

GOD'S MISSIONARY STANDARD

June 2009





EDITORIAL



ROBERT BOOTH



As I look around our society, there are times that I feel a bit overwhelmed. Sin is so rampant everywhere. Frequently I encounter pastors who tell me that they are glad they aren't starting in ministry now; things are too complex. I look at the lives of hundreds of people who live on my city block and wonder how they have gotten their lives this messed up. I read the blogs of fervent individuals who have a much different theology than I do and I wonder why the Holiness movement is so silent about our beautiful doctrine. A few of the churches that I attended as a little boy are now content to just hold on until Jesus comes back. Gone is the power of the Holy Spirit; gone is the evangelistic fervor; gone is the discipleship. Instead, it seems like some of them are content with backbiting, bickering, and criticizing. There must be more than this. There must be more than scheduling a revival service and camp meeting and being content with great speaking and special music. There must be more than barren altars and the absence of discipled, mentored Christians. There must be more than churches just getting smaller.

As much as I love the history of Methodism and the Holiness movement, I grow weary of hearing about the glory days. But as I visit the now closed camp sites where the doctrine of Holiness was once proclaimed, my prayer is "Do it again, God!" I am a candidate for receiving the glory of God. I am an open vessel that desires to be filled with the presence of God. The power of God hasn't changed. He is still as powerful as He was in the days of the New Testament. He is still able to deliver the sinner from the clutches of sin, and sanctify the believer.

When I was a nine-year-old boy, I went swimming with my friends for the first time. They had a diving board, and I remember standing on that diving board and feeling my knees knocking. I remember thinking, "This isn't for me—there is no way that I can do this." My friends were shouting to me from the water; "Just jump in!" And I did. I wonder if that is what Jesus wishes we would do sometimes—just jump in! We live in a sin-sick world, and we are equipped with the life-changing message of Jesus Christ. I propose that we jump in and tell our communities that Jesus is the solution for their lives. **S**



God's Missionary Church

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Blue Knob Work Group Visits Haiti

JONAS HIGHT



A visit to Haiti is an indescribable adventure. It is a land of rugged roads, obnoxious noise, and dreadful traffic. The streets are packed with thousands of bustling people. Rubbish is strewn everywhere. The markets are chaotic. Electricity is limited, the economy is pathetic, and the government is corrupt. Hold on, there is more! The dust is unavoidable, the days can be hot, the lingo is baffling, and the showers are cold! Perhaps the most tragic problem of Haiti is the sad poverty and the plague of spiritual darkness.

There are, however, encouraging notes and important events happening in this dark island country. The Gospel light is shining brightly! The Church of Jesus Christ is prevailing! Sinners are turning to Christ, converts are being mentored, and new churches are being built.

A highlight of our trips is the privilege of attending the Haitian churches. It is refreshing to worship with the Haitian Christians and observe the sincerity and simplicity of their devotion. They pray with fervency and sing with gusto. They listen eagerly and reverently to the preaching of God's Word. The

joy of the Lord burns in their hearts and radiates on their faces. We may not understand their dialect, but we can sense the Spirit of God and that is always a delight.

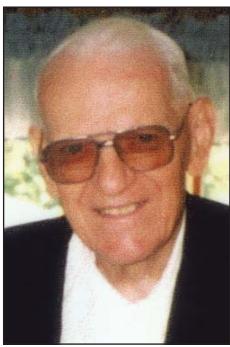
Over the past few years it has been my privilege to organize a work team to spend a week in Haiti laboring on various projects. We just returned from our fourth trip. During these trips our teams have primarily worked with tough, dirty steel. This involves correct measuring (well almost exact), marking it with chalk, a rock or a knife and then precisely cutting (or at least as near as you can get). Then there is the welding, the grinding, the drilling, and sometimes the application of paint.

We've constructed roof trusses for three churches and built doors and windows for the church at Boyer. On our most recent trip, we built the door frames, doors, and part of the framework for church benches for the church in Demichel. In addition to these tasks, our teams have (souvenir shopped) repaired generators, (enjoyed siesta's) worked on automobiles, (visited old forts) upgraded computers, (sipped coke) painted

roofs, (eaten delicious meals) and preached sermons.

Why do we go? We go because we can and should. Primarily, we go because we love Donald Mobley. We appreciate his labors. He is doing an excellent job mentoring converts, overseeing churches, constructing and repairing buildings, teaching classes, preaching sermons, cooking meals, sewing clothes, learning how to play instruments, and entertaining guests that visit. Under Donald Mobley's administration our work in Haiti is growing. It is thrilling to observe how the work in Haiti is expanding and prospering.

We always return home with grateful hearts, grateful for Donald Mobley, for America, for protection, and for another opportunity we had to use our talents in the Kingdom of God. Finally, we are always appreciative to the wonderful saints at Mt. Sinai who have made the past four trips possible. We have been blessed by their sacrificial and cheerful giving. God bless them and all others who demonstrate their interest and investments in World Missions! 



A Tribute to Fred Watson

GABRIEL MORLEY

A Marine who sees a live, Japanese mortar drop at his feet and does not explode and witnesses a buddy right next to him killed by another mortar is a man destined for more than sleeping in the trenches. That marine was Fred Watson, born July 19, 1918, the fourteenth and youngest child of John and Emma Watson, successful farmers in Centre County and devout Christians who attended the Advent church (from which came the Milesburg God's Missionary Church).

As a child, Fred figured out one way to avoid work on the farm. Once while planting potatoes, his father reprimanded him for planting the seed too close together. After several reproofs, his father sent him to the house. As he walked past his sister Polly, also helping plant, he whispered, "Plant them close together, and you'll get sent to the house, and then we can play." She refused, and he played alone. This childhood experience, notwithstanding, Fred learned how to work and embraced a strong work ethic as an adult, believing that a preacher should work as long and hard as a layman.

Even though one father refused to allow his daughter to "go a-courtin'" with wild-driver Fred behind the wheel, in 1940 Fred married Delores Teusche. Their home was blessed with six children: Ronald, Lawrence, Lois, Emily, Rachel, and Ruth. (Three of his children and Delores have passed on. Fred & Delores celebrated their 49th anniversary together before her passing.)

A married man, Brother Watson donned Marine uniform to serve in World War II. He fought as a machine-gunner in Guadalcanal, the Solomon Islands, Guam, the Battle of Okinawa, and later Japan, bringing the

Marine Hymn to reality: "Our flag's unfurled to every breeze from dawn to setting sun; We have fought in ev'ry clime and place where we could take a gun." Before the war, Fred had

given his heart to the Lord, and now he held fast to his faith among his wicked WWII company. Together they relentlessly taunted him, but alone they earnestly inquired of this great salvation. He also befriended numerous Japanese families and learned enough Japanese phrases to communicate. By the grace of God, he was the only marine in his company to return home without a scratch. All the rest were killed or wounded. God kept the promise He had given Fred during the heat of battle, Psalm 118:17: "I shall not die but live and declare the works of the Lord."

Declare, he did, after surrendering to the call to preach, donating land for the Milesburg parsonage, and selling the farm. While pastoring, he studied for the ministry at Allentown Bible Institute and later graduated from Union Bible Seminary. His studies, however, never ended. He wore out numerous Thompson Chain Bibles, poring and praying over the Scriptures in private and public. No preacher used more Scripture references in his messages than Brother Watson!

The Millmont church was his first post of duty. He pastored there five years before marching to impact the God's Missionary conference at large. He was involved in the formation of the Armagh church, holding its first revival and pastoring it a few months. He influenced congregations in Kissimmee, FL, and Liberty Valley, PA, to join the conference. He pastored a home missions church in Onego, WV, for a few months and arranged its inclusion in the conference. He introduced a congregation in Roaring Springs, PA, to the conference and was the courier of the deed to the General Board. He was part of the exploratory work to initiate a church in Salunga, PA. He preached the first revival at the Philipsburg, PA, church.

He also pastored the Coopersburg church where he became a POW: he spent a night in the Lehigh County "brig." He loved to retell how the sounds of the tent meeting at Coopersburg brought down upon him the disgust of a neighbor and the authorities and how his unsaved nephew, stirred by this confrontation, was converted. (The brave uncle declared that if another person was saved for every day he spent in prison, he'd gladly spend the rest of his life there!) And he never failed to somberly share that the accusing neighbor, police chief, and judge involved in the case all met tragic, untimely deaths.

Ironically, after surviving WWII with nary a scratch, Brother Watson was Wounded In Action in Indiana when he was electrocuted while trimming trees. He lost his right hand and endured severe damage to his left leg. Doctors gave him three days to live, then two weeks, then six months. Not content to be Missing In Action for long, he witnessed all over the hospital, even conducting services on

Revival Meetings

at the
Union Hall, Campbell St.
Elkland, Pa.

April 19 - 28
Monday through Saturday 7:30 p. m.
Sunday 3:00 p. m.

Rev. Fred Watson, Evangelist

Special Singing

Jesus said, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." Matt. 11:38

Joseph Miles, Pastor

REVIVAL SERVICES

- AT THE -

Pleasant View Chapel

Rte. 144 Between Bellefonte and Milesburg

May 4 - 13, 1973

SERVICES

7:30 Each Evening

9:30 Sunday School

10:30 Sunday Morning Worship

7:30 Sunday Evening

EVANGELIST — FRED WATSON
Hartleton, Pa.

(Originally from the Bellefonte-Milesburg area
EVERYONE WELCOME)

site. Perhaps he remembered another stanza of the Marine Hymn: "Here's health to you and to our Corps which we are proud to serve; In many a strife we've fought for life, and never lost our nerve." Subsequently fitted with a prosthetic arm, he used it to initiate conversations, opportunities to testify about the saving grace of His Savior.

Brother Watson was ever interested in recruitment, reconnaissance in enemy territory, and infiltration. Always the hopeful scouter, he targeted every empty building, envisioned a God's Missionary base, and issued a draft when in contact with any young man. If he found a building, he looked for a man. If he found a man, he looked for a building. If he found neither, he'd pray and preach another revival to remedy the lack. His theme was "Reload and rout," not "Retreat and pout"! Brother Watson was always on the alert lest he or his comrades become adrift. His brethren didn't always agree with his Biblical interpretation and application, but none could ever accuse him of being AWOL when it came to earnestly contending for the faith that was once delivered unto the saints. None could deny that behind his tough image was a compassionate heart and weeping eyes. And his caring reached beyond his brethren to others. His neighbor once told me that he couldn't have asked for a more helpful, gentlemanly neighbor.

Personally, Brother Watson was a good friend both to my family and me. As a teen, I revered him as an evangelist; as a pastor, I was privileged to schedule him to preach two revivals in the church I pastor. During one of those meetings, two fellow WWII vets who had never been saved before were converted. One of those men was the father of a pastor's wife in our conference, Carol Hoskins.

When Brother Watson accompanied me on hospital visits, I witnessed his "elevator sermons." A person (once a distinguished doctor) would step into the elevator with us. With marine-like courage, he'd inquire, "Do you love Jesus?" Invariably, the person would say yes. Brother Watson would add with a smile, "Well, He loves you, too!" In the hospital, Brother Watson approached a family we neither knew nor intended to visit and energetically proclaimed Christ and salvation to them. I stood beside him hoping he remembered his boot-camp training because I had no idea how he'd be received. The next day, however, the man of the family gripped Brother Watson's hand and meaningfully expressed his appreciation for the loving attention the previous day. After one particular trip to my church, Brother Watson told me of a conversation with the postmaster enroute. He asked the man, "Are you a Christian?" The man said, "Yes." Brother Watson pressed on, "Do you sin?" The man readily admitted that he sins often. Brother Watson stated unwaveringly that according to the Bible, he couldn't be a Christian, and asked the man to fetch his personal Bible. The evangelist read him I John 3:8, "He that committeth sin is of the devil." I reckon the conversation has stuck with that postmaster as a stamp to a letter!

Space does not allow me to tell of the mission boards on which he served; the countries in which he ministered: Russia, Ukraine, China, Cuba, Haiti, Mexico; the annual trips



out West to teach and preach to his beloved Indian friends; the seven donated cars that God provided him; the scores of homes nationwide which were his temporary barracks and in which he blessed "the cook and all the little cookies!"; the conference sessions he seasoned with songs, stories, strategies, scholarship, suggestions, sentry warnings; the vigilant loyalty to all God's Missionary endeavors: churches, rallies, schools, departments, camps, mission fields; the young men he furnished with supplies—even shoes for the fight; the Spirit-filled counsel he gave as he prayed with seekers; the preludes which he led; the conquering of two cancers; the many promises he simply embraced and saw fulfilled.

At 90, Brother Watson would rather be facing the "bullets" than polishing his medals. Now awaiting his second, and more important, honorable discharge, he resides with his granddaughter, Terrin Smith, and husband, Randy, and can be contacted at R.D. 2, Box 145, Columbia Crossroads, PA, 16914.

When it's reveille for Brother Watson, I suspect that after saluting his Commanding Officer, he'll grasp a Thompson Chain Bible with BOTH hands, check the cover for the KJV initials, and ask if there are any buildings available for another God's Missionary Church!

Semper Fi, Faithful friend! **S**

The Defender of the Weak

Timothy L. Cooley, Sr.

The Feast of Tabernacles was a grand celebration. Food! Reunions! Parties! Just as the Lord had commanded, families constructed special temporary shelters and camped out in them—to remind them of the travels of their forefathers through the Wilderness. Along with the great feasting came over-indulgence and even immorality. Sin has its ways of corrupting even the best of things.

On the last day of the Feast, Jesus had stood in the temple court and shouted, “If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink!” Early the next morning, He was back in the temple courts, teaching the people. Clusters of people hung around, some only staying for a few minutes, others lingering and wondering what this new Teacher had to say.

Everyone turned to see what was going on when, scuffling, shoving, and angry, a group of men came dragging and yanking at a woman. She was cursing, screaming, and violently twisting to try to escape whatever they planned to do to her. Behind them, very ceremoniously, walked lawyers and Pharisees, sober-faced

and intent. Yesterday they had been foiled. This time they had hatched the perfect snare and someone had found a wicked woman in the midst of her sin to provide just the right setting. This time they would not fail to trap Jesus.

The woman knew the temple courts could mean a trial. But instead of dragging her toward any judges they brought her to Jesus, the teacher from Nazareth! What did they have in mind?

The guards derived a twisted pleasure out of manhandling her. They threw her into the open space right in front of Jesus and circled to keep her from escaping. Defiantly she spit on them.

There was a proper court for this matter, but they brought this woman to Jesus in order to trap Him. If he agreed to the Death Penalty that Moses had stipulated, He would be in trouble with the Romans; but, if He tried to avoid condemning her, the people would think that Jesus disregarded the law of Moses.

“Teacher!” they shouted. “This woman was taken in adultery, in the very act. Now Moses in the law com-

manded us that such should be stoned: but what sayest thou?”

If they found her in the very act, where was the man? These men were cowards. They were not interested in justice. They were only interested in trapping Jesus. She was just the bait in their trap.

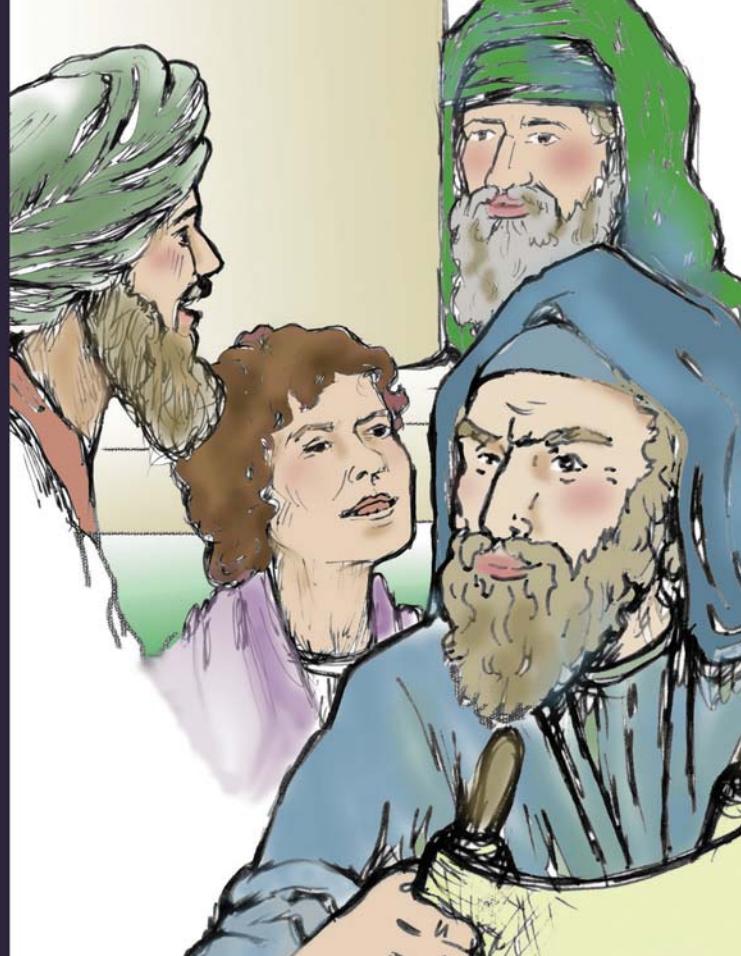
That's not the way it was with Jesus. He was the Defender of the Weak.

She was defenseless. She could not hire a lawyer. There was no man to take up for her. Intimidated by the police and by the religionists, she would be harassed and hooted out of the public square.

She was embarrassed in front of everyone. She might even be stoned, but no one cared. In terror and panic, her frightened eyes searched furtively for a way to escape. Jesus' silence was deafening. She burned with anger and embarrassment.

Jesus refused to take the position of judge. “God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved” (Jn.3:17). Someday He will be the Judge of the Universe, but not now!

Jesus bent over and wrote on the



Ground. What did He write? This is the only place in the Bible that Jesus wrote something, and we do not know what it was. Was He tracing pictures? Or letters? Maybe He was just buying time, letting the consciences of the accusers soak in their own hatefulness.

They kept prodding Him, "What shall we do with her?"

Hateful looks darted from the woman to the guards and the Pharisees. Even to Jesus. The guards and the Pharisees looked contemptuously at everyone else. People shuffled and wondered what would happen next.

Finally Jesus scowled, "Let him that is without sin, first cast a stone at her!"

It was the responsibility of the lead witness to throw the first stone.

Dead silence! Fiery, all-knowing stares from Jesus drilled holes in each accuser! One man looked at his watch, glanced sideways, and whispered, "I'm late for an appointment." Then he vanished. Another suddenly remembered his stand at the market place and hurried out, not even trying to cover up. He just wanted out of there! Another pulled at his beard in rage, then decided not to tangle with that angry Nazarene. One Pharisee humped his arrogance, sickened by losing this chance to ruin Jesus, then shuffled off.

Each man's conscience was screaming, "You know you're guilty! You dirty skunk!" Beginning at the most honored and running to the last accuser, one by one they sneaked away.

Jesus took her case! He became her Defense Attorney! He drove off the Prosecution by challenging their consciences, because He saw deep into each man's heart. He knew whether those very men had visited her kind of business. He also knew whether they would have liked to but refrained out of fear they would get caught! The fiery eyes of the Son of God convinced the hollow professors of religion they did not want to tangle with this Attorney. Shamefully, they exited, slinking away like snakes, deprived of their prey.

People muttered, gawked and wondered what would happen. The woman glanced around and scrambled to her feet, straightening her garments.

Tenderly He spoke, "Woman, where are your accusers? Has no one condemned you?"

"No man, Lord."

"Neither do I condemn you. Go and sin no more."

Since the Prosecution had dropped charges and there was no judge to preside, Jesus dismissed the case for lack of evidence, but He also did something only God can do. He forgave her sins and purified her heart! He sent her out to "Go and Sin No More!!" If God had not forgiven her sins and changed her heart, that would have been a cruel command, but the Lord's Commands are His Enablings.

Jesus is also the Healer of The Bruised. What kind of bruises had this pitiful woman suffered throughout her life? She might have been reared in a godly home and have gone bad in rebellion; but, more likely, she was brought up in the midst of abuse, cursing, sinning, foul language, cheating and stealing. Perhaps she had been abused as a child and then, feeling she was already so corrupt that no decent man would want her, she took to the life of the streets.

In her business, customers had no real love for her. They came to indulge their lusts, paid their bill and disappeared. If she saw some of her secret customers in the marketplace, they would act like they never knew her. They would treat her like a scab. They would pretend that they were much too holy even to converse with such a woman of the night!! But she knew!

Some of her customers abused her. She had no alternative but just to take it. Outside of a small circle of women just like herself, others would call her names. People did not want their children to be near her. Communities claimed she was unclean—dirt to the town.

How often had she cried for a friend? How many times in lonely suffering had she wished to be treated as a normal person? Religion, God, and normal citizenship seemed forever impossible to her.

BUT JESUS CAME!! He is the Healer of the Bruised! With His

words of comfort, He began to heal all the sores, all the bruises, all the pain of her past, all the feelings of rejection, all the bitterness. The misery of her life was washed away by the Savior's love and forgiveness! He is the Healer of the Bruised!

Jesus is also the Mender of the Broken. As a Carpenter, He could make anything out of wood. He repaired broken chairs, tables, toys, doors, yokes. (They did not frame houses as we do today.) Throughout His boyhood and into His adult life, He knew what it was to take broken pieces and restore the things better than new!

How often had he looked into the teary eyes of a child with a broken toy, taken the toy tenderly into the shop, shaped a new piece and handed it back to the jubilant child? (He always had time for children!) He probably said, "There is no bill. It's already paid!" At least, that's what he says when I come to Him for healing and mending.

How many ways had this woman been broken? By now she had lost all hope of ever truly loving and being loved. It seemed something inside her had been smashed to pieces, crushed so utterly it could never be repaired! But Jesus came! He is the Mender of the Broken!

Jesus cares about the children: the abused, the corrupted, the misdirected, the uncontrolled, and the uncontrollable. He cares about the chained: those bound by habits and by relationships, those trembling in fear and despair, even those unwilling to be set free. He loves the charred: the burned out, the despairing, those who have already failed too many times to try again, the ones with the hollow eyes!

Heb.12:12-13 urges Christians to "lift up the hands which hang down...lest that which is lame be turned out of the way; but let it rather be healed." We are His hands, His representatives. We are to spread the word that Jesus is

the Defender of the Weak
the Healer of the Bruised
the Mender of the Broken
We must bring them to Jesus! **S**

Mount of Blessings Camp

Carroll, Pennsylvania

JUNE 26 - JULY 5

Fellowship Camp

Hanover, Pennsylvania

JUNE 26 - JULY 5

New Arrivals



December 12, 2008

Congratulations to Chad and Paula Habecker of Lebanon on the birth of Alec Benson Habecker. Alec was born on December 12, 2008.



Congratulations to Donald and Karen Kiscadden of Lebanon on the birth of Alicia Karen. Alicia was born on March 13, 2009.

Correction from the last issue
of the Standard:



Congratulations to Rev. & Mrs. Frederick Baker on the birth of Chloe Elizabeth. Chloe was born on December 14, 2008

Obituaries

Christian S. Fisher, 68, of Elverson, Pa. went home to be with Jesus on Friday, November 28, 2008, at his home, following an illness of pulmonary fibrosis. He was the husband of Mary Anne (Gingrich) Fisher, with whom he shared 42 years of marriage.

Christian was a retired carpenter. He attended God's Missionary Church of Coopersburg, Pa. He enjoyed woodworking and served for seven years on the board of Fellowship Camp of Hanover, PA..

He is survived in addition to his wife by a son, John Mark and wife Denise Fisher of Hanover, Pa.; 2 daughters, Janet Louise and husband James Witter of East Berlin, Pa.; and Rebecca Ann Fisher of Elverson, Pa. He is survived by 4 brothers and 5 sisters. There are also 8 grandchildren.

Pastors assisting in the funeral service held on Tuesday, December

2, 2008 were Rev. Michael Hoskins, Rev. Gordon Kincaid and Rev. Jeremy Morford.

Rev. Albert A. Barr, 65, of Tunkhannock went to be with Jesus on March 2, 2009. He was married to the former Sandra Price Miller of Tunkhannock. He was a pastor of the Pilgrim's Holiness Church, Tunkhannock; and also served as the administrator for the Endless Mtn. Christian Academy. He graduated Clemson University, S.C. and Anderson College. He was a beautiful artist,inventor and taught 17 years at Hobe Sound Bible College in Florida.

He was Preceded in death by his first wife Orlene Christmas who passed away in 1999 and a brother Leslie. Surviving are two sons: Allen Barr and wife Kay of Cincinnati, Ohio; Phillip Barr and wife Liz of Spartan-

burg, S.C.; two daughters Karen Trinacato and husband Carlitos of Lebanon, Indiana; Cindy Hartley and husband Bruce of Lexington, N.C.; a brother Kim Barr of Washington a sister Anita Halter and husband Bradley of Taiwan; a special uncle Jesse & Olive Griffin of Ohio and a dear brother in law Michael Price and his wife Cindy; and many grandchildren and several nieces and nephews.

Kathryn E. (Miller) Reitz, 89, formerly of Quakertown, died Monday, March 2, 2009 at Gracedale Nursing Home, Upper Nazareth Township, where she had been residing. Born in Allentown, on May 18, 1919, Kathryn was the daughter of the late Raymond E. and Bernadine E. (Keller) Miller. She was employed as a domestic for many years before retiring. Prior to that, she worked as a machine operator and leather craftsman for the former Edward Shoe Factory in Coopersburg. She was a member of the God's Missionary Church, in Coopersburg. ■

Sun City Camp Meeting Report

DARVIN AND DOROTHY DONAHEY

Once again God met with His people at the Florida District God's Missionary Camp on the Sun City campgrounds held January 15–25, 2009. This year's evangelists were Rev. Joe Smith and Rev. Judy Williams; the special singers were the Barrick family from Indiana.

Most importantly, God met with us in the services and His spirit ministered from the early morning prayer time and throughout the day. The last Sunday morning was the highlight of the camp as God came and shouts of praise and victory were heard. One of the comments that was made about the camp was the friendliness and the general mingling of everyone together.

Linda Clough, assisted by Cathy Brubaker, and their helpers did an outstanding job in the dining room serving delicious meals. The last Saturday morning breakfast featured delicious waffles provided by Bro. & Sis. Carl Kready. This is always a much anticipated meal.

As always, Rev. & Mrs. Harry Plank did a superb job of chairing the camp and taking care of everyone.

Showers and a new paint job made a marked improvement in Dormitory B and were much appreciated by the campers.

The caretakers, Bro. & Sis. Gandee, are doing a wonderful job taking care of the campgrounds. Their Godly spirit is a wonderful addition to the camp.





God's Missionary Youth Camp | 2009

JUNE 15-19

Ages 12–20

GMYC is held on the God's Missionary Church campground in Penns Creek, Pa.

John Manley, Guest Speaker

"Heritage" from Penn View
Bible Institute, Guest Singers



MEXICAN FIESTA

Friday at 12:15 PM



**FOR MORE
INFORMATION,
CONTACT:**



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Dan Durkee
Vice President
570-765-2630

Visit us online at...
www.gmyconline.com



Travel Notes

HARRY F. PLANK

Dec. 14-31: We did a lot of work in the office preparing for the new year. We were also privileged to enjoy some very lovely occasions: the dedication of our grandson Clayton at the New Columbia church, the 50th wedding anniversary celebration for Rev. & Mrs. William Tillis, and the special commissioning service for Rex, Missy, and Devon McDowell at the Millmont church. The McDowell's are now missionaries in the country of Costa Rica under Evangelistic Faith Missions.

Jan. 2: We enjoyed breakfast with our son Andrew and his family where they announced to us the expected birth of our sixth grandchild, due to arrive in August. In the evening, we attended the viewing and funeral of Evelyn Winter. Rev. Barry Arnold gave the funeral message, a lovely history of a life well lived.

Jan. 4: It was our privilege to visit at the Blue Knob church. We were entertained in the beautiful home of Jason and Ramelda Susan and family.

Jan. 5-8: We departed early from Harrisburg International Airport and arrived at the port of Miami at noon time. Because of our upcoming 40th wedding anniversary, our sons arranged and paid for us to enjoy three days and four nights on the beautiful Norwegian Sky cruise ship. It brought back memories of our former missionary visits, when we docked at Freeport, Grand Bahama.

Jan. 9: Enroute to prepare for Florida district camp meeting, we spent the day in the Hobe Sound area. We found Sis. Bonnie Cleaver performing nurses duties for the benefit of former missionary to Haiti, Sis. Beverly Wing, who had fallen and broken her shoulder. We also made a short visit to Rev. & Mrs. Jacob Miller. It was later that evening when they received the very sad news of the tragic accident and passing of their granddaughter Patricia (Miller) Bigger and her two small children.

Jan 10: We made our way to the Sun City area and found the camp grounds

freshly mowed and looking nice. Thank you to John Gandee and Sonny Stearate who spent many hours installing showers and a rest room in the lower dorm. You guys did a great job.

Jan. 12-14: Rachel and I did painting, helped prepare rooms, moved beds, and provided shuttle service from the Tampa airport.

Jan. 15-25: Florida District God's Missionary Camp Meeting. Thank the Lord for another good camp meeting. We deeply appreciate all who had a part in preparing for camp meeting and cleaning up after.

Jan. 26: I made a visit to Rev. James Bates in the Tampa hospital and was pleased that although still struggling with cancer, he would soon be able to go home. Please continue to pray for Bro. Bates and the Lakeland church.

Feb. 1: We attended a packed out sanctuary at the Central Pennsylvania Youth Convention, and enjoyed good messages by Revs. Nathan Purdy and Mark Cravens.

Feb. 7: We enjoyed a wonderful Russian meal in the beautiful home of Anatoliy & Olga Ivankin & family.

Feb. 8: I preached to the fine folks at Bloomsburg with Pastor & Mrs. Baker and daughter Chloe. It was our honor to be able to spend some time with my former pastor & wife, Rev. & Mrs. Larry Strouse who were in attendance. In the evening, we traveled to Ephrata, PA for the viewing of Ezra Gutchalk.

Feb. 15: We were with the Salunga congregation for the morning service. Thank you to Pastor Sheldon Habecker's parents for providing a lovely meal in the parsonage.

Feb. 16-18: We were honored to be with our ministers and wives for another ministerial convention. Rev. & Mrs. Paul Peirpoint did a great job as guest speakers. Thank you to each congregation who made it possible for your pastor to attend for this very informative, but relaxing, two and a half days at Camp Hebron.

Mar. 1: I preached at the Adam's Street Chapel in Bloomington, IN in the morning service and we enjoyed a singspiration with this congregation in the afternoon. Thank you to pastor Troy Shaffer and people for the very warm welcome and the lovely dinner. A very special thank you to Ruth, Alma, and Shirley for providing us with a lovely place to stay. In the afternoon we went to be with the congregation at Knightstown. Thank you to Pastor and Mrs. George Maloyed for the wonderful accommodations for the evening.

Mar. 3-4: Rachel and I were privileged to attend the Bus and Outreach Convention at Camby, IN.

Mar. 7: We travelled to Tunkhannock, PA for the funeral of Rev. Albert Barr. Our sincere sympathies to the entire Barr family.

Mar. 8: I preached to the congregation at Northampton in the morning service. Thank you to Pastor Rodney Keister and congregation for a warm welcome. We traveled on to Hanover for the evening service. We were encouraged to see new faces in both of these congregations. Thank you to the Fishers for the nice lunch after the service.

Mar. 11: Rev. Fred Bennett, Rev. Darvin Donahey, and I spent the morning at Penns Creek Camp hauling more than one hundred wet mattresses. The storage cabins where the mattresses were stored have been damaged due to frozen water pipes.

Mar. 15: I was honored to be with the Duncannon congregation and preach for their anniversary service. Pastors Jeremy and Brian Fuller and others have worked hard to keep this new work in operation. We enjoyed being with the Milesburg congregation for the evening service. Thank you to Pastor and Mrs. Hoskins for the lovely lunch and the tour of the newly renovated parsonage on Moose Run Rd. Also, a special thank you from my wife for the special offering in honor of her recent birthday.



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PENNVIEW BIBLE INSTITUTE
GOD'S MISSIONARY STANDARD
P.O. BOX 970
PENN'S CREEK, PA 17862
RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED

July 24-August 2, 2009

Evangelistic services: 10:30 AM, 2:30 PM, & 7:30 PM each day in the George I. Straub Memorial Tabernacle

Sunday services: 9:15 AM (Sunday School), 10:30 AM, 2:30 PM and 7:00 PM

Directions: Follow Route 104 to village of Penns Creek. Turn on Raspberry Street. Follow to George I. Straub Tabernacle on right (on the campus of Penn View Bible Institute.)



Rev. Rick Maloyed
Osseo, Michigan
Evangelist



Rev. Judy Williams
Lancaster, Ohio
Evangelist



Rev. Daniel Stetler
Hobe Sound, Florida
Evangelist



Lucas & Hannah Shrout
Penns Creek, Pennsylvania
Song Evangelist



Rev. John Whitaker
Hanover, Pennsylvania
Youth Evangelist



The Victory Trio
Lancaster, Ohio
Children's Workers



Rev. Harry Plank
Conference President
Platform Director

**74th Annual Conference—
God's Missionary Church:**
Thursday and Friday, July 23–24

Accommodations: We welcome you and your family to stay with us for all or part of the camp meeting. Meals, rooms, and RV spots are available on a free-will offering basis. A minimal fee is charged for air conditioned rooms when available. For room and RV reservations write: Penns Creek Camp Meeting, P.O. Box 970, Penns Creek, PA 17862 or call 570-837-3083.

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