns have been very much alike here for three weeks in succession, and this last week the worst of all. On Mondays it got cold and nice weather by Wednesday, and Thursday it began to cloud over, and a weather watch went into effect, and by Friday night, and all day Saturday it was very inclement, with icy highways. It begins in the form of snow, then turns warmer, and rains. In spite of the fact that we have had about 10 inches more rain than normal for last year.

Our church building is located along the road, and when it was built the road was crooked, and the building set right at the berm, for it was built back when only horses and buggies were used, in 1859. But now they have straightened the road out, and this moved the road out about 70 feet away from the building, and about five feet higher than the ground where it sets. So there is somewhat like a pond where the water is reluctant to run off, for it is fairly flat. Then when we have these storms they leave the parking lot just a sheet of ice. It was all cleaned off this last Friday, then it snowed and rained again, and made the work of none effect, so that it was not fit to park, nor safe to walk, so we had no services at all.

The East District Mennonite church annually goes to New York City to the Bowery Mission. I did not go along on the trip, but have had reports from one who did, and he gave some interesting reports.

Many of the victims there who are overcome with alcoholism

are of the high class of society, such as doctors, lawyers, and some preachers.

They cannot cope with the stress of life, and having no other source to go to, they try to relax by taking a drink of Scotch, or something similar, and this makes them forget their problems for a short while, and as such things are it never alleviates the problem, only provides an escape from reality. Before they realize it they are hooked, and become slaves to drink, and in spite of all their resolutions they cannot leave it alone.

The first thing they do after a man comes for help is to dry him up and gain the victory over his passions. 50 percent of the men who get dried up eventually go back to the street. Of the other half who stay for re-orientation into life stream, to become useful citizens again, only 3 percent become stalwart Christian men, and live respectable lives. This would mean out of every 100 men only one and a half really get through and remain. Economically this would be a very poor return for your investment.

For they provide at this time about 2000 meals a week. But in order to get a meal the men have to sit and listen to the gospel for an hour. Then if they want further help, they get clean clothes, and can stay at the mission indefinitely, they never turn any one out to fend for himself.

And the mission is not underwritten by any one, and they get no state funds, all by the free will of those so inclined. It sounds good to me.

John Renno

DANVILLE, PA.

Jan. 27--There are 2 views of religious philosophy in our day and it has been thus all through church history. And each generation has to find it way through; indeed each individual has to find for his own mind what seems plausible to him, and according to his capacity of understanding.

It was in the year 529 A.D. that the established church adopted the philosophy as set forth by Augustine in regards to the freedom of the will. And in days since then different denominations have adopted what they believe to be true, in regards to religious philosophy. But in spite of all the creeds that groups of men set forth, in the final analysis they cannot decide for each personal individual.

Even as it is affirmed in our judicial system, that all men are created equal, and have the inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Just so even if denominations decide what is right for their members, this does in no wise exclude the responsibility of each individual to make his own personal choice, and his responsibility of that choice.

The two views of which I speak are called Calvinism, and Arminianism.

Most people believe what they do because it has been told them by others what to believe and what is right, they could not give you a reasonable answer for what they believe. People would be much healthier mentally and physically if they would think for themselves, rather than depend on those who seem to be of superior intellect.

John Calvin was born some 70 miles northeast of Paris, France on July 10, 1509. He died at Geneva on May 27, 1564. His father was a very important official, attorney of the county, and secretary of the Bishop. His mother was noted for her beauty, and her religious fervor. His parents were poor, but they insisted upon a good education for their son. He was

sent to Paris to study for the priesthood in 1523, and the boy was noted for his sternness of character. But he never arrived to the priesthood, for he diverted his attention to the study of law. His conversion to the faith was sudden in 1532; but this did not stop his studies, but he simply made the Bible his supreme textbook.

The reformation was making headway and Calvin frequently preached in meetings of the Evangelical party commonly closing with the words "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

He had a friend, Nicholas Cop who was elected Rector of the University of Paris, and at his request Calvin prepared the inaugural address, which was delivered on All-Saints day in 1533. In this he made a plea for a reform to the true faith.

This address put Calvin in danger of his life, and he was a fugitive for two years. Traveling under assumed names to hide who he was, but while he was in hiding he taught. He partook of the Lord's supper for the first time in a cave in secret with some friends. When he was 27 yrs. old he wrote his Institutes in Latin, and from these institutes, which are still in print today, we get what is known as Calvinism. If you want to know what he wrote you must get yourself a copy of these Institutes.

Arminianism, began by a man named Jacobus Arminius born in 1560 at Oudewateran der Yssel. He died at Layden in 1609.

He studied under Beza at the University of Geneva, and considered the best exponent of Calvinism. In 1588 he was appointed preacher in Amsterdam.

But during the course of his studies and in his preaching he became disenchanted with Calvinism, and his type of preaching changed only slightly at first, but the people noticed it, and he was accused, but he denied it, and promised he would preach nothing that was against the catechism of Heidleberg, and the confession of the church of the Netherlands. And as they did in those days when a man was suspect they put him up for a public debate, and this usually brings out what the man stands for.

After this he had a public fall-out with his opponent, a colleague, named Gomarius. And he felt more and more convinced that the Calvinistic dogmatics were mistaken with respect to predestination, and grace. Arminius was classified as of a meek and quiet spirit, often condemned by others but he did not condemn anyone. He started a furor, and a controversy, but he did not live to see the outcome of it, for he soon died after what he started took root.

Now the religious world of that day had a serious problem on their hands for there were two schools of thought, in the one and same church, for in those days there were only two major denominations, the Catholic, and the Protestant, and both were sacerdotalistic, which means they both believed that the church should rule over the people, and that government officials must first of all be good church members, and rule according to the teachings of the church. The government must use the sword to make men obey, but the church must tell the state when and how to use that sword.

In order to resolve and come to a satisfactory conclusion, of this controversy which was begun by Arminius, they had to have a council and this became one of the famous councils of history. It was what we would call today an ecumenical council, with popular religious dignitaries from all over the religious world, and it did not only last for a week or a month but from Nov. 13, 1618 to May 9, 1619. The outcome was overwhelmingly in favor of Calvinism. Those who did not agree were banished, one executed.

John Renno

DANVILLE, PA.

Feb. 4--The Brethren-in-Christ denomination is now 200 years old, and they have decided it appropriate to form an historical society, and have come out with a semi-annual journal, which makes very interesting reading. That is if you are so inclined. There are now 2 such journals in existence and can be obtained by writing to Morris Sidler, Messiah College, Grantham, Pa. 17027.

There are no official records as to the beginning of this denomination. But there are people who have written concerning things they have heard from old women who lived with acquaintances of Jacob Engel, who is credited with having started the movement.

This Jacob, or (Jockley) as he was called, was born in Switzerland in the year 1753. And of this there is an official record. And the heresay reports that his mother had previously joined the Mennonites before coming to America. She was formerly a member of the State Church.

No record is given about the father of Jacob Engel, except that he also came across. But Jacob was less than a year old when he came to America in his mothers arms. In the early 1750's the ship Phoenix landed in Phila., Pa. The captain was John Spurrier, with him had sailed two other merchant ships, but which carried the cargo. They sailed from Rotterdam. But after 3 days out at sea a violent storm arose and the one vessel sank, and in order to lighten the load of the remaining ships they cast the cargo overboard, but some of the passengers jumped into the sea trying to save some goods which they valued, but they were not allowed into the ship again, and when they got hold the sides of the ship the sailors cut off their hands, and they perished at sea.

There were more than 50 babies with this company of pilgrims, and they all died at sea except one, and this one was Yockley Engel. The other women all gathered around this fortunate mother whose baby survived, and claimed that Lord had some great work in store for this little man, in that he preserved him when all his peers perished at sea.

This Engel family located two miles west of Marrietta, Pa. at a place known as Wild Cat. Here the home was founded and here the parents are buried. They did not live very long.

Jacob Engel joined the Mennonite church in 1767 supposedly. Converted at the age of 18, married one year later, and baptized in his way at 25.

He had a troubled conscience about the mode of Baptism, for he thought it should be by trine immersion, and he had asked some preachers who also believed this to do it but they refused unless he joined their church.

This he was not willing to do, so he was advised by a Baptist preacher that he and his friend baptise each other, in the river according to their own conscience. This they did, and it is not known who baptized first, they vowed they would never tell, but they baptized each other.

So they consider the church founded in the year 1779 thereabouts.

They met in homes for services for 75 years, then one man who is known as Matthias Brinser proposed the building of a meeting house, and he was

turned down, but proceeded to build it anyways, and thus forfeited his membership for discord to group thinking, and from this discord three groups emerged. The one known as Zions children today were followers of Brinser. And those in York County are called Yorkers, and the rest and by much the larger body is known as the Brethren-in Christ. They at this time have in the vicinity of 13,000 members.

Now as afore stated what I have written cannot be authentically documented, and much of it is heresay, for no official records were kept by them at the time. Not until 1881 is a record kept of a council they had.

Jacob Engel did not know the division that took place in the assembly of which he was called upon to be bishop, for he did not live that long.

But what I have written is what I was able to glean from the journal which they put out recently; but not about the divisions, for they claim they never had a division, and they did not since they are a bona-fide denomination which took place before the Civil War, for then they had to be officially registered to get a Conscientious objector status. This was almost 100 years after they had begun to hold separate meetings.

John Renno

DANVILLE, PA.

Feb. 11-Very cold weather, and it hangs on, but very little wind.

You may or may not have missed the articles from Laurel Hill, Pa. by A.M. Shirk. The reason is he was not so well, and worse than that he had cancer. But is at this time recuperating. The cancer was the result of a malfunctioning gland. He claims he was a heavy smoker all his life until later years, he stopped smoking, and this put his whole body into a climactic change, for the nicotine which was always present before was now missing; this caused the death of the gland, in which the recent cancer was located.

But he does not need anymore radiation, for his doctors say his body has enough resistance to resist any further advances of cancer.

He has a problem now of intoxication. They made a mistake when he came out of ether from the operation, they did not take the ether away soon enough, and from this he developed etheral pneumonia, which is a form of intoxication, or in plain words he is still coming off a drunk.

I was concerned about his welfare, so that I made a phone call, to get the facts, and asked him the question that the king asked Daniel early in the morning after a sleepless night, he asked whether his God whom he serves without lapse, is able to deliver him from the lions.

Brother Shirk claimed that is no question at all; he belongs to God and it makes no difference whether he is physical dead or alive, God is able to deliver him from all evil under any circumstances.

You may also have noticed in the last issue of the Budget an article written by my brother Eli. I was glad to see him come out of his dormancy, and share of his philosophy. Incidentally that word Philosophy is comprised of two Greek words, philo, which means to love, and sophia, which means wisdom.

There have been many ecumenical conferences held throughout history. The one that most of us people of plain extraction know about best is the council that was held at Dortrecht, in Holland, from which council we get our much revered 18 articles of faith. You may have heard of the council of Nice, and the council of Dort, and others which were held to determine the ecumenical course of religious life.

Mans mind is so small, that all he can see is his own little world and what circulates around him. This is the way the Jews were in biblical times, they thought they were the people, and unless you acknowledged their religion you could not know God. When Jesus came upon the scene, a young man only 30 years old and defied the old religious leaders, this was blasphemy and he declared himself to be God, yet they knew that he was a man. The Jews indeed had a superior religion and it was of Divine origin, but their attitude toward it was not Divine.

What I am saying is if we have found a religion that is good, and it works for us, let us

not ignore all others, and exclude them as unworthy of any consideration, my sensible men.

What I am not saying is that all religions are of equal value, it all depends upon who is the founder of the religion, is he yet alive, does he have power over death, hell and the grave, or is he himself a victim of the grave? The men of the above conference declare that Jesus Christ is God. This is the essence of true religion.

John Renno

DANVILLE, PA.

Feb. 25--There are times when writing is not an easy task. The time is here for you to write, but the impetus is not, and you don't really have anything worthwhile to say; so instead of saying something, you give evidence that you had nothing to say, by words without meaning.

Then there is that obstacle of getting into print what you have written, and that is subject to the editor's judgement. Consequently not all that I send in for publication gets into print.

I delivered an interesting load of aluminum recently. The material was not important, but I was interested in its destination. I picked it up at the Howmet Co., in Lancaster, Pa., and took it to the Powhatan Correctional Center, near Goochland, Va. That is about 20 miles west of Richmond. It's a penitentiary, that's the old term for it, but now they call it by nicer names. But the interesting thing was to observe how places like this are operated.

They take this aluminum to make license plates for the automobiles, this gives the prisoners something to do. The place where I delivered the load was outside the confines of the immediate prison, where the tall iron fence, and the gate and the watchtower is. But it was a long way inside of the compound. It is a large farm consisting of many acres.

I did not know just where to go, so I stopped and a car came up back of me, and the man said follow me I'll take you to where you want to go.

Down over the hill, across the railroad tracks, over a river bridge, and up the next hill. They were just erecting a new building, and it was there they unloaded the aluminum. There were 10 bundles of it, two coils in one bundle on a pallet. A man with a tow-motor, came over to unload.

Behind him was another young man, with a uniform, and about a 4x4 hat carrying a rifle. He stood beside my truck, and in range of the man on the tow-motor constantly holding his gun, and watching the unloading. Beside that he had a pistol in his holster hanging on his belt.

Was the man holding the gun any better than the man on the tow-motor? Apparently he was not caught guilty of any crime against society.

But think of the economics of that venture, two men to do one man's work, one doing the work, the other one doing the watching lest he escape. And this could be multiplied many-fold nationwide.

At Middleburg, near here is an auction every Tuesday. Once a month on the last Saturday they hold a horse sale. This place is also remarkable in the amount of business it does. For a long time there was nothing going on there, the items for sale were few, and only a few people attended. Then the owner sold out to another man, and this meant a different management, and now there is so much there, and so many

people that you can hardly see. I don't usually attend the weekly auctions; but if I can I always like to watch the horse sales, and see the people who attend.

This past week there were over 200 horses and ponies and mules sold, plus a lot of harness and saddles, etc. I had not realized there were that many horses in the state; but they are beautiful to behold.

One of the major buyers was called Fisher; and I don't know what he did with all his horses, but I suspicion they went for meat. And at the price of fat cattle now, I suppose \$300 is not too much for a horse to go for slaughter, but it seems a pity to see such beautiful creatures go for meat, when they were not intended for that at all.

In looking over that vast audience of faces, one could see mostly Amish and horse Mennonites. It seemed very much like church, except the preacher was asking for more money. If you listen to religious radio broadcasts it seems like the most time is spent on promotion, and getting support, by many of them.

Another thing of interest to me, and I suppose to you is walnut meats. Oliver Keener used to be a preacher where I attend church, and I still attend at the same place.

The Keeners are a very industrious folk, and they are getting up in years, but they still bring forth fruit in old age. At the last report they had 70 quarts of walnut meats made out. Now anyone that has ever engaged in that work knows that this is not easy task; for it takes a long time to get a little, and by the time you get over two bushel baskets full, you might know you have accomplished something. I suppose patience would fail me first. I would rather swing a sledge hammer, than pick walnut meats. In the one the strength would fail, in the other patience.

I suppose they plan to sell these walnuts, in the future, but that fact that they did all that tedious work is out of the ordinary. But then Oliver is not an ordinary man, for he is an ardent believer in keeping his health. And this is controlled by abstaining from the popular American way of eating. I asked how people come to die if they don't first get sick, but he insists that when you are old you can die without spending any time pining away in sickness, if you only take care of your health while you have it.

John Renno

DANVILLE, PA.

March 4--Several years ago, when the Arabs decided they would not sell any oil to the nations that are friendly to Israel, there seemed to be a scarcity of fuel; and it challenged our way of life, we did not like it that way. Again at this time that way is challenged again. Because one small nation has had internal strife from which we got 10 percent of our fuel. If you listen you can find many answers. The general consensus is that there is really no shortage, the oil companies just want more money, and they are afraid to put the price up for fear of an angry uprising from the public, so they set up scare tactics, and say there is not enough to go around, then people will pay any price just to get what they want.

I myself have opinions about it, and just like everyone else in the public, I have no bona-fide facts to base my opinions on, just fancy.

But whatever we think about the situation, we must face the facts, and if we cannot get fuel to run our equipment, we must

do something different. And because fuel has been here as long as most of us we think within ourselves that it has always been thus, and we forget that for most of the time since the creation, for thousands of years people did not depend on oil for motivation, and a way of life. Yes, I know there are writings to be obtained that tell us how things were before the flood, and that civilization then was more advanced than we are, but again we have no facts, just someones imaginations. The only one who could reveal these facts to us is the Creator himself and he has not chosen to satisfy our curiosity in this way. We must at times say we do not know, nor have the capacity to understand.

But according to history, the ancient Egyptians had asphalt in their possessions. And the Chinese found natural gas while drilling for salt as far back as 1000 B.C. and King Nebuchadnezzar used asphalt to pave the streets of Babylon. Also the remains of ancient oil wells have been discovered in the oil regions of Pa., Kentucky and Ohio. And in the early 1600's when the Jesuit missionaries came to America they found the Indians scooping up oil from seepages, which they used for fuel.

But the oil industry began in a large way in the beginning of 1850. And that is only a little over 100 years ago. The man credited with this was named Edwin Drake. It appears that in 1821 George Bissel a lawyer and businessman from New Haven Conn. became interested in the possibilities of oil as a lubricant, and him and Jonathon G. Eveleth formed the Penna. Rock Oil Company.

They had planned to produce oil on a farm which Bissel had rented near Titusville, Pa. He spent the next four years looking for someone to back him financially to get the oil out of the ground, but as the saying goes he never got his project off the ground, he went bankrupt. Then in 1858 another company began the Seneca Oil Co. and they took a different route, they first hired a retired railroad conductor named Edwin Drake. He made a wooden rig, operated by steam, and drilled for the oil, but calamity almost struck that too, for it began to cave in. Then he came up with the idea of driving a pipe into the ground and put the drill through there; the beginning of our modern day casing. They struck oil at 69½ feet on Aug. 27, 1859, and it came to within a few feet of the surface of the ground. They sold this oil for \$20.00 a barrel. But this began the oil rush. By the 1860's the Pennsylvania hills flowed with oil, and as a result the price of oil dropped to 10c a gallon. The production of oil rose from 2000 barrels in 1859 to 64 million barrels in 1900. But oil was not discovered in Iran until 1908.

What they used it for was the kerosene to burn in lamps, they did not know what to do with gasoline, it was too explosive. They dumped a lot of it into creeks to get rid of it. At that time there were only 8000 horseless carriages in America, but by 1910 there were 450,000. Today our very manner of life seems to be dependent upon machinery to function.

There are those who proudly claim they are not dependent upon modern day inventions, but think for a moment, you could not go to the hardware store to buy tools, were it not for modern inventions, neither

could you buy the bare necessities of life had not some modern method been used to make it available to you. Our very society seems to depend upon petroleum, and its byproducts.

I personally do not think we will be forced to go back to living without it entirely, but we could be forced to cut out the waste, which at this time we think is so essential, we could stay home more, very easily. We would not even have to get the Budget or any newspaper if we could not, and think how much oil this would save, thousands of gallons of ink.

Can you not begin to see the whole end time scheme taking shape? Its not really the governments that control society, its they who control the petroleum and related industries, and the money to buy those things.

Man will gladly give up his wealth if he in return gets what he deems to be of greater value. Thus men will obey and honor a leader who can deliver promises of a great society, a great utopia.

John Renno

DANVILLE, PA.

March 11--I can sympathize with Mrs. Mose Mishler in her complaints about the thankless task it is to be a correspondant for the Budget. If you do something wrong people are swift to bring retaliation, or remonstrations, and his helps to keep us in line.

But nevertheless I wasn't to go on record as a reader of Mrs. Mishlers articles, for she is more of a philosopher than a mere reporter of incidents. She is more apt to relate to cause and effect than mere facts. One who has the ability to do that ought to use them constructively.

On the other hand I have not been able to come with answers as to why we write seeing it has so many pitfalls in it, and there certainly is no monetary reward; it takes time, and expensive, and lots of patience. And what is more I cannot find answers nor reason for many things that the human race is engaged in.

I attended a revival meeting recently. It was held at my brother's place, most of those in attendance were of the Old Order Amish sect.

The crier, or the one who gave out the message was also of Amish descent, from the third generation, but now he would go as an (English) man. The main point in his message was money, more and more money, if you offered him 5 he would ask for ten etc., and as long as anyone responded he would keep on speaking. The only way to stop him was to stop recognizing his quests. If you just ignored him he went away.

But this was not necessarily a religious revival meeting, most people would call it a farm sale, which the technical term for it is a public vendue, or outcry. For my brother Crist having now farmed for almost 40 years

decided to let younger hands do the work. His hay is all made the wheat is all shocked, the corn is all planted, and harvested, he is quitting, in the sense that he was previously engaged in it, but he will be far from inactive, for he has purchased a farm in New York State for his son Joshua. This young man tried to make a go of it in the state of Vermont, but things did not work out to the benefit that was expected, so they came west and south a little farther where the land is of better quality, and will try it there.

Now I had said it was a revival meeting, and that is just what it was for me. It revived many memories, and I was at a loss for words to describe to emotions that I experienced. I just could not believe my eyes. For it seemed but as yesterday that my brother was but a small boy coming home over the weekend, for our uncle Ezra has no sons therefore he raised my brother from six years on, and he would come home every week. And being very energetic always it was hard for Dad to be patient on Sunday afternoon till 4 o'clock came when it was time for Crist to go home. For Dad

wanted to sleep, but the noisy boys made that difficult.

In later years I spent many days of hard labor on that farm, heaping hay, pitching it on the wagon, then as my age progressed I was given more responsibility, and harder tasks. And I complained to Dad at times regretting the fact that we did our work the hard way, when others were using hay loaders, we had to pitch it. But he told me I would yet appreciate the fact that I was privileged to do it that way, for many boys were now growing up that did not know about this work. And now I am thankful that I was asked to go through all of this, for it leaves me with many valuable memories. And when you get older you get more things to remember. That is why I call my brothers sale a revival meeting. Many precious memories were revived. If you can just take the time from the fast modern pace of life and stand and reflect, and think you are richly rewarded; it gives new incentive to keep on.

My brother Crist has now moved to the Gross-Dody house, where my grandfather lived when he died back in 1928, I just remember seeing an old man lying on a bed, I was four years old. My uncle Ezra then got that Renno farm, and he also died in that house. But he had no sons but my brother kept that farm in the Renno name, and while Crist has many sons, yet none of them have the farm at present, his son-in-law, who is the son of Joseph Peachey, married Crist's daughter is planning to farm it. They say it works better socially for the son-in-law to live on the home farm, rather than the son, for then you have mother and daughter in the house.

There were also many acquaintances revived at the sale, but the third generation has now come on the scene, and many faces I see and recognize but do not know who it is, and have to ask who the grandfather was. It is now about 22 years

since I moved away from the Big Valley. I have never regretted that move, and now many more are moving out, for the valley is encompassed by mountains on both sides, there is just so much room there and no more. There are so many areas like it where there is a natural wall around it, and you can't spread out, and mountains, and rivers make natural boundaries, which cannot be removed.

At the above mentioned sale were many things with age that did not bring remarkable prices for they were too old, but one item got better with age, it was a table which sold for more than 2,000 dollars; but then the man had something tangible, for which he gave some paper which is constantly loosing value.

DANVILLE, PA.

March 17--Shem, Ham, and Japheth, or their representatives, have been together very much this past while, to try to come to an agreement, and in search for peace. At this time it looks like they may have caught a big one, and I hope he won't get away. But in reading of biblical prophecy there is not much adhesion in iron and clay mixture, which is true of the governments of this age. Treaties are only as good as the men who sign them. What does Taiwan think of U.S. treaties? But the above treaty is between Shem and Ham, and Japheth is the referee.

This weeks activities included another visit to Laurel Mountain, to my friend A.M. Shirk. I came there in a very good time, for his neighbors were having a dung slinging party. No, it was not a political convention, but they gathered together to clean out his cattle pens, and early in the morning they sowed his grass seed. It took several hundred thousand dollars of

equipment, and men but they got the job done. And just when the work was all done, and it was time to eat, is when I came on the scene.

Aaron is an unusual man, for according to his version of the doctors report, technically he should be dead, for he had two maladies that normally would have killed an ordinary man, but he is yet very much alive.

He is minus one of his vocal chords, and he claims this will terminate the bass singing in his church for him, but he claims he is looking forward to his new body, when he will have all his facilities again functioning normally, and he intends to help in singing the song of Moses and of the Lamb. He also claims that the reason he did not expire when men normally would is because Saturday evening has not yet come for him. When as a boy he worked for others, and when Saturday evening came he would go home to his family, but its not yet time to go home for him.

Because of the party I also saw and spoke to his brother Titus, and to a few of his neighbors, it was interesting and educational. And when the working men had finished their dinner, Aaron and I ate with the cooks.

It seems like we are all subject to circumstances; in Dutch we call it (glick), but luck seems to be a bad word, suggesting chance in the English so we are admonished not to use it. The term goot glick, does not sound the same as good luck, and perhaps does not have the same connotation.

But whatever you call it, unless you believe in absolute Divine Sovereignty, which I do, the lines had fallen to me in pleasant places.

The words and emotions that were exchanged were of far greater value than the physical food, although that has its place.

In the afternoon I dropped in and observed some of the proceedings at the Lancaster Mennonite Conference, and again I had memories revived. So for me it was another revival

meeting. They were broadcasting some of the V.S. testimonies over the air, at least that is the way it appeared. And I remembered the time when it was not in good taste to listen to the radio. The elaborate fixtures, the magnificent stage, the well groomed, and trained personnel, that participated, I was reminded of another church who claimed she is rich and has need of nothing.

I am not a musician, and do not have the capacity to appreciate modern music, but there were five women appeared on the stage; one sat with a guitar, and four stood at together. I guess that's what they were supposed to be doing. Their songs had neither beginning nor end, nor purpose, as far as I could determine. They started and stopped, but I could not determine the beginning or end of the message. It was modern music, and I am too old to be wired for that.

The speaker told us of the 10 thousands who died yesterday of starvation, and the same number who died today, and of those who will die tomorrow, simply because they do not have enough of food to keep them.

He told us of the millions of pounds of food that has been shipped and distributed, but it just is not enough, nor does it get to the right place to avert this mass carnage. There are also problems that develop with the giving of food as a free handout. If you give it to those who are able to earn it by working, but they will not, you destroy their dignity, and purpose. He said it is much better to teach people how to catch fish for themselves, than it is to just catch them and give them. And furthermore if you send so much food to some poor country, the government says that's good, the missionaries feed our poor who cannot feed

themselves, we can turn our attention to making guns and bullets.

The Lancaster Mennonite conference has 656 people out on the mission fields, in many parts of the earth. And there are many other brands of Mennonites who send their own brand of workers out also. They are all Mennonites, but each has a different emphasis, on various facets of their religion. They are all striving to get the job done, although it is never completed, and apparently they all have the same goal in mind ultimately, to keep as many people as possible from experiencing Divine retribution; and they want to keep them sustained while they live here. There is nothing worse than to be where God is absent.

John Renno

DANVILLE, PA.

April 2--0 beautiful springtime, makes you glad just to be alive: We often hear the remark in our religious services, of how the mercy of the Lord does manifest itself because he causes the earth to bud and bring forth fruit, being clothed with a green garment. Causing us to ask the question, has his mercy forsaken us last fall when the fall appeared and the harsh cold set in?

The time has come for me to be personal in this article, but I do not want to be controversial. The reason for me to be personal is because I am often asked about my own personal church relationship. It seems to be the first question that arises in the human mind, if he is religiously oriented; where do you go to church?

My answer is that we attend church just where we have for more than a decade, minus a slight intermission of about a years duration; when the Danville Mennonite church moved to its new building, and this building stood vacant. But is now again occupied, but is technically not associated with any denomination.

There are about 60 people that come together there on Sunday morning, and less than that on Sunday eve., and still less at midweek meetings.

The church is operated like most modern churches are of today, in the administration. There is a two office ministry, of Elders, and deacons. The word Elder is the same as Bishops, and are used interchangeably.

The deacons are three in number, and in our church they were just recently appointed, they are not ordained by the laying on of hands as elders are.

One of the deacons chosen is David Martin, who was of Mennonite extraction; he is well qualified, and has the natural attributes for that office, and behaves himself wisely in it.

We come together of all denominations. The Lords supper is observed every Sunday morning.

John Renno

DANVILLE, PA.

April 8-The prolific writer and author of the Mountaineer Commentary hit the nail on the head in a recent article when he mentioned the fact that we have the tendency to think that we are it, and we question the right of all other groups to their opinions, and thus we become an island unto ourselves. And on a personal scale, the most-miserable person is he whose interests lie only around himself.

The words of the Creator "it is not good for man to be alone" are very true in more ways than one. If individuals and church groups would only learn to live and let live they would enjoy life so much better. But as a rule, a man's a fool, when its hot he wants it cool; with it cool, he wants it hot. Whatever it is he doesn't want it. Whenever we learn to enjoy the present and thank God for it, then we have been taught to live. A good policy of which I have heard is to take time each morning and write down 10 things for which you are thankful, & do that for a week you will develop a thankful mentality, and grow in grace.

The Mennonite Relief sale which was scheduled to be held at the Farm Show Building, at Harrisburg, Pa. for April 7 was postponed until May. They were afraid that many folks would not attend due to the bad name that area has earned for itself, for being radioactive.

But there was a relief sale held on the local scale, although not all together a relief sale to help the poor, but to help finance the Maranatha Christian School. This is now a fairly large complex built on the back corner of Ben Lapp's farm, its out in the country, away from the noise and din of the city, but will soon be a city of its own, for as all other things it must grow or it will deteriorate.

Incidentally Ben Lapp, was the first full time pastor ordained for the Beaver Run Mennonite church. He is the son of Ben Lapp, from somewhere in Lancaster Co. he a Beachy Amishman. The Beaver Run Mennonite church began in the 1953, and the building there was built 3 years later, and Ben was installed as pastor. He has a farm nearby, and as Mennonite he provided his own living mostly, but of late has moved south and east to pastor a church near Perkeomenville, Pa.

But back to my subject, this school is not a church sponsored school, as such, nor by any conference, but it is largely Mennonite oriented. Lester Miller the pastor at the East Dist. Mennonite Church, is the principle. It is supposed to be true to its name; Maranatha, which means the Lord is coming; Christian, which means that those who sponsor it are in Christ, which means they are not their own but have been bought with a price, the precious blood of Jesus. But that is really an abstract term, for you cannot see if a man is in Christ or not until you see the choices, and works he does. And if they represent deeds that are approved by the righteous Judge of all the earth, it is a good sign that he is in Christ. The word school means that it is a place of learning. We can read about school in the Old Testament, the school of the prophets, I suppose it was a place to prepare men for the ministry.

The financial budget for this school last year was slightly above \$100,000. They do have accredited teachers and must pay accordingly, although I assume they are all Christian teachers, and as such are willing to sacrifice economically, for the sake of the welfare of their brethren. The budget for next year is expected to be about 30,000 more due to inflation, and more buildings.

This sale was held at the Washingtonville Fairgrounds, and was well attended by approximately 400 people. Many of the proceeds were donated and all the money went to the school expense, but some things were there on consignment, and the school only got a percentage for commission. But many gave things they no longer needed, or even business sold things to help the school, and gave all the proceeds for that work. Some new things too. The total sale proceeds amounted to \$12,816.00. And the net amount for the benefit of the school, stood at \$9,000.00.

They have 140 students scheduled for this year.

But it is not intended exclusively for Mennonite folks, for they do realize that there may be other who know the same Lord they do, and are also Christian. Indeed being at the sale for a short time, I noticed a man who stood out from the rest, he appeared to look like a teacher. If you don't know how a teacher looks read the story of Ichabod Crane, this will give you some idea. Ask for it at your local library, they will lend you the facts. His name was Lind-

berg, a rather small man with pale features, telling of being housed indoors most of his life. Not very strong physically, but strong mentally, and well balanced emotionally, and intellectually; it is a pleasure to speak with such of his calibre. He is not a Mennonite, and never was, but is married to a former Mennonite girl, but they presently attend church at a Christian Missionary Alliance church, which denomination was begun by A. B. Simson. I hope the school is true to its ideal name.

John Renno

DANVILLE, PA.

April 15--Religion is a basic part of every man. And because all men are created equal, with an inalienable right, (inalienable means it is not transferrable, cannot rightfully be taken away) to life and the pursuit of happiness. And because men have different likes and dislikes, is the reason for so many different religions. They are all various attempts to satisfy the inner craving, and hunger.

The Old Order Amish religion is very near to me for that is what I am; you can take the man off the farm but you cannot take the farm out of the man, so is the religion in which you were born, it will remain. And the older you get the more you reflect, and the more conscious you become of your identity. The Mennonites are first cousins of the Amish, and I also can relate to them very well, and I enjoy to observe their functionings.

The Danville Mennonite church is a part of the Penna. Eastern Church, and they are very active, and have calls for their brand of religion, by those who prefer this to what they now have. For a long time there seems to have been a need for an opening of this type Mennonitism in Union County, and according to reports they are now well underway of establishing a work there. They already have a private school in operation at Milmont, Pa. and they meet every Thursday evening for fellowship and

prayer, but as of yet have not found a readily available building in which to meet on Sunday morning. Several attempts were made but they did not materialize. But we are hoping this can soon be taken of.

There are now 12 families that would attend there. They do not all live in the immediate area, but close enough to make attendance practical. Joe Martin has a hardware store at Mt. Pleasant Mills, he hails from Lancaster Co. and plans to attend. Then there is Jesse Burkholder, a farm boy who made good success at selling cut up poultry, but the farm has never left him, so they purchased a farm in Center Co. They plan to attend. Then there is the Mark Zook family, the son of Chauncey Zook of Allensville, Pa. also a former missionary in the hills of Kentucky, but a farm boy. They purchased a farm at Penns Creek, and plan to attend.

The Donald Herr family, a former truck driver, and he is yet, but farming seems to be the most practical, they also live in Center Co.

Then there is Ivan Martin, and Paul Martin formerly from Lancaster area, and of the Wenger Mennonites, and live right in Union Co. Elam Metzler has lived there for a long time, and was formerly associated with the Mennonite church at Milmont, but now attends the Danville Church. This will be much better for him.

Then there is Harold Sauder, and Caleb Zimmerman, who I am not personally acquainted with, these also plan to attend. Then there is the Leon Martin family formerly from the Buffalo Mennonite church in Union Co. are presently attending at Danville. They plan to attend this church.

And let us not forget the pastor, he is an elderly man well qualified for the position, and has mission experience, he served a time in the great Northwest. He is formerly from Annville, Pa. The name is Paul Ebersol, a small man but you don't judge the package by its size.

And one thing more the Danville church is helping if not sponsoring, a brand new work in Bedford County. In the Morrison's Cove area, in which the principle town is Martinsburg, Pa. at a place called Woodbury, as of April 8, 1979 they now have this type of Mennonite service there. But this area will probably be more under the Eastern conference jurisdiction rather than an outgrowth of a local assembly. Bishop Isaac Sensenig, from the Denver, Pa. district, and Titus Burkholder, a minister nearby, and Edward Ker from this area were there to help those who requested this form of doctrine.

There is a very old Mennonite church on the outskirts of Martinsburg which dates back to 1790, when Mennonites moved in from eastern counties, and Virginia. The names there of those are, Rhodes, Kauffman, Snyder, Shank, Newcomer, Stoner, and Bassler. In those early days a log building was used for school and worship; then in 1853 a new frame building was erected, which was used until 1916, when the present brick structure was erected, on the outskirts of town. It is presently under the auspices of the Allegheny Conference.

The first ministerial help came to them from Huntingdon Co., a resident minister by the name of Fredrick Rhodes, ordained in 1840. Woodbury is a few miles away from Martinsburg.

John Renno

DANVILLE, PA.

April 23--The writer from Gambier, Ohio Melvin Yoder has asked a question that comes from scripture, and I wonder if I may attempt to answer it in the same paper in that which he asked it.

I know the Budget is not, and should not be a battle ground for the writers to empty their arsenal at each other, nor is it necessarily a religious publication; nevertheless, religion is very much a part of the large percentage of the readers.

The question is, how to correlate the incident given in 2. Sam. 24 of David numbering the people. Why did he sin in so doing, since it was God who moved him to do so? Now if you will note carefully the words used, it says (he) moved him to number the people; and if you will look in the margin of most Bibles that word (he) will point you to 1 Chron. 21:1 where it says the (he) was Satan, who moved David, and not God.

The literal rendering should be, God was angry with Israel, and Satan moved David to number the people.

At this point in my life, I am taking a vacation from my usual work. I am not running the roads engaged in transportation for profit. Due to another strike of labor against capitol. I am not in favor of the strike, neither am I in anyway involved in its engagement, but I am a victim of circumstances.

The large Union, known as the Teamsters, which is a very old profession, that of driving teams of horses and mules across the continent, they are still driving, but the horses are now made of iron, instead of flesh, but drivers are still needed. And it is a highly profitable profession because the railroads are so inefficient, and their tracks are in such bad

shape, and there are so many expensive train wrecks, that shippers of freight moved much of their cargo by truck, it is much more dependable... YET. But many of the large trucking firms are running low on funds for the unions have made such high demands, and so many benefits that it is causing business failure.

Now the strike is tentatively settled, but a small segment of the Teamsters are independent operators like myself are not satisfied. They want more of the percentage of the profit, and refuse to run until their demands are met, and this would not be so bad, but they are watching the main highways, and threatening harm to

those who do run their trucks. Indeed much damage has already been inflicted, by shooting, and throwing of rocks. I do not want to be a victim of such vandalism, so I just stay at home, and it is surprising how much work my good wife can find that needs immediate attention.

But as before said the company workers, that work for large trucking firms only had a tentative settlement, and nothing sure, for they do have a very hard life. They are on call 7 days a week. For instance a driver may come home to his terminal, and go to his home, like 7 a.m. and 10 hours later which would be 5 p.m. he could be called out and given two hours to be on the truck again. Now the pay is great, one man I know personally, told me his pay check was \$600 for one week's driving. But the trucking men of flesh and blood, who cannot be driven like machines,

they all have emotional needs that must be met, and physical needs too. But the laws pay no attention to this, the book says you have been off duty so long, and now its time to go back to work, no matter what time of day or night it is. Or what encounters you have had to face at home.

What the drivers want is not more money but to be treated as human beings and not machines. They want to be on call only five days a week, and have two days off when they need not expect a call. This all looks good on paper, and the company would need to hire more men which would help the employment, but for extra man they hire they must pay an additional \$200. per month on fringe benefits, such as health, care and retirement benefits, these all must come from company funds, over and above the wages. They simply cannot afford to do this and stay in business, for their expense would exceed their income. Government says no higher tariffs, and labor says more money, so that the companies are caught in the middle, and many are slowly being squeezed out of business.

And this world is dog eat dog, you for someone, if your employer cannot prosper, he cannot pay you.

Can't you see the whole thing shaping up where a super man is needed? One who can bring, political, economic, and religious peace; one such is coming, and they will say there is peace and safety, no more danger, then...

John Renno

DANVILLE, PA.

The Franconia Mennonite Conference is the oldest Mennonite Conference in North America, formerly called the Eastern Penna., Conference until 1936.

The heart of it is around Souderton, 30 miles north of Philadelphia. The name Franconia, comes from the man Francis Daniel Pastorius, who came to America before 1700, but never joined the Quakers or Mennonites.

The origin of this conference stems from the first Mennonite settlement at Germantown in 1683. The first Mennonite minister in America was H. Casselberg, and Jacob Gotshalk the first bishop. Most of the Mennonites at Germantown were of Dutch origin, and when these arrived from the Palatinate later in 1707, who were of German origin, they stood aloof from the rest for a year, but then they merged.

The beginning of this Conference is unknown, for they just emerged from the ministers meetings, no official minutes of these meetings were kept until 1909 when J. C. Clemmen was chosen who kept them until 1950.

These Mennonites represented a tolerant type of Mennonitism for they claimed to have no human regulations only those taught by the scriptures, and what may honor God and bring blessing to man.

I said all that, to say this is the area I was at a funeral on April 28, 1979.

The man who was buried on that day was Elwood Derstine, he was 83. He was a very frugal man, and its not that he made so much money in his life, he just did not like to spend it, unless he would realize a greater dividend from it in the future. Thus he bought a farm in this area, and later sold it. He was also one of my faithful Budget readers, and often commented on what he saw.

He had a very interesting life looking over it as a whole, although I suppose he thought at times he was getting a raw deal. He was ordained a minister, and was at the old Franconia church, and as events developed and modern times made demands on life styles, he was not disposed to go along with the modern trend. Especially when Daniel Kauffman, and his colleagues introduced revival meetings and prayer meetings etc. into the Mennonite church, this was not according to the standards set by the predecessors.

Elwood was one man who was a non-conformist, he refused to go along; and was not afraid to stand for what he believed was right, regardless of the price.

There was a stir at the Franconia church back in 1957, for the land was deeded to the church, and had the stipulation in it that if there should ever be a party that does not regard the discipline then adopted, they should loose their right to worship there anymore.

Elwood claimed that he and those who stood with him are clinging to that standard and those who followed the modern trends are departing. But they did not agree for they still had the same discipline, with only slight interpretations. The issue came to a legal suit for settlement as to who gets the building, but was not persued to the finish for Elwood withdrew, and went across the lawn, and built another church.

This is where the funeral was held, a very beautiful building of brick and large enough to seat 300 people, with modern facilities. This is where Elwood was the pastor, undaunted by

the lack of members for most of those who were faithful to his cause earlier had left and formed the Railroad Ave. church in Souderton, and when that was filled a group emerged and went to Royersford, and rejuvenated an old church building there and put it to good use.

But Elwood kept on preaching to as few as 6 people, some had died through the years, and the most of them left, for he was not ordained as bishop, yet he did what had to be done, and did those things which only bishops are supposed to do in Mennonite circles. This was also the cause of others leaving him.

Now he is gone to meet his maker, and about 250 came to honor him at his death. It was a beautiful day, in a nice building, and the people were very congenial, the preachers were honorable, they credited Elwood with standing true to his convictions.

It was an old fashioned funeral, there was singing while the people filed past the bier, for the last look and the earthly remains, and when all had past by, the undertaker called all his children who were yet living to stand up there by the body in a group, I think there were 4 sons and 3 daughters, most past middle age.

The preacher was Jacob Rittenhouse, assisted by his co-pastor a Biedler, and interment at the Franconia cemetery by Paul Freed. He is the pastor at the Royersford church an Eastern Affiliation.

John Renno

DANVILLE, PA.

May 13--Do you ever get down on the dumps; thinking that nobody cares for you; nobody loves you; nothing matters, for nothing is going to turn out right? If you are honest and normal you will admit that there are occasions that you feel depressed. And at the present time is the age of depressions, and the largest contributor to this malady is the things we possess. When you reach the top, and there are no more worlds to conquer, no hope for ever anything better than right now you begin worrying about the future, as to how bad that looks, and you begin paying interest on what may be.

Poor people are much more content than the affluent, for they learn to cope with the undesirable, its a way of life, but when you have so much you begin to think of what may be. And the wise man who said the sleep of a laboring man is sweet, whether he little or much, but the abundance of the rich will not suffer them to sleep. Or better is a dinner of herbs, where love is, than a stalled ox where hatred is.

Nearly everyone likes horses, and horseback riding is one of the most helpful exercises; but in my situation it is impractical to keep a horse, and when would I have the time to put the saddle and bridle on and go out, and where would I go, and not be endangered the way these horseless go by. My friend Sam Shirk solved that problem for me.

He sells things that give you the same effect that horseback riding does, and perhaps more, but you don't have to own a horse, don't need to feed him and housing him is no problem. It is just a little thing that looks like a round table about 8 inches off the floor, and stretched across the top is a piece of nylon, attached to springs, you get on that thing and move your feet up and down at the ankles and the resilient effect of the springs makes you bounce up and down, and thats what you get on a horseback.

Perhaps the effect is mostly in my head, but I think it helps me to relax, when I am tired to get on that jumping-jack and let

the centrifical effect smooth out the weary wrinkles. If you can't afford a hot sauna bath this is a close second. The price? well that is secondary if you have the money, for you are trading that money for something that is worth far more to you than money, unless you are hungry, it cannot fill your stomach, but it has a therapeutic effect on your physical and mental balance.

The way I see it each of us are made up of three different entities, yet we are one whole unit, three in one; I don't understand it but accept it as fact. We are intellectual, emotional, and physical. These all run on cycles 27 day, 28 day, and 30 day cycles. You have your ups and downs in all of these areas, and since they all operate on different length cycles, they don't always get around at the same time, but once in a long while they all get to a low point, and then is when you think your world is coming apart.

Excuse me I am no authority on this but I've heard it and it makes sense and explains a lot of things. And when you are low emotionally some physical exercise helps to clear the cobwebs from the brain. So much for the imponderable...

Today we had the president in our church, I wouldn't have believed it either that he would stoop so low as to come to a little country church, where there are only a few people, but he was there just the same.

Well now; I did not say it was the president of the U.S., but the card he gave me said Prescribed Nutrients Corporation, G. I. Yoder president, Technical representative. Now doesn't that sound official?

You see Mr. Yoder is a faithful Budget reader, and I had met him years ago at the Numidia Bible School meeting, but had all but forgotten him, until last night the phone rang, while I was sound asleep, and mechanically I reached for it, but too asleep to do anything else until he said the first word, and I responded, but when he said this is Gid Yoder, and we plan to come to your church tomorrow, I was awake.

They were at their daughters place here at Winfield. She is married to the son of Jess Yoder, who is of Valley stock like I am.

Gid's had come to Harrisburg to the annual relief sale held at the Farm Show building, then came on up to visit their daughter and son-in-law. He keeps close tab on what I am doing, and was reading some things between the lines, what I thought I had made plain but he still had to read between the lines to get what I was saying.

He is the president of a good company, and is very busy traveling and holding meetings, he is selling natural fertilizer, to put it in plain English. He does not think chemicals is in harmony with nature. He is today living in Farmville, Va. I appreciate men who take the initiative to try to do what they can to get the earth back to normal. Although I know they will never get the job done, for the odds are against them 10 to 1, but at least they are doing something, and its a good honest work for those who are honest in their motives.

I know the earth is corrupt, and getting worse, but I have ceased to bother myself about things I cannot change, but if you are in a position to do something then do it with all your might.

John Renno

DANVILLE, PA.

May 20--I was sorry to hear of the sudden death of one of my former associates, Andrew Peachey, better known to me then as Omar Andy. He also was first cousin to my wife, for his father and her mother were brother and sister. We did not find out about his death until the day after he was buried when we saw it in the paper. Had I known he would not live longer than that, I would have taken steps to visit him.

Although I have not seen him for a long time, I do well remember the times we had together in our youth. We did not have too much in common and perhaps that is what attracted him to me, the differences of attributes. We were both baptized the same day, in Bennie Peachey's barn by the late Bishop Noah D. Yoder, there were 13 of us that day, for our nation was just entering World War II, and we all wanted to join church so we could be classified as C.O.'s Andy was old enough but I was very young yet according to our tradition.

Andy and I were both married the same day, but he in Lancaster Co. and I in Mifflin Co. But one thing that I remember about Andy the most, is the day we walked up the Wills Road together after church at Israel B. Zook's and we were discussing the scripture, about he that believeth not is condemned already.

Solomon says it is better to go to a funeral than to a banquet. Well, I missed that funeral but we did attend a banquet last night. Paul says if we are invited to attend one and we be disposed to go, we should eat what is set before us and ask no questions. Well, at this one it was not set before us but we walked around and got what we

wanted. First everyone had a visit to the salad bar, then to the meal, then to the desserts. And there were over 100 people present so it took a while until all were finished. But the food was good, and eating together with other people has a unifying effect.

This was an annual affair for the Northeast Region of the Transport For Christ. Where truck drivers and their wives who believe in Christ get together and eat, and hear a speaker, you could call it a love feast.

This Transport For Christ was begun up in Can. by a man, a former truck driver, who had lots of Charisma, and was influential in his endeavors. He saw a purpose in the fact that all those who believe God should meet together and share their joys and sorrows together etc.

This idea took action back in 1952, and today it is a large organization.

But as most religions will do this organization experienced a division in its ranks, over a difference of opinion. The man who begun it entertained the idea that there should be more Spiritual manifestations on display. In other words he was strongly inclined to the Charismatic movement, and since his idea did not go over with the rank and file he resigned, and now has another one which is called 'Wheels Alive'. They now both print a magazine with their certain brand of the gospel presented and lay them at truck stops for truckers to pick up.

There is also a local chapter here called the Sesquehanna, where they meet every second Sat. morning of the month at a certain restaurant for some Bible study and prayer. Better known as a prayer breakfast. But at this there are usually only from four to eight men who gather.

John Renno

DANVILLE, PA.

May 27--We are all embarked on the same boat that is taking us to some distant shore, but at the same time we are looking for means to ward off that destination. Some time ago there was an advertisement in The Budget, of literature you can send for and they will tell you how to rejuvenate your eyesight. They leave you with the impression that you don't really need to wear glasses. This sounds good, and it only cost 12 dollars or whatever, so we ordered it. What came was a small booklet that would not cost more than a dollar to print, which told you what exercises to take to make your eyes to work better just like they were originally made to do. It all makes sense, that the less you use a muscle, the weaker it becomes. And according to this practitioner if you wear glasses, they do the focusing for you, and your eyes get lazy, and stop functioning correctly. This is partly true, but not the whole truth. Even the Devils lie to Eve was not all untrue, the fruit did make a change in her, it was a matter of interpretation.

I have trouble with my one eye it is hazy like looking through fog at times, but needless to say I still wear my glasses, and it was not the literature that I sent for that helped me the most, but in the process I heard of a herb that is good for the clearing of sight, which I also obtained, and am getting some desired results.

But what I started out to say is that we are looking for means to get off this boat, which is called time and take a little vacation.

We should all have heard of the Fountain of Youth, which was imaginary but nevertheless real in the minds of some men. Juan Ponce-De-Leon was born in Spain about 1460, and he came to the southern part of North America, with the second voyage of Columbus, in 1493. And in 1509 he conquered and became the governor of Puerto Rico. But this did not satisfy his ambitions. The Indians told him

of an island called Bimini, where there was a beautiful fountain which could restore youth to all who drank thereof. He wanted to get off the boat of time and take a vacation, and have his youth restored, and he took this story seriously. But the Indians were only repeating what they had heard from some white people who told them of the fountain of the water of life, which was in the garden of Eden, and by the time the story got to De-Leon, it was mixed up, but it was not without a truth foundation.

So Mr. De Leon sailed to look for the island of Bimini and on April 2, 1513 he sighted the North American mainland, what is now Florida. The word Florida, is the Spanish meaning of, Land of Flowers. But he never found what he was looking for, a vacation from the boat called time. Eight years later he led an expedition in an effort to colonize Florida, but failed in his attempt, and was so severely wounded in a battle with the Indians that he died from it later in Cuba.

It is interesting to note that the history book claims the Indians were living in Florida for 10,000 years according to the burial mounds.

And this is the story of our life we are looking for youth to be restored in some measure, and when we see an advertisement that will tell us something we like to hear we will send for it.

Well as long as some benefit is derived, and some of our money exchanged hands no harm is done, it makes life interesting.

The weather is interesting too, at this time there is more water than can be efficiently utilized, and those who think its time to make hay lack the cooperation that is needed to dry it, but it good to grow it.

As for my occupation I must depend on modern means, on fuel to make my horse function. So far I have had no trouble obtaining what I need, but there are reports that this may come. President Carter is complaining that he just can't get through to the people that there is really an energy shortage that he is not just playing games with us.

As I understand it the fuel oil is not renewable, it does not grow like trees do and replenish itself, and it was not discovered until very recently, according to the earth's calender, so it was probably meant for the latter days of time. I do try to save what little I can and there are not quite the cars on the road as formerly were, which is as I like it, and especially those campers, which are a nuisance to truckers, they are slow on the level, where the truck must gain momentum to get up the next hill, and if you can't pass you just have to endure.

But if there is really an energy shortage, how about eliminating all public games like baseball, and football. I know, any thousands of gallon of gas are consumed by people going to and from the games, and the lights that are used to illuminate the place.

And think of all the lights that are on all night on the expressways where they are not really needed, and the public buildings that burn lights 24 hours a day. One man was perhaps correct when he said that we could easily get along with only one-half of the energy we use, the other half is wasted, in unneeded use. But its our way of life, we like it so, and don't like our plans interrupted.

J. Renno

DANVILLE, PA.

June 3--What is more useless than a lawn around your buildings? There are seven days in a week. Seven is the number of perfection, its God's number, therefore it is the Lord's Day. But six is man's number, and the sixth day should be my day for doing things I want to. But now I spend about the whole day mowing the lawn, and trimming and such things that are supposed to be for people to look at, for beauty.

There is a spot in our yard where sun never shines, except in the early morning, right beside the house and under the maple trees, and because of the shady area, the grass is not very good, and it's hard to get the flowers to grow, so my good wife remedied that by plastic flowers, planted all along the house, they always bloom.

We have about an half acre of lawn, and about \$1000 invested in equipment to keep and dress the lawn; but we get nothing for our labors in a monetary way, we cannot eat it, we cannot wear it, but we have to keep it, just for nice; is that not being wasteful?

Let us look to what the wise man had to say: I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; And, Lo; it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall was broken down. Then I saw and considered it well; I looked upon it, and received instruction. Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep; so shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and they want as an armed man. In the light of that I guess I will keep on mowing the lawn.

Another incident is that of our goat. We had two of them, but we had to get rid of one, because she refused to obey orders. She was a very good producer of milk, but she would not stay within the prescribed periphery that she was supposed to, she thought she knew better.

The other side of the fence was a good field of clover, which to her looked like much easier picking than the old pasture she was with. She found a way to get across the fence, but after she was full she lost all her smarts, she did not know how to come back again, she just could not find the hole to come back, she would just stand and bawl; or walk down and through our

neighbor's garden, which made for very unhappy neighbors.

I did my best to fix the fence so that she would have to stay in, but she absolutely refused to co-operate. Now what could I do? For her to obey was better than all the milk she gave; But she did not think of consequences, she wanted clover that did not belong to her, and devised the means to achieve her end. Needless to say I was provoked, and even spoke of inflicting the death penalty; but my wife being of a more tender heart, recommended mercy. But I said when there are people that refuse to obey and respect the rights of others, we put them away, so that they have to obey, we lock them up.

Hence we punished that goat that refused to obey with banishment; and now she is all by herself at our sons place, tied to a stake. No more clover, not even good freedom, to roam wheresoever she would only within the prescribed confines set by her owner.

Another incident with a broader scope was in the steps of the Capitol in Washington D.C.

Jerry Falwell, who began a church at Lynchburg, Va. about 20 years ago with 35 charter members, today has 15,000 members, and over these he has set about 40 pastors, but he is the principle orator, the pastors just see to the immediate needs of the flock. This man claims

that America need to return to the sound Biblical principles upon which she was founded, and is taking steps to get her turned around. They planned a public rally, on the steps of the Capitol, on a Sunday morning, and put that on television to be aired to the nation. But that day it rained all morning, and about 14,000 young people stood out in the rain for three hours, until the service was to begin.

The news media asked him how he was going to film this out in the rain, to which he replied it takes faith in God. Twelve o'clock came and the time for the filming, and with it the clouds passed away, and the rain stopped and the sun shone. The news men just smiled and shook their heads, and remained silent.

He had senators from different states with him on the platform who were asked to give speeches, in respect to his activity, and they all gave consent that America needs to come back to the principles of justice and judgement upon which she was founded. They want to get rid of pornography, and abortion, and try to clean up the filthy literary sewers that abound in our day. And Mr. Falwell claims he will get it accomplished, and there will be a great revival, and a turning to God, if we help him with enough of money to pay for his activities.

He apparently has not been reading very much of the scriptural predictions of the end times, for that does not sound like his plans at all.

J.R.R.

DANVILLE, PA.

June 17--Remember when?.. When you were young and carefree? You thought you had problems, but as you look back and compare with today you really had none. Your parents took care of you, provided for all your needs, provided the necessary discipline to start you on the right track; they were to you to God-ward. It can still be that way in your life if you place your trust and confidence in God just like you did in your parents when you were small and carefree.

Remember the summer times, the days were long and hot; how we used to go barefooted all summer long, about the only time we wore shoes was when we went to the mountains to pick huckleberries; we walked all the way to the mountain, two miles, and picked all day, and walked back home in the eve., if thundershowers came up you got wet.

We went barefooted out in the hay fields, heaping the hay, we walked in the tracks where the wheels went and rolled down the stubbles, for your feet were tender. You had to hurry there was no time to loaf in the haying season. As you got older you were on the wagon building the load as the older men pitched it up. Then to unload with a ripe and pulleys, the harpoon form, would dump it all in one heap, and it was up to you to get it separated, and keep the mow level. It was so hot under that barn roof, you were always looking forward to the time when the haying was finished.

Then came the wheat harvest. The first thing was to get the bradle and open up the corners, and before my time they would cradle all around the whole field, so that none would be wasted. Then father would go around the wrong way with the

binder, the horses walking in the grain, and the outer end getting that along the fence, and the boys took a fork handle and set up that which the bull wheel rolled down. Remember how good it was to walk after the bull wheel, with the bare feet, where it was smooth?

Then came the shocking, setting up the sheaves to dry, for a week before time to haul it into the barn. Then again you had to build the load, taking the front jack, or upright to go by, so that the load was straight, not lop sided, or possum bellied and which would slip off as you were going in to the barn. It was the small boys duty to lay the sheaves in a row upon row in the mow, while Daddy would pitch it to you, and if you did not do satisfactory work, his fork became a rod of discipline. Remember those days? My dad told me I was privileged above many mine equals, for this experience.

Remember when there were hardly any cars on the road? There were no stop signs at intersections, no turn signals or any such conveniences. The roads were narrow crooked and hilly, few people around anywhere in comparison to today. When you heard a purring sound in the sky you would run outside and look up for there was an airplane, strange sight.

Farmers worked on the township roads during the slack season, between the oat harvest and the corn harvest, to help pay their taxes. Times were hard and money was scarce, or none existant, even some well to do farmers could not pay their rent, especially the early 30's when that years known as the dry summer went by, we had only one wagon box full of corn that year, it just did not rain, and things dried up. But we

survived. Then came the days of Franklin D. Roosevelt, he promised to put a car in every garage, and a chicken in every pt. He closed the banks, so that people could not run in and get their money out, he seised all the gold, made it illegal to own gold, made paper money in stead, or certificate of deposits etc. The NRA. or the new deal, the W.P.A. The C.C.C. camps. Those were the days, people were getting out of their poverty, and aquiring some wealth, and we never had a depression like that one, we lived (happily) everafter.

But do you know something? People were as a rule much happier in those days of (poverty) than they are now in the days of affluence. That was when the moral standard of men were much higher, when sins of immorality, and divorce did exist but it was a shame and disgrace to be connected with it. Women had much more freedom before the days of equal rights, when they were still in their God ordained sphere.

When mens moral standards drop, then their happiness, and security goes with it; for the good of the human race is bound up in their morality, if they violate the laws of morality the inevitable penalty is decadence and finally death.

You may think of the good old days, but you cannot dwell in them and forget the present. Even Solomon says it is not good to say the former days were better than the present, for you have to live with the present, there is no escape, and the sooner you learn to cope with the inevitable the better you are off. But you must do it with gusto, and add meaning to your life, and live in service to others, for a life all wrapped up in itself, is the most miserable existance imaginable.

We must cultivate the art of childlike simplicity, which means to trust surpremely in your superiors, just like you used to do when you were small many years ago, the same God who ruled then, still rules.

John Renno

DANVILLE, PA.

June 24--Social studies, history and geography. The occasion the annual meeting of the Lancaster Conference Historical Society. Held at the Cross Roads Mennonite Meeting house, in Snyder-Juniata County.

There are many who do not concern themselves about history, and just as well, for there would not be room for everyone to attend. Historians are born, not made. If you did not plant corn, all the cultivation will not produce any, likewise if you do not have a natural favor to history all the outside persuasion will not cause you to like it.

On Friday eve. the meeting was held at the Brick church, along highway 35 south of Richfield. The building is not used for regular services anymore, but for the ladies sewings, etc. It is the place where the division that began the Richfield Mennonite church took place. Beside it there is a small building in which are stored the old things that pertain to history of the Mennonite church of the Juniata dist., and also other things that pertain to that area. An Archives.

It would do you well to visit it if you have any roots in Juniata Co., Pa. It is open on Tuesdays from 7 to 9 and Saturdays from 8 to 4:30.

Not only are the facts of history interesting to me, but the people connected with such events are so easy to get along with, for we all have a common denominator. It does not matter what your theological persuasion is, Lutheran, Baptist, Presbyterian, Mennonite, Calvinist, or Arminian; Pre-Post-or A-millennial. Those things become secondary, and the things that took place in the past take precedence. Why did things happen as they did, and can we avoid making the same mistakes, or can we enjoy the same successes?

I have spent most of my life studying people. The technical name for that is psychology. Why do people react as they do. What gives man the drive, the optimism (or pessimism) to do what they do; to believe what they believe; their occupation, their likes and dislikes. And meetings like this give you ample opportunity to check upon your grades. As for me I know more about people than ever, but I understand less than ever. It must be that they were made in the image of God, and he is past findout. Men are all perverts, but they still have some divine attributes. This is what makes it so interesting.

On Sat. morning there were discussions of different families that lived and worked in the Juniata dist., then there was a lunch given and three buses were loaded, and we roamed all over Snyder and parts of Juniata Counties. We were shown 53 various places of interest, in which were 26 churches, and-or cemeteries. There certainly is no lack of church buildings in the area.

I did not know that this area is so rugged, so much uncleared land. In all those hills and valleys there is yet very much vegetation, and much farming land took but very little that could be called level.

We stopped and disembarked at one of the plain Mennonite churches where from one denomination there were at one time 4 different denominations meeting in the building. They only have services once every two weeks, in the forenoon, and the others had their service in the alternating afternoons. We even sat in the pews and sang Jesu, Jesu, Brunn Des Lebens (Jesus, Jesus, Well of life) led by the singing dairyman, Martin Ressler. He, along with Dan Martin, sat at the singer's table and led out.

It was impressive and satisfied my nostalgic ego. Another thing that touched my

emotions was a freshly dug grave at one of the cemeteries. A man in his youth was concerned about the salvation of his relatives, and had the mistaken notion that if he could die, it would help them. He drank poison. Possibly he read where it says, "greater love has no man than this that he lay down his life for his friends."

We also went in through a field, and wound our way up on a hill top through corn and alfalfa, farmed on the contour, for it was really up there, to the Brubaker cemetery. In the middle of a field encloses with a board fence, where along with many others lay buried three men who had been bishops in this life. One was too strict, the other too lenient, but at last their bodies lay peacefully together mouldering in the dust. It was just a small cemetery about 3,000 square feet.

The Cross Roads Mennonite Church was founded about 205 years ago, and very many folks in many parts of the country today can trace their ancestry through Juniata County.

I was also honored to be host to a distinguished guest a college professor, who taught for many years at Goshen, Ind. Then for health reasons he moved to Mantua, Minn., and taught there, for about as many years but is now retired, and pursuing genealogies. A Belleville boy, Harold Hartzler, brother to the late C. Clayton Hartzler.

John Renno