

GOD'S MISSIONARY STANDARD

December 2010





Offer Hope This Christmas

ROBERT BOOTH



When Arlene and I first moved to Lebanon, one of the first individuals I met was Bernie. Bernie was a former amateur boxer and proved it one night in a fight in the alley that runs behind the Gospel Center. I thought that I would never crack the exterior of his life; but, after repeated visits to his one-room apartment in one of the many crack-houses in Lebanon, he began to break down. It was around Christmas time; light snow was dusting his dirty carpet through a window that was flung open to air out the cigarette smell.

“Rev, I hate Christmas-time” he told me. He went on to tell me the ruined relationships that ended around Christmas, the fights that he had with landlords over past-due rent and being evicted on Christmas day. He told me the sad story of when he was a child how his dad used all of his paycheck to buy cocaine and alcohol instead of Christmas gifts. Their gift that year was a wasted father who was unconscious all day under the Christmas tree.

Sadly, this story isn’t unique; it is repeated hundreds of times in my community and in yours. Christmas isn’t full of joy and happiness for many. Despair, grief and sadness rule their lives during this time.

One of the joys for Arlene and me at Christmas is to offer a bit of hope at Christmas. We decorate our home with

Christmas decorations, play Christmas music softly, and invite many of the hurting to enjoy a meal with us. During those meals in the month of December, we hear stories of grief and sadness and it is our joy to share their burdens with them and tell them about the hope of Christmas.

Two thousand years ago, there was much sorrow and grief in the world much like today. Judea was controlled by Herod the Great. As a child, Herod learned from his family how to gain power and how to dominate with power. He had people killed that he didn’t like including his wife’s grandmother and her brother. He even had three of his own sons killed. Everyone walked on pins and needles around Herod. The Jews were living under this oppression, living under the fear of death.

Into this fear-filled world, a little baby was born. His name was Jesus, and He brought hope to the oppressed. The Bible clearly states, “for He shall save His people from their sins.”

You and I live in the midst of a despairing culture. Now is the time for us to offer the HOPE of Christmas, Jesus. We have the joyous privilege of sharing this message of hope with our communities. Darkness can be turned to light. Despair can be replaced with hope.

This Christmas, may you and I offer hope to our communities. ■



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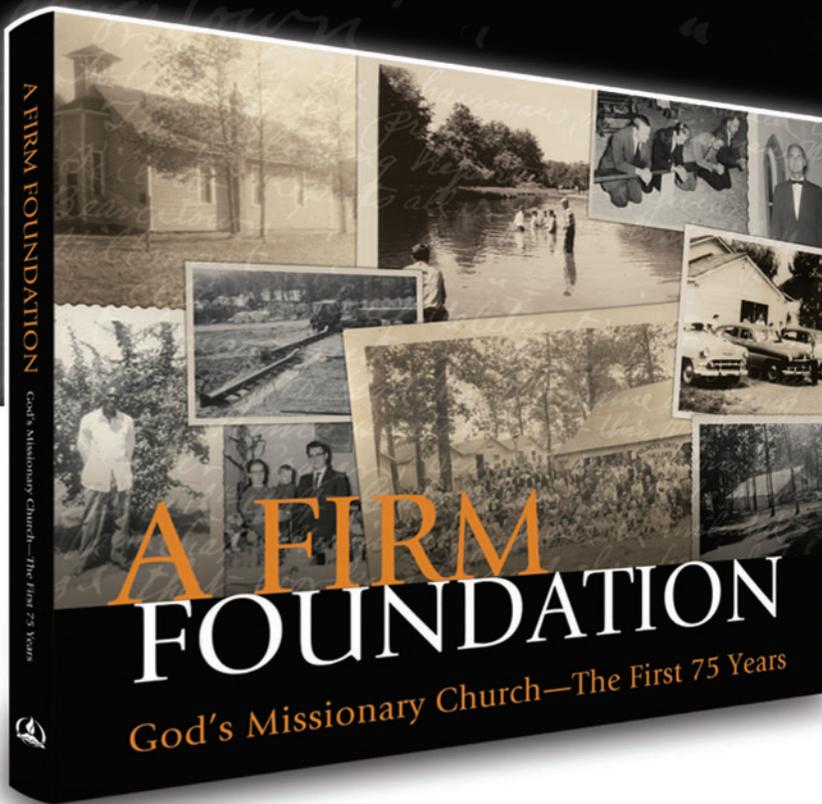
Celebrating 10 Years at Hanover

Hanover GMC just celebrated a milestone for their pastor and family. Pastor John Fisher and family have been with the Hanover church for 10 years. The congregation decided to honor the Fisher family with a surprise party given on Friday, October 8th in the Fellowship Camp dining hall. We were also honored with the presence of our conference president, Bro. Harry Plank. The church presented Pastor Fisher with a plaque that read as follows: "Presented to Pastor & Mrs. Fisher and Family. Recognizing 10 years of Faithful Service to Hanover God's Missionary Church, September 2000 - September 2010." A dozen red roses was presented to Mrs. Fisher. We want to say a special "Thank You" to the Fisher family for their hard work, faithfulness, dedication, love, and devotion to not only the church but also Hanover Fellowship Camp. 📷



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Faye's Story

BY WANDA KNAPP



*Mary and George Straub
with their children—June, John,
Shirley, and Faye*

The little girl watched as her father pulled on his hip waders. With his fish pole and the corn meal and honey baiting balls they had made, he stepped gingerly into the water of Penns Creek, careful not to slip or trip on the rocks hidden on the bottom of this quiet flowing stream. Away from the phone, away from the door bell, away from the voices filled with news or with troubles into this quiet forest and the rippling stream, they retreated. It was fishing time, a favorite time for him and his children.

Rev. George Straub loved people, all sorts of people. He worked, prayed, preached and traveled tirelessly to minister to them. Once in a while, he needed this refreshing, thinking and regrouping refuge. He would bring his children to this lovely spot. No one would bother them here and they could enjoy each other. The little girl, Faye, along with her two sisters and brother scampered around the trees looking for tea berries. Faye treasured these moments bound so tightly between her father's scheduled trips and appointments.

Always concerned about his influence as a leader, he would often tell the children, "People are watching". He felt that the effectiveness of his leadership depended somewhat on how his children conducted their lives. He wanted to be careful in his post as guardian of the flock. There were times when others went to events or places that Faye and the other children were not allowed to go and sometimes this was difficult for the children to understand. Faith ponders this. "People were quick to point their fingers at him" she said thoughtfully.

She was dearly loved, but spankings were a part of Faye's life. The good days were days when there were no spankings. She jokingly reflects that while she did not deserve them all, she certainly deserved some (most?) of them.

Faye remembers, "We always had fun playing games with our friends. We would get out the hose and play under the water squirting it at each other having a grand time."

"Christmas was a delightful time because Daddy was home. We always had a Christmas tree and enough presents to make everyone happy. In many ways life was simple with no computer, no cell phones, no play stations. Kids used their imaginations in their play and Faye grew up happy and secure.

Faye and I were sitting in a booth at Hosses, and having only met 15 minutes before, we were already bonding. She had agreed most pleasantly to be interviewed about growing up in the Straub parsonage. Our lunch was delicious and our conver-

sation developed easily. She was fun to get to know.

Faye enjoyed the varying complexion of the household. Dad was frequently away, forging out new congregations, encouraging the organized ones, preaching, singing, cleaning out buildings in preparation for worship. If he were home, folks were in their living room for committee meetings, board meeting, problem-sharing sessions, council meetings and just visiting. Faye watched her tall strong father who was full of energy reach out to one and all, eager to help. He loved people, even people who made it difficult for him, and Faye saw a model of dedication, sacrifice, and unselfishness seldom found.

Faye remembers those long days with Dad away. Mother managed the house, the children and those who came to their door. She was fun and often Grandma would join them and they would play games together. Mary Straub did not drive and when Bro. Straub was away they were sort of stuck or dependent upon others. The treat in all of this was looking forward to Dad's homecoming. He would open his suitcase and empty out treasures he had picked up along the way for them. His family was precious to him and always on his mind and in his heart.

Rev. George Straub took his first pastorate in 1935 at Milmont, PA. He brought his wife, tiny Faye and her sister, to a small tenant farmhouse in the country. There was no running water or inside toilet. Kerosene lamps and lanterns furnished the lighting. The men worked together to cut wood to heat the little country parsonage. This house has had some improvements and is even now an inviting place along the country road. Faye has a picture of herself as a tiny child standing near a neighbor's house.

While Faye does not remember much of living there, this incident bears noting.

"The first winter they had a severe snow storm with high winds making tall drifts and closing roads. During this storm, the oldest girl became very ill. The Straubs were without medicine and the food supply was nearly gone. A neighbor tried to get help for them and was unsuccessful. It was now them and the Lord. Bro. Straub put the Bible plan into action. He and his wife anointed June and God performed a miracle that day that has never been forgotten. In only a few minutes, she sat up in her crib, crawled out, walked to a doll cart, and pushed it through the room."¹

"Soon a good brother drove up with a team and a bob-sled loaded with many good things. The kitchen looked like a miniature Harvest Home. The rest of that day was spent in prayer and praise unto God for His blessings."² What a lesson in trust for little Faye.

Eventually, Faye's family moved to Swengel where she began her first year at school. That house, though changed is still standing and the school is now a wood shop. Faye remembers going to a near-by farm and getting milk for the family and carrying it home in a little tin pail.

In 1939, Rev Straub began pastoring at Beavertown. During this time, he also became the General Superintendent. Faye treasures memories of church services "where folks were blest and sometimes there would be five men up



George Straub, Russell Herr, Martin Moore

in front all at the same time leading the service. Before a parsonage was secured, we would pack a lunch and spend all day Sunday at the church. Often Grandpa Zechman who usually had a house full of people already, would invite us to come over and share dinner with them."

It was there that her father began a live radio broadcast ministry. Sunday afternoons he would gather up some singers and take them to the station in Lewistown to do the broadcast. This went on for many years and later a recorded ministry began in Lewisburg. Frequently these singers would come for the weekend and stay at their house in preparation for the broadcast.

They eventually moved into a large white house on the main street in Beavertown where there was room for all. Faye fondly remembers the big rooms with large pocket doors between them. Faye attended the little Beavertown school which now houses the village library. When the owner sold the Beavertown house they were renting, they were left with no home. So, they moved into two cottages on the Penns Creek Camp Ground. "We slept in one and cooked and lived in the other. I remember it was cold and we built a fire. It got so hot that the furniture got all sticky. We stayed there until a gentleman helped us buy a home in Penns Creek. That house, too, was without plumbing and central heating. My father went to work to make this house one of comfort and hospitality and my parents lived there until their death."

Faye remembers Penns Creek as a wild town where drinking was a real problem. This became a ballot issue resulting in a dry town. There was a parade through the town to celebrate.

After completing her 8th grade in Penns Creek, she attended and graduated from Middleburg High School. The teachers were supportive and her gym teacher understood any restrictions as to her attire. Her Dad, being a minister, was asked to speak at her graduation. That graduation class still enjoys getting together.

At sixteen, Faye was allowed to date. However, they were chaperoned by a sibling. Church was the focus of their lives. There usually was a service somewhere and that is where they headed. Sometimes her future husband *(continued on page 9)*



Berrysburg Group: Front Row: Irene Brosius, Amanda Dubendorf, Florence Troutman, Back Row: Katherine Reigte, Emma Bohner, Burnace Klinger, Pauline Dubendorf, Bertha Hain

Florence L. Troutman Young

A Charter Member of God's Missionary Church

BY SOLOMON SHAFFER

Think back to the year 1931. What do you personally remember? Not too much, I would suppose! But when I asked Florence Troutman Young a similar question, she had plenty to say. Born on June 18, 1908, Mrs. Young is a centenarian, a mark which only 1.6% of the population ever reach! At 102 years of age, Mrs. Young is sharp-witted and armed with a radiant smile. Her keen mind and stacks of neatly arranged photo albums help her to tell stories of years gone by—including many stories about the founding of God's Missionary Church.

On a Tuesday morning in late September, I was privileged to visit her in her home and listen to some of those stories from days that are now buried in the recesses of history. What you read is the result of my interview with her.

The year 1931 saw Daniel Dubendorf and William Straub enter the Lykens valley and set up a tent meeting in a grove between Elizabethville and Berrysburg, PA. Through that great tent meeting the Troutman family first came in contact with the folks who would eventually form God's Missionary Church. Prior to the meeting, James and Katie Troutman, and their seven children—Cora, Carrie, Albert, Florence, Laura, John, and Paul—attended the Hoffman's Reformed Church. In mid-June of 1931, Hoffman's Church concluded a week of revival services, but the Troutmans were ready for more of God! It was then that they heard about Straub and Dubendorf's meeting in the grove, and out of curiosity they went to see what was happening.

After experiencing their first meeting in the tent, the Troutmans went back again and again. In remembering some of those early services, Sister Florence said that the singing of the Dubendorf family was "inspiring" and that many people came especially for the singing and would then stay for the preaching.

The tent meetings continued into October and because of the colder weather they moved to a vacant church in Pillow, PA. The Troutmans enjoyed the services and the presence of God so much that they moved with the rest of the congregation to Pillow.

It was after the move to Pillow that twenty-three year old Florence Troutman fell under conviction. She relays her conversion in her book, *Farm Life in The Early 1900's Lykens Valley*: "We went there [the church in Pillow] and the preaching was true Bible preaching...I was under deep conviction...I went to the altar for two Sunday nights. Then on Monday morning I was washing the breakfast dishes, praying, and singing 'I want to go where Jesus is'. I had my hand up in the air, and the Lord Jesus' sweet peace came into my heart. I was a new person, and old things passed away. Praise the Lord for Salvation!"

God was at work in those early meetings!

The Troutmans were with the group which left the original Pillow church and began meeting in the home of Adam Bohner. Mrs. Young believes that she was at the very first meeting in Adam Bohner's house. When I asked her about those house-church services, Sister Young said that she remembers that Truman Wise preached, and that there was standing room only! Soon that group outgrew the Bohner home and they went back to Pillow and began worshiping in a different building, the same one that is in use by God's Missionary Church today.

The scene of the 1931 tent meeting was soon organized into the Home Missionary Society Camp. A tabernacle and cabins were built, and the crowds were large. At the time Sister Florence was in her early twenties and it was at camp that she got to know many friends including Amanda, Pauline, and Ruth Dubendorf, Mildred and Grace Bohner, Elizabeth Phillips, Mary Strawhecker, Irene Brosius, and others. The youth and young adults were a big part of the camp!*

According to Sister Florence, it was William Straub who originally encouraged some of the young people to play stringed instruments in the services. She played the man-



Florence

dolin while her brother, John, played the guitar, and her younger brother, Paul, played the banjo. When I asked Sister Florence what song they first played at the camp, she did not hesitate as she replied, "I think it was 'In the Sweet By and By!'"

Soon Bro. Dubendorf took that group of musical young people and began working with them on brass instruments and eventually formed the Central PA Gospel Band. Sister Florence and her brother John were charter members of the band. She played the cornet while John Troutman played the

trumpet. Her other brother, Paul, and his wife, Margret Dressler Troutman, as well as her father, James Troutman, also played with the group.

In just a short time the band was traveling, and their mode of transportation was two big Studebaker cars. Both of the Studebakers had three rows of seating and were designed to hold nine people, but Mrs. Young remembers sometimes having four to five people on the back seat! The cars were well overloaded! Mrs. Young says that the band cars would be kept in different locations, "one on the south end and one on the north end" because the band members came from a rather large geographic range—Lewisburg, Boyertown, Allentown, and Reading, just to mention a few of the towns.

As the Central PA Band traveled, they also had a singing quintet which would often go ahead of the band and sing at churches along the way. This quintet also served as a human GPS system because when the band cars neared the church at which they were to have their service, they would find the quintet standing out by the highway, waiting to direct the rest of the band to the church! It was through this quintet that Florence Troutman found her husband, Clarence Young.

John Troutman sang tenor in the quintet, and one day they were standing along the road, waiting for the band and their Studebakers to arrive when a young man named Clarence Young happened to pass them. Clarence loved bands, and he played in several Orchestras in Lancaster county. So, when he noticed that they were all dressed in white, he immediately knew they were part of a band. He stopped to inquire as to who they were, and they invited him to the church where they were going to play that night. He went, and as a result of this meeting, Clarence and John became good friends. From this friendship Clarence got to know Florence, and their relationship began to grow. John even set it up so Florence had to go with Clarence to show him the way to the Beavertown meeting where the band was to play! The relationship continued on for several years and in 1937, Clarence and Florence married.

Eventually the churches at Beavertown, Millmont, and Pillow felt the need to meet and make some important decisions as to the future of their group. On June 4, 1935, a group of representatives from each church met at the Caketown Chapel, Sunbury, PA. Among the representatives from Pillow were James and John Troutman, Florence's father and brother. They were some of the men who decided to form a new denomination and helped to choose the name for the new organization. As a result of this, the Troutman family became charter members of God's Missionary Church.

Before her marriage to Clarence, sister Florence and her brother John were commissioned by Truman Wise to be special singers at various events. They often sang where the Haine brothers preached, and among the locations they ministered are Matamoris, Mill Hall, Centerville, and Rebersburg. Sister Young still has her original songbooks which were used all those years ago!

Florence Young is a lady who personally remembers the times of singing and praising God into the night that were characteristic of the early meetings of God's Missionary Church.

"We were having such a good time that nobody was in a hurry to leave", Mrs. Young recalled. It was common for the services to last two or three hours. Sister Florence remembers many victories in those early years when many people prayed through—including the great missionaries M. Carrie Boyer and Irene Mauer, as well as George Straub's girlfriend at the time, Mary Dressler Straub. Though some members of their family shunned them for getting involved with the Holiness crowd, the Troutmans felt that spiritual victory was worth any cost.

Florence Troutman Young is a living testimony to the grace of God in a person's life. At the end of the interview, her magnifying glass and photo album (*continued on page 9*)



Troutman Young



*John, Paul, James and Katie Troutman
Florence's brothers and parents*



HOW CHRISTMAS REMINDS ME OF A DAY IN LONDON

by Nathan Purdy

It was a swelteringly hot, sun-drenched day. The yuletide tradition of hugging a hot cocoa by a blazing fireside, while carols play and snowflakes fall silently outside, could not have been further from my mind. True, my heartbeat was racing with a festive-like excitement. It had nothing, however, to do with a magical winter wonderland or the thrilling suspense of tearing the glittering paper from a gift at Christmas.

Instead, I was striding toward 49 City Road, London. And then, there it was! It was a heart-stopping moment; something akin to glimpsing a dream gift through a tear in the paper; through the railing stood the chapel where John Wesley preached and the Georgian home where he lived. Soon, I was walking where the founder of Methodism had walked, my head swimming with the eternal significance of this historic base of Methodist operations. It was time to step in and explore this gift of a lifetime.

As the doors of this hallowed spot swung shut behind me, time stood still. In the Museum of Methodism, I found myself slowly, cautiously climbing the steps of the pulpit where the “brand plucked from the burning” had stood. Though others mingled, I was soon enveloped in a silent, lonely sense of longing. Oh to have his missionary zeal!

For a Methodist, John’s home is furnished with more gifts than you could stack under the town Christmas tree. As you reverently tip-toe into the famous prayer room, it’s hard for it not to burst into life with scenes of the saintly John prostrated in agonizing prayer. In the Foundry, it’s hard not to see Charles sitting at the old pipe organ excitedly scribbling some new lyric, with tears of holy passion falling to its keys. It doesn’t take much imagination to see these two men pouring over a map of the world and, like generals at war, strategizing how best to “spread scriptural holiness across the land.” Or, to be more precise, across the world. “The world,” as John famously said, “is my parish.” These brothers were missionaries to the core.

And, who knows, right there, at this time of year, in that pulpit, John might have had his heart stirred by the lofty lyrics of his younger brother’s famous carol, Hark the Herald Angels Sing.

If I could, I’d empty my wallet to bring John and Charles back to life for a week. Their visit would happen at Christmas. I would have it prearranged; just as Charles walked into Walmart, the greeter would be tapping his toe to the strains of Hark the Herald.... It wouldn’t take long to see a hint of recognition creep over this peerless poet’s face, even if time has tinkered with the words and tuned it to a new melody.

What would he think? Sacred words penned centuries ago performed in the temple of consumerism? What would he say? Something so sacred played to a rushing, edgy, jostling mass whose patience has worn thin with the stress of the season?

We can all speculate. However, we know how these men lived.

They were, we know, anything but isolationists. Every beat of their missionary hearts urged them onward and outward. They were the ones, after all, who trekked thousands of miles on horseback. They cut with custom, planting their pulpits in the whitened harvest fields. It was their itinerant preachers who galloped without apology into the battlefield. They bravely held high the bloodstained banner of ‘holiness unto the Lord,’ while hell’s legions fought to tear it down. Though all of Satan’s fury was unleashed in their faces, their bold, powerful preaching shook the very gates of hell.

They didn’t evacuate the public arena. Like Jesus at Christmas, they invaded it.

That’s why I think that after our trip to Walmart, Charles would pray that his theology-laden carol would be a missionary—a song missionary—in 2010. His heart’s anguished cry would be that God would open the ears of the harried, antsy “sons of earth” so they would both hear and feel the significance of each prayerfully crafted word. And, most of all, his earnest plea would be that they respond to its powerful Gospel message.

His song is a perfect missionary; its message is all about Jesus; it’s brimming with worship; it’s bursting with Gospel truth.

Just hours before visiting Wesley’s Chapel, I had opened another priceless gift; I had stood unable to hold back tears in the breathtaking Westminster Abbey. Many ornate things vie for one’s attention in this architectural masterpiece. My eyes, however, were preoccupied in a vigilant search for the only thing I did not want to miss—the grave of the pioneer missionary to Africa, David Livingstone. As I stood by his final resting place, I was overpowered by a silent, lonely, heart-rending longing. Oh to have his missionary zeal! Here lay the remains of a man missionary; one who left home, gave all, and lived out the love of God. So much so, in fact, that after dying, those to whom he was sent removed his heart and buried it where it belonged—with them—in Africa.

Christmas is, of course, all about love—God’s love. It’s about God’s love invading our world. It’s about the love that caused Jesus to leave home and give all. It’s about God’s love

incarnated in the gift of Christ: Emmanuel—"God with us." And Christmas is ultimately about what Jesus came to do—die an agonizing death so that man could be transformed from sin to holiness.

It's also about opportunity. Even in 21st century America, Christmas gives us the gift of opportunity. Opportunity, like Wesley's carol, to spread the message of Jesus through word and song, and the opportunity, like Livingstone, to show the love of God incarnated in our daily lives.

If there's one gift not to leave unopened this Christmas, make it this one—the gift of opportunity. ■

(continued from page 7) in hand, Mrs. Young's eyes twinkled and her face broke into a smile as she began to sing "There is going to be a meeting in the air, in the sweet, sweet by and by!" For a centenarian who can testify to God's grace and goodness for over 79 years as a follower of Christ, that will be quite a meeting! ■

* You can see the pictures of some of the early camp crowds in the God's Missionary Church 75th Anniversary book. Sister Florence is in the picture on page 8. She is the young lady standing in the 2nd row from the top, 9th from the right. She is also in the photo on page 290 which was featured on the cover of the June 2010 issue of God's Missionary Standard. Florence is seated in front her brother, John, who is the 5th guitar player from the left.

(continued from page 5) would buy ice-cream for the whole family and they would enjoy that date altogether.

Always on the go, as General Superintendent, Bro. Straub often made trips to Cuba. She laughingly tells, "When I was planning to get married, Dad was planning a trip to Cuba and he thought it would be wonderful if we would go and Dad would escort us. So, yes, Dad went on our honeymoon with us." I remember the people were so poor, but we had wonderful services."

"The only vacation I took with Daddy was the year before he died," Faye continues to share her memories. "He felt guilty when he took time off. 'We're going on a trip. We are going to have a good time. We are going to stay in a motel not in anyone's home,' he promised. Daddy was always getting invited to stay in the homes of friends when he traveled, but if mother was going, she wanted to stay in a motel. I took my youngest daughter with us. Naturally, we stopped at an Indian Reservation for a service and after the service. Daddy came to us and said, 'We do not want to disappoint these people. They are expecting us to stay at their home. That is just what we did. Then he invited those people, a minister, his wife and his son to go along with us on our vacation. We had such a good time. We got as far as Niagara Falls. On the way back, we looked for a motel. We drove and drove. Nothing was open. So this minister said you might as well come back and stay with us—so much for staying in a motel.'"

The Straubs went deep sea fishing a few times from Cape May. Faye always

enjoyed that. One time the cabin began filling up with water. There was no pump and no phone to get help. Everyone was worried. The son of the captain was in another boat and not seeing his dad's boat, came looking for him and rescued the party. Faye said it was a very scary time.

George Straub knew everyone. He made friends easily and opened his arms and heart to strangers. One day a young man came to the door asking for Bro. Straub. He was looking to join the God's Missionary Conference. His name was John White and he became a dear friend and co-worker. Faye's father loved to fellowship with other ministers. There were many who became wonderful friends.

Ruth Neuby, Charlie Maurer, who loved to do crazy things and kept everyone entertained, and Victor Glenn and his family were frequent visitors. Faye enjoyed the stream of company that came to the parsonage.

Living in a parsonage is like living in a glass house where the activities of the parsonage family are very visible. They can choose to huddle together and try to protect themselves from the world. Or they can do as the Straubs did, open their arms and hearts to everyone, embracing the job Rev. Straub felt called to do. What rewards for such unselfish living and what memories Faye enjoys. ■

¹ A Firm Foundation, God's Missionary Church—The First 75 years pg. 76
² *ibid.* pg. 76.

Christmas in a new way...

Senior Day

December 9 & 10, 2010

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New Arrival



Congratulations to Rev. & Mrs. Rex McDowell II on the birth of Jared Lee. Jared was born September 13 in Costa Rica.

Obituaries

Joyce A. White, 72, of Lewisburg and formerly of Penns Creek, was carried home in the arms of her Savior on Friday, Sept. 24, 2010, at RiverWoods, Lewisburg, after living her life courageously with Progressive Supra-nuclear Palsy. When diagnosed, Joyce reminded her family to keep "The Faith", and she so courageously demonstrated this until PSP took her life.



Joyce was born July 22, 1938, in Towanda, a daughter of the late Clarence S. and Lucy (Bahl) Smith. On March 29, 1958, she married the Rev. John F. White who survives, ending a marital union of 52 years.

She was a 1958 graduate of American School of Chicago and also attended Allentown Bible College.

She faithfully served her Savior in ministry by her husband's side as a pastor's wife for 19 years as well as traveling in evangelistic work for 33 years throughout the United States and Canada. Joyce was known for her saxophone ministry as well as singing with her husband and sons.

She was a member of the Mountain Road God's Missionary Church, Penns Creek.

In addition to her husband, she is survived by two sons and daughters-in-law, David and Denise White, of Milton, and James and Nancy White, of Buffalo Crossroads; three grandsons and two great-grandsons.

Kenneth A. Keefer, 92, of E Wing, RiverWoods, went to be with his Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, on Wednesday, Sept. 29, 2010



He was born Nov. 27, 1917, in New Columbia, a son of the late Wallace G. and Ella (Hoffman) Keefer. On Feb. 5, 1943, he married the former Margaret M. Poff, who preceded him in death on Dec.

8, 2004.

Kenneth was a longtime member of God's Missionary Church, formerly of Spring Garden and now of New Columbia. He served on the church board as class leader, treasurer and as the adult class Sunday

school teacher for 40 years until throat problems forced him to stop. He also served as young people's president.

He was a devoted husband, father, grandfather, great-grandfather and great-great-grandfather. He enjoyed spending time with his family and friends.

He is survived by two sons and daughters-in-law Kenneth A. Jr. and Dollie Keefer and William D. and Kathy Keefer, all of New Columbia; a daughter and son-in-law, Nancy J. and James White, of Buffalo Crossroads; one brother, Ned E. Keefer, of Lewisburg; five grandchildren; four stepgrandchildren; five great-grandchildren; five stepgreat-grandchildren; and one great-great-granddaughter.

Pauline M. Raub, 89, of Womelsdorf, went home to be with Jesus on Saturday, October 9, 2010, at the Reading Hospital. She was the wife of the late Oscar Raub. Born on December 23, 1920, she was the daughter of the late Mahlon and Carrie Weaver Rupert. Along with her husband, they owned and operated Raub's Subs at the



Roots and Green Dragon Farmer's Markets for 32 years, until her retirement in 1978. She attended the Lebanon God's Missionary Church. She is survived by her son, Leonard M., husband of Sharon Raub of Womelsdorf; grandchildren: Julie, wife of Brian Habecker, Greg, husband of Jen Raub, Audrey, wife of Rev. James Bender, 12 great-grandchildren and two sisters Dorothy and Virginia. She was preceded in death by a son, Lawrence D. Raub and great-granddaughter, Kaitlyn Grace Bender.

Esther Maneval, 87, of Georgetown Heights Apartments, passed away Wednesday, Oct. 20, 2010 at her daughter's home. She had been in ill health for three weeks. She was preceded in death by her first husband, Albert Hommel and her second husband, Howard Maneval.

She was born May 24, 1923 in rural Herndon, a daughter of the late William and Jenny M. (Wert) Gessner. Esther worked as a seamstress for various garment factories in the area. She was an active member of Emmanuel Wesleyan Church.

She is survived by a daughter, Martha Winter and husband Daniel, of Elizabethtown; two sons, Wayne Hommel and wife Evelyn and John Hommel and wife Lois, all of Dalmatia; and five sons, George "Grant" Maneval, of Mount Pleasant Mills, Elwood Maneval and wife Pat, of Thompsontown, Lester Maneval and wife Jane, of Liverpool, Leonard Maneval of Mount Pleasant Mills, and Larry Maneval and Orpha Campbell, of Liverpool; a daughter, Edna and husband Roger Chubb, of Liverpool; a sister, Violet Gessner, of Gratz; also 19 grandchildren and 29 great-grandchildren; as well as nieces and nephews. ■



Travel Notes

HARRY F. PLANK

Sept 11: Via U S Airways, Rachel and I arrived safely in Orlando, FL early afternoon and drove on to the camp grounds at Sun City. It is always a joy to be with the Gandees.

Sept 12: This Sunday morning found us at the Lakeland church with Pastor and Mrs Chester Handfield. Former pastor, James Bates, would have been pleased to see the church doing well. In the evening, we were with Rev. & Mrs. Thomas Bickert at the Orlando church. We enjoyed the warm welcome and good testimonies from the congregation.

Sept 14: We were with Rachel's sister a while this morning and took her for a visit to the hospital in Stuart, a followup appointment due to her recent heart attack. We also were able to visit with Rev. & Mrs. Edwin Mays and Bonnie Cleaver. Thank you to Rev. & Mrs. Paul Gagnon for the lovely meal at Cracker Barrel.

Sept 15: I arose early to see the sun come up over the Atlantic, then enjoyed a great time of fellowship with Rev. Tom Reed at breakfast. I was honored to present a copy of our new book; A Firm Foundation, God's Missionary Church - The First 75 years to Rev. Dan Stetler during a Hobe Sound Bible College committee meeting. We then traveled north in time to enjoy some great cooking for the evening meal with Pastor and Mrs. Barry Sweitzer and their two fine sons, Benjamin and Andrew. What beautiful music and a nice congregation for the Wednesday evening service at the Kissimmee church!

Sept 16: In the morning, Barry Sweitzer, Chester Handfield and I met at Lakeland to take care of some church business at the bank. We then traveled on to our room at Sun City camp, after making a stop at the Smalley's Italian Wagon for a good steak sandwich.

Sept 17: We helped get things cleaned up at camp. Thank you, to Rev. John Gandee for the good job of keeping the grounds and for Kenny Buchanan who helped with the mowing this week. In the evening was the Florida District Rally held at the camp grounds. We enjoyed singing by Mark and Diana Russel, preaching by Florida District Superintendent, Jose Cancio, and good reports from each pastor.

Sept 18: The 34th Annual Florida District God's Missionary Conference convened at 10:00 A.M. The morning session included special singing by Rev. & Mrs. Barry Sweitzer

and Rev. Michael Smalley. After partaking in the communion service, I preached the morning message. Thank you, to the Russels for providing a wonderful fried chicken dinner for all in attendance!

In the afternoon was the election of officers and a district board meeting. The board members for the coming conference year are: Harry Plank, Conference President; Jose Cancio, District Superintendent; Michael Smalley, secretary; Barry Sweitzer, Treasurer; Thomas Bickert, camp Treasurer, advisory members: John Gandee, George Scheafer, and Chester Handfield.

Sept 19: I preached at the Seffner church this morning. It was good to see new people in attendance and new converts. We enjoyed a great Sunday dinner in the home of Pastor and Mrs. Smalley. In the evening we visited and again I preached at the Bethel Holiness church near Sebring, FL. It was good to be with Pastor and Mrs. Charles Schnell and congregation.

Sept 20: We enjoyed a short visit at the Fort Myers Rescue Mission and lunch with Robert Walker and George Schaefer at Fort Myers' Skyline Chili.

Sept 22: In the morning, I stopped at the Lewisburg Farmer's Market and enjoyed a visit with the guys running New Columbia Church's Prayer Station. In the afternoon, Rachel and I made what turned out to be our last visit to Joyce White.

Sept 24: I arrived at the Birmingham airport where I met our son James. We attended a convention for young ministers (IMF) at the Pell City camp grounds.

Sept 25: Jim and I attended the morning services for the IMF Convention and then made our way back to the airport, arriving home at 10:30 P.M.

Sept 26: It was great to have Samuel Aiken ride along with us to the Alexandria church for a very special occasion, to honor Rev. Alvin Shaffer's partial retirement. The Shaffer's were honored with kind words, gifts and a lovely meal at a nearby fire hall.

Sept 27: We spent the day helping our son James and family move to a house closer to the church where they pastor. Thanks to all that helped and to Dwight and Lois Rine for the wonderful meal provided for all the workers.

Sept 28: Our sons Jim and Jon, took us out for a lovely breakfast to celebrate my 63rd birthday. Along with Rev. Alan Walter and Rev. William Tillis, I was honored to have a part in the funeral of Sis. Joyce White, a wonderful lady and a dear friend.

Sept 29: I received the sad news of the passing of Ken Keefer. Our family will forever remember the Keepers and their faithfulness to the Spring Garden/New Columbia church. I preached in the evening revival service. Thank you to Rev. Barry Whitaker who preached in my absence the first two nights of this meeting.

Oct 5: Rachel and I enjoyed the great preaching and singing of Rev. & Mrs. John Case at Penn View revival this morning. In the evening, I was honored with another birthday meal in the home of our youngest son Andrew and his family.

Oct 6: We stopped in to see the progress on Beavertown's new church as ground was being leveled. In the evening, I held a pastoral election at the Blosserville Church. Congratulations to Rev. & Mrs. Ken Gordon on a unanimous vote!

Oct 8: I attended a celebration for Rev. & Mrs. John M. Fisher and family. Thank you to the Hanover congregation for honoring your pastor for ten years of faithful service as not only pastor of the church, but for being a hard-working president of Hanover Fellowship Camp.

Oct 10: This was a full day of Harvest Home services at Lebanon. At 9:30 A.M., We were with our dear friends at the Gospel Center. What a beautiful display of food for Pastor and Mrs. Booth, Kalena and her baby sister due in February. I also preached both morning and evening services at the Lebanon Church. It was a nice surprise to have Rev. & Mrs. Steve Manley stop in for the evening service.

Oct 13: I returned to Lebanon, along with our son Jim, for the funeral of Sis. Raub. Rachel and I have many great memories of Oscar and Pauline Raub, starting soon after we joined God's Missionary Conference. One of the last things we heard her say was, with a twinkle in her eye, "you just can't out-give God".

Oct 14: I, along with others, helped Rev. & Mrs. Hunt and daughter Judy, unload the moving truck as they moved into the home of the late Gladys Zechman. It is great to have the Hunt family in Snyder county! 



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