

# GOD'S MISSIONARY STANDARD

June 2010



*The 1934 gathering of the Home Missionary Society Camp near Berrysburg, Pennsylvania.  
One year later this group started the first God's Missionary Church in Pillow, Pennsylvania.*





# May it be said of us

ROBERT BOOTH



I was six-years-old when I attended my first God's Missionary Church and camp meeting in 1984. After my father died in 1982, my mother and I went down to Florida for a few weeks each winter with my grandparents. It was there that I was first introduced to the men and women who would forever shape my future. I remember the worship services and the preaching and meeting the people of God's Missionary Church.

It was at Orange City Camp where my mother, LaVerne Booth, met her future husband, Paul Gagnon. He had been saved at Fort Myers Rescue Mission years before that and was working as a Chaplain in a Florida State prison. He was also licensed with God's Missionary Church. They later were married and we moved to Florida where we attended and visited God's Missionary Churches.

I remember telling Rev. Paul Miller that I was called to preach and, when I was teenager, I received my local

preachers license and preached my first sermon at Lakeland God's Missionary Church. It lasted all of six minutes.

I tell you all of this because I am thankful for all of the memories and the impact that God's Missionary Church has had on my family. Our denomination is celebrating its 75th anniversary this year. And it is exactly that: celebrating God's faithfulness. Throughout our history, God has moved and settled among us, and we have never been the same. As I have read dozens of old issues of the *Standard*, listened to individuals talk about our history and future, I have sensed some common themes that have stemmed from our founders to our current leaders of today.

May it be said of us that we are people of God. Unashamedly, may we lift the banner that tells our communities that we are different. Not just for the sake of being different, but that we are children of the most high King.

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## Celebrating 75 Years of the Faithfulness of God

BY HARRY PLANK,

CONFERENCE PRESIDENT

Seventy-five years of God's Missionary Church history indicates the passing of at least one generation. Our conference was birthed in revival. It was the work of God using men named Dubendorf and Straub to proclaim a clear message of salvation and holiness with anointing. Among the earliest converts in those meetings were Truman Wise and George Straub. These brethren became the leaders of those first congregations that became God's Missionary Church.

The conference was in its thirty fifth year in July 1970 when I traveled from the City Rescue Mission in Binghamton, NY to Millmont, PA to be interviewed for consideration to be a ministerial member of God's Missionary Church. The General Board consisted of Allen Russell, Marlin Crock, Arthur Thomas, Truman Wise, Russell Herr and William Rachau. Shortly thereafter, at the annual conference in Penns Creek, my wife and I stood alone in front of the entire conference body and took vows to become part of this great group of believers. We discovered that God had led us to a people that still believed in revival and had not departed from the initial Bible message of clear salvation and personal holiness.

Our first pastorate was in Coopersburg, PA. This first encounter with sanctified Pennsylvania "Dutchmen" endeared them to our hearts. God helped us in the local church and in the larger setting of the conference as we would load our cars and travel miles to attend revivals, youth rallies, and camp meetings. These things united us with other brethren and gave us a circle of fellowship which we needed and loved. The leadership of Rev. Paul Miller and Rev. George Straub inspired us to do our best for God and we endeavored to do it.

I served on the youth board in those early days with Gerald Moore, Stephen Hicks, Richard Holiday, John

Zechman, Timothy Cooley, Alvin Shaffer and others. Many, many miles were traveled in all kinds of weather to attend General and Zone rallies, but God's presence always rewarded our efforts.

We didn't miss camp meeting, staying as much as possible on the grounds. We didn't always have the best in rooms or RV's in those early days. In fact, when some of us graduated to personal RV's, our little "niche" or corner of camp became known as "Shanty Town". We didn't care because we came for needed fellowship. More importantly, God's glory was manifested in services with anointed preaching, shouting and singing. The Lebanon Valley Band and Penns Creek Camp band also played a part. Music was important, but preaching was central. In all of it, God was there.

In the conference, our pastorates after Coopersburg included Salisbury, MD on the Eastern Shore, then Armagh, PA and Spring Garden which became New Columbia. From those congregations, many laymen touched our lives. To name just a few; George and Margery Young, Nettie Smith, the Trunks, Allems, Kochs, Klotzs, Zellers, Lecates, Jones, McInturffs, Fowlers, Stiggalls, Huffs, Webbs, Millers, Cooleys, Whites, Thomas. Many others who became a part of our family through the conference pastorates.

In 1996, I was elected to Conference leadership, so we traveled from church to church in a different capacity. I must say, in the large, small, strong, weak, old and newer congregations, our people, after seventy five years still desire God-sent revival and still believe in clear salvation and Bible holiness.

I have no regrets, but am rejoicing that we have been a part of God's Missionary Church. Soon another generation will carry the torch; May God keep them true to our heritage. ■



# A Kid's-eye View of Penns Creek Camp Meeting

BY CAROL HOSKINS

Camp meeting was the most exciting event of our summer. I was just three years old when our Mother was saved in the revival atmosphere of the old Zerby Church. Soon after Mom was saved, one of the church ladies, Sis. Twila Brooks, invited us to go along to Penns Creek Camp Meeting. Little did we realize back in 1952 that attending camp would become a family tradition that continues until the present time.

Early mornings brought the rising bell and then prayer meeting in the tabernacle. Mom was a firm believer that our day should start with prayer, all of us, including the baby. A short devotional was often given and then prayer began. Prayers of gratitude, deep intercession, and groaning for lost souls. If we happened to get bored, there were fresh sawdust shavings covering the dirt floor to play in; but it was hard to get restless when prayers were touching Heaven and saints were shouting praises.

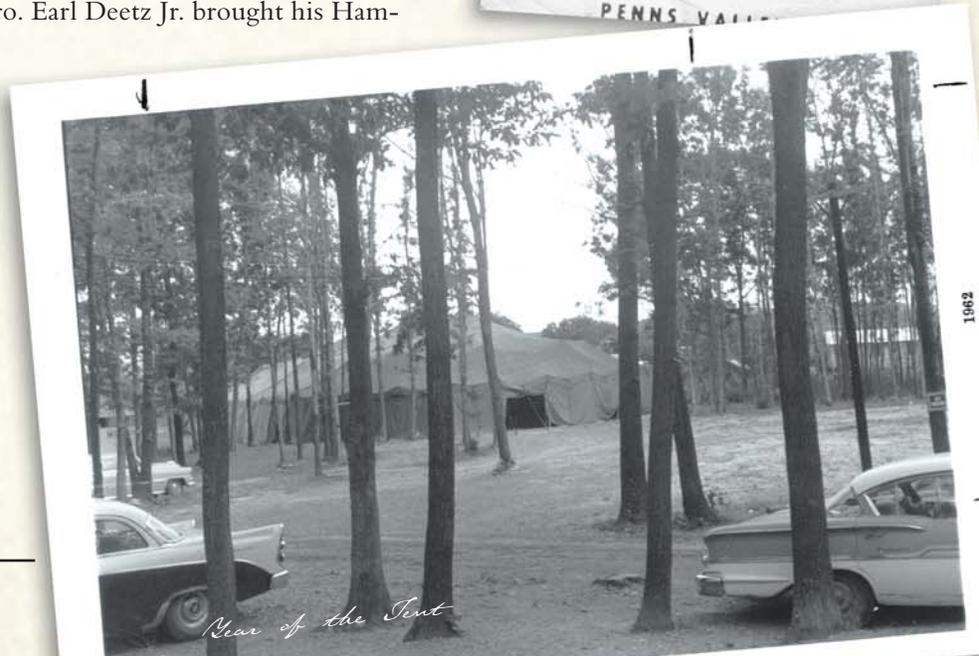
In those early days meal tickets were sold in the dining hall, but our parents couldn't afford to pay for one adult plus four little kids meals. Sister Brooks became a dear "sister" to our Mother, and "Aunt Honey" to us children. She brought an ice box to her dorm room, next to ours, and invited us to share her larger room for meals. The small kids' table,

chairs and hot plate we brought made our crude kitchen setup complete. A truck came every other day with large blocks of ice for the dining hall ice box, so we were able to get ice for our little box as well. The Brooks's cared so deeply about our family getting to camp that they actually bought Cottage #5 to make larger facilities for meals.

Monday mornings were special because this was the day Sister Lillian Wilson (Sister Ada Hobbs' sister) started children's meetings. If the Children's and Youth Tent wasn't pitched yet, we had stories and songs outdoors in a circle and sat enraptured as she told the stories of Barney's Barrel and The Little Red Hen. None of us children ever doubted Sister Wilson's love, not only for us personally, but also for our souls.

The first tabernacle has many precious memories. Two pianos were often used for the evening services. Sister Viola Moore and Sister Passmore set the tone for worship. Later, Bro. Earl Deetz Jr. brought his Ham-

mond organ and Helen Miller played the piano. Just off each side of the platform were the evangelists rooms. Bible teachers such as Joshua Stauffer from Union Bible Seminary and A.L. Vess from Newport News, VA were often on the schedule as they faithfully taught the Word during the day services. We looked forward to the evening evangelistic services. It was not unusual for the blessing of the Lord to come on the saints. Children, as well as adults, shouted praises in the aisles. In those services, it was the norm for the "hard cases", often sitting in the back, to line the altar under mighty conviction of their sins. *(continued on page 6)*





## Three Generations of God's Missionary Preachers

BY SOLOMON SHAFFER

**A**s a little boy I remember staring at the grill of a General Motors vehicle and thinking, "That car has our initials on it!" At that stage in my life, the letters "G.M.C." could only mean God's Missionary Church. What did that car company think they were doing!?

My entire life has been shaped and molded by my experiences in God's Missionary Church. For my sister and me, the yearly highlights were Hanover Youth Camp, Fellowship Camp, Penn's Creek Camp, Youth Rallies, and Penn View services. As children and teens, our role models were not found on athletic fields, Hollywood sets, or in the studios of Nashville. Our heroes stood on the platforms of God's Missionary Churches, camp-grounds, and traveled in Penn View's public relations vans.

We wanted to be those people, and we imitated them to the point that it even caused property damage! On one occasion my parents were cleaning a conversion van for a local car dealer. The vehicle was just sitting in the driveway, so my sister and I climbed aboard and became "Dan" and "Michelle" traveling with our quartet. It was great fun until "Michelle" shifted the van from park and we rolled backwards into a barbed-wire fence. Dad had some

explaining to do! This is just a minuscule illustration of how God's Missionary Church's places, people, and passion impacted me even at a young age.

Four out of the last five generations in our family have been preachers. Now, three out of those four preaching generations are a part of God's Missionary Church. My grandfather, Alvin Shaffer, joined the conference in 1960 while my father, Nathan Shaffer, joined the church in 1984. My heritage is rich because between them are nearly seventy-six years of ministerial experience in God's Missionary Church. This has been to my blessing and benefit, and I believe that God allowed me to grow up in an environment where ministry was life.

I watched my father and grandfather in their various pastorates over the years, and their experiences have both inspired and educated me. When I answered the call to preach, I knew about midnight hospital visits, Monday morning blues, church work days, elections, frustrations, finances, and the struggle to find the right sermon for the right service. Dad and "Pappy" had already been there and sometimes had taken me with them.

But though they were pastors, my father and grandfather wisely did not

force me into the ministry. They realized that full-time pastoral ministry is not something that is in your blood, it is a call straight from Heaven. And so, behind the scenes, they prayed, hoped, and surrendered me to God's will. And in His time, God placed that call on my life. I answered the call in faith, and now I know that this is my life's work. I believe that God would have me to stay and do what Dad and Grandpa have done: invest my years in God's Missionary Church. I believe in this church, and I'm confident that we have a brilliant and fulfilling future ahead of us!

I'm not making those statements to sound sectarian or braggadocios. I know that there are other great Conservative Holiness Denominations and independent churches that are on fire for God and working to build the Kingdom. But I choose to stay with God's Missionary Church for two important reasons: God's called me here; and I have no reason to leave. As a young person I did not see attitudes and actions which would drive me away. I saw only a group of people who had the glory of God and surrounded me with loving guidance.

The old timers sometimes reminisce about the 'glory days' when God's presence was felt like lightning and waves of revival (*continued on page 7*)

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One of my most vivid memories of that old tabernacle was the year Bro. Raymond Seymore came from Cuba expressly to get sanctified. He was a kind, gentle man and was determined to receive a clean heart. My Mother usually prayed around the altar with us kids by her side until the last seeker was finished, but the nights Bro. Seymore went to pray were an exception. For several nights he earnestly prayed until very late. We had gone to our dorm room but could still hear the prayers. Sometime during the night I remember waking to hear praises that went on for a long time. I knew in my little girl heart that God had not disappointed Bro. Seymore. Though he was a wonderful man before this, the new shine of Heaven on his face was beautiful to behold. God knew what we didn't know—that several years later the communist government of Cuba would persecute and imprison him for his faith. But, thankfully, he had received a power and peace they could not destroy.

1962 is still known as the “Year of the Tent”. There were always lots of leaves to be raked and burnt before camp meeting began. That year the wind blew the fire towards the tabernacle, burning it to the ground. What would we do! How could we have camp meeting? The large tent we used that year became a meeting place

for all and the presence of the Lord met with us in a memorable way.

When we came to camp in 1963, we found a busy hive of workers hurriedly completing last minute chores before the opening services. One of the preachers was bolting the last of the pews together and Bro. Straub was outside with the electrician finishing up connections. The Eugene Gray family, with young Paul, was ready to sing and everyone was excited to be in our new tabernacle. It felt and looked so different, but we found God's presence the same.

A debt of gratitude is what I owe for the influences Penns Creek Camp and God's Missionary Church have had on my life. I am so grateful for those who cared enough to have the tent meetings that were the beginning of Zerby/Penns Valley Church. Folks sacrificed in giving, praying and working so that we could have camp meetings. Many of the friends have already gone to Glory from those early days, but I have found Jesus Christ the same, yesterday, today, and forever. His presence remains with us as we gather together each year. People are still being saved and sanctified and God's Word is still being proclaimed. What a wonderful excitement fills our hearts as we look forward to the great camp meeting in the skies. Until Then, we plan on being a part of Penns Creek Camp Meeting. ■



*George Straub, Raymond Seymore, Ray Steyers*

## UPCOMING EVENTS

**June 25–July 4**

Hanover–Fellowship Camp  
Ben Crawford,  
Charles MacDonald,  
Searles Family

**June 25–July 4**

Mount of Blessings Camp  
Rick Maloyed,  
Leonard Sankey,  
Dwight Rine

**July 14–25**

Oakland Mills Camp  
Rollin Mitchell

**July 22–23**

God's Missionary Church  
Conference

**July 23–August 1**

Penns Creek Camp  
Barry Arnold, Darrell Stetler,  
Noel Scott

**July 25**

God's Missionary Church  
75th Anniversary Service  
Penns Creek, Pa

**August 13–14**

Couples Retreat  
Hanover Campground

**August 13–22**

Elim Grove Camp  
Rollin Mitchell,  
James Plank

**August 20–21**

Singles Retreat  
Hanover Campground

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[PASTORMOSLEY07@GMAIL.COM](mailto:PASTORMOSLEY07@GMAIL.COM)

(continued from page 5) swept the land. Granted, I do not remember those specific days or incidents, but I do remember our camp meetings, revivals, and chapel services where I witnessed and experienced God's awesome presence! God's presence has been with our people and that must not change! The presence of God is the greatest inheritance that one generation can pass to another.

Do I secretly hope and pray that my son Reagan and his yet to be announced siblings would grow up to minister in our conference? Of course I do! But I realize that the thing that is going to keep my children and grandchildren in God's Missionary Church is not our methods, buildings, or programs, it's the Glory of God! As long as we depend on the Glory of God we will march forward, from one generation to the next! ■

(continued from page 2)

May it be said of us that we love our families. After our relationship with God, our families are the most important thing we have. Too many times you and I both have heard horror stories of families being left in the wake of ministry and work. May that never be said of us.

May it be said of us that we love and serve our communities. Our communities and neighbors are crying out for hope, love and redemption. The generations before us loved their communities to Jesus. May we do the same.

May it be said of us, that we are grounded in Scripture. May you and I be students of God's word and pass that love for Scripture on to the generations following us.

May it be said of us that we were known to be a people that prayed. I

remember the cottage prayer meetings, the fervent prayers before service, the all nighters. May we reclaim the power of prayer.

May it be said of us that we still believe in the doctrine of Holiness. The message of Holiness still needs to be proclaimed and lived. May it be said of us that we both taught and lived holiness.

We are thankful for the Heritage that we share. May God help us to be church that He wants us to be. ■



## Births



Congratulations to Rev. Jeremy and Faith Fuller on the birth of Aidan James! Aidan arrived on February 6, 2010.

Congratulations to Nathan and Michelle Dutton on the birth of Marcus James! Marcus was born on March 10, 2010.



Congratulations to Kent and Laura Engle on the birth of Khloe Anne! Khloe was born on March 19, 2010.

## Wedding

William Cookson and Sarah Redmond united in marriage on March 13, 2010. They were married by Pastors Alan Walter and Jacob Martin at the Mountain Road God's Missionary Church.



## Passing



Gladys M. Zechman passed away on Monday, Jan. 25, 2010, at her home surrounded by her family. She was born May 5, 1914, in Spring Township, Snyder County,

the daughter of James and Mable (Troup) Walter. On Sept. 14, 1933, she married Eugene A. Zechman, who preceded her in death on March 22, 2003. In her earlier years of married life, she was employed by Saylor Shirt factory in Beavertown. She also worked on the family dairy farm for many years. Gladys was a charter member of Beavertown God's Missionary Church, where she served as a Sunday school teacher for many years. She is survived by one daughter and son-in-law, Martha A. and Larry Shuey; four sons and daughters-in-law, David L. "Red" and Marian Zechman, Kenneth L. and Mary Zechman, Paul F. and Linda Zechman, and the Rev. John W. and Martha Zechman; 12 grandchildren, 19 great-grandchildren, and one brother, Carl Walter.



**by Dwight Rine**  
**World Missions Director**

I felt the phone vibrating and I picked it up to discover a text message from a news agency telling me a magnitude 7.0 earthquake had just hit the island of Haiti. My mind immediately went to Don Mobley and all of our national workers and people. I tried calling Bro. Mobley immediately but with no success. The next several hours would be long and filled with suspense as I continued to try to make contact. That night at around 11:00 PM, God performed the first miracle and with no cell phone towers working in Haiti I spoke to Don Mobley on his cell phone. God was at work. The need was immediate and urgent. Medical personnel were needed to tend to the wounded and dying. In my desperation I sat down and bowed my head and prayed, "Dear God, if You will help me, I promise to do my best to do something." I contacted two of the people I knew with some medical experience, Hannah McDowell and Dr. Timothy Slavens, both of whom were willing and ready to assist. It seemed as though word spread like wild fire of the need and radio stations and news papers were talking about God's Missionary Church World Missions work in Haiti. God was clearly at work!

That first team formed quickly and doctors and nurses began to volunteer from around the country, But where would the needed money come from to fund such a major operation? God was at work and in just a few weeks over

\$70,000.00 would come in to cover the expenses of this major operation. Medical supplies were needed, and again God was at work and hospitals and medical facilities donated thousands of dollars worth of needed supplies and medications. God clearly had a work for us to do and He was paving the way for His work to be accomplished. One miracle after another allowed us to get all of our supplies to Haiti and our clinic was so well supplied that the Red Cross and others were coming to us for needed medical supplies. Praise God, we serve a God of abundance. I have witnessed the miracle-working power of the Almighty as over fifty medical personnel have come and gone from Haiti tending to the needs of the people. Volunteers are still emailing and planning medical trips to Haiti.

Construction teams are beginning to form to go to Haiti to help us rebuild our churches and the homes of our people. People are seeing afresh and anew the power of God being displayed through the miraculous outpouring of aid to the hurting and desperate people of Haiti. What will you do? God is counting on you to be a part of this great work. Some can give, some can go, all can pray that the mighty hand of God will continue to work in the Island of Haiti. Please pray for the World Missions Department. God is at work and we want to keep up with His mighty plan. For updates, pictures and to donate, please visit us at [www.gmcworldmissions.com](http://www.gmcworldmissions.com). 



She died shortly before daybreak the morning after we arrived, just a few feet from the door of our makeshift clinic set up in a classroom. Since the earthquake that devastated Haiti and destroyed her home the week before, she had not eaten. Relatives refused to give her care; she was “slow” mentally, and had been a burden to them for the 35 years of her simple existence. Missionary Don Mobley finally enlisted the help of two local nurses to bathe her, change her filthy clothes, and start an IV. Even with her arms restrained she pulled the tubing out, unable to understand that it was her only hope of life.

Pastor Alan Walter, two of my co-worker ER doctors from Evangelical Hospital in Lewisburg, PA, and I arrived at the Carrefour, Haiti, God’s Missionary Church and Bible Institute at 5:16 p.m. on Monday, January 18, totally unaware of the unfolding tragedy being played out there.

During the drive from the airport, our minds had a hard time absorbing the shock of the horrendous destruction on every side. All of us had seen pictures and heard reports of the effects of the earthquake, but none of that prepared us for experiencing it first-hand. People who had lost

everything milled through streets strewn with the rubble of thousands of once proud, several-storied buildings. Hastily improvised shelters of sheets stretched over sticks had sprouted on every side, providing meager shade from the relentless beating of a merciless tropical sun. Dozens of mammoth pigs snuffled through mountains of garbage. Helicopters carrying the wounded clattered their way overhead. The putrid stench of rotting flesh vied with the acrid sharpness of smoke from multiple fires, and the suffocating fumes of the diesel trucks that wove their way around us.

Don had told us that he had 1,279 homeless people camping out in the mission compound, many with severe wounds in need of medical attention. Fifty minutes after leaving the airport on the eight-mile trip to his home, our truck finally eased through his gate. People scrambled to drag the sheets and blankets on which they have been sleeping out of the way, while dark bodies jostled each other to greet us. What was once an orderly, well tended yard is now a sea of tents and sheet lean-to’s.

The Bible Institute students helped us unload our 830 pounds of luggage while Don cooked a delicious supper of rice, beans, and sardine soup over a charcoal fire outside. It was just the boost of energy we needed to tackle sorting the mountains of donated medications and supplies. Two-and-a-half hours later we had things divided into *(continued on page 11)*

# Helping in Haiti

by Hannah McDowell, RN

# A Day in Haiti with Medical Missions

by Tim Slavens, MD

Oh to be his hand extended, reaching out to the oppressed. Medical missions is a means of reaching out with compassion in Jesus' name to the lost and hurting of the world. This in the hope that, as their physical needs are met, they will seek to know the One in whose name we serve them.

The day begins after a restless night of tossing and turning, thinking of all the chicken noodle soup those roosters (which crow at all hours of the night) would make to feed the hungry people in the yard and give a fellow some rest! Was that a rumble, shake or tremor? It might be! There goes pastor Allen running for the front door! The loud speaker squeals as the prayer meeting in the yard begins, its somewhere between four and five A.M. I roll over and try to get a few more winks stuffing a pillow over my head...no luck.

By 7:30 the crowd is gathering for the morning clinic. They get a number and file in to the school building, which has been converted to a make shift clinic with pharmacy, supply area and treatment area. In the corner, the neighborhood cell phone charging station and internet café opened.

We quickly check the new arrival deliveries in the night by Hannah. The little one with dehydration has finally stopped vomiting and is taking a little weak Gatorade hydration solution. The listless, limp eight year old with severe pneumonia is now sitting up with his mother, smiling, holding a homemade ball donated by the ladies auxiliaries from the Muncy Hospital.



Clinic begins with about six patients (coming back for treatment) at a time, some for ongoing dressing changes, to clear up infected wounds, and burns. Some come to discuss their anxiety reactions from the quake, some with vomiting and diarrhea brought on by poor water and unsanitary conditions because people are now living in crowded yards and along the streets in open areas, too afraid to enter what buildings remain. One lady walks in holding her wrist in a small bandage; when she loosens her grip the whole wrist and hand drop at an odd angle, her wrist shattered for the past two weeks. We put a splint on her until a cast can be applied. A young man is helped in by his two friends walking bent over a folding chair (used as a walker) his sacrum fractured when a wall fell on him. We have no place to send him, so we give him some Motrin and remind him to rest as much as he can until it heals.

In the afternoon, we break for lunch of rice and beans and some vegetable soup or fish head soup. At 1:00, the local pastor from the outlying hillside village arrives with two open pickups, and we load up the crew, our Medical supplies, and medicine, and go out to the designated clinic site of the day. Maybe a half broken down church, a tarp covered front yard, or the open street with the clinic area blocked off by a few benches and a piece of rope. The crowd has been waiting, maybe two or three hundred strong with more arriving as word gets out "a medical clinic is here". Again we take them as they come: closing infected wounds, burns and splinting untreated fractures, giving antibiotics for Pneumonia and Typhoid. With two doctors, three or four nurses, an EMT, and others who acted as pharmacists, we were able to see around two hundred in an afternoon. Toward the end, we would walk through the crowd and try to get the sickest





infants and more severely injured to the front of the line to be seen, knowing we couldn't see them all as the team packed up. Hannah and I would get them to line up the children and pass out worm medicine as the we left; like passing out candy except a double dose could be poison so you had to watch closely so they wouldn't line up again for another treatment. Clinic was usually called off around four or four-thirty P.M. so we could get back to the compound through the crowded streets before dark. The road became impossible at dark because that is where people would sleep in the open.

Back at the compound, we would unpack and repack the supply boxes, repack the meds into individual packets (three

or four day supply), and recheck the "admitted" patient from morning clinic or those which had been brought in from the outlying clinic before supper.

Our supper was done (again rice and beans or perhaps tuna sandwiches packed in our supplies or MRE'S provided by Missionary Flight International). We would discuss the day and our plans for the next day. Then all separate to their various sleeping quarters and try to get the brief cold shower and fall into bed to the background of a fifteen hundred people strong prayer and praise meeting in the missions yard, till nine or ten P.M. and rooster for another night of fitful rest. ■

*(continued from page 9)* suitcases by categories: gloves, masks and gowns in this one; IV fluids and tubing in that; sutures, lidocaine, and scalpels in the one on the floor by the door; bandaging materials in the green one on the chair; antibiotics and analgesics in those two in the bedroom, etc.

It was long past dark and time for Don to turn off the generator he uses to supply electricity to the compound. I picked my way by flashlight across the crowded yard to my room, passing a line of people with buckets. Each patiently waited his or her turn to hold a container under the stream of precious water pouring out from a pipe in the tank on the roof. The city water supply has been turned off because of so many broken pipes, and the people here are among the fortunate few to have a supply available from the well on the mission property.

I was anxious for a shower and a bed, and very thankful that my bed would not be made up on the ground outside, since this was the first night that Don and the students had felt it safe enough to sleep in the buildings. But even as tired as I was, sleep did not come easily. For one thing, having over a thousand people in half an acre of space right outside your window is not exactly a quiet proposition. For another thing, these people were not settling down for a peaceful night's rest. The worship service that had started around 6:30 p.m. was still in full swing. A preacher on the church porch, using a VERY adequate sound system, was exhorting his enthusiastic congregation, who supported him with loud cries of "Alleluia!"

The service finally ended, and the sounds of children coughing, babies crying, and adults conversing or listening to battery-operated radios gradually dropped off. That's when I heard the groans. They were not terribly loud, but the heavy night air carried them clearly into my bedroom. Over and over the heart wrenching sounds were repeated, making me ache to help. I wanted to take my flashlight into the blackness to search for the person in pain, but since I could not communicate in Creole, I knew I would be helpless. The gates to Don Mobley's house and the apartment where the men were staying were locked, and I had no tele-

phone to enlist their aid. The noises of distress finally stopped, and I drifted into an uneasy sleep.

Early the next morning the compound erupted with singing as the people started their day with another service every bit as loud as its predecessor the evening before. I rolled over and stared in shock at the glowing dial of my alarm clock, which announced the time as 4:15 a.m. Oblivious to my fervent desire for more sleep, the congregation sang on...and on..., giving no indication that anything unusual had happened.

So you can imagine our incredulous response to Don Mobley's announcement at breakfast that our yard population was down by one. The woman's body was moved to a table outside the wall, where it lay all day in the intense sun, waiting for burial. At one point, some men started digging a grave beside the wall, but neighbors raised such an outcry that they abandoned their efforts. By nightfall, a slow drip of dark brown liquid from the edge of the table to the dust beneath testified mutely to the effect of the heat. Not until the next morning was her bloated, decaying body finally taken and dumped with others a few streets over for collection and burial.

But our first clinic day ended on a happier note, which helped to ease the sting of our inability to help that poor woman. One of the many patients who came seeking care was a little girl, so dehydrated and weak that she could not stand. I started an IV on her, and throughout the morning and afternoon, as the fluid dripped little by little into her veins, she made a gradual transition from near death to walking out on her own at the day's end. We are all positive that had her mother not sought our help, our tiny patient too would have ended up a lifeless corpse on the street corner by nightfall. It was a very satisfying start to our mission of mercy during which, for the next six weeks, eight teams, totaling 47 people, donated time and talents to the God's Missionary Church relief effort in Haiti. I'm blessed to have had a part in being God's hands extended, helping to give healing, comfort, and His love to the thousands of needy, hurting people that He brought our way. ■

GOD'S MISSIONARY CHURCH

*Penns Creek*

CAMP MEETING

PENNS CREEK, PENNSYLVANIA

NON PROFIT ORG.  
 POSTAGE PAID  
 SHOALS, IN  
 PERMIT NO 18

*Celebrating 75 Years*

GOD'S MISSIONARY CHURCH—1935-2010

A SPECIAL SERVICE OF COMMEMORATION AND CELEBRATION  
 WILL BE HELD ON SUNDAY, JULY 25 AT 6:30 PM  
*Additional commemorative events will be held throughout the camp.*

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

July 23-August 1, 2010

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

*Sunday, July 25 — 9:15 AM (Sunday School), 10:30 AM, 2:30 PM and 6:30 PM  
 Sunday, August 1 — 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.)*

**75<sup>th</sup> Annual Conference—  
 God's Missionary Church:**  
 Thursday and Friday, July 22–23

**Penn View Bible Institute  
 School Service:** Sunday,  
 July 25—2:30 PM

**GMC Ordination Service:**  
 Sunday, August 1, 2:30 PM

**Missions:**  
 7:00 PM—weeknights

**Lebanon Valley Gospel Band:**  
 Sunday, July 25, 6:30 PM

**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.



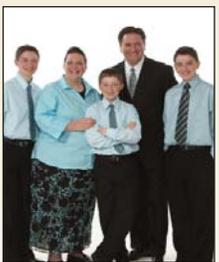
**Rev. Barry Arnold**  
 Lebanon, Pennsylvania  
 Evangelist



**Rev. Darrell Stetler**  
 Burlington, Kentucky  
 Evangelist



**Rev. Noel Scott**  
 Lowry City, MO  
 Evangelist



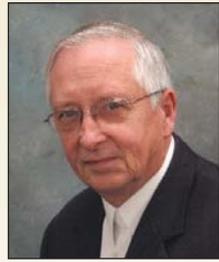
**The Dan Durkee Family**  
 Penns Creek, Pennsylvania  
 Song Evangelists



**Rev. Eric Himelick**  
 Indianapolis, Indiana  
 Youth Evangelist



**Barry & Gertie Mason**  
 Middleburg, Pennsylvania  
 Children's Workers



**Rev. Harry Plank**  
 Conference President  
 Platform Director

