

G O D ' S M I S S I O N A R Y

STANDARD

A FOCUS ON **Missions**

Go ye into all the world...



Uncommon Heroism, Extraordinary Sacrifice



ROBERT BOOTH

Both of my grandfathers, Harry Booth and Carl Evans, served in World War II. Because of that heritage, I enjoy reading the accounts of the history that unfolded a generation ago. The chronicles of war are replete with accounts of uncommon heroism and extraordinary sacrifice. I realize the heroism and sacrifice of men and women who made our country what it is.

This issue of the *Standard* takes a look at brave and selfless men and women who likewise had a view for the future that drove them to serve as they are. Their service is not military service. Their service is missionary service. Their enemy did not threaten tyranny and oppression. Their enemy threatens the eternal damnation of souls. These missionaries willingly and obediently stepped into the arena of the fiercest of all spiritual battles, contending for territory that had been under the uncontested control of Satan for generations. These brave men and women put their lives on the line for the eternal welfare of souls still outside of Christ.

To honor missionaries is our duty. To be associated with them is our privilege. In this issue of the *Standard*, we have wonderful tributes as well as front-line reports of missionaries engaging in battle. 

news

Passing

GLADYS R. HOSIER, 94, formerly of Deerfield Estates, Beaver Springs and McClure, went to be with her Lord and Savior at 12:40 p.m. Saturday, April 13, 2013, at the Manor at Penn Village, Selinsgrove. She was born Feb. 28, 1919, in Kingston, a daughter of the late Stanley and Bina Pearl (Button) Rushik. On Dec. 25, 1939, she married the Rev. E. Paul Hosier who preceded her in death on Nov. 18, 2008, breaking a 68 year marital union.



Gladys attended the Beavertown God's Missionary Church. Throughout her married life, Gladys assisted her husband in his ministry. She enjoyed knitting, crocheting, reading and doing jigsaw puzzles. She is survived by two daughters and sons-in-law, Ruth M. and Gordon Alexander, of Beaver Springs, and Rebecca L. and Fred Shetterly, of Elizabethville; three sons and daughters-in-law, Edwin P. and Olesa Hosier, of Jacksonville, N.C., George M. and Sandy Hosier, of Corry, and Myron L. and Rhetta Hosier, of Delta Junction, Alaska; 16 grandchildren; 23 great-grandchildren; and one sister, Enid McCready, of Knoxville, Tennessee. ❏



Rev. & Mrs. Jay Knipmeyer on their marriage. Jay and Juleen were united in marriage on March 30, 2013.

Congratulations to Rev. & Mrs. Josh Neidermyer on the birth of Japheth D'andre. Japheth was born on April 5, 2013.

Congratulations to Rev. & Mrs. Philip Geise on the birth of Priya Anne. Priya was born on April 21, 2013.



Congratulations to Rev. & Mrs. Troy Shaffer on the birth of Kailey Noelle. Kailey was born on May 17, 2013.

Fearfully & Wonderfully Made

Pennsylvania Women of Worth Retreat
October 18-20, 2013

For information contact:
Charlene Wolford 717-682-0636, ccwolford@lghealth.org
or Carol Kratz 717-653-7336, kcKratz@gmail.com

Let your words be the genuine picture of your heart.

—JOHN WESLEY



HOW MY

Mother's Example

SHAPED ME TO LIVE

on the Mission Field

KIMBERLY HOFFMAN

I am the youngest of eight children born to a simple Christian family. My daddy passed away when I was nineteen. The older I get, the more that I realize how blessed I am to have the family I do. I am especially thankful for the influence of my mother and have realized that some of my mother's strengths are what have helped me to survive and endure the tests on the mission field.

Probably the most influential characteristic of my mother is that she trusted God to supply our needs. I specifically remember when my parents made the decision to send me to a Christian school. My other siblings attended public school because my parents could not afford to send them to a Christian school. When God made it clear to them through my sincere continual plea, "I want to go to that school," they obeyed the Lord. Without knowing how the bill would be paid, they enrolled me in a Christian school. I can remember my mother testifying that she had no idea how, but every month when she went to the checkbook to pay the school bill, the money was there. This increased my faith that God would supply where He leads.

Throughout the years, my mother turned to the Lord many times for provision. Rather than run up debt, she would wait until the Lord supplied the need. This gave me a foundation of proving that God does provide when we don't run ahead of Him and are willing to wait for His provision.

My mother was a very hard worker, always gardening and sewing to provide for her large family. I probably do not work as hard as she did, but her example gives me the will to be able to complete each task.

My mother loved to give. She always gave things to her neighbors and friends from her garden and also shared homemade foods or treats. This has been a good example to me as I also love to give baked goods, food, and clothing to those to whom I minister. My mother instilled in me a love for giving.

She also gave to missionaries and organizations that were advancing the Kingdom of God. She gave to others leaving herself with only the bare necessities. To this day my mother lives in a very simply decorated home with plain furniture. She is happy even though she gives away any surplus that could purchase fancy furniture or modern gadgets. I truly believe her treasure is not on this earth, but will be great in heaven because of what she has invested into the Kingdom of God.

My mother was always hospitable. If a friend dropped in at mealtime, she would invite them to stay and eat with us which resulted in enjoyable fellowship. *continued on page 9*

Short-Term Missions Trip to Haiti

FRANCES STETLER

This past January, a long-time dream came true. As I watched the small island of Haiti become distinct in the turquoise water of the ocean, my heart responded with the verse from Psalm 37:4, “Delight thyself also in the LORD; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.” Since I was a young child, I had always wanted to be a missionary, but the Lord had another vocation for me. Now, He was allowing me to make my first short-term missionary trip to a third-world country. My heart felt overwhelmed with praise.

After the abrupt, eardrum-shaking landing (the runway is short), I left the plane (in “summer” instead of winter) and entered a different world. My senses were flooded with myriad sensations almost immediately: crowds, noise, smell, traffic, need. My heart broke, and tears flowed as I observed “houses” that were rough frames covered with tattered tarps. People wandered everywhere; many carried baskets or pans filled with some sort of items for sale. Garbage piles filled every available spot, and the smell was almost unbearable. Fear was almost a tangible entity; it was represented by searching eyes, iron gates with massive locks, and surrounding walls with razor wire or broken glass to deter the things or people who caused the fear.

When I was finally able to emerge from my sensory overload, the overwhelming sense that gripped me was that here was a people with great need. Yes, they had physical needs because of their poverty and crowded, unsanitary living conditions; but far beyond these needs, this was a people that needed the gospel. I met wonderful people that experienced poverty at a level I had never imagined, yet for those who had met the Savior, hope shone through their poverty. I will never forget attending prayer meeting in the dark with those dark faces nearly imperceptible, but the spirit of that small group shone as a beacon through the darkness. I will never see a newly awakening day but what I will hear the voices of the saints singing and praying before 5:00 a.m. Just beyond the mission walls, however, lived thousands of people who had not experienced the living Hope; those people are the reasons GMC maintains mission stations throughout the island and a Bible school to train new generations of ministers.

Teaching in the Bible school was what took me to Haiti. I actually went with a work group. The men spent the week leveling the floor and laying tile in the Carrefour church. It was heavy work and took all daylight hours—and whenever the sporadic electricity allowed them to work at night. My job consisted of teaching a 5-day class at the Bible school on using visuals to explain Bible lessons. Over and over I continued on **page 7**





GOD'S MISSIONARY CHURCH in Haiti

DONALD MOBLEY

I came to Haiti in May of 2002. I was asked to live at our main station in Carrefour. At our main station we have a Bible School, church, and two houses. Carrefour is a very populated suburb of Port-au-Prince, the capital of Haiti.

At that time we had three mission compounds and four churches. We have grown since then. We now have eleven churches that are affiliated with us. We are supporting three Christian day schools and we have several others that are self-supported. We have a medical facility at La Croix and a mill for grinding corn and millet. At two of our stations, we have good wells that allow us to supply the community with potable water.

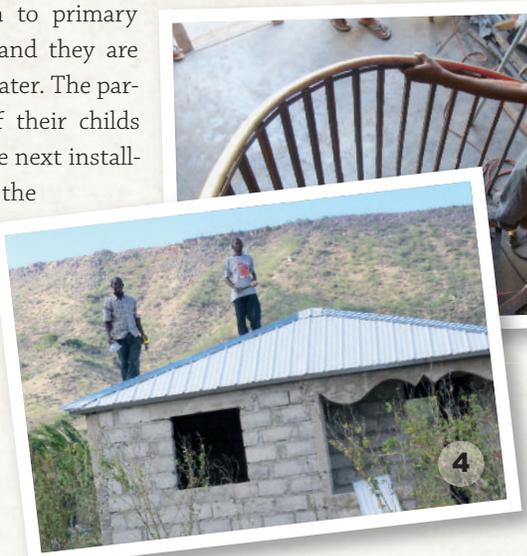
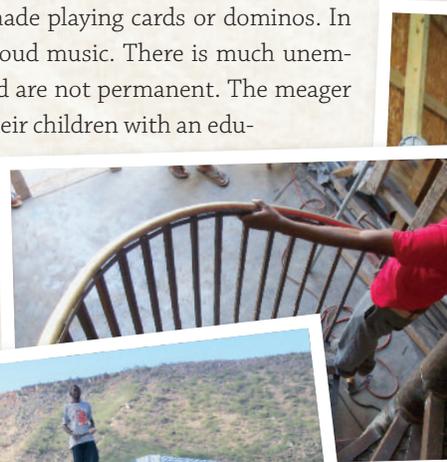
The churches are growing. We have several church buildings that are in need of expanding. We have dozens of new converts every year. We have churches that have baptisms several times a year.

Our Bible School at Carrefour has approximately thirty students enrolled this year. Upon completion of the required studies at our Bible School, our students are issued a diploma that is recognized by the government.

With the help of various sources we have provided more than 100 homes for the refugees of the 2010 earthquake. Recovery from the earthquake has been slow. There are still several tent cities spread throughout the capital. Buildings are being removed and replaced by new ones that can resist the force of an earthquake. We have much damage to several of our properties that still need to be repaired.

I have been burdened for the needs of our young people here in Haiti. A normal scene in Haiti is men sitting around during the day in the shade playing cards or dominos. In the evening they gather to talk, to drink, and to play loud music. There is much unemployment in the country and the jobs that can be found are not permanent. The meager incomes of the bread winners is not sufficient to help their children with an education. Many can send their children to primary school, but as the children get older and they are ready for high school, the expense is greater. The parents may pay the first installment of their child's tuition for the school year, but when the next installment needs to be paid, they don't have the money. The child is then sent home and if the money is not paid he will lose the entire school year.

There are many young people over twenty years old and even in their early thirties that are trying to finish their high school education. Over the last 11 years we (several supporters and myself) have been able to help



dozens of young people to finish their high school education. As I mentor the young men and they discover their many talents, we seek a career for them. We have had several go to college to be accountants, lawyers, nurses, pastors, teachers, etc. Many have gone to trade school to learn trades such as mechanics, tailors, seamstresses, plumbers, welders, block layers, carpenters, tile setters, etc.

Today, many of our young men and women have families of their own. They have a profession and are able to support their families. It thrills my heart that we have been instrumental in their lives. 📌

*For more photos of the work in Haiti, visit:
gmcinhaiti.blogspot.com*

PHOTO DESCRIPTIONS:

- 1** The boys pouring a concrete pad for a house for an earthquake victim
- 2** A spiral staircase the boys are working on
- 3** The spiral staircase from the top
- 4** The boys putting a new roof on a house
- 5** A few of the boys that Don Mobley mentors



continued from **page 5** was amazed to notice that many of the students would help the men in the church throughout the morning, then shower, change clothes, and attend the class all afternoon, returning to work in the church at night. Others would attend high school from early morning until about 1:00, then change from their uniforms and come to the afternoon classes. Some walked for long distances through dusty, uneven streets, but their desire to learn brought them into the compound with tired bodies and dusty shoes, which they wiped clean before entering the building. One man rode public transportation for about two hours, stayed attentive during the class, and rode home into the night—when danger is rampant. My heart was humbled to work with students so inspired to learn. Never before had I told a flannelgraph story and had the listeners jump to their feet—in order to see clearly—every time I added a new figure.



The students eagerly tried to reproduce the object lessons, practicing until they could use them easily and borrowing the supplies to take the lessons back to their places of ministry on Sunday. The heat, the lack of electricity for lights or fans, speaking for the first time through an interpreter, the difficulties in finding materials to demonstrate the lessons: none of these things hindered the enthusiasm of the students or the obvious working of God on all of our hearts.

My heart was challenged and encouraged by the quality and enthusiasm of the forty plus students who attended classes during that week. I have no question that those men and women represent both the present and a new generation of national workers capable of reaching Haiti for Christ. What a privilege to have had a small part in helping to train them for that task! My life was changed forever by what I saw and experienced during that January week. 📌



Building a Church in a Miami Neighborhood

JOSE CANCIO



Hispanic immigrants in many areas of the United States are a transient people. Their place of residence largely depends on their employment and whether they can afford the monthly rent. Some, of course, do settle and make a home and family. But for the most part, when employment gets scarce in their surroundings or they encounter any other difficulty, they start looking for opportunities elsewhere.

Hispanics who have been in the United States for a generation or longer have life a bit easier. If they lose their job and can't pay the rent or mortgage, there is probably someone in the family, mom and dad or even grandparents, who will help to "get them back on their feet". On the other hand, if it is someone who has been here a few short years, and they lose their job and can't find anything else in the area, they are forced to contact family or friends wherever that may be and go where the job is, which means moving away to another city or even another state.

We have a multi member family in our church, that because they needed a big enough house instead of being cramped in a small apartment, they had to move to a less privileged neighborhood, and still pay about a thousand dollars per month of rent. (Rent is very high in our area) That took them far enough away from the church, and because of poor transportation and a difficult job situation, they miss many services.

Sister Esperanza has been with us for several years and has grown in the Faith. She works as a "live in" maid and comes home on the weekend. For several years she has been living with her daughter and her family. All of a sudden, Henry, her son-in-law, has decided that they are moving to Ohio. Sister Esperanza had to scramble to find a place to live. She was going to move in with her brother. That would have taken her far away and she would have had to take the train and bus to get to church and would have been able to attend just one service per week. Thankfully, at the last minute, she found a lady nearby who needed a roommate to share the rent.

Another obstacle we face in growing a church is that some of our most faithful Christians have found the Lord and have grown spiritually while being in an undocumented immigrant status. That means that the future for them in the United States is uncertain. They may find themselves back in their country someday.

There are also other circumstances unique to the Hispanic community which have been challenging in growing a church. But in spite of it all, God has given us fruit for our labors. We praise Him for it! ❏

continued from **page 4** She didn't seem to worry about whether there would be enough to go around; to her it was more important to have the fellowship of a friend than to have our bellies filled. Our friends always knew that they were welcome at our house. There was always room for one more.

My mother taught me to overlook others' faults. Often I hear her voice in my mind saying, "You gotta just look over them," meaning look over their faults and go on. This has helped me many times when I didn't understand others' actions. This "looking over" has helped me to lift my eyes above others and look to Jesus in difficult circumstances.

My mother was supportive of our decision to answer God's call to be missionaries. Not once did she balk or question, but was happy to see us obey God's leading. She prays, supports

faithfully, and calls frequently, showing her support. Due to the influence of my mother, I believe, every one of my brothers and sisters and spouses have also supported our decision to follow God's will for our lives.

Finally, my mother loved people. Reaching out to others through giving was a sign of her love for them. She still visits the Dominican Republic as often as she can. Though she cannot speak the language, she communicates her love to the people with hugs and a warm smile. They are delighted when she comes because of the love she shows for them, and she always has some homemade chocolates to share with them as well.

I thank God for my mother and for the things she instilled in me which help me in the ministry to which God has called me. Thanks Mom! I love you! ❏

continued from **page 12** utter sinfulness to the Lord. Helpless, she cried out to Him for mercy and forgiveness. I do not know how long she knelt there, but the enemy fled and her chains fell off, she was free! It was a wonderful transformation and one that has lasted all these years.

A desire began to grow in her heart to become a foreign missionary, but the desperate needs of the people in the inner city of Philadelphia also seemed to draw her. The Lord affirmed this by whispering to her heart, "I want you to stay here and work among these folks. You can help to send others".

So, began 43 years of a life of self-denial, volunteer work, opening her home to the needy—a continual inner-city mission work. There were street meetings, tent campaigns, annual youth and missionary conventions, several three week revivals, daily visitations, weekly children's and youth activities and a Summer Bible School. There were also radio broadcasts and a monthly paper was published. "Participation in these activities and programs gave me plenty of outlets for youthful energies and the development of some dormant capabilities I did not know existed."¹

After her definite conversion, she recounts this crisis. "As I was busy for the Lord, I had nagging doubts about my own professed heart cleansing. I had prayed for this and thought at times that victory was mine. I read as many holiness books as I could get my hands on". Close preaching would put her under a cloud of despair. Her strong desire to always be 'right' in every decision and her love of praise were revealed to her as she sought a clear and vibrant experience of sanctification.

She declared herself a 'seeker'. That in itself was a humbling thing and seek she did both privately and publicly. "I truly wanted the 'mind of Christ'", she reflected.¹

One night, the Lord, who desires so much that His children be holy, heard the cry of Anita as she confessed loudly enough for all to hear, especially a person with whom she had crossed wires. "O, Lord," she prayed, "You know how I've always thought my ideas..."¹ She never finished the sentence for the Holy Ghost came. She uttered no words as she knelt there overwhelmed with awe and wonder. "I KNEW He had come".¹

Her adventure with the Lord took an interesting turn in 1987 as she felt her ever faithful Lord speaking to her. "I have work for you elsewhere". She contacted a few missionary organizations offering to do volunteer work. Then she prayed and waited. On September 22, 1987 she arrived in Key West, Florida to become a volunteer at the headquarters of the Evangelistic Wesleyan Mission. She spent 8 years working with the Shreves. It was here that one of her most effective endeavors had its beginning.

One of her duties was "to glean prayer requests from the missionary letters that came to the office and send a monthly newsletter to about 300 people who promised to pray regularly. "During that time I thought how wonderful it would be to send out prayer requests out for all the holiness missionaries."¹

Then in April, 1995 colon cancer was discovered and it appeared that in a few months, she might be traveling to

another world. But after surgery, months of treatment, and the love of kind friends, her health improved and it seemed clear the Lord was giving her strength for a work of His choosing. While recuperating from her illness, letters and phone calls came from missionaries of many organizations who needed special help from the Lord. "It was time to organize the prayer forces".¹ Thus, the recruitment of a united prayer army to stand before the enemy was begun.

The first prayer letter went out in October 1995 to thirty people whom Anita knew would pray. Before the November letter was sent she was led of the Lord to call the developing prayer ministry "*Rope Holders*." The mailing list grew and by 1998 the list was at 900 and was continuing to grow. It currently runs about 2000. Letters and emails flow from missionaries in the trenches facing the enemy head on to the prayer warriors at home via *Rope Holders*. Who can put a dollar value on this kind of work?

Sr. Anita recalls the time when it seemed that young people were not interested in the work of missions. *Rope Holders* sent out an urgent message calling for prayer and in a couple of months there were over 20 missionary applicants.

Time after time workers were in immediate need of help and the *Rope Holders* at home met around the throne and God answered. In the August 2000 issue of *Rope Holders*, Anita writes "A young missionary family has recently returned from their first term on the pioneer field where the first eighteen months of that term were filled with fierce battles. It was well that their call was so definite. 'Never', said the young missionary husband and father, 'did we doubt that God had called us'. Nearly fatal attacks of malaria on his wife and children, prolonged periods of family separation working through government regulations and finally an auto accident entirely out of the missionary's control could have spelled the end of the Mission.

But, time after time, the alert was sounded and pray-ers everywhere went to their knees! God intervened. Death was turned back, tangles of regulations were smoothed out, and a man who was pronounced dead at the scene of the accident was alive on the arrival at the hospital! The last six months of the missionaries' term witnessed one victory and one open door after another.

A missionary in the hospital for a broken leg requested her U.S. bank send money to the hospital for their services. Money was indeed sent, but could not be found. She sent an urgent message to *Rope Holders* and the next morning a local prayer group prayed. By afternoon a message was received. The money had been found.

Sometimes it is weather that is of great concern to the missionaries. An S.O.S was sent to these pray-ers that the Lord would keep the temperature low enough in Siberia so the lakes and swamps would stay frozen allowing men to reach a remote destination and deliver some much needed parts for a

broken down vehicle. This took longer than expected and thawing was a worrisome possibility. The missionary office rejoiced upon receiving word that indeed the delivery had been made successfully.

Rope Holders is now published under the umbrella of Mission Helps and Sr. Anita serves on that board. Anita's heart and her prayers are a vital part of this important ministry.

So the work begun by Sr. Anita goes on and on. In issues of *Rope Holders* there continue to be accounts of necessary weather adjustments in order to get to places of ministry, important financial needs being met, backsliders finding their way back to God, successful VBS and revival endeavors, all because God's people knew about the needs, prayed about the needs, and God answered.

The missionaries labor, facing battles, illness, lack of funds, learning new languages and adjusting to new cultures, separated from home and families, dealing with emergencies in their families or among the people with whom they work, preaching to those who have never heard, growing the new Christians, holding Bible studies and caring for their families, BUT the *Rope Holders* at home are crying out to God in their behalf and as God works, we rejoice together.

There have been testing times in her own prayer life when the bed seemed more comfortable than the place of prayer. But as a true soldier, she fought comforts and was blest with assurance! victory! security! strength for the battle! The most outstanding of these was in early morning prayer meeting at Penns Creek Camp. As she entered the tabernacle, she saw a message from the Lord blazened on the rafters, GOD ANSWERS PRAYER. This message is both a statement of fact and an invitation to ask. Need I tell you that her hour of prayer was a time of praise to Him whose name is Faithful and True?" Petitions and streams of praise flowed that morning she was assured that she had been heard and her petitions had been granted. And it would seem to this writer that prayer warriors everywhere battle on their knees until the victory is won.

A few weeks ago Anita celebrated her 90th birthday, surrounded by a few friends. She testified that God has kept His promise given many years ago in Philadelphia: "The Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly," Psalm 84:11.

Anita Brechbill, we salute your missionary life—your faithful, dedicated prayer life. Yours has been a glorious journey of seeking and finding; dying, yet living; serving, yet receiving; burden bearing, yet rejoicing; alone, but you have become a friend of the whole world. You are an inspiration and dearly loved. ❏

¹ Autobiographical sketch of Anita Brechbill included in 20th Century Spiritual Giants by Anita Brechbill. Paraphrased conversations with Sr. Anita. Permission was granted by Sr. Brechbill to quote her and by her publisher, Rev. Arlan Kratz, to use some of the material printed in the above book.



president

March 26: I attended chapel at Penn View and enjoyed the preaching of Rev. Adam Buckler and the singing of the Mike Mayhle family. In the evening, I preached the opening night of revival meeting at the Lewistown church in the absence of evangelist John Case.

March 29: We attended the Good Friday service at the Beavertown church and I made my first appearance at playing the guitar in a public service. It went fairly well since there were several accomplished people who were also playing guitars with me.

March 30: We attended the beautiful wedding of Jay Knipmeyer and Jolene Wilson.

March 31: We attended church with family at Beavertown on this Easter Sunday. It was a great service with many people at the altar. In the afternoon, we visited Kent Forney at Geisinger Medical Center where he was in the Intensive Care Unit in very serious condition.

April 7: We enjoyed the afternoon service at the Jackson church and had a lovely meal in the home of Pastor and Mrs. Warren Major. We were saddened to learn that he will be resigning the church due to physical difficulties. We appreciate how this couple has put their hearts into starting this little country church during their senior years. It was also great to have Rev. and Mrs. David Wise, Jared and Katie in the service.

April 10: I conducted the Penn View board meeting in the morning. In the evening we enjoyed the singing and preaching of Rev. and Mrs. Brian Spangler at the Bethel Holiness church near New Berlin, PA.

April 13: Rachel and I attended my family's 71st annual reunion; a ham dinner with fresh wild leeks. In the afternoon, we traveled on to Dayton, OH arriving at 10:30 pm.

April 14: We traveled to Columbus, IN where our son Jim was preaching a revival at the Bethel Holiness church. We received a very warm welcome. It was especially great to see old friends, Chuck and Mary Jane McGuire and the Don Shearers. Thank you to Pastor and Mrs. Nathan Shockley, their lovely family and helper for the wonderful Sunday dinner in the beautiful parsonage.

April 16-18: We were at the 2013 Inter-Church Holiness Convention in Dayton, OH. We are so thankful for the encouragement we received from the services and for God's moving. The General Board was able to meet and welcome Rev. David Light as a God's Missionary minister during the convention. I trust our pastors will be a blessing to the Lights as they direct the Fort Myers Rescue Mission. Encourage your congregations to support this worthy cause, both financially and with much prayer.

April 20: We attended the home-going celebration of 94 year old Gladys Hosier. She was a former pastor's wife, parishioner, and a dear friend. In the afternoon, we attended the 80th birthday celebration of former General Superintendent Paul Miller's wife, Janet, at Spring Mills.

April 21: I preached at the Salunga church in the morning and we enjoyed a great Sunday dinner with Pastor and Mrs. Sheldon Habecker and baby Elizabeth. It was an unpleasant experience to be the bearer of bad news to a tearful congregation that their dearly beloved pastor was resigning. We, along with the congregation, do wish the Habeckers well in their new field of labor. In the evening, we enjoyed the Hope International Missionary service with its director, Rev. Sidney Grant and the in-laws of Rev. Philip Geise, missionary to South Africa, Johan and Hessie van ber Merwe. The Philip Geise family was not able to be in the service because their daughter, Priya, was born earlier that day.

April 23: I made a trip to the hospital in Harrisburg to visit with Rev. and Mrs. Barry Arnold. She was undergoing a knee replacement surgery. In the evening, Rachel and I attended revival meeting at New Columbia where Rev. and Mrs. Rollin Mitchel were the evangelist and singers.

April 24: I spent some time at Penn View to meet with the ABHE team who came to evaluate for the accreditation application. After returning home, we



HARRY PLANK

had mixed feelings when Ray Beachy came from Villager Real Estate Company to put our house up for sale. We have enjoyed our 17 years of being Middleburg residents. In the evening, Rachel and I enjoyed a meal with Roger and Terry Moyer and then we attended revival meeting at the Richfield Evangelical Methodist church where the Spanglers were the evangelist and singers.

April 28: We visited the Penns Valley church in the morning and enjoyed a great Sunday dinner with Pastor and Mrs. Andrew Cooley. In the evening,

we attended revival at the Gratz Emanuel Wesleyan church where Rev. Earl Newton was the evangelist and the Stephen Cassady family were the singers. Thank you to Pastor and Mrs. Dan Durkee for the nice lunch and great visit along with the the Vernon Gessners.

May 2: I met with some of the General Board members to open some late-coming pastoral recall ballots. Rachel and I enjoyed dessert at Country Cupboard Restaurant in Lewisburg with some dear friends. It brought back a flood of great memories when we unexpectedly ran into Rev. and Mrs. Robin Hevalow who were also meeting with friends at County Cupboard.

May 5: I preached at the Newport church in the morning and we enjoyed a beautiful and delicious meal with Pastor and Mrs. Philip Brenizer and their fine daughters, Cherlyn and Kristin. In the evening, we were privileged to hear David Large represent the wonderful work of the Gideons—a group of businessmen who distribute Bibles throughout the world.

May 6: Thank you to Rev. Lewis Ray Hoover who treated us, along with more than 30 other people to a wonderful meal in the home of Jonas and Lydia Yoder, a fine Amish family. This was in appreciation for those in ministry. Unfortunately, on our way home a nice buck decided to jump from a high bank and land right in front of our 2012 Toyota! Thankfully, no one was hurt and we were able to continue to drive our car. After a new hood, bumper, grill and help from the insurance company, it should be good as new.

May 7: We made a trip to the Tioga County farm to do some work for my mother. It was good to have a short visit with Mike Frances, a cousin visiting from Texas. In the evening, we enjoyed a meal with Rev. and Mrs. David Blowers from Welsboro.

May 8: Rachel and I traveled to Meadville to attend the funeral of Lillian Jones, the mother of Anita Halter and the late Albert Barr. Rev. Joe Smith preached the funeral. It was good to see Rev. and Mrs. William French also.

May 10: We attended the Penn View benefit auction in the evening. It is always great to see so many friends and enjoy the fine array of food for sale.

May 11: We went to the funeral for Rev. Wesley Warden at the Beavertown church. What a life of complete surrender to God's will and work.

May 12: We enjoyed Mothers' Day dinner with several family members in our home. It was also the 40th birthday of our son, Jon.

May 13: We stopped to visit our friends, Bill and Beth Slippy, in the Harrisburg area and was glad to find him doing well following his recent cancer surgery. 📷

A TRIBUTE TO Anita Brechbill

BY WANDA KNAPP

Riverside is a friendly, pleasant place. The homey atmosphere is created by lovely decorations for the season and care givers who are welcoming. I enter a room where a precious lady sits in her chair reading, praying or perhaps taking a nap. It is a pleasure to come here to visit my dear friend, Anita Brechbill. I touch her lightly on the hand as not to startle her and she greets me with a sweet smile and a cheery “Oh I’m so glad to see you”. Already I am blest.

We settle ourselves for a good chat. She shares from a book she is currently reading, often a book about heaven, or a passage from the Bible that has blest her.

I question her about her past and she always has interesting things to tell me. The people she has met and served with over the years, the leadings of the Lord, the victories she has seen won make for a very intriguing story. She has lived a most rewarding life devoted to the Lord. But at the beginning there were struggles with hidden sin and pride of self. Her journey to victory was difficult, but glorious.

We have prayer together and I leave encouraged. I think, “Her story needs to be told and her life celebrated”, thus this article was born.

Anita Brechbill was born into a godly family on July 21, 1923. When she was one year old, the family moved from Indiana to central Pennsylvania where they settled on an 80 acre farm near Harrisburg. Anita’s father accepted a position at the fledgling Messiah Bible School teaching mathematics and the growing family worked together on the farm.

Early, Anita learned the importance of frugality, creativity, faithfulness, and daily family altar. It was not hard for Anita to be obedient. She graduated from high school and then from medical laboratory training at Pennsylvania’s Graduate Hospital in Philadelphia. She conformed to the standards of the church, became a baptized member, a Sunday school teacher, and served in various capacities, but in her own words, “I was not born again”.¹

One evening conviction seized her such as she had never known. Returning to Philadelphia after a weekend with her family, the driver turned the radio on. Suddenly the programming was interrupted for emergency news. There had been a tragic train wreck and the screams of the dying could be heard as the reporter moved through the wreckage. Immediately her heart smote her. “If you’d been on that train, you’d be in hell now!”

In that hour of revelation, “I saw my real self, full of pride and deceit, bound for hell”. Arriving back at her apartment, she practically crawled to her room lugging her suitcase and fell on her knees, the conviction so heavy upon her. She recounts, “My soul was in agony”. She saw herself slipping over the edge into that awful pit. There, out of the depths of her soul she acknowledged her *continued on* **page 9**

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