

DANVILLE, PA.

July 1--Coasting down over a hill was always a great sport for people, especially young people. Coming down off the barn bridge on the little express wagon was interesting, and gainful employment.

But my friend Tom Hosmer had that experience recently, going down a hill in an automobile without brakes. He had two cars that would not run anymore, and sold them to Donny Rovenolt, a youth of sixteen, who has every aptitude of making a good mechanic, and he delights in buying old cars and selling parts.

He bought these two cars from Tom, and wanted to tow the one home behind his pickup truck, and asked Tom to steer it. Little Tommy Jr. wanted to go along. So he was allowed to ride up front in the truck.

The sixteen year old youth lacked experience, and for that he had daring. He headed for home towing the old car without brakes. Now he had the right idea to put a chain thru a pipe to hold it back, but it was not hooked up correctly and he drove too fast for safety, and in starting down over a long hill north of Danville, the car in tow began to push and the pipe was not keeping it back, the chain was too loose and it would bump against the pickup.

So he devised the idea he would stay out of its way, he just let it run down off the hill. Now Mr. Hosmer is an older man about 30 and he knew this was unsafe, but what could he do, he was in the car supposed to keep it on the road. Sitting there holding on to the wheel, and praying for a safe arrival.

That last time he saw the speedometer it was registering 70, but it was still bumping the pickup truck. And with one bump too many, the chain broke and sent the truck careening, while the car went up over the bank in to a field, but still setting on its wheels. The truck did not fare so well, it ran up a drive way along the hill and hit a

parked car head on, but before it did, it rolled over on its side, and when it did little Tommy Jr. fell out and while going at that speed the sheer momentum carried him along on the gravel berm, cutting his face rather severely. No bones were broken, but he was black and blue all over his body. He was unconscious for a little but not for long.

Donny Rovenolt the driver of the truck said he was not hurt at the time, although it is believed he went out through the windshield, he was not hospitalized, and neither was the boy only cleaned up at the emergency room. This could have been very serious, and easily caused death, but the prayers of Tom were answered.

Another truck strike, this is now the 3rd one in about 8 months, hopefully it will be gone by the time you read this. This was a big one nationwide, I heard of it taking place out in California, then it worked its way eastward, but I did not stay off the road until it was already two weeks old, then for fear of serious reprisals I stayed at home, and worked there, things that needed to be done but usually don't, and its surprising how hard I work and how little I get done. But I enjoy it nevertheless, there is one who watches over me and is responsible for my destiny, therefore I can be content.

This strike cost many people much money, because of failure to get their goods to market, and that is what it was supposed to do. Personally I do not approve of it, and as for my part I think I am doing well enough financially in spite of the high fuel prices, but then it does not cost me near as much to live as it does many, for I have been taught frugality, it is a part of my nature. I don't like to waste anything, even a piece of paper.

Think of all the lost time the truckers lost by not working, and will the benefits derived by the strike compensate for that? It seldom does.

Now most of the decent truck drivers do not want the strike, its is only a small segment of dissidents that cannot make a go of it, and they are eaten by jealousy, and cannot stand to see anyone prosper in the thing wherein they fail. So they band together and call a strike, and they terrorize those who would normally run, so that they must comply, or take the consequences, which could be unpleasant. And one shot makes

more noise than a thousand prayers, and this is heralded all over the nation and it strikes fear in hearts so that they stay at home, and this is too what it is designed to do, force those who are unwilling to comply.

I know fuel prices are high, and truck parts are high, but so is the revenue, although the former goes up faster than the latter. But with fair management you can still make a good living, and far better than was done during the depression when you could buy 5 gallons of gas for \$1, but you had to work a third of the day for that dollar, and how many gallons of gas would a third of a days labor buy at todays prices?

It is the sad but true story of human nature, the more it has, the more it wants, and it is not for nothing that the Scripture admonishes the saints to be content with such things as you have, for we brought nothing into this world and it is evident we can take nothing out.

John Renno

DANVILLE, PA.

July 8--We were to the Lewistown, Pa. hospital to see one of my few remaining cousins, Jacob J. Peachey. He was the son of John M. Peachey, better known as sheep shearer John, and this John was the son of Jousha Y. Peachey, who was also the father of my mother.

Jake is not young anymore not quite three score years and ten. He has had heart trouble, for old veins get clogged after long usage unless proper precautions are taken while young to avoid this. They took a vein from his leg, and put that to his heart. This alleviated the heart condition somewhat, but caused serious circulation problems in the leg with the missing vein, so much so that it began to die for lack of blood, and when that happens, there is only one thing to do, remove the dying member. After this was done the other leg began to react the same way, so that now he has both legs removed very near to the hip. He was in very serious trouble, and it seemed doubtful that he would pull through, but he did, and seems to be on the mend at this time. What is good is his attitude toward it, he is not defeated although humanly speaking he would have just cause for complaint, but he knows it is the hand of God, and he makes no mistakes.

He is a long time member of the Rockville Mennonite church, and has been janitor for a number of years, but says now its somebody else's turn to take care of that.

We also saw my other cousin, Jake's brother Abe, who is a member of the Old Order Amish church, over in Center Co. They live at Madisonburg. He is married to Elizabeth, the daughter of Jake Smoker.

This took place on a Saturday evening, that we visited them, and we stayed up in the Valley overnight, for most of our near relatives are located there. We

attended church at the Rock Haven Mennonite church. Now that sounds very official and high sounding, but it is not, for most of the people there come from the same stock we do, it can almost be called a family affair. Most of the people there are direct descendants of old Deacon Jake Peachey, the Amish deacon of yesteryears.

It is sponsored by the John Holdeman group, which originated in Wayne County, Ohio, by a young man with that name who thought the old church had fallen into disrepute and the Lord had ordained him to revive the true body of Christ. There are to date several thousand of his adherents scattered across the continent.

It began rather small in the Belleville area, but now it has grown in number, to near 200 people. And they will soon exceed this by far according to the very great number of young folks there.

We have several old aunts in that area which we like to visit. The one is Mary Zook, the widow of Steve Zook, she is an octogenarian; having been born in 1895, is in good spirits, she lives in the house which her husband built in 1950, they have had a large family. Her oldest daughter Katie is married to Joni Yoder and takes care of her. Many of the Florida folks know the Yoders, who also live at Pinecraft. She is the aunt of my wife, who was the daughter of Dan Peachey, and brother to Mrs. Zook.

The other widow we visited is older yet by a few years, she is Jemima Renno, the widow of my uncle David Renno. She lives with her two daughters near Barrville in a cozy little home in the woods. The daughters both work at the Lewistown hospital, and take care of their mother, although she does not take much care, for when you come she comes to the door and greets you, and seems

like a woman 20 years younger. Both these widows still attend services at their church, formerly known as the Peachey Church, but in later years have joined with what is now known as the Old Order Beachey group.

Meat prices are high, and getting it the dangerous way is very exciting. The deacon of the present Holdeman church lives just below the church site, and orchard being between. They had several hams and a side of bacon that was hanging in the attic and it was dusty, such as old meats gets that is dried, and cured, so they washed it and hung it out on the back yard fence to dry.

They noticed a pickup truck driving by several times with some very friendly people in it waving as they went by. As they were eating supper, the wife looked out the window and saw the hams developed legs and were running up through the orchard. The husband quickly went out and up the road in his car, just in time to see the men who carried the hams jump into the waiting truck and sped away, they got the hams. It was discovered, according to the license plate, as being owned by one who was out of prison on bail.

Also our nephew had bought a sheep and tied it out along the road to eat the grass, and that also dissappeared. Well it will make good mutton for someone if rightly treated. Things will get much worse before they can get better.

John Renno

DANVILLE, PA.

July 17--There is a very interesting article in the July issue of the Pennsylvania Mennonite Heritage, a monthly publication that is sent out to the members of the Lancaster Historical society, it has to do concerning Tennessee John Stoltzfus, born in 1805, and died in 1887.

First of all he probably figures in my relation, for he married a certain woman from Mifflin County, named Catherine Holly, and my grandmother was also a Holly.

Nevertheless this John Stoltzfus had a large family of 13 children; 4 sons and 9 daughters, and the remarkable thing he had them all located around himself settled comfortably on farms within driving distance with horse and buggy. And due to his large family very many of the Budget readers are descendants of this man.

He is spoken of as a very quiet man a loving peace and tranquility. A deacon of the then Amish church, and he even donated the land where the present Millwood Mennonite church is located. He was willing to pay a high price for the peace he enjoyed, so much so that at the age of 66 he routed his living style, and he along with five families of his descendants moved to Tennessee, hence the name of Tennessee John.

But this is still not the part that caught my utmost interest, his life can be a lesson to many of us if we are willing to learn from history.

As you know John was born right at the correct time to bring into the large controversy that separated the, what is now called the Conservative Mennonite Conference, from the Old Order Amish. This took place 129 years ago back in 1850; it has far reaching effects, and reaches down to this present day. The people involved are all the same, their culture, and environments differ. And God,

who is the author of all things accepts them, not on the basis of their culture, not even on the basis of their behaviour, but on the basis of the shed blood of Christ.

It was this issue that divided the two groups, for Tennessee John was willing and thought it necessary to associate with other men of like faith even if they did worship in church houses, and had Sunday School, he did not think this should be a deciding factor of fellowship. But there were others who were equally as strong and as sincere in their opinion that this must be the dividing line over which we will not conscientiously cross. The only solution was a division. Whether this division was right or wrong will be left to the judge of all the earth, and we can be assured that absolute justice will be done.

But the moving to a different state did not take care of the problems that developed for John Stoltzfus, for his son was a preacher back in Pennsylvania, and there was much correspondence and travel back and forth. The peace and tranquility he so much sought for did not really develop. Incidentally I have discovered that peace is not produced by outward environment, but by inward stability and security. And this is your lot whether you live in Tennessee or Pa. The geographical location, the weather, the church, and even the family cannot deteriorate that which comes from God.

Now the significant part of the life of Tennessee John is a very small part of the above mentioned article; in the prime of his life he was classified as a liberal man, in his philosophy of life, for he was willing to accept people, not for what he personally thought they should be but for the way God accepted them. But in his latter years the man who was classified as a liberal, was then turned and called too conservative, so that his conservatism created unrest even in his own immediate family.

He built for themselves a church house, and as modern machines came into being he forbade none of them, and was always out front in acquiring new inventions, but when he was old and had time for reflections when his offspring went on at the same pace, and obtained new things including new dress patterns, he objected and became conservative.

This seems to be a law that is fixed and established, your children will do just what you taught them by your actions. The glory of the young is in their strength, they are not afraid, they do not look ahead, like the older people do, and they do not see what the aged think they can see. The glory of the old is in their grey hairs, and they are given to being careful, for they know how many times they have fallen, and they cannot look forward to a long earthly future, as the young, and strong and ambitious can and do.

Thus it was and thus it will be, we need the young and the old to intermingle, what the one lacks the other can supply. There is no generation gap to those who know the frailty of human nature, and those who take their Creator into account.

John Renno

DANVILLE, PA.

July 22--Ess ist ein ailend, yammerlich ding, um aller menchen leben, da ist immer sorgie furcht, hoffnung, zuletzt der todt, so voll by dem der im hohen ehren sitzt, als bye dem geringchten auf erden.

These are the words spoken at the graveside when the dead are given over to the mother earth, at Old Order Amish funerals. They are very true in any society and any culture, and they are the basis of what I have to say in this article.

Interpreted into English they say: There is misery and lamentation in all of life, there is constantly concern, fear, hope, at last death, and this comes to all, to the one who sits in high esteem, as well as to the most insignificant upon earth.

I was reminded of this test last Sunday night of July 15 when President Carter spoke to the nation, of the basic problems that beset us.

He said energy and inflation are not the most serious problems we have, there is something much deeper than that. It is discontentment, we live in an age of affluence, and we have not learned that these things cannot satisfy the inner longings of the heart. He almost turned into a preacher, but stopped short of it, for he did not say that the only thing that will satisfy this longing is the peace of God, which is so foreign to each of us in our human state.

President Carter spoke of this, although he did not mention it by name, but that is the basic reason for all the uneasiness we are experiencing as a nation, we are afraid this good life we have known will be taken from us, and we are not willing to tighten our belts, and do with less; we are not satisfied with having our needs fulfilled but all of our wants too. Carter seems to imply that we may as well face the facts and be realistic.

He really did not offer any basic solutions to the problem, which are not physical, but moral and spiritual although I am sure he knows what the answer is, for he cannot be ignorant of the Bible basis for contentment, for he has had good Bible teaching from a child, according to the biography I have read concerning him.

I do feel sorry for the man, and when I hear men speak evil of his administration I take his side, for I have lived under the administration of 11 Presidents, and they were all spoken of as failures.

The good a man does is minimized, and soon forgotten, but the mistakes he makes are magnified, and remembered, for that is the nature of man. We come into the world with negative thinking, running backwards, it is only when we are brought face to face with our real selves and admit that we are born wrong that we can begin to run forwards.

Carter did not say as much, but I think he would have had he been addressing a more private people.

We should not speak evil of him, for the scripture says we should speak evil of no man. We should render to all what is due them, and to Carter as having the highest office in the land we should respect that office, and the man that holds it, we will be much the better for it.

He is a man just like I am, he has moments of depression, and wonders what life is all about, and he knows his weakness to an extent, and it looks as if he were really trying, to do what is good for the nation.

He can hardly have any private moments, for his life must be an endless round of activity, flanked by body guards constantly; how could a man live a normal life under such circumstances? But he is a man and not some superhuman, and as a man he has concern, fear, and hope.

Neither should we become discouraged by the many doomsday prophets, for this world is not under the control of man but of God, and although he uses man, even evil man to bring about his purposes, we can rest assured that underneath it all are the everlasting arms. To get to know that one should be our chief goal, and we will not yield to evil that men like to peddle. Do not listen to men who give evidence that their mind is running in reverse, but to men who know God.

To Mrs. Abe Peachey of Lewisburg, I want to express my appreciation that you have again taken pen in hand and put it to good use. You have that talent, to give us information with a good slant, from that area of the country, so use what you have, and don't be dismayed by those who criticize, and tell you what you have done wrong, but have no working solution, to remedy the situation.

As our text states life is full of misery, and lamentation, we must expect this, and not try to get out of it, but to live the overcoming life so that it cannot get us down. We must change what we can, and live with what we cannot change. Let the joy of the Lord be our strength, and not the sweet smell of success, which is vanity. Life is real, life is earnest, and the grave is not its goal.

Let us then be up and doing, with a heart for any fate, still achieving, still pursuing, learn to labor and to wait.

John Renno

DANVILLE, PA.

July 29--The second annual Berean Mennonite Bible Conference took place again this year at the United Zion Camp Grounds near Manheim, Pa.

Last year I referred to it as a Conventicle, or a meeting not sponsored by any authorized organization, just a group of interested people trying to find their way from the religious confusion, and to preserve the things they felt were important to spiritual life and growth.

This can hardly be called a conventicle any more, for this yr. it has become of age. It is still not a conference as such, and is not at this time to become that, but if you know your history you know what will eventually happen.

The name they have chosen is interesting, The Berean Bible Conference. They get this name from the book of Acts, for Paul preached at Thesalonica, and the Jews treated him rough, and did not believe what he said, but these at Berea were more noble, and decided they would at least give the man a fair trial, and they searched the scriptures whether these things which he was telling them were true.

The formation of this new Conference is now the third that took place from the Lanc. Conference since the early 60's. Logically it would seem there should be enough variation so that those who are not satisfied with the way Conference operates should be able to fit in somewhere; but, apparently they like the Bereans searched and found out they were all coming short of the real thing, so the crusade is on.

The Zions Grove Camp ground will soon not be able to accomodate the crowds that gather for they get larger every year; as long as it has the lustre of a new venture it will attract people.

For the benefit of those who were not able to attend but are interested what was taking place I will give the names of the speakers and their subjects, for they cover a wide area of the eastern section of America.

It began on a Thursday eve., July 26, 1979; the first speaker was David Stutzman, of Sugarcreek, O. speaking on The Authority of the Word. Oscar Schrock, then spoke an evangelistic message, he is from Blountstown, Fla. Harvey Zimmerman from Ephrata, Pa. spoke on Satanic Influences Today; and the topic, The Kingdom of God within You, was discussed by Leighton Martin, of Waterloo, Ont., Can. Lloyd Hartzler, of Dayton Va. spoke on Prophetic Teachings from the Parables, which is a favorite topic with him. Then Richard Herr of Gettysburg, Pa. spoke his favorite subject, established by Grace. I wanted to hear this one, but could not make it.

Fred Miller of Onego, W. Va. spoke on Confession and Forgiveness. Then on Friday eve. another evangelistic message was brought by Warren Clugston, of McConnellsburg, Pa.

John Martin of Greenscattle, Pa. spoke about the danger of Drama, and again Oscar Schrock of Blountstown, Fla. spoke on Community Evangelism. Adin Troyer of Crookesville, Ohio had been scheduled to speak on Attitudes that strengthen Christian Fellowship, but he was injured and could not come, I understand, so another man took his place. Then on Sat. afternoon there was only on public

meeting, for the board or trustees or those who are responsible for the operation of the Berean Fellowship had a meeting, and reorganized.

On Sat. eve. David Showalter from Plain City, O. spoke to the boys, while Rhoda Showalter from the same place spoke to the girls. On Sunday morning there was a Sunday School session, then Allen Flagel of St. Thomas, Pa. spoke on shaping our future through prayer and vision.

Willard Kuhns from Mission Home, Va. spoke on Sun. afternoon about the influences of music. This message was about the evil influences the wrong kind of music can have on the human mind soul and body, so that if you listen to it enough, you loose control of yourself, and do all the evil that your nature is privy, to, it is like an intoxication.

Harold S. Martin from York, Pa. spoke on Establishing Christian Homes. This is that Harold Martin which sends out these Bible study helps to those on his mailing list, and he is well qualified as a speaker for he is an elderly man, having travelled far broad, and has been a school teacher for many yrs. He is not of the Mennonite faith, but sloely related to it, namely the Dunkard Brethren.

Steven Fodor of Abbotstown, Pa. spoke on Sun. eve. about suffering for Christ, and the last message and evangelistic message was brought by Adin Troyer, but he was not present so someone else did that, some Hostetler. We did not stay for the eve. session.

The program committee of this fellowship consists of Lester Miller, Stanley Bidler, Earl Sensenig, Homer Bomberger, Lloyd Horst, Richard Herr, and J. Ervin Fox. They had a reorganization and some changes were made and a larger and better meeting is planned for next year supposedly.

John Renno

DANVILLE, PA.

Aug. 19--My tale this week is about two boys from the Big Valley that made good. I do not know these boys personally, and neither are they boys anymore, for they are both married, but from the next generation so they seem like boys to me. I knew their father, their grandfathers, and even the one great-grandfather.

The first is David Sharp, the son of Jess Sharp, the grandson of Joe Sharp, and the maternal grandson of John S. Peachey. Now John S. I well remember, from the time I was a small boy I used to see this man coming down the road with two horses in a spring wagon. He did not live to get very old, but from heresay he was a good student of the scripture, hence his grandson did inherit some of his interest in the things relating to scripture. Of his paternal grandfather I remember again when I was a boy, he brought a log into the sawmill where I was working for 50 cents a day. A small log of white ash to be made into a wagon tongue. He carried it in, and claimed that's the way to bring logs. One other statement he made relating to religion, was that we must do as good as we can, to reach a good eternal goal, and then after that it still takes the grace of God to get us there.

Both of these men were of the Peachey Amish church, which claimed to be the original of the division back in 1918, when Sam Peachey and John Zook helped those in Lancaster Co. and when they came home they were called on the carpet, with the result another denomination.

But now my story of the son of these men, David Sharp. He was a student of the scripture, or as is often called in the German Schriftgellehret or in English called a scribe, but the German renders it much better which means scripture taught).

He was a student at Rosedale Bible School, the arm of teaching of the formerly called Amish Mennonite Conservative Conference, located near Plain City, O. He then gave several years of his life in Voluntary service, to put some action, or works into what he had learned, and worked among some people in Costa-Rica. When his term of service was up he came home, and as most normal young men do he was married, to a young woman from the west coast, but probably could not forget those who had endeared themselves to him during his term of service down there in Costa-Rica, so he took his wife and small family with him, and in the most primitive conditions, no roads to drive on the only way to go was by water in a dug-out canoe. This is a log hollowed out with both ends intact to make a boat.

He went back to those people, and lived among them, teaching them according to the doctrine which he was taught, and in 4 years they had a church established, and with native leaders, and David decided it now time to come home and get this children to school.

The other young man is Mark Zook, the son of Moses Zook, the grandson of Steve Zook, and the great-grandson of White Hall Mose Zook.

He was in partnership with his father on a dairy farm, because a student of the scripture, and decided he wants to share his knowledge with those who are less fortunate than he. He sold his cows, his household goods, and is taking his young wife and children with him, working under the New Tribes Mission. And really get away from this mad race for the mighty dollar, and live with them under the most primitive conditions. To communicate to them the way of life.

They are planning to get a start in their training right in Pa. near Rochester, and live out in the bushes, trying to get along as best they can, for this is the way the natives live in parts of the world among whom he plans to work.

He must first of all spent time in language study, so that he can speak to those he is seeking to help, and he must be able to communicate the scripture to them, and to do this he must needs know their language. All this will take time, and much effort, and much sacrifice.

Now Mark could not have had much formal training up until now, but what he lacks in training he makes up in zeal, for its not every day that you see a very prosperous young man give up everything, and sell out and go to the mission field. Especially such a field, where you have to get down to the grass roots, and live similar to the natives, learn the language, well enough to communicate the way of life.

Do you remember the rich young ruler that came to Jesus and asked what he just do to inherit life. And the final answer was sell what you have and give to the poor, and come and follow me. Well, Mark did not give all his money away to the poor, but he plans to stop being so mercenary, and give of his time and talents to help those whose lot in life was to be born in an almost uncivilized world.

Who are we and what do we have to boast of that we were not born into this world in such a state?

By this report I am not saying I approve, nor do I disprove what these young men are doing; I am not competent to judge, I am merely giving what I have learned; hoping you may benefit by it.

JRR.

DANVILLE, PA.

Aug. 26--The Lions Club, of Sunbury sponsored a Marathon race, that went right by our house, and they asked us to put out a garden hose, to cool the runners off as they go by if they want it. They also had orange juice and water for those who requested it.

This took place today Aug. 26. They began in Sunbury, at 8:30 and did not go the direct route, but wound around the hills, and called it the most savage, brutal, and demanding Marathon in Pa., perhaps the east coast. You had to be in perfect physical health, and be an experienced runner, and if you won there was a prize, but more than that the challenge of accomplishing something of note.

The distance run was 26 miles, 385 yards. At our house it was 9.6 miles of the way. They had refreshment places every two miles. The first runner came here in one hour after he began, almost ten miles an hour, and he was trotting along just like a good horse. They did not stop for water, it was handed to them in a cup and took a sip while running.

The name of the race is interesting for it began in 499 B.C. King Darius of Persia, had control of Greece, and they revolted from under his hand, and he wanted to punish them, and came out with an army of 20,000 men, against the Greek army of 10,000 men, and the Greeks won the victory, and killed 6400 men, while they themselves only lost 192 men. This battle took place 26 miles away from Athens the capitol of Greece, and the army General was afraid they would attack the city by sea, he sent a runner on foot into the city to tell them that they were victorious and had won the battle of Marathon. This runner which was chosen

to bear the message was called Pheidippides, and he ran the distance of 26 miles 385 yards, and as he reached the city stumbling and exhausted, he cried out "Rejoice, We conquer", and as he did so he fell over dead. This is why we have word Marathon.

And its interesting, this captain which so successfully beat, an army of 20,000 men the next year was tried, for deceiving his own people, and fined and died in prison. He had a personal grievance to settle and fought against another

Greek island of Paros, with 70 Greek vessels, but this proved to be an error for him and he died.

To watch these runners was interesting, there were 36 of them, and the first one passed about 30 minutes before the last ones.

The Apostle Paul had much to say about races, and games etc. He said they do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we run in a race to obtain an incorruptible crown. It is interesting to watch the expressions of the runners in either race.

A tragedy also happened in this area this past week at Riverside, a small town about 3 miles from our house. The fire truck was called out to a small fire in town, and he raced out the street and failed to take proper precautions at an intersection, and raced right out in front of a tractor trailer rig. None of them were going very fast but too fast to avoid a collision, and both trucks went up in the air, with the fire truck rolling over on its side, and it hit two power lines and knocked out the power for 175 houses, splintering the poles. The tractor truck had the front end out from under it. He hit right behind the cab of the fire truck.

One young man standing on the side of the truck was killed, the other two men inside were thrown out of it, one was seriously hurt, and the other one not so bad. The man in the tractor trailer had several broken bones. He was a local truck farmer, and this is his busy season. He was enroute to the city with a load of produce.

According to the paper no charges had been filed, against any of the drivers. And there were quite a number of witnesses and saw what happened. Saw even before it happened, and knew what was inevitable, it was very shocking to those.

The law would be in favor of the fire truck, for they have the right-of-way, but I don't know what they will decide if the fire truck runs out in front of a moving truck, and whom the witness say had no chance to stop, nor avoid the accident. And it was all of them local people, there were no strangers involved. It will be very difficult to place the blame on anyone.

John Renno

DANVILLE, PA.

Sept. 19--We did something unusual for us, that was we attended a revival meeting, after the common use of the word, but in theory only.

A new church has sprung up in the Winfield area, this is in the upper end of Snyder Co., along the Sesquehanna river, the west branch. Located about half way between Lewisburg, and Shamokin Dam.

Necessity is the mother of inventions. Lewis Beyers hails from somewhere in Canada, and was called down here to the Harrisburg, Pa. area to pastor a church near Grantham, Pa. A part of the Brethren-in-Christ denomination, but things were not going too well theologically, & Mr. Beyers moved up to Winfield, and there purchased a building, from a Baptist church, that had built a new building. He is now sponsoring a completely independant work, and he even has his own weekly newspaper which he circulates to all those interested. His stand is somewhat like the cry of the sleeping preacher was about 50 years ago. That the plain people of God need to come back and down in every way.

He is also gainfully employed as a school teacher for the Marantha Christian Day school. This is sponsored by the Montour County Mennonites, but is operated like a parochial school, in that the teachers etc. do not have to be of that faith, they accept anyone who has a decent testimony of salvation, and is able to prove it by life.

There are not many people attending this church yet for it is rather a new work but some come from other churches that like the old plain way better than the modern method.

Warren Clugston was the evangelist, he is from McConnellsburg, Pa. He and his father have a sizeable John Deere business, Warren is a

preacher in a Mennonite church there. That is why we went to the revival meeting, for social reasons. At our age we do not like to go out in the evenings, especially not on Sat. eve., but we will sacrifice our inclinations when curiosity causes us to.

The preaching was good too. Mr. Clugston uses much scripture to clinch his statements, and he speaks very loud, and fast he needs no electrical speaker system. It must be like John Wesley used to preach in the open fields to several thousand, before the days of microphones.

John Renno

DANVILLE, PA.

Sept. 30--We had an interesting experience at church the other Sunday morning, there was an angel there, and naturally he preached for us, and we had him at our house for dinner. No it was not an angel from heaven, he did not have any wings, he was an angel from earth, a man just like the rest of us human beings. His name was Engel, which is the German word for angel. And if you consider just what the word means you probably have angels in your church too, for the word means a messenger, or a minister, do you treat your ministers as though they were angels?

The man I have reference to is a theology teacher, of the Old Testament at a Bible College near Scranton, Pa. This is an unusual kind of college, and there are just a very few of this kind in the nation. They hold to the Reformed theology, in the light of dispensations. They do not go for popular appeal, such as entertainment to deceive people in coming to church, and that way get the gospel to them. They have about 900 youth coming to their college, and he said it takes about two years for

them to get de-programed so that they can begin to think for themselves, and feed themselves from Holy Writ.

This age in which we live is not conducive to deep thought, everything is dished out for us. Modern Television is a great enemy to the art of thinking, for it keeps talking all the time, and if you have an interest in what is being shown you cannot have your own thoughts, the picture and sound demands that you give it your undivided attention, and its much easier to do that than to work on your own. Because thought takes work, mental work, and the idea is to do as little work as you can get by with.

The above mentioned school is located north of Schrannton, Pa. In coming south on I-81 if you look to the right you see a large building, which used to be a Catholic Monastery, to teach young men for the priesthood, and to work in missions in South America.

But as the modern age progresses there are not many young men who will volunteer for a life of hardship, so they stay away from the mission field. Although that is made much easier than formerly it still takes men with drive to go, and those kind of men are very few in number; hence the Catholics did not need these facilities, and they were sold for a million dollars, about ten years ago. It is a large farm, and they raised their own living from it.

I put a little socialization in with business this past week, for I was at Lynchburg, Va. with an empty truck, and there was a load over near Richmond, and the most direct route is past Farmville, and that is where Gid Yoder lives, and he had given me an invitation to stop in when I'm down that way, and having the time, I did just that.

That part of Va. is not like Pa. there are a few hills but not big ones, and no mountains locally, and very much land that lies idle, it looks as though it was farmed at one time but for the last 20 years has just been idle, and nature covered it with vegataion. Gid's live about 15

miles east of Farmville, and the women told me how to go, you turn left at Farmville, and right at the sawmill, on river road, and just keep going till you get to a Tee road, then turn left. She said many get discouraged and make a wrong turn and fail to find them.

I didn't know just how I could tell which is their house, but it was not too hard to find, for most of the natives live in very small houses, what we would call shacks, but when you get to Gid's place you know this is not a native, for the house has that northern style to it. A brick house with a nice lawn, and trees, and lots of room.

Gid was not at home immediately, for he is a salesman, and that means he makes his living by travel, and talking to people. Incidentally, he is a real salesman, one of the kind that are not made or educated to be what they are, but born that way. They have the Charisma, and can make you dissatisfied with what you have, and want what they have. The kind that could sell you a milking machine if you only have one cow, and take it for payment. These are the kind of salesmen that are successful, the cold shoulder, and hot lip does not bother them, from those who resist, they sell to someone who is interested. And the main thing is they believe in what they are selling, and they know enough psychology to get along with people.

I believe I could live in Va. if the occasion demanded it.

John Renno

DANVILLE, PA.

Oct. 7--The circumstances have again fallen in the favor of my doing some social work along with my mundane affairs; for I brought a load in from Cincinnati, O. to Harrisonburg, Va. where my friends, the Nathan Showalters live, and I was there for supper, we had a good old fashioned meal of cornbread and beans.

Now you can't get much more

were the kind of beans that you plant in your sweet corn patch, and the vines climb up the stalks, then after you have picked all the corn, you can pick beans. They have long pods that are very delicious, or if you want you may shuck them and just eat the beans, they are good either way, very economical.

Now Nathan has a brother whom they call D.R. Jr., who was bring the cows home one morning before daylight, as was his usual morning chore, and he was used to hearing the bellowing of the bull and tried to keep his distance, This morning the bull took after him, and of course he couldn't outrun the bull he fell, and the bull rolled and pushed, but he did not tramp on him and no bones were broken. But D.R. used his senses and did not resist, he just played dead, and lay there as though he paid no attention to the bull, and the bull left him alone and walked away. This was traumatic, and sensational to say the least, but D.R. is still among the living, although he is very sore and badly bruised.

It was while at the Showalters that I learned of the Mountain Mission school, afar down in the southwest corner of Va., where three states come together, down in the boon-docks, hardly anything there but mountains, rocks and streams with small roads winding through the

mountains. At Grundy, Va. is a large mission of mercy to many homeless children, those who are orphans, or the result of broken homes, or for whatever the cause, if they need food and care and shelter this is one place where they can find it.

This home was begun by a man who knew what real poverty was, where you had to go and look for food almost like an animal. His father died of tuberculosis after several years of illness, leaving the mother and her children to fend for themselves, and it was a survival of the fittest. This was before government handouts. The poor widow had to sell all their possessions to pay the doctor bill, and Sam Hurley for that is the man's name, had to find work where he could eek out a living, and it was very hard, but in spite of all odds he made it.

He determined within himself, that if he ever survived, he would make a refuge for poor hungry children. And by the mercy and providence of God this is what is today known as the Mountain Mission School P.O. box 649, Grundy, Va. 24614.

It is a school that operates by faith and charity of others, they do not get government support. Yet every day it takes 24 dozen eggs for breakfast, and 40 gallons of milk per day, and for Sunday Dinner is takes 75 chickens, and two bushels of potatoes and 14 gallons of vegetables, and over \$400 per month for bread.

Sam Hurley was a wild man in his youth, and a very sharp shooter, but somehow he discovered through the reading of the scriptures that man does not live by bread alone but there are more mobile things in life for which a man lives, he began attending church in his search for a better way of life. And in this way he came in contact with a preacher in the Christian church.

This is a denomination that was begun by Alexander Campbell, during the Civil war days. And it begun down there in Va. Campbell came to America in search of freedom, but he was very discontented with the Calvinistic Church of England, he thought there must be a better way than to control people with an iron ecclesiastical fist. There must be the way of love, kindness and compassion. He did not want to begin another denomination, he began at home and began to preach the doctrine of salvation by grace through faith, without the deeds of the law. This worked for a while, but the church authorities soon saw that if this man is left alone to promote this doctrine it will cause discontent throughout the church with the old established religious system. And he had to leave the old church, but he did not quit preaching salvation by grace.

By making him a public spectacle of disdain other people began to wonder what it was all about, they couldn't see that he was so wrong and he has the support of scripture; could it be that the old church of England could be teaching us wrong?

The final result is with us to this day, although by now what he begun is divided into many factions. They are called the Christian church, or the Disciples of Christ, or the churches of Christ, all various denominations with slightly different interpretations.

This is the denomination under which this school operates in principle. It is not sponsored by this church, but most of the workers.

During a recent heavy rain storm, this mission home suffered some severe damages, and people responded by lending a helping hand to clean up, and in this way some of the Showalter family were introduced to this work.

I have obtained some literature concerning the operation and the beginnings thereof, and it seems like a good place to direct your giving of financial aid if you want to help the poor. Remembering he that helpeth the poor lendeth to the Lord.

John Renno

DANVILLE, PA.

Oct. 25--It came to pass. I had planned for it, looked forward to that day, and visions danced in my head, now its history. Am I any the better for it, did it add anything to my spiritual demensions? How about my emotional demensions, the sentimentality of it all?

I am writing about a meeting at Grantham, Pa. entitled The Mennonite Experience in America. I am keenly aware of another man who had visions and plans, and even was slated to speak at this meeting that did not live quite long enough, his life on earth ceased just 4 days short of the anticipated meeting.

This was Carlton Wittlinger, a tall promoter at Messiah College. It was on a Tues. morning, he had the devotional at chapel, his last talk. He finished it and the meeting was over, and as he was walking in the back of the auditorium, speaking to a friend, he claimed he was dizzy, and upon that he collapsed, and was gone. We are reminded of the words of James, we do not know what a day may bring forth, we must say if the Lord will and we live we will do thus and so.

Now I have never known Mr. Wittlinger personally, but according to testimonies, am persuaded he was to the place he had long looked forward to, with much greater anticipation than a mere earthly scene.

I was never at a college campus, and needless to say I was impressed with the imensity of it all. It is a far cry from the little red school house, where I began my education. And one thing I learned there was the question that was asked; why he said does it take us so long to find our identity; which means who we are and what we are here for; we go to school for years, and we teach for more years, but we still

have problems relating, and identifying ourselves, we still don't know for sure if we are doing the thing we should. But he said I went to an Amish home, and there was a small 6 year old boy, he knew who he was, what he was doing in his young mind, he had no trouble at all with inedentification.

To try to identify ourselves is what the meeting was all about. We know we are Anabaptists children, and to justify ourselves in that we like to look to history, and see what our predecessors did, and the failures, and successes they had, and see if we can't learn from it.

The theme of the meeting was on phases of spiritual renewal, and by the term spiritual renewal they mean the time of the so-called Great Awakening, the time when great revivals were sweeping the nation, and the question was shall we join them, do they have something?

The Mennonites said no! Absolutely not, to join up with these people and to embrace what they teach; that is if a man can be saved by faith without any deeds to augment his salvation, then the stand the Anabaptists took against the Reformers was all wrong; for that was what caused the reformation, salvation by grace through faith, plus nothing, and if we accept this doctrine it will destroy what we have held to all these years.

But the brethren in Christ did accept it more readily than their Mennonite cousins did, and they were the first to loose their Anabaptist identity, for if being a Christian makes one only different on the inside, then being different on the outside has little meaning.

Therefore the Mennonites did not go along with the general trend of religion that was sweeping the country, until they had to, for so very many of the Mennonite youth just left the church, in fact if the plain people had kept just their own offspring, they would today number in the millions instead of the mere hundred thousands.

When John F. Funk went to Chicago, he got into contact with D. L. Moody and this is what brought the trend into the Mennonite church, for John was not popular in his home town, and nobody would listen to him so he began a publication and sent it out to his adherents, which is today called the Gospel Herald, it was not called that then, but this is where it had its genesis.

John Coffman began holding protracted meetings, they did not dare call it revival meetings, or even announce that they were having a week of Bible Study, they just announced church for tonight, and going to church for one night was not wrong, but going for a whole week was worldly. So they just had them one night at a time, to cause less offence. Life by the yard is very hard, but life by the inch is just a cinch. Try it you'll like it!

This meeting was a Grantham was very small according to number attending, only about 100, mostly men, for women have little interest in history, but it was the calibre of men. They came from as far as Calif., and from many of the schools in between; from Hesston, from Bluffton, from Harrisonburg, it made me feel somewhat like it was when the small boy Jesus was in the temple speaking to the great divinity teachers, hearing them and asking them questions. There were very few of my calibre there just a common ordinary everyday working man. But if you have the history bug in your system, you will respond to its calling at times, no matter of your religious persuasion.

John Renno

DANVILLE, PA.

Nov. 11--My travels in the recent past have taken me to Virginia again, and I stopped at the home of the renowned George Brunk.

But I was there at a bad moment in his life when he had just been faced with a very revolting development, and he really was not himself at the time. You see he had no certain dwelling place when it comes to worship at a local church, but as John Wesley said "The world is my parish" he has many different appointments and is seldom home on weekends.

His great disappointment was that 2 years before he was asked to speak at a certain place near Mt. Joy, Pa. and the man was very vehement to warn him not to forget his time two years in advance.

As time went on and it came nigh, and George had not had the meeting reaffirmed, he called them up on a Friday before the meeting was to be held. But now the Mt. Joy people had forgotten for they have had the occasion in which George was supposed to speak at two weeks before, and he was not even remembered anymore. And in the meantime had turned down other engagements he could have had; had he not made a previous commitment. Sometimes you can't win for losing!

Now I have not met with George for many years, and we rehearsed some old memories, and he sold me a very prized possession of his, a book that had just recently been published, concerning the life and work of his father old George R. Brunk, written by John C. Wenger.

I have never known old George, for he died when I was but a lad of 14 years back in 1937, and an Amish lad at that, and George was a venerated old Mennonite bishop, held in very high esteem by his friends and given much trouble by his foes.

I have read this book, and it was interesting to look back on the pages of history and see what conditions were back at the turn of the century. The great awakening was just coming into the Mennonite church and with it all the other trimmings. Mennonites at that time were speaking the German language mostly, and there was a language barrier between them and their English speaking neighbors. And the preachers that heralded the great revival movement spoke English. This put up a natural barrier between the plain folks as they were then called, and the great speakers, but they had an appeal, and so many of the young people just left the church, for the national language was English and people were learning.

If the Mennonites, like their Amish cousins, would have held to the German language in their religious services, they would not have had near as much trouble controlling the conduct of their constituents.

And this was one of the main troubles of Old George Brunk, he was in favor of having church services just like their neighbors were doing, and used the same language, but they were supposed to dress different, and believe slightly different.

Also the higher education was coming into prominence and George was an active participant in it all; and is it not too bad that I was not around to tell him, but the modern education which he was promoting and the modern method of having religious services which he also allowed were the main cause of the ethargy in the keeping of the ethical dress code which he stood for so strongly. Also

education is a powerful tool, and a great power for good or evil, just depends upon whose hands the use of it is given.

George also lamented the fact that there is no great Mennonite theologian, but they must go to what he called Calvinism to get their good reading of the doctrine of God, for that is what theology is.

I did not know that George was sick so much of his life, he even spent about a year away from home trying to gain the victory over a certain fever that was threatening to take his life away, and indeed he had just about given up hope of seeing life and health again, and had written to that effect, but he got better and was back in the harness once again.

He did not get very old, not to the three-score years and ten.

The last activity he did was to milk the cow. He was a great lover of fruit trees, and gardening, and the last day of his life just before he went to milk the cow, he was rejoicing with his wife of the goodness of God, in the things surrounding them. Then with the milk bucket in one hand and a kerosene lantern in the other he went to milk the cow. But it took him a long time, much longer than usual so the mother sent Lawrence to look where dad is so long.

But Dad had finished his work here on earth, he had milked his last cow, preached his last sermon, and edited his last report of the Sword and Trumpet. The milk bucket was setting there with the cow milk in it, but George had fallen, on the lantern he was carrying, and fortunately it had gone out, and not burned the straw he fell on. George was gone, his body was resting and inactive.

John Renno

DANVILLE, PA.

Nov. 18--I've read another book from which I get the thoughts to share with you this week. I purchased the book at Ashland, Va. at the Truckstops of America. There is a book rack there with paperbacks through which I like to browse. It is a rack with a better quality of books, although many of them I would not think worth my while to read, for I have but 24 hours in a day, and I try to make the best possible use of that allotted time.

The book that I purchased is a novel and a book of fiction, and I don't usually read these kind either, but this one is different, in that it portrays the early days of American Mennonite and Brethren history.

Even if you write fiction, there must be some facts included in the story, or at least possible facts, and in the early days of America the moral fiber was much better than it is today, and its good to have a rerun of those days.

The book I refer to is entitled Anna Elizabeth, Seventeen. Written by Lucille Long, published by the Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Ill.

The time is around 1750 when travel was hard to do, and they had teamsters just like today, men who drive horses across the country, with mail what little there was, and items of freight that was shipped.

The story is involved chiefly around those early brethren folks, who wanted to be separated from the world, by dressing different, and by living in seclusion from influences of the outside world. They were not much in favor of education, and at that time in this place not even in learning to read or speak English, for this was the language the world used.

The area was from Germantown, to the upper end of Lancaster Co. which in those days was a long way, compared with today's travel of only a few hours.

But the one man who was to be watched, and wielded a large influence over both friend and foe was Johann Conrad Beissel, he was much in the news. He was born in Baden, Germany, in 1690, and died in 1768. He came to America in 1720 landed in Boston with a group of fellow believers, to escape persecution by the state church. He was a man of a lively imagination, great energy, and inspiring influence, and when you have these three elements in one man you will get results, regardless

of whether he is right or wrong.

Beissel went to Germantown and learned the weavers trade from Peter Becker, who organized the Church of the Brethren. He lived for a time after that as a hermit at Mill Creek in Lebanon Co. and was the head of a newly founded Dunker Church, and later moved to Calico Creek near Ephrata, Pa., in trying to get away from it all, he wanted to be free from the power of worldly influences, but people liked his personality and they followed him and did what he suggested.

He was an outstanding musician, and composed over 1000 hymns, indeed the first book printed in America was by Christopher Saur, and in German called Zionitcher Weyrauch's Huegel, which means Zions Hill, it was a song book by Beissel. He also printed the Martyrs Mirror later at the Ephrata Cloisters which he originated. He separated from the Dunkard Church, and began the Seven day Baptist church in 1735.

He did not believe that marriage was really living a separated life, and many people lived there at the Cloisters, for he had the Charisma, and when he got under what he called the Power of the Spirit, he had power of persuasion, and people would do anything he told them, for he seemed to be a Divine, out of this world type of fellow.

They erected a monastery, he and an ex-Mennonite preacher, Rudolph Naugel, from Groffdale, and many came to them, by the names of Landis, Lang, Maylin, Graff, Weber, Graybill, Funk, Eicher, Hildebrand, Hoehn, and Martin, and they soon owned all the land in a radius of several miles. They had a great industrial complex, a girst mill, sawmill, paper mill, weaving mill, a tannery, and pottery factory.

All this trying to get away from the world. Beissel preached peace and freedom, but no tyrant ever had men more in servitude. He promised them security, all their needs were taken care of, he would provide their every need if they would put their trust in him. They would surrender everything, they owned, and naturally this would soon accumulate much wealth. With all this free labor, he could afford to provide for their every need, but you must remember their needs were very few, for they did not believe in luxury, that was worldly. No soft beds to sleep on at night, just a hard board, with a wooden block for a pillow, and every two hours they had to get up and pray.

It was a virtual prison, but men stayed there for he promised them freedom, temporal and eternal, and men will do most anything to gain this desired end. After Beissel died it soon became extinct.

John Renno

DANVILLE, PA.

Nov. 25--Das machet dein zorn, das vir so fergehen, und dein grimm das vir so plotzlich dahin missen. In the English version it says, we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath we are troubled; giving it quite another meaning from the German which says; this makes your anger, that we are so consumed, and your wrath that we must so suddenly be gone.

When we are young we look forward to the future, which we think will be much better than the present; we look forward to the time when we can fulfill those beautiful dreams of success we fostered. Then we pass so suddenly into getting older that life loses its luster and promises, then we look back at the past, and rejoice in the success we have had, or regret that we failed so miserably. But the point is we never enjoy the present, we either think the future will be better than the present, or the past was better than the present, and this makes life less than desirable, and indeed it is not what we were created for.

We were made in the image of God, and he has no future, and he has no past, he always rejoices in the present, and it is with that intent that he created us, but because we disobeyed him and doubted his goodness, and sought to better our situation by violating his command, we now suffer the consequences, which in one word describes it; sin. It is because we are sinners that we do not enjoy our life, in the present, and this is also what causes God's anger and wrath, according to the German.

This day was different from any that we have ever experienced, and the financial

happy surgeons, and we were not ready, and with all of our friends having some wonderful herb remedy; and all, we just wanted to wait and see. So he gave her a prescription, to go to the drug store, and this lasted for 21 days, till it was all. She was fine again; but when the drugs got all, so did her health, the issue of blood began with renewed vehemence, as if to make up for lost time. She again consulted with the same physician, who responded as if to say "well are you now ready to take my advice?" She said maybe sometime, but not now, we are too busy the fall work is upon us, and we must get ready for winter; he reluctantly told her to renew the drugs and she was well again. But the work is pretty well under way, now, and we made an appointment for admission to the Geisinger Medical Center; which is why this day was different from any we have yet experienced. We were well, and seemingly in good health, but she went to the hospital to get hurt.

We know to live upon total dependance on drugs is undesirable, and to be avoided if at all possible. And even drugs or even the finest herb tea will not replace a fallen bladder to its pristine position.

So at this writing I am all alone in the house, and if any noise is heard, that I do not recognize, I'd better find out where its coming from. But I am not easily alarmed, nor very sentimental, knowing that I really have very little control over circumstances; but I do know the one who does. And it

bothers me when I hear men so glibly say, that we are free moral agents, and at liberty to do as we please.

I agree that I am a moral agent, which means I am fully responsible for my actions but I am certainly far from being free, for if I were I would not now be alone, but enjoying the usual quiet Sunday evening with my spouse.

But I try to live according to my philosophy of life, and that is, not to be overly concerned about the future, nor repine about that which is past, but let tomorrow evil take care of themselves, and rejoice in God my saviour for the present, now and Ammon.

John Renno

DANVILLE, PA.

Dec. 3--It is now in the vicinity of nineteen hundred and seventy nine years, since the Creator, the Father of eternity, stepped into time and dwelt among us, or as the song writer says, Bisht Gott, und leight auf neuy und sthrow, vircht mench, und bisht doch A und O; You are God and lay on hay and straw, become man and yet are the beginning and the end. This all took place in the providence of God, it is the fact of the good news, which fact we celebrate and call it Christmas.

Providence is that continous agency of God by which He makes all the events of the physical and moral universe fulfill the original design with which he created it. This quote by Strong. And in the final analysis the will of God does come to pass, as in heaen so on earth. Scholars do not know the exact date of Christs birth, and for more than 300 years they observed carious dates, but in A.D. 35 Bishop Liberius of Rome ordered the people to celebrate Dec. 25.

It is probable that he chose this date because it is near that time when the people of Rome celebrated the feats of Satrun, or the birthday of the sun. And Christmas honored Christ as the light of the world instead of the sun. But Christians in Egypt observed Jan. 6 as the date to observe his birth, and the Eastern Orthodox church observed this date, hence we have what is known among the plain folks as (old Christmas).

The observance of this day soon became rowdy and the Puritans of England did away with the observance of Christmas entirely to get away from this evil, and by 1643 they enforced a law that no one may

observe Christmas, and the blue laws of the Massachusetts Bay colony outlawed mince pies for that day.

Now the celebration of Satrun comes from Roman mythology. Satrun was called the God of the harvest, he was supposed to be the youngest son of Uranus, and Gaea, or heaven and earth. He was supposed to be the father of many gods, but his sixth child Jupiter overthrew him, and sent him to Italy, that is how the Romans have him as their god, or one of them for the Romans had many gods, and it is the supposed birth of this god that they celebrated, and from this heathen festival we derive our modern time for the Christmas celebration. Small wonder the Puritans forbade the celebration of it, and even to the baking of mince pies.

But I do not wish to imply that no one of us should remember the birthday of our Lord, the day when he became flesh, and dwelt among us. This is a fact of history, and if we observe it we are not any worse off, than those who forbid the observance of it, and if we don't observe it are we any better; he that regardeth the day to the Lord he doeth regard it, and he that regardeth not the day to the Lord he doeth not regard it; is the scriptural way of settling the argument. We name the seventh day of our week Sat., and that comes from the Roman mythological god Satrun, from which comes the feast of Satrunalia.

Christmas has always been a day in my life, which was set aside, and even from earliest childhood, we looked forward to receiving our dish full of candy, and an orange, and a whole pack of chewing gum. Something very simple in our day, but when I was young, we seldom saw oranges, and we about always planned to make the pack of chewing gum last until next Christmas, for that was about how much gum we had, that was a supreme luxury, only to be enjoyed on this very special day.

As we grew older the children all came home on that day, and soon the sons and daughter-in-laws came along, this was to my parental home, and now we are the grandparents, and we still observe Christmas dinners.

This in itself is neither right nor wrong, it is the use of it that causes it to be a moral issue. But I am thankful, that at a time in history, the word became flesh, and dwelt among us; otherwise we couldn't know nor have any relations with the, Wonderful Counselor, the Mighty God, the Father of Eternity, the Prince of Peace.

Coming back to earth again, my week of being alone at home has now come to an end, and I can again take to the road and leave her alone. Some think this would be awful, to be married to a man that is mostly gone from home except on weekends, and I agree there are disadvantages, but there are also great advantages, and when once it becomes a way of life, any change upsets the normal routine, and something is out of joint. The need for transportation is as old as man, and some have it as their work; I could not be a mechanic, or a carpenter, for I do not possess the qualities that these professions possess, and to be a farmer again, which I was for 20 years, is out, and the pattern of farming has changed so drastically, that I can scarce relate to it anymore, I am out of tune with that life style.

The sole end of man is to worship God and enjoy Him forever, this is my philosophy of life.

John Renno

DANVILLE, PA.

Dc. 9-Si lobe und heir dem Hochtten Goot, dem fater aller gute, dem Gott der allie vonder toot, dem Gott der mein geh-meetie; mit sienem reichen trosht erfuilt, den Gott der allen yammer shtillt, gibt unserm Gott dee ehrie. That is a quote which has been of much comfort to me down through the yrs., and is found in the Leider Sammlung song book compiled by the Lancaster Co., Amish. This particular song is found on page 15. The whole song is worthy of note. Interpreted in English it would go something like this: Give praise and honor, to the highest Good, the Father of all goodness; the God who all the wonders works. The God who all my (heart/soul/mind and strength) where one German word is used Gehmeetie, meaning your mood, but also much more, he fills this mood of mine with his rich comfort, and he is the God that quiets all turmoil, or trouble, or melancholy, where the German word Yammer is used. Give praise to this our God.

And domestically speaking I can do this because things have fallen very much in my favor; my wife is at home from the hospital, and she is doing very well, and gaining her strength back.

I am also thinking about that tower of Siloam, which fell on 18 people and killed them in bible times, and comparing this with the incident in Cincinnati, O., where at a rock concert thousands of people gathered and when the doors were opened they stormed the doors and trod one upon another, so that 11 people were killed and 14 others wounded. This too must have been providential for I cannot understand how you could be in such a mad rush to get in and get the best seat, that you would literally walk on top of another human being. The first impulse you get when you see a person down is to stop what you are doing and render assistance, but not here. The crowd must have lost their sanity, and with

a mad rush for the door the ran over any impediment that lay in their path, not regarding the life of their fellow man. Yes, this happened in this century, in America! And in this yr., the last part of this decade, just the way chickens do when they get scared, and trample one another, and many are smothered. This is inhuman and beastly, and when man loses his sanity he becomes worse than beasts, because of his intelligence.

Something akin to this has happened in Iran, when students, who are not military in their carrer, yet took on the part of the military, and sacked the U.S. Embassy, and took the citizens captive, and refused to let them go unless the U.S. meets their demand of returning their former ruler, who they claim is a criminal, and for his crimes ought to die. I know nothing about their charges, but I know these students are devoted religious people, devoted to their cause, the worship of Mahammed. He is the originator of the Islamic religion, and he has the place in the hearts and affections of these people, just as Jesus Christ should have in the affections of Christians.

Mohammed was born at Mecca, about the yr. 570, and died June 8, 632 at Medina, and is buried on the spot where he died, which is now enclosed by a Mosque. He was the only child of a poor widow. His father, Abdallah, died near the time of his birth. He belonged to the heathen tribe, of one of the Hashims, which claim lineal descendancy from Ishmael.

This youth lost his mother when he was but six yrs. old, and was taken care of by his uncle, Abu Talib, who had two wives and ten children. He accompanied his uncle on a commercial journey through Palestine and Syria: he made a scanty living taking care of caravans and herding sheep and goats, and he said God never calls a prophet who does not know about the life of a shepherd, such as Moses and David.

When Mahammed was 25 he married a widow woman 15 yrs. older than himself, and took charge of her caravans. She bore him six children who all died but one dau., Fatima. He adopted one son named Allah, who became famous in the history of Islam.

Because of his much travels he became acquainted with Christians and Jews, and had a knowledge of their religion. But he was subject to epileptic fits, in which he would throw himself on the ground like a drunken man and snort like a camel. He could not read, and all he knew was by hearsay.

In his 40th yr. he claims to have received a call from the angel Gabriel, on Mount Hira, a few miles from Mecca. By this mystic revelation he claimed the angel told him he was a prophet of God. The words which the angel is supposed to have spoken to him are written in a book which called the Koran. He was forced to flee for his life, and because of persecution he got many followers, looking for a hero.

John Renno

DANVILLE, PA.

Dec. 30—My last letter for this year, to The Budget, my last letter for this decade; see faren so schnell dahin als flöwen vir dafon, is the proper German description of years, which means they drive so fast, it seems that we are flying from them.

I found a new word this last year, and I was attracted to it. Could you guess why? The word is polemic, a word of seven letters, but quite persuasive; it means, controversial, the art or practice of disputation the branch of Christian theology devoted to the refutation of error. (Now you would not accuse this tame little Sunday school boy of being that way would you?)

I discovered the word by looking up the man Osiander, Andreas Osiander, born in 1495, and died in 1552, a German theologian; very proficient in the Hebrew language, as well as mathematics and medicine; ordained a Catholic priest at Nuremburg in 1520, appointed a Hebrew tutor there, and a preacher in the St. Lorenz church. He joined the Lutherans in 1522, and was married in 1525, it says he was opinionated, arrogant, impulsive, polemic, and contentious, but a learned theologian. He became famous for his views on mystical doctrine of effective and progressive justification, by the indwelling Christ, rather than being declared righteous by imputation through the death of Christ. He opposed both Romanism, and Calvinism, and in the midst of the heated controversies which he caused, he suddenly died in 1552.

The controversies this man began is still with us today. In effect he said that after we are justified, or as some term it, saved, or born again, we get better and better, growing more Christlike, and in the final analysis everyone who gets into those pearly gates does so because he had enough of good

deeds to merit his admission, this is what is meant by progressive justification. The other side of the controversy is that we have no merit, and the only reason we get to heaven is because Christ's righteousness was imputed to our account.

Not too many years ago that bath tubs were unknown, for all private families, and it has been said when they came into prominence the first to oppose them were the doctors, they said it's not healthy to bath the whole body so much you wash away the oil with which your skin stays flexible, so that it does not dry crack and peel. Yes and only recently a chiropractor warned me that too many showers can be harmful, and even the encyclopedia says soap can tend to produce itching if used too profusely on certain people's skin. If you have a sensitive dry skin, you should go easy on the soap.

It is said that the use of soap was first discovered when wood ashes, which contain lye, were mixed with animal fat burned on sacrificial altars, this was found to have a cleansing effect in washing.

Now bathing is as old as man himself, but to have running water in your own house with a bath tub, and an indoor toilet, is something that only the elite had when I was a boy. But in Pylos, Greece are the ruins of an ancient bath tub in a king's palace, with a built-in drainage system about 3000 years old.

The Romans had warm public baths, where you could go and wash if you were wealthy enough, and famous enough. In Germany the barber was often a bath keeper as well, he would not only shave and cut your hair but clean you all over as well. In some places people stayed in the water for 124 hours as a treatment for bodily ailments.

It was Max Joseph Oertel and a Bavarian pastor Kneipp who first made medicinal bath popular in Europe, called hydrotherapy.

But bathing did not become popular here in America until 1900 when the public bath was considered an important part of a good community. Indeed it was Simon Baruch who was the chief agent in securing laws governing public bathing in New York state.

I really appreciate modern conveniences, such as a private bath tub.

Water is also an interesting subject; and we're told that this earth is about three fourth's water, and if it were not so, we could not have the climate we do, for the water gets warm during the day, and it maintains a warm temperature all night, that is why it does not get so cold in Oregon, it is farther north than Pa. but does not get as cold.

We are also told in Holy writ, that there will be a new heaven and a new earth, and there will be no more sea; now what kind of environment will that be without the sea? We are not told, but there will be a river there we're also told.

John Renno