

GOD'S MISSIONARY STANDARD

August 2010



The Beavertown congregation was the second church formed from a series of evangelistic meetings being held by Rev. William Straub and Rev. Daniel Dubendorf. The congregation outgrew Dreese's Schoolhouse (seen in the background) where they had been meeting. A new church was built in 1934. The above photo was taken on Dedication Sunday.





Invest and invite

ROBERT BOOTH



For seventy-five years, the individuals that make up God's Missionary Church have been investing in the lives of people. Each of the four stories that are featured in this issue of the *Standard* are examples of how effective this strategy has been. Rev. A.A. Passmore took time to invest in a young man by the name of Paul Miller. Rev. Miller ended up becoming General Superintendent of God's Missionary years later. Carol Hoskin's young life was impacted by the investment of four different God's Missionary pastors and their families. Her life and that of her family's has been changed forever.

On a personal level, Rev. Paul Gagnon's broken life was invested in by God's Missionary preachers in the late 1970's. Years later, he invested himself into my life and that is one of the reasons that I am a God's Missionary pastor today. The trickle-down effect of investing in lives of individuals is on-going.

Not only has God's Missionary people been investing in individuals, they have been inviting them to a personal relationship with Jesus Christ. I believe that these two components go hand-in-hand. As God's Missionary people invested in my "bonus" dad's life, they also invited him to experience a transformed life through the power of Jesus Christ.

The stories of the investing and inviting that has been going on these past seventy-five years would fill volumes. Some of the stories will never be known here on earth, but the results are still trickling down. We are who we are because of the investing and inviting that has taken place, often in situations that we would never dream of.

As God's Missionary Church celebrates seventy-five years, may we renew the efforts of our forefathers and continue the rich heritage of investing in the lives of people and inviting them to experience a personal relationship with Jesus Christ. ■

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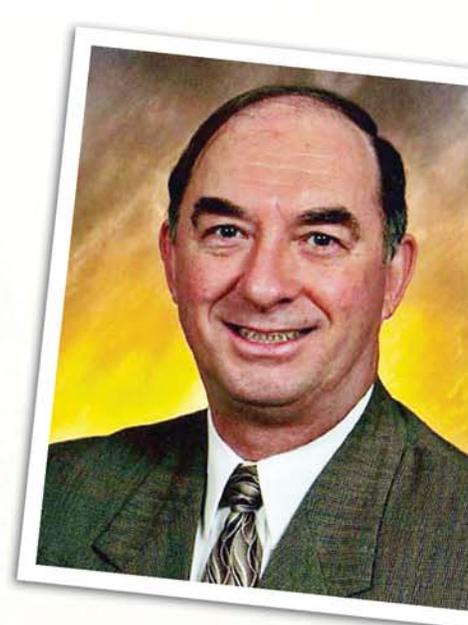
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God's Leading to God's Missionary Church

BY PAUL GAGNON

"And I say unto you, Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you... If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone? ...If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?" (Luke 11: 9-13)

The various illegal drugs and alcohol were destroying my mind, my life and my family. My curious mind fed my rebellious heart with thoughts of hatred and hedonistic desires. I closed the church doors behind me and left Catholicism for sorcery, Buddhism, Hinduism and the new age of eastern mysticism, which led me to a type of Zen that allowed me to take drugs and have pseudo-spiritualistic experiences. One day, when attempting transcendental meditation while under the influence of hallucinogenic drugs, I met "something" that frightened me. Later, I sought something that would help me understand or someone who could show me the way out of my terrible existence. I'd been seeking personal power, but was losing my own personal reality.



Then, I met a person who shared those verses from Luke's gospel with me. One day, while on the roof of the Steam Plant, where I worked at a paper mill, I read

those scriptures from a pocket testament and prayed that God would lead me and give me the Holy Spirit. He didn't answer that prayer immediately, but a strange turn of events shortly thereafter, left me without a job, without a home, without a wife and two children and without hope. That wasn't what I prayed for. However, it was the eventual consequence of the life that I had been living. God allowed me to go to the bottom, I later guessed, so that I'd learn how to look up to Him.

Approximately, three and a half years later, after a six-month excursion with the Unification Church (Moonies), after an emotionally traumatic divorce, after one year of Maine college life and after finding myself destitute and without resources, I met some people who were affiliated with God's Missionary Church at the Fort Myers Rescue Mission in Florida. Though, I continued to retain my argumentative and rebellious disposition, there was something about the people who ran the mission that attracted my soul. God had been working on me for years, probably preparing the soil of my heart, but He also used the mission staff and families to help soften me and prepare me for a visit from the Holy Spirit.

It was Sunday, November 4, 1979. The newspaper headlines reported that the American Embassy had been overrun in Iran and all the embassy staff were being held hostage. I was standing outside, across the parking lot from a 24-hour laundromat/convenience store with two street "buddies" that I bar-hopped with Saturday night. Sunday morning came and we were still up and on the streets. Suddenly, as I looked over the roof of the *(continued on page 9)*



LaDette W. Cooley: Kept by the Power of God!

BY TIMOTHY L. COOLEY, SR.

He missed the slow boat to China! His parents and their one-year-old daughter sailed to China in 1922, to serve as missionaries under the National Holiness missionary society.

While in China, three more children were born, one of whom died in infancy. In 1930, the family returned to the U. S. and took up residence near the Bible school in Allentown, PA. Two more sons were born, LaDette (1932) and James (1938). The family worked with the Christ Rescue Mission in Freemansburg, PA

LaDette married his high school sweetheart, Miriam Gruber, and started a family: Timothy, Rebekah, and Andrew. With the birth of the third child in 1955, Miriam nearly died. The doctor warned them, "No more children!" In 1960, they discovered they were expecting! Soberly, the doctor warned them that if she carried this baby to term, there would be three motherless children! They prayed, they committed themselves to God, and Faith was born!

From the crucible of LaDette's own experience came songs from the Lord. They rang with a personal testimony.

*Many times I tried to live
Above the world and sin,
But when Satan came to tempt,
I was no match for him.
Finally and in despair,
Upon the Lord I called.
Then He showed me that I could be
Kept by the power of God.*



distributing clothing and food to the needy, visiting the sick and the elderly, and spreading Christian literature throughout the whole area.

LaDette's heart for ministering outside the church building drew him to purchase a public address system. Old trumpet-style speakers were bolted to racks for the top of the car, and power could be supplied either from regular house current or from the automotive battery. His system was in use at the tent meeting when Fred Watson went to jail for disturbing the peace. Actually, the volume



GOD'S MISSIONARY CHURCH
Celebrating 75 Years

just to have the basic needs met! Then churches and individuals dropped in with a station-wagon load of groceries and Christmas presents beyond what those children had ever had! A complete stranger pressed a \$100 bill into his hand after a church service!

The next year, Penn View opened. The oldest two children enrolled, and the following year saw the beginning of the daily treks over the mountains from Bellefonte to Penns Creek.

Up to 13 passengers crammed into one station wagon for the 53-mile trudge.

Rev. Cooley was the first director of music at Penn View Bible Institute, directing both choir and band. They traveled in a school bus throughout Pennsylvania and even to Huntington, West Virginia and Canton, Ohio for Interchurch Holiness Conventions. In 1969, the family moved to Penns Creek to be more fully involved. Public relations travels took Rev. Cooley and parts of his family throughout Pennsylvania and the surrounding states, south to Florida, and out into the Midwestern states.

In the summer of 1973, General Superintendent George Straub approached him about pastoring the Beavertown church. All through the hollows and the villages, Rev. Cooley loved people, endeavoring to move sinners and backsliders toward the Lord and to encourage believers to advance, even though his own health was failing. On June 15, 1977, on his 45th birthday, he started dialysis.

Early one Sunday morning, he dreamed he was with a group of people who were singing joyously. He arose, wrote out the music, called his daughter Rebekah and her husband, and that very morning they sang:

*Oh, the joy of walking
In His holy light!
Trusting Jesus always,
His blood is keeping white.
Living in His presence,
Heeding every word,
Oh, how full the cleansing
That I find in Christ my Lord!*

*For the blood of Jesus
Washes white as snow.
Everywhere He leads me
I will surely go.
He will lead me safely
In paths that He has trod
All the way from Calvary
Unto the hills of God.*

In 1979, he took the church in Salunga, Pennsylvania. Throughout the Lancaster area, Rev. and Mrs. Cooley relentlessly stretched to reach people, even beyond the limits of their own strength. He was still officially their pastor when he passed into the presence of his Lord, May 1, 1984.

He loved God's Missionary Church. He served on the Home Missions board, the General Board, and the Penns Creek Camp board. He loved holiness. He searched his own heart and was not ashamed to seek openly at an altar when he felt he had a need. It was the same earnest walk with God his family had observed all through the years.

He taught his children that obeying him was preparation for obeying God. He disciplined them to sing and play together as a family. He taught them to follow wherever the will of the Lord might lead. "We have only this life to work for God; we have all of eternity to rejoice together!" His children arise up and call him blessed! They have ministered in Pennsylvania, Maryland, North Carolina, Tennessee, Florida, Taiwan, Peru, Brazil, and Colombia. Two of his granddaughters have ministered in South Africa and one in Colombia.

Thank you, Dad, for your example! We plan to sing again—on the hills of God, reunited as a family! ■

had been turned down until there was less sound from the speakers than from the noise inside the tent! In 1961, he followed Rev. Watson's recommendation and joined God's Missionary Church.

The Cooleys had begun to build a house, but that was interrupted when he felt the call to pastor, and in 1962 the family moved to Kissimmee, Florida. His heart for outreach prompted him to conduct street meetings and weekly jail services. In fact, the sound of "What a Friend we Have in Jesus" and its accordion accompaniment reverberating from concrete and steel walls in the Osceola County Jail in Kissimmee, Florida is a memory etched permanently in the minds of his children. At street meetings, the children passed out tracts to the listeners while Rev. Cooley preached. Up and down the streets and the back roads, Rev. Cooley witnessed to people, arranged to pick up children for church, held cottage prayer meetings, and taught music lessons. Then, as definitely as he had been led to move to Florida, he felt led to move back to Pennsylvania in 1965, and he took the church in Bellefonte.

Christmas of 1965 was tough! Miriam had a kidney removed. Christmas presents would be foregone. The family would be thankful

Celebrating 75 Years



“Caught” by a Child in Church

BY CAROL HOSKINS

The pastors prepared their sermons, hoping I would “catch” something they said. I’m embarrassed to admit it, but I only remember one sermon from my childhood.

Growing up in the old country church, far away from the beaten path, many of the things that have shaped my life have been “caught” from the lives my pastors and their wives lived...when they didn't know I was watching. What a privilege to honor them.

mark in her Bible the date her husband preached from the passage. When I got my first Bible, I too underlined and wrote the date of the sermon. Her clear alto voice taught me to harmonize as we sang. She played the piano and accordion - I wanted to learn to play the piano and accordion. The Moores sang special songs and then asked my sister and me to sing special songs. She prayed for souls when we knelt to pray - I wanted to learn to pray like she prayed. One day when I was only five years old I knelt and prayed by myself. I knew for certain when I sprang to my feet that Jesus had saved me from my sins.

When the Moores left our church to go into evangelistic work, I cried, but I would never be the same because I had “caught” the songs they sang, the prayers they prayed, and a hunger to be like them as they were like Jesus.

Rev. William & Miriam Rachau left the Spring Garden Church and came to pastor Zerby. The Rachaus were a unique blend of the heavenly and the human. When Bro. Rachau prayed, Heaven listened; when he preached people were drawn to Jesus. Many Sundays we had altar services with a revival atmosphere. I was often at the altar but they never seemed to tire praying with me. He said, “If you need to ride the altar to get to Heaven, it's better than missing it.” In the summer when it seemed too hot to be in church, Bro. Rachau would remind us that it was much hotter in Hell and there was still time to prepare for Heaven.



The Moores and George Straub, Zerby Church

Our family's first service in the Zerby Church was by “mistake”. Mom was too late to get to her modern church on time, but God had already prepared the open door. Rev. Marlin Moore had invited people to church along our dirt road. When he learned that my baby brother had polio and needed a ride to the Pittsburgh hospital, the Moores took us before we ever attended their church! Only a short time later this faithful man became our pastor.

Sister Viola Moore allowed me to sit with her in church. She gave me a tablet and pencil to write quietly, while I watched her





*Paul Miller,
Penns Valley Christian Academy*

286

Bro. Bill Rachau was an avid fisherman and used the personalities of fish to outline the one and only sermon I remember from my childhood. The Sucker, Catfish, Brown Trout, and the Rainbow Trout were illustrated with facial expressions that kept us holding our sides with laughter, but we never forgot the pointed truths.

Sister Rachau directed wonderful Children's Day programs that drew outside families into the church who would otherwise not have come. I still remember many of the songs today.

The Zerby Church was at the edge of the woods, therefore the mice would often come to visit the services. Sister Rachau was terrified of the little critters and would quietly have her feet pulled up on the pew beside her. Her husband was preaching, but when a mouse was in the house her attention was elsewhere and we were watching her.

Perhaps one of the most valuable lessons I "caught" from the Rachaus was that Christians can really have a good time laughing, enjoying sharing the humor of life, and still be very godly people. Many years later, when Sister Rachau was in the nursing home and near her birthing into eternity, I stopped in to visit and encourage her. The words she told me that day bring tears to my eyes yet, "Carol, I still pray for you and Mike every day." When they left our little church, I cried, but their fragrance has lasted a lifetime in our hearts.

The year Rev. Alan and Gwen Russell came to Zerby was shortly before I left to finish high school at Hobe Sound, FL. Bro. Russell suffered with many afflictions, but he always overcame his battles with praise. He lifted his hands straight up toward Heaven and praised the Lord simply because He was worthy, not because he felt well. His eyes were lifted above the problems of the here and now to the joys of the then and there.

The little Zerby Church was only one room, about 30' x 40', with curtains to divide five Sunday School classes. The

attendance was increasing and the termites were working on the foundation; we all knew it was time to part with our little "church in the wildwood." Bro. Russell proposed building a church at a new location. The board and majority of the congregation agreed. Bro. Russell worked long and difficult hours on the new construction. The Penns Valley God's Missionary Church and parsonage were finished before Bro. and Sister Russell departed. When they left, we cried, but their life of praise in spite of the battles, was "caught" deep in my heart.

God called my husband and me to work with the Native American Indians. Our membership was at my home church where Rev. Paul F. & Janet Miller then pastored. While we were working in SD, it was the Millers who received the first phone call when Mike was lying on the road having just been run over by a five ton truck. In 1974 we moved to New York to begin a new church on the edge of the Allegheny Indian Reservation. We knew God had called us. We loved the work and families were coming. Steamburg Christian Academy was started, but unfortunately our expenses exceeded our income. We felt that it was "enough to tell our Heavenly Father" about our needs. However, when Bro. Miller came to preach a revival for us, he realized our financial plight. His compassionate heart moved him to ask us to sing in their upcoming revival. He also was instrumental in gifts of food and a money tree for us at the Christmas Youth Rally. The Millers left Penns Valley when Bro. Miller became General Superintendent of our conference. He was still our "pastor", a pastor to the pastors, as well as a precious friend. This time we didn't need to cry, but we had "caught" the loving friendship of "a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

Though the sermon outlines have been long forgotten, we have "caught" the message of Bible holiness through the lives of the pastors of our past. It is the same message we are endeavoring to live by and pass on to the generations following us. ■



God's Missionary Church in 1950

BY PAUL MILLER

In the year 1946, I gave my heart to the Lord and began to feel the call to preach. This I did not want to do, for I had seen how the life of a minister could be. One day I came home from morning service where God was talking to me about the call to preach. I went to take care of the live-stock which involved a Guernsey bull who must be taken to the watering trough. He was always a gentle fellow so I led him to the trough with a staff fastened to a ring in his nose. When I loosened the snap from the ring so he could easily drink, the bull turned around and I landed in the watering trough. He then backed off about 10 feet, bellowing and pawing the ground. I could not hastily get out of the trough before he charged the second time and in an instant God said, "Will you preach?" My hasty answer was, "Yes, Lord if you will save me from this bull." And God did, just as he got to me the bull lowered his head and bellowed taking just enough time for me to grab hold of the ring in his nose. He pulled me out of the trough. I instantly snapped the staff back onto the ring and that was the last time the bull got out to go for watering.

Around this time, a friend had told me about Penns Creek Camp Meeting and the God's Missionary Church. This was the first time that I had ever heard of either the church or the camp. So in 1947 our family went to Mt. of Blessing Camp, then later to Penns Creek. The Central Pennsylvania Band was there and a great meeting ensued. We attended other services in God's Missionary Church at Wolf's Store and, in the fall, my brother and I went to Allentown Bible College.

Rev. A.A. Passmore was the pastor at Wolf's Store G.M.C. who talked to both my brother and me about becoming members of the church. In the summer of 1948, we did become members of the church. We were getting ready for our second year at Allentown when Bro. Passmore asked if we would be interested in a local license with God's Missionary Church. We thought about it and prayed, and in 1950 we became licensed with the conference. Later in that same year, Rev. Straub arranged for me to begin pastoring at Carroll, a pastorate that I held for three years while completing my schooling.

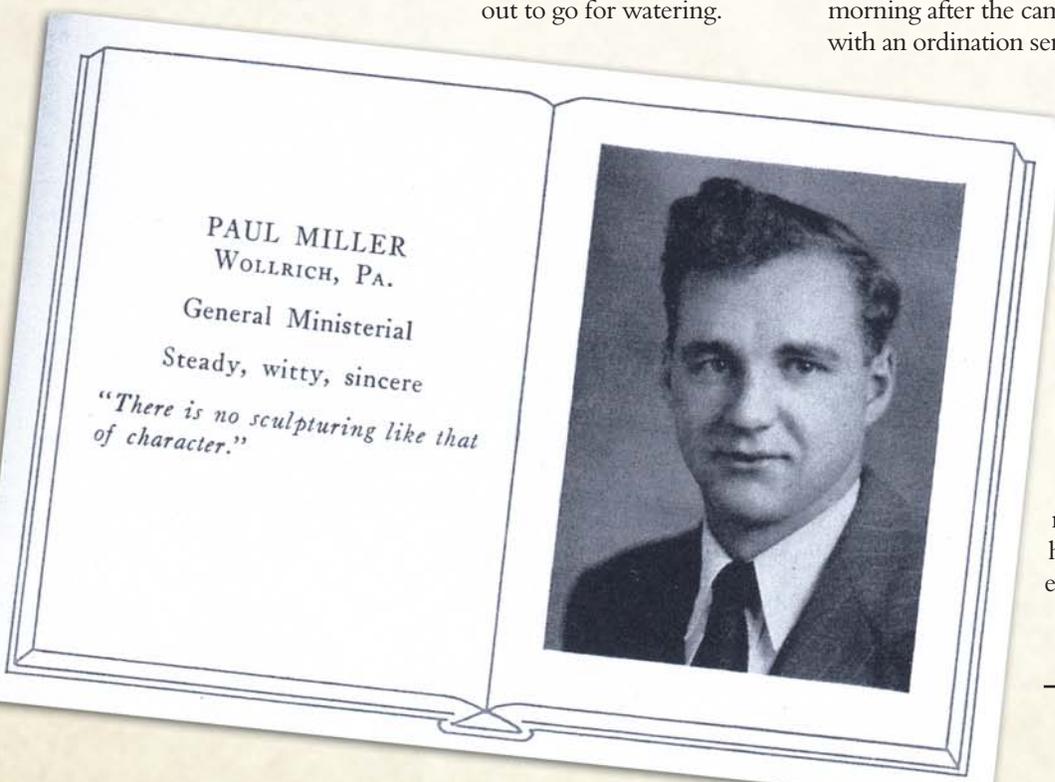
Just a few weeks ago, I located my conference journal of that same year. It was interesting to read. There were thirteen ordained ministers in the conference and nine regular licensed ministers, there were four local licensed ministers, but my brother and I received our licenses too late to be listed in the 1950 minutes.

There were also two missionaries both in Cuba, Rev. & Mrs. Paul Ebersole and Rev. & Mrs. William Sullivan. There were also nine churches listed in the 1950 Journal. The conference that year was great. Some sessions were filled with testimonies and praise. The camp meeting that preceded conference was equally as great. The total number at conference that year was 28 ministers, including my brother and me, and nine delegates for a total of 37. Conference began on Tuesday morning after the camp meeting, and ended Wednesday night with an ordination service.

In 1950, three ministers were ordained: Rev. William Rachau, Rev. Dean Confer, and Rev. William Sullivan. All of the thirteen ordained ministers of 1950 are in Heaven now. Only three ministers of 1950 survive: Rev. Fred Watson, Rev. Ellen (Bressler) Sauffley and myself.

God has granted different honors during these sixty years. I have served on all the official boards of the God's Missionary Church except the Foreign Missionary Board. God has called me to serve churches by evangelism for a number of years, and those meetings have extended, at least, into seven different holiness denominations

God has also granted several positions





that have really been an honor to this unworthy and undeserving

servant. I was elected to the General Youth Board, which I served as Youth President for several years. During that time of service, Bro. Earl Deetz, Jr, Bro. John White and I named the youth group the "Missionary Crusaders", a title that still carries today. It was further my privilege to work with Bro. Marlin Crock traveling to Haiti, meeting the Minister of Cults, and securing the right to do missionary work in Haiti.

Bro. Deetz Jr. is no longer with us, but, has passed to a better world. Bro. Marlin Crock is now in very poor health and unable to minister. Sister White is in failing health and they are no longer able to travel after years in evangelism. The General Board that served our Church for years are also all gone to heaven.

I would suggest that the greatest honor of all was the confidence of the conference body when in 1968 they voted me in as General Superintendent. Bro. Straub had been in a severe accident and was physically unable to continue as superintendent. After four years, I withheld my name from election, Bro. Straub was again elected and I went to Penns Valley Church to pastor. In 1980, Bro. Straub's health was again failing and I was elected at conference as a full-time paid assistant to Bro. Straub. It went well for nearly five years until in December of 1985, Bro. Straub moved on to Heaven. For the next eleven years, I served as Superintendent. In 1996, I withheld my name from the position for the second time to retire. Bro. Plank was elected Conference President.

Like many who have served in these positions and are now in Heaven, I try to do my best pastoring in Milroy, while I too wait my summons to an eternal rest and home. ■

(continued from page 3) laundromat, something came over me and got my attention. A clear realization came that I needed to go to the mission where the sign outside read, God's Missionary Church. I left the two guys standing and staring at me in semi-disbelief after I informed them that I needed to go to the mission church that morning.

The older preacher (I had a run-in with him earlier that week) got up to preach as I sat in the congregation. His theme was about, 'counting the cost', but I barely heard a word. God was dealing specifically with me. He allowed me to see the last ten years, the awful things that I had done, the family that I'd hurt, the people that I'd used, the civil laws that I'd broken, His laws that I'd spurned and the present distress and darkness that I was in. Oh, how heavy the weight, the pain and darkness!

But God didn't leave me there. In His wonderful mercy and grace, He showed me the remedy through Jesus Christ and his shed blood. I actually deliberated for quite a few minutes, looking at a mental image of "do's and don'ts". Finally, with all the determination and commitment that I could muster, I gave the Lord my answer. I simply said, 'yes, I'll do it'. He came and met my need right then and there. The load lifted and He brought clarity to my soul. He accepted my answer for Jesus' sake. I had communion that morning and in the evening went to the altar and confessed all the sins that I could think of and asked God to cover them all with the blood of Jesus. However, I knew that I had been saved that morning with only a 'yes'. It seemed to me that I walked two feet off the ground for days.

Unfortunately, I didn't stay "off the ground", but eventually came down and had to face real life, my faults, my sins and troubled relationships with others. I met other God's Missionary Church people that were patient with me and helped me along the way. I met them in the Florida District

camp meetings and attended some of their Florida churches. When I'd fall spiritually, they'd give me a hand up, again. It made a difference, having people that I could count on.

I was led to go to the Hobe Sound Bible College for four years. A few months after graduation, the General Board of God's Missionary Church, Inc. ordained me into the Correctional Chaplaincy, as God led me into a position with the Department of Corrections for six years. When I left the Chaplaincy, I was led into a Christian Counseling program in mental health and again, God supplied the need and saw me through.

I found myself struggling with the divorce and remarriage question for a while. Many voices were clamoring for my attention. I studied the issues and wrestled with various opinions, as I tried to find the truth. God helped me to settle the issue at a God's Missionary Camp Meeting in Orange City, Florida. But it was brothers and sisters from God's Missionary Church primarily, that helped me remain steady, even when I failed, and I held-on until God's peace settled in my soul.

One day God allowed my former wife and me to reconcile as friends, after she accepted Jesus as her Savior. Then, shortly thereafter, God took her to be with Him in Heaven. Jesus went to the cross before he received the crown. I'm thankful that God helped me to stop attempting to crown my own desires and self-will and showed me the sweetness and glory of surrendering to His will. He is also helping me to restore the relationships between myself and my two children. Then God led me to my present wife, who was widowed ten years earlier. She had a 15 year old son, my bonus son, who is now Editor of *God's Missionary Standard* and Pastor of the Gospel Center in Lebanon, Pennsylvania.

We are thankful to God and God's Missionary Church for being there when our family needed them. ■

Births



Congratulations to Rev. & Mrs. Michael Mason on the birth of Parker Reece. Parker arrived on April 6, 2010.

Congratulations to Rev. & Mrs. Stephen Geise on the birth of Shoshanah Marie. Shoshanah arrived in May 5, 2010.



Wedding

Rev. Sheldon Habecker and Jennifer Shillington were united in marriage on March 13, 2010. They were married by pastors Barry



Arnold and Paul Pierpoint in Hobe Sound, Florida. Rev. & Mrs. Habecker pastor the Salunga God's Missionary Church. Congratulations!

Obituaries

Alberta Stigall of Snow Hill, MD, passed away on Saturday, March 20, 2010, at the age of 84. She was a charter member of the God's Missionary Church in Salisbury / Delmar for 43 years. Her funeral and committal service were conducted by her present pastor, Rev. Rob Dicken, along with one of her former pastors, Rev. John Walter. At the conclusion of the funeral service, her membership was officially transferred from the Delmar God's Missionary Church to the First Church of Heaven, where she eagerly awaits the arrival of those whom she loved.

Shirley Slavens of Delmar, MD, passed away on Monday, April 5, 2010, at the age of 73. She was a member of the Crisfield Wesleyan Church. Sister Slavens was a faithful pastor's wife for 35 years. Her husband, Larry Slavens, pastored several churches in different denominations, including the God's Missionary Church.

Sister Slavens was a very talented lady, who knew the art of making a house a home, regardless of which parsonage she occupied. Her funeral service was conducted by her pastor,

Rev. Rob Dicken. Friends and family shared different memories throughout the service. Beautiful songs were sung by four of her granddaughters and Sister Naomi Tillis, a longtime friend of Sister Slavens. The Lord's presence was felt during the service in a very real way. Her committal service was conducted by Rev. James Plank, pastor of the God's Missionary Church in Beavertown, PA, where her body was laid to rest.



Richard L. Riley, Sr., 83, passed away on Saturday, May 29, 2010 at his home. He was born on June 22, 1926 in Everett, PA. His wife, Helen (Ritchey) Riley preceded him in death on December 24, 1999.

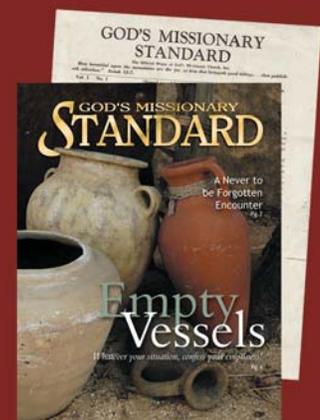
He was a member of the Clear Creek Brethren In Christ Church. Rev. Riley served as minister at the Eight Square Brethren In Christ Church, Williamsburg and later at the Altoona Brethren In Christ Church. He was an avid hunter, and enjoyed reading the bible, gardening and restoring his automobiles and equipment. —submitted by Rev. Arlan Kratz

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Travel Notes

HARRY F. PLANK

April 18: We had planned to worship for the morning service at the Era Holiness Church where Rev. Richard Holiday is pastor; but soon after our arrival at the opening of the Sunday School lesson, a gentleman in the pew in front of us became ill and was taken by ambulance to the hospital, thus ending the service. I preached for Rev. George Maloyed at Knightstown, Indiana in the evening. We enjoyed a lovely meal and fellowship in the parsonage. It was good to be with Stephen and Cindy Davis who were also visiting.

April 20-22: We attended the Dayton Inter-Church Holiness Convention. God gave one of the best conventions ever.

April 29: We attended the celebration of our son Andrew's 30th birthday, along with friends and family in Selinsgrove, PA. Rachel left soon after the meal to travel part way to Columbus, Ohio where she was scheduled to speak for the West Broad Street Missionary Chapel Ladies Retreat. Thank you, to Janet White who went along to keep her company.

May 2: I preached in the morning at the anniversary celebrations for the Bloserville church. It is 30 years since they became a part of the God's Missionary conference, but more than 50 years since their existence as a holiness church. This homecoming brought people from several counties, resulting in an almost full sanctuary. After a wonderful meal in a nearby community hall, we enjoyed hearing a little of the history of the church and letters of congratulations and memories from former pastors. A special service was provided for the children by Timothy and Elaine Kincaid.

May 5-7: I traveled along with our son Jim, to Carthage, Missouri to share in the preaching for the area Inter-Church Holiness Convention. We were entertained in the home of Pastor Poff. We enjoyed the fellowship of several congregations who attended.

May 8: We were pleased to have a short visit with Rev. Tom Reed during our wait between flights at the Chicago O'Hare airport.

May 9: We enjoyed a wonderful Mother's Day dinner in the home of our son, Jim and his family. In the evening, I preached at the Mahafey church where they voted to have Rev. Stephen West to become their new pastor.

May 11-16: Along with caring for many conference duties, visits to Rev Stewart Mason who was ill and in Geisinger Medical center and Rev Toby Mellot who underwent very seri-

ous heart surgery in the Harrisburg Hospital, I traveled each evening to preach a revival meeting at the Pleasant Valley Brethren In Christ Church. It was good to work with pastor Brandon Byler and congregation.

May 23: I preached at the Lebanon church in the morning service. After a lovely meal, at the 3:00 PM. service I shared in the mortgage burning of the new additions to the church and the dedication of the newly placed steeple. We enjoyed special music and singing by the Caldrons from the Gratz Emanuel Wesleyan Church. We then traveled on to Sunbury for the evening service where I preached and had the honor of dedicating baby Caleb William Bunch to the Lord.

May 27: I traveled to near Schenectady, NY for the viewing of Howard Hallenbeck, father of pastor's wife, Mrs. Brian Spangler, and grandfather of pastor's wife, Mrs Matthew Ellison. Our sympathy to the entire family.

May 29: We attended a very nice graduation celebration for Rev. Chester Handfield at the Carriage Corner Restaurant in Mifflinburg. It was an honor to meet several of his relatives who traveled all the way from the Turks and Cacios Islands to witness his graduation as valedictorian of the 2010 PVBI graduating class.

May 31: We attended the 2010 Penn View graduation. The guest speaker was Rev. Dale Hayford. Congratulations to the PVBI & PVCA class of 2010!

June 9-13: I preached for the Canaan Grove Camp Meeting. Because the tabernacle at the camp ground was destroyed by heavy snow fall last winter, we enjoyed services with Pastor Booth and congregation in the lovely air conditioned Gospel Center Chapel. Thank you, Sis. Arlene Booth for the excellent meals and lodging accommodations. We enjoyed special singing by a variety of folks from the Lebanon congregation and the Penn View Heritage singers on Friday evening. The closing service of camp meeting was held in the Lebanon church, it was encouraging to see the great group of people from the Gospel Center who helped fill their special section. We appreciated those who made extra effort to have perfect attendance. We, along with the Booths, were invited to the home of Pastor and Mrs Rine for a lovely lunch following the service.

June 14: We traveled to Jostens Printing Company in State College to look over the

pages of the soon-coming God's Missionary Church's 75th anniversary book. In the evening, I enjoyed the ministry of Rev. David Spivey at the God's Missionary Youth Camp.

June 15 -18: We attended several of the services and stopped in from time-to-time to visit the record-breaking group of 203 young people at GMYC.

June 20: It was good to have my mother, Hazel Plank, in our home over the weekend. We enjoyed a great Father's Day Sunday dinner in the Beavertown parsonage with Youth Pastor David Spivey and the bus load of people from Shelbyville, IN.

June 21: We attended the viewing of a long time faithful member of the Penns Valley church, Sis. Betty Grenoble. Our sincere sympathy to her family.

June 23: Rachel and I stopped in to visit Gary Bills at the State College Hospital.. After two very serious surgeries, it is good to know that he is on the road to recovery. In the evening, I conducted an election at the Penns Valley church. Rev. Andrew Cooley was voted to be the next pastor.

June 24: Our prayers are with the Rev. James Richard family in the loss of his mother. I attended the viewing for her in the evening at Lewistown, PA.

June 25: Upon hearing that Sister Phyllis Martin was very low, Rachel and I traveled to the Brethren Nursing Home in Hanover, PA, to visit her. We were informed at the front desk, that she had made her home going about an hour before our arrival. We proceeded to her room to be with and have prayer for the family. In the evening, we attended the opening service of Hanover Fellowship Camp Meeting. Rev. Charles McDonald preached a timely message and Rev. & Mrs. Frederick Baker did the special singing in place of the Searls family who had not yet arrived. Camp President John Fisher and family work hard to keep this camp up and running.

June 26: I spent most of the day at Mount of Blessings Camp Meeting. I enjoyed the great singing of the Michael Mason family and good message by Rev. Leonard Sankey. I was privileged to preach to a fine congregation in the afternoon service. Thank you, to Camp President, Rev. Matthew Ellison who always makes us feel welcome. This camp meeting usually has a good group of adults and a multitude of little people making camp meeting memories! 

GOD'S MISSIONARY CHURCH

Celebrating 75 Years

ARCHIVE PHOTOS

Right: Rev. A.A. Passmore and Rev. Fred Watson participating in a baptism service.

Below: An early conference gathering.

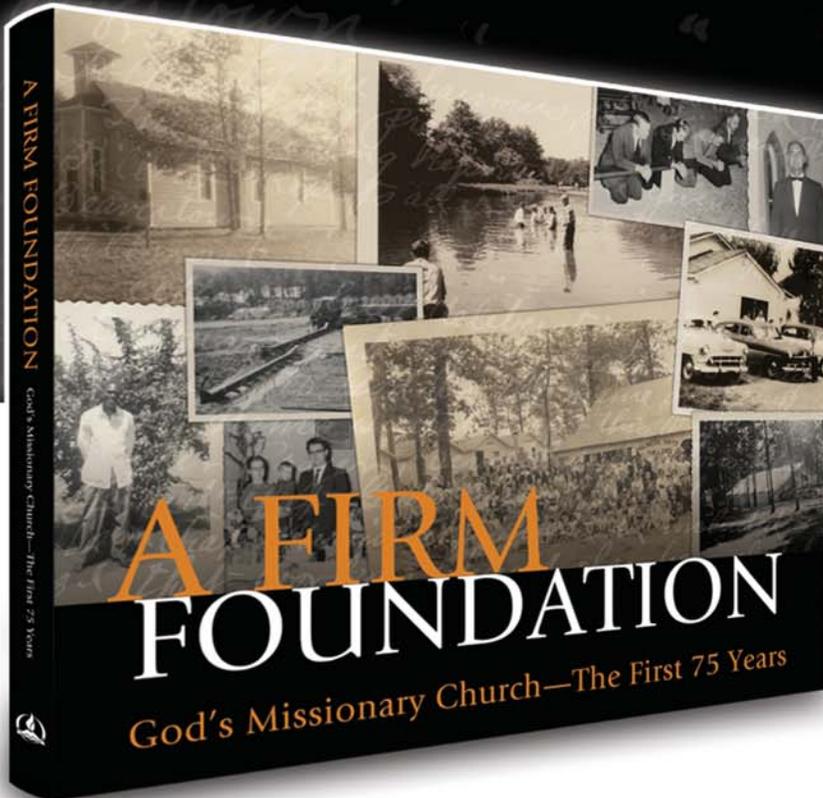


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