

GOD'S MISSIONARY STANDARD

December 2011





Anticipation of the Presence

ROBERT BOOTH



Whenever Arlene and I found out that we were going to have a baby, anticipation set in. We were thrilled that God was blessing us with a little baby. We prepared a special room and carefully and intentionally decorated it. No detail was left out. We made sure we had the proper stroller, and car-seat. We were anticipating the arrival of our little baby. When Kalena arrived, we could not contain our excitement. The same scenario was repeated with Natalie. We were thrilled when we found out that Kalena was going to be a big sister. We shared our enthusiasm with her and she began to anticipate the arrival of her little sister.

The Christmas story is full of examples of anticipation. The entire nation was anticipating the arrival of the Messiah. They had lived under Roman rule for so long. 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, includ-

ing 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. They were anticipating deliverance from oppression. They longed for the triumphal arrival of the Messiah. Sadly, many of them missed it.

Christmas can be such a hectic time. Planning Christmas programs, shopping, and attending to all of the holiday activities. It's easy to just let Christmas pass right by without ever considering the meaning.

I love the story of the shepherds. It's a great story, probably the most famous of the Christmas stories and it's recorded for us in Luke 2:8-20. We've heard it before so many times, but I wish we could imagine that this is the first time because it must have been the most thrilling night of their lives. Angels visiting shepherds in the night, telling of the Messiah's birth, directing them *continued on page 9* →



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HE WAS RICH

BY HAROLD SCHMUL



Jesus Christ was rich. Turn your thoughts to heaven above and consider the incalculable wealth of Jesus Christ the Prince. He was the Father's only Son. Think not that Christ our Saviour only began to live at Mary's breast in the lowly manger. He was the Eternal Son, the Only Begotten Son. He always was, and always would be. No one could add to His bounty... neither could anyone take away from it.

He was rich in Glory. Take note of the times Jesus refers to "the glory" in John 17 and other sections where His glory is referred to by the writer or speaker. The glory we refer to is the glory of His omnipotence, omnipresence, omniscience. It was through these areas that we see Him in creation, and among His creatures. He was rich in Honor. Praise and adoration followed this Prince of Glory wherever He would go in heaven. He was rich in Love. All the created hosts loved Him with unflagging devotion

and vied with one another to do His slightest bidding. T. DeWitt Talmadge in a sermon said it well: "The Heavenly Prince was throned by the Father's side." What a circle of dominion! What myriads of admirers! What unending round of glories! All the towers chimed the Prince's praises. Of all the inhabitants, from the center of the city on over the hills and clear down to the beach against which the ocean of immensity rolls its billows, the Prince was the acknowledged favorite. No wonder Paul says that "He was rich."

Set all the diamonds of the earth in one scepter, building all the palaces of the earth in one Alhambra, gather all the pearls of the sea in one diadem, put all the values of the earth in one coin, the aggregate would not express His affluence. To describe His celestial surroundings the Bible uses all colors, gathering them in rainbow over the throne and setting them as agate in the temple window, and

hoisting twelve of them into a wall from striped jasper at the base to transparent amethyst in the capstone, while between are green of emerald, and snow of pearl, and blue of sapphire, and yellow of topaz, and gray of chrysoprase, and flame of jacinth. All the loveliness of landscape in foliage, and river and rill, and all enchantment aqua-marine, the sea of glass mingles with fire as the sun sinks in the Mediterranean. All the thrill of music, instrumental, and vocal, harps, trumpet doxologies. There stood the Prince, surrounded by those who had under their wings the velocity of millions of miles in a second, rich in love, rich in adoration, rich in power, rich in worship, rich in holiness, rich as God."

HE BECAME POOR

He became poor. How poor He became is beyond human calculation. If it is foolish and ridiculous to try to describe His *continued on page 10* →

Joseph, Mary, and Baby Jesus had gone into the temple for the purification ritual. Unexpectedly, an old saint of God interrupted their ceremony. Simeon rejoiced in the birth of the Messiah and prophesied that He would be the Savior of both Jews and Gentiles: "Behold, this child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel; and for a sign which shall be spoken against; (Yea, a sword shall pierce through thy own soul also,) that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed" (Lk.2:34-35). What is this about being stabbed by a sword?

A MOTHER'S HEART!

There is tender communication between a mother and her child. Gentle songs comfort the baby and communicate the mother's love, her dreams, her hopes, and her fears. What lullabies must Mary have hummed to her Baby?

How many times in the bustle of shepherds and wonderers did Mary worry about Jesus' safety? What did the emergency trip to Egypt do to her heart? How did she feel when she heard that Herod's determination to kill her baby had cost many other families their babies?

Raising a child in Egypt must have had its own challenges. No doubt, they lived among a settlement of other Jews, but they pined for Nazareth. Did she tell Jesus about His grandparents? Did she yearn to share her baby stories with her own mother? Did she and Joseph yearn to see their old friends? Did they cry together as they walked the valley of this shadow?

Suddenly the angel instructed them to move back to their country. Relieved to hear that Herod was dead, they

discovered that Herod's son, Archelaus, had succeeded his father. Archelaus was the worst of Herod's sons! What anxiety did Mary suffer as she prayed for safety? Was their home the focus of satanic attacks to destroy their love and to undermine their faithfulness? Was the responsibility to guard the Savior of the World a crushing burden? In fear of Archelaus, they moved to Nazareth! True it was home, but everyone knew it was a no-good town, a terrible place to raise kids.

When Jesus was twelve, Joseph and Mary took Jesus up to the temple in Jerusalem. His delight in the marvels of Jerusalem must have made the old rituals ring with new joy, but when they left for home, somehow Jesus was not in the caravan. How they worried those three days when they "sought [for him] sorrowing" (Lk.2:48)! The stabbing panic must have been overwhelming!

When Gabriel made the wonderful announcement, Mary had exulted, "From hence -



Stabbed by a Giant Sword!

by TIMOTHY COOLEY

forth all generations shall call me blessed” (Lk.1:48). Think of her jubilation when He took His first steps and when he learned his aleph, beth, gimels (Hebrew alphabet). Her mother’s heart must have swelled with joy and pleasure, when He first recited the Shema Yisrael, “Hear O Israel, the Lord thy God is One Lord”! Yet Mary’s lot was not only joy. Like most of us, her cup contained a mixture of bitter with the sweet.

A GIANT SWORD!

Simeon’s Christmas sermon was punctuated by the prediction that Mary’s heart would be pierced by a giant sword (Greek, rhomphaia). This word describes Goliath’s sword in I Sam.17:51 (Septuagint). Most of the swords in the Bible were short swords about like a large butcher knife. The rhomphaia was much larger! Why did bearing the Messiah require a giant sword stabbing her heart?

When Jesus heard the call to his larger ministry, He took off the carpenter’s apron, put up His tools, and left His shop. Things would never again be the same! Why do things have to change? Why could they not go on living a common life?

Soon there were so many people following Him that He could not even eat! Mary feared the crowds would consume Him. They would take wrongful advantage of Him. They would use Him up. Yet, when she tried to restrain Him from what seemed like outlandish over-commitment, His reproof must have hurt her feelings. When the crowd informed Jesus that His mother and brothers wanted to see Him, His answer seemed curt, “Who is my mother? and who are my brethren?” (Mt.12:50). “My mother and my brethren are these which hear the word of God, and do it (Lk.8:21). Jesus had to keep her from controlling Him, but it must have hurt.

Before long, His enemies began to lie about Jesus and misrepresent His plans. As Mary observed them opposing and scheming to destroy Him, she must have feared they would some day achieve their purpose. How many times did she cry out to God for protection for her Son?

In Psa.57:4, David had experienced the knife of slander. He cried out, “My soul is among lions: and I lie even among them that are set on fire, even the sons of men, whose teeth are spears and arrows, and their tongue a sharp sword.” Every time, Jesus was slandered, Mary’s heart was pierced.

David had also tasted the bitterness of mockery. “As with a sword in my bones, mine enemies reproach me; while they say daily unto me, Where is thy God?” (Psa.42:10). The greatest pain to Mary’s heart must have occurred when Christ’s enemies mocked His pain and His helplessness on the Cross. What crushing sorrow pierced her as she beheld her Son suspended between heaven and earth—mocked by earthlings and apparently forsaken by Heaven?

Those years of pain must have wearied Mary’s heart. Opposition to herself was one thing, but hatred against her Son must have ripped her heart wide open with grief. Surrendering her own life when Gabriel predicted she would bear the Messiah had been difficult enough, but now she

had to surrender her Son as well! She could not protect Him from this horrible hatred.

Wendy Zoba pictured Mary at Jesus’ cross: “this woman who once checked Him for fevers, nursed His cut fingers, and washed His cloaks This crumpled woman at the foot of her Son’s cross was all that remained of a loving mother’s pierced soul.” Zoba imagined Mary’s feelings: “The crowd was yelling to Him, ‘Save yourself! If you are truly king, come down from that cross!’ He could barely speak; he labored for each breath. I didn’t need Him to acknowledge me. I just wanted Him to hear my voice, though I couldn’t utter a word for the lump in my throat. Tears filled my eyes. I saw my son throw a glance my way. In that moment, when He remembered me as His mother, His eyes on mine, no other connection mattered. That was my boy, and I was His mother.”¹

HEALING!

Luci Shaw observed “that pain is a fire that purges; that it works in us what no amount of pleasure can accomplish; that it is best not to dodge pain but to let it hurt, and to live through it to the other side. The games we play to distract ourselves or numb the pain only postpone its benefits.”²

Billy Graham commented, “I truly believe that the lot of those that suffer is more enviable than the people who seem to be set apart, untouched, like a piece of fine china in a locked cabinet. Without dark clouds in our lives we would never know the joy of sunshine. We can become callous and unteachable if we do not learn from pain.”³

Shaw continued, “It took over 30 years—a long testing time for a human. But after the endless, purging pain came the healing love and the rewards of glory: the filling with the breath of God at Pentecost, the tongues of fire, telling both heat and light. That is what happens when any of us says yes to God, as Mary did.”⁴

With all the pain at the cross, Mary must have had questions. Zoba observed, “A mother needs to know these things. But then a mother—even Jesus’ mother—needs to know the Savior more. And how else could she have found her Savior without first losing Him as her Son?”⁵

Mary’s life was a bitter-sweet mixture of the greatest joys and privileges with the bitterest suffering and pain—a giant sword stabbing her heart! Our lives have the same mixture, perhaps not as violently extreme, but mixed nonetheless. Just like Mary, we can find joy amid sorrow, peace amid pain.

Christmas is a time of joy, but also a time of sorrow. There is an empty chair, a broken relationship, a disappointment. A dull pain bores through our heart. The ache refuses to subside. The giant sword threatens to destroy the tiniest spark of joy, but Christmas is also a time of hope! Christ brings victory out of defeat, peace out of pain, and joy out of sorrow! ■

¹ Wendy Zoba, “A Sword Through Her Soul,” Christianity Today (Dec.11, 1995), p.24.

² Luci Shaw, “Yes to Shame and Glory” Christianity Today (Dec.12, 1986), p.24.

³ Billy Graham, Hope for the Troubled Heart (Nashville, TN: Nelson, 1991).

⁴ Luci Shaw, “Yes to Shame and Glory” Christianity Today (Dec.12, 1986), p.24.

⁵ Wendy Zoba, “A Sword Through Her Soul,” Christianity Today (Dec.11, 1995), p.24.



The Christmas Miracle

by
JEFF STRATTO

The December night was cold and snowy, as Rosemary and her children gathered close to the wood stove in order to stay warm in the drafty old house. An old quilt her mother had made hung between the dining room and family room in an attempt to keep the heat from the stove there in the room where they were all gathered. A flood of thoughts filled her mind as she looked on the faces of each of her five children. Her daughter, the oldest, was fourteen—old enough to grasp the seriousness of the family situation. Her oldest son was twelve, too young to be the “man of the house”—but that’s exactly what he had become over the past few months. Earlier that fall, their lives had taken a drastic and sudden turn. Her husband, Dale, had come home from work one day in such pain that he could hardly stand. He had tried to tough it out, but the pain was too intense. Rosemary took him to the emergency room, where he lay for hours before a surgeon finally operated. Because of the delay, infection set in, and she nearly lost her husband.

Life was never easy pastoring small churches—and that is what Dale and Rosemary had done since they got married. The small church they were at now was far away from their family—several days’ drive, in fact. Sometimes that made it even more difficult, knowing that their children were growing up without seeing much of their grandparents and cousins. Money was always tight, but now it was tighter than ever. Dale had been in the hospital for six weeks following his surgery, and even when he came home, he was unable to get out of bed for several more weeks. Early in the Christmas season, Rosemary had sat down with her children and explained that there simply would not be money to buy gifts this year. Even little six year-old Joey seemed able to understand that. He and the rest of the children were just glad to have a Daddy that Christmas.

As they sat around the wood stove that blustery night, Rosemary tried to pull her thoughts together. She and Dale had been through tough times before, and God had always seen them through. This new experience would be no exception.

Her thoughts turned to the radio that had been playing in the background. With the season always came heartwarming stories of Christmas traditions, families gathering together, and “Christmas miracles”. A miracle was surely what their family needed this year!

“Oh God!” she prayed, “help me to teach these children to trust in You, even in the midst of this situation. Help me to stay strong, even though I feel so weak and helpless.”

The next story that came on drew her attention

quickly—probably because she could identify so closely with it. It was about a young pastor and his family on the early frontier. Finances were tight; things were going wrong; and their morale was lower than it had ever been before. The children had their hearts set on gifts they were certain they would receive, and the parents didn’t know what to do or what to tell the children. They didn’t want to destroy their children’s faith in what God could do, but neither did they want to let the children get their hopes too high. On Christmas Eve, the mother looked in on their little girl saying her prayers and heard her say, “And please, God, let Mommy and Daddy give me that doll, the one with the golden-yellow hair and blue dress.” She was barely able to keep back the sob that welled up in her throat as she thought about how it seemed that God had let them down. She and her husband were almost at the point of giving up when suddenly they heard a knock on the door. Who would be calling at this hour of the night, and in such a blizzard? She opened the door, and there stood the deliveryman with a big box. He apologized for getting there so late and wished them a merry Christmas. Totally overwhelmed, they opened the box from the church back home and found gifts for everyone in the family—including the ice skates the boys had wanted, and the doll with golden-yellow hair and a blue dress. They got down on their knees and thanked God for His provision and asked Him for forgiveness for their lack of faith.

By the end of the story, Rosemary and all the children were listening intently. It was all she could do to keep her tears under control as she looked at each of her wide-eyed children and assured them that God would take care of them.

Suddenly, out of the cold, stormy night, a knock came on the door. It was after 11:00 p.m.! Who would be calling at this hour of the night? She opened the door, and there in the blowing snow stood a UPS deliveryman with a huge box. “I’m sorry to be so late, Ma’am,” he said. “Have a merry Christmas!” He set the box inside and closed the door. Amazed and overwhelmed, she broke down and cried as the children eagerly gathered around and opened the box to find gifts for everyone. Each one of them knew that this was their Christmas miracle!

The memories of that Christmas of 1990 are printed indelibly on my mind, because I was one of those children. Never will I forget the scenes of that night! God used that Christmas to help me to realize even at the age of eight that Christmas is not just a time to receive gifts, but a time to reflect on God’s faithfulness, a time to count every blessing we have. **S**

Obituaries

GEORGE SCHAEFER, 62, of Fort Myers, FL passed away August 22, 2011 with his wife by his bedside at Hope Hospice after being diagnosed with liver cancer .

He is survived by his wife Vivian, two daughters Vivian and Amelia and one son George. He is also survived by his twin brother Martin and his family and his stepfather Robert.

George was the Director of the Fort Myers Rescue Mission for thirty plus years. He helped many homeless people to find Christ, and to receive training for jobs.

A memorial service was held September 10, 2011 at 2 pm at the Fort Myers Rescue Mission.

A Tribute by Nathan Shaffer

At first glance the public might have looked at George Schaeffer with his dark clothes, white shirt, sunglasses and black hat and thought, "Mafia!" Wrong conclusion. This was George: saved by grace, rescued from disgrace, one who had found his place as a preacher of the Gospel.

He was a unique man whom God used to touch many lives. He had a goal of reaching as many as people as possible with the love of Christ. His testimony was clear, his love for his wife and family was evident, and his travels were many. By those travels we came to know the George whose pictures, stories, and impassioned pleas about "some mother's son" and "the old violin" could stir pathos in lethargic congregations everywhere.

His influence didn't stop when the deputation service was over! Parsonages and other homes were influenced by his presence. George was a guest in our home numerous times and we found that he had his own ideas about diet, menus, soda versus bottled water, and the need for sugar on frosted corn flakes.

During a visit many years ago, he set up a computer on our dining room table to show me the potential of this amazing new machine. He was constantly introducing me to new gadgets while I was still using a corded phone!

One of the last times Bro. George was visiting with us, I remember taking him to the hat department of Goods Store (near Shady Maple Smorgasbord). He was as excited as a kid in a candy store and, after several trial fittings, he bought two classic black hats!

Now things are different, because Bro. George Schaeffer recently traded in his black hat and coat in Heaven. Just think, George Schaeffer in a white robe and crown! I believe you can tell a lot about a man from the company he keeps and the hat that he wears.

A Salute to Rev. George Schaefer by Paul Gagnon

Isaiah 60: 1-3 *"Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the LORD is risen upon thee. For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the LORD shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee. And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising"*.

According to scholars, the above passage may signify God's call to the prophet, Israel, Jerusalem, the Messiah, and/or by extension, the Christian Church.

You may have other scriptures come to your mind when you consider Rev. George Schaefer. However, when I think of Bro. Schaefer, I think of a man strongly called by God to arise and shine. He heard God's calling and saw His brilliant light. The glory of the Lord was risen upon him. Have you ever seen his countenance when he lifted his face toward Heaven? Recall his shining face and shining eyes seemingly penetrating the rafters and almost gazing into Heaven. Remember his trembling hand raised-up in praise to God Almighty and His glorious Son, Jesus, as he testified of God's wonderful grace.

Oh, and about the darkness..., well, he saw the darkness around the Fort Myers Rescue Mission, but that didn't deter him from shining. He helped God to penetrate that darkness. Many gentiles came to the light because he shined so brightly. God's glory was seen upon him and would-be saints and spiritual royalty came to the brightness of Rev. Schaefer's rising.

Many perhaps, have traveled the earth spreading the "Good News" after receiving guidance from Rev. Schaefer's kind words and prayers. With some he was firm, because they required it; with others he was gentle due to their need, but with all he was merciful, for God had shown him mercy.



Wife of Former President of PVBI goes to be with Jesus

DHARLYS M. WALTER, 74, of Loss Road, went home to be with her Lord and Savior whom she loved dearly on Monday, Oct. 3, 2011 at 7:35 a.m. at her home.



She was born April 25, 1937, in Millersburg, a daughter of the late John F. and Bessie I. (Keiter) Stence. On June 18, 1955, she was

united in marriage to Rev. Kenneth E. Walter who survives.

She attended Millersburg High School and graduated in 1954 from the Allentown Bible Institute. She earned her LPN in Orlando, Fla., and received her registered nurse certification from the West Palm Beach Junior College in Florida. She had the unique experience of becoming a registered nurse with her daughter, Judy, in 1977, when they took the nursing board exams together.

She was a charter member of the Mountain Road God's Missionary Church, Penns Creek, and a member of the Decorative Painter's Society.

Dharlys was an excellent cook, had a great sense of humor and used that talent along with her gift of hospitality assisting her husband in his ministry. Throughout the years she had many miniature dachshunds which brought her great pleasure.

In addition to her husband of 56 years, she is survived by one daughter and son-in-law, Judy Ann and Rev. Stephen P. West, of Mahaffey; two sons and daughters-in-law, Keith E. and Denessa Walter, of Penns Creek, and Rev. Alan K. and Anita Walter, of Beckley, W.Va.; eight grandchildren, Jeffrey, Paul and Stephen R. West, Wesley and Curtis Walter, Natasha Orvis, Amber Carter, and Andrew Walter; 13 great-grandchildren, Kyle, Jason, Kaylee, Jenna, Catelyn, Breanna, Landon, Chloe, Daniel, James, Caleb, Felicity, and Cheyenna; one brother, Bob Stence, of San Diego, Calif.; and four sisters, Barbara Adams, of Ephrata, Shirley Whitman, of Millersburg, Freeda Koppenhaver, of Spring Glen, and Gladys Fahnestock, of Halifax.

continued from page 2 → to the baby and shouting praises to God. Then these unkempt, smelly shepherds rush in the middle of the night to the place where the baby was lying in a manger. They were the first in the world to bring greetings to the holy child.

It probably wasn't very glamorous being a shepherd. While all the action was in the big city, their duties destined them to the outskirts of town and relegated them to a life with animals rather than people. On the social ladder, they ranked at the bottom.

Imagine settling down along the hillside and the sheep have nestled down for the night. You're trying to get comfortable for a quiet evening under the stars. All of a sudden the sky lights up and right before you is an angel! The excitement must have been more than they could contain! Remember, the Jewish nation had waited for thousands of years for the Messiah to come. And yet who was it that got the first announcement? Not the king, not the wealthy...but a handful of people—lowly shepherds.

And this wasn't just any baby; this was God coming down to earth! I don't know if the shepherds understood what they were witnessing, but they knew it was big enough for a visit from angels and that was exciting.

Centuries of waiting for the Messiah had come to an end. For thousands of years now man and God have been separated. Man has been reaching up to God, to no avail. But today God has come down to man. Today a Savior has been born! We celebrate at Christmas time the birth of the One who came to save us from sin.

In just a few days, we will celebrate Christmas. It is the 34th one for me. I have missed a few along the way, but I am not going to miss this Christmas. This year, anticipate the presence of God. **S**



continued from page 3 → wealth, it's downright folly to attempt to tell of his self imposed poverty. Yet we are so thrilled by the reality of his self-emptying and the consequent benefits to our own soul that we keep trying to tell it the way it ought to be told.

He would not become poor intellectually, for "never a man spoke as this man." His poverty would not be spiritual in nature, "for he was FULL of Grace and Truth, and in Him dwelt all fullness of the God-head bodily."

Another had tried to say it this way, "To know how poor He was, ask the camel drivers, ask the shepherds, ask Mary, ask the three wise men of the East who afterward came there, young

said of the missionary Prince: "For your sakes, He became poor!"

Poor? Born in another man's barn and eating at another man's table, and cruising the lake in another man's fishing-smack, and buried in another man's mausoleum. Our inspired authors wrote His biography, and innumerable lives of Christ have been published, but He composed His autobiography in the most compressed way. He said: "I have trodden the wine-press alone."

Poor in estimation of nearly all the prosperous classes, they called Him Sabbath breaker, winebibber, traitor, blasphemer, and ransacked the dictionary of opprobrium from lid to lid

hope of ever paying out... but He became poor that we through His poverty might be made rich. He took our leprosy and left us clean. He took our death and gave us immortality. We know the grace of our Lord Jesus. Hallelujah! We are rich.

To be saved is to be saved by grace. It's not of works, our endeavors, or high resolve. Christmas means the coming of Jesus Christ to our poverty and transforming the mean stable of the hearts into a throne room for the Prince Himself. We through His poverty became rich. That's the Grace of God.

Mr. Fletcher having a pamphlet that pleased the King, the King offered to compensate him, and Fletcher answered: "There is only one thing I want and that is more grace."

John Newton expressed it well:

Amazing grace – how sweet the sound – That save a wretch like me! I once was lost but now am found, was blind but now I see.

"Twas grace that taught my heart to fear. And grace my fears relieved: How precious did that grace appear, the hour I first believed!

Thru many danger, toils and snares I have already come: 'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.

When we've been there ten-thousand years, Bright shining as the sun, We've no less days to sing God's praise Than when we'd first begun.

Readers, if you miss God's message at Christmas in the gift of His Son, you have missed His message of Grace for eternity. Yes, blood-bought reader. God has given grace to live by and grace to die by. That Grace saved the publican, Lydia the seller of purple, the dying thief and Smokey Schmul... Praise God! "Grace that brought us safe thus far...and Grace will lead us home."

He was Rich—He became Poor—that we might be made Rich. **S**

WE WERE DEBTORS AND BANKRUPT WITH NO RAY OF HOPE OF EVER PAYING OUT... BUT HE BECAME POOR THAT WE THROUGH HIS POVERTY MIGHT BE MADE RICH.

Casper, middle-aged Balthaser and old Melchoir.

Talmadge said it this way: "To know how poor He was, examine all the records of real estate in all that Oriental country and see what vineyard, or what house, or what field He owned. Not one. Of what mortgage was He the mortgagee? Of what tenement was He the landlord? Of what lease was He lessee? Who ever paid Him rent? Not owning the boat on which He sailed, or the beast on which He rode, or the pillow on which He slept, He had so little estate that in order to pay His tax He had to perform a miracle, putting the amount of the assessment in a fish's mouth and having it hauled ashore. And after His death, the world rushed in to take an inventory of His goods, and the entire aggregate was the garments He had worn, sleeping in them by night and travelling in them by day, bearing on them the dust of the highway and the saturation of the sea. Paul did not go far from hitting the mark when He

to express their detestation. I can think now of only two well-to-do men who espoused His cause, Nicodemus and Joseph, of Arimathea.

Poor? The pigeon in the dovecote, the rabbit in its burrow, the silk-worm in its cocoon, the bee in its hive is better provided for, better off, better sheltered. Aye, the brute creation has a home on earth, which Christ has not.

But the Crown Prince of all heavenly dominion has less than the raven, less than the chamois, for He was homeless. Aye, in the history of the universe, there is no other instance of such coming down. Who can count the miles from the top of the throne to the bottom of the Cross?

THE POOR MADE RICH

We are poor... but we can be rich. We are hopeless... but He brought hope and deliverance. We had lost the glory, and dignity of our beginnings. We had sunk in the depths of deepest despair and depravity. We were debtors and bankrupt with no ray of

Reprinted from the Convention Herald



Travel Notes

HARRY F. PLANK

August 19: We made a visit to the Center Valley camp meeting and appreciated the special singing by the Tomek family and the message by Rev. Stephen Tomek. It was good to see David and Marilyn Middleton who were at the camp to represent their missionary work in the Dominican Republic. Rev. Keith Bunch was also serving as an evangelist for the camp.

August 22: I spoke at the Penn View faculty orientation breakfast.

August 24: Rachel and I made a visit to Lois Arnold, who was recovering from hip replacement surgery. In the evening, we enjoyed Jose Cancio's report of the Miami and Cuban churches when he spoke at Lewistown.

August 25: I attended a board meeting in Duncannon for the Missionary Youth Crusaders.

August 28: I preached at the Mt. Road Church in Penns Creek and held the election which resulted in Rev. Gregory Hobelman becoming their new pastor.

September 2: I conducted a General Board meeting in the morning, attended a board meeting for the pension board in the afternoon and in the evening we attended the conference-wide youth rally in the G. I. Straub Memorial Tabernacle. The Jerry Glick family were a blessing as they had a special evening of music giving praise to God.

September 4: This Sunday morning found us again at the Mt. Road Church. As a request, we participated in a special installation service for the new pastor.

September 6: Rev. Brian Spangler preached a great message at the "Traveling" Central Pennsylvania Inter-church Holiness Convention that was held at the New Columbia Church in the evening.

September 7: The IHC service was held at the Millmont Church where we were honored to hear Rev. B. J. Walker preach.

September 8: I attended the morning session of IHC at Penn View. In the afternoon Rachel and I made our way to Harrisburg. After several detours around flooded roads, we found our way to the Park and Fly Hotel. The hotel personnel were extremely busy accommodating lots of flood victims.

September 9: Thankfully, our flight departed as scheduled, but we were saddened to see many homes under water enroute. We were greeted with lots of sunshine when we arrived at the Orlando airport. Thank you to the Gandeese who had our room ready when we arrived at the Sun City camp grounds.

September 10: Rachel and I traveled to Fort Myers where in the Fort Myers Rescue Mission's

chapel, there was a memorial service for Rev. George Scheafer, the mission's first convert who became its long-time director. It was an honor to have part in this service along with Rev. Robert Walker, Rev. Philip Ledger and Rev. Jay Smalley. Bro Smalley also sang for the service. What a blessing to hear three of the mission's converts—Jerome McFarlan, Derian Wright and Philip Le., and Kendall Straight.

September 11: We visited the Seffner Church in the morning. We appreciated Pastor and Mrs. Smalley providing a nice dinner for us, even though Sr. Smalley had undertaken the big job of cooking for the Scheafer memorial service the day before. In the evening, we enjoyed being with the Handfields and the fine people at the Lakeland Church.

September 12: I made a quick trip to Hobe Sound to visit David Fuller at the Palm Beach Medical Center, where he was recovering from open-heart surgery.

September 16: This evening was the Florida District Rally held at the Sun City camp. Rev. Jose Cancio preached a good message on prayer and fasting. The special singing was by Rev. Jay Smalley and Mark and Diana Russel.

September 17: This was the 35th Annual Florida District Conference. The morning sessions included a communion service and special singing by the Russells and Rev. and Mrs. Barry Sweitzer. I preached from Hebrews 12:14. After the morning session, we met at a nearby restaurant for lunch before returning for election of officers and a Florida District board meeting. The results of elections were: Jose Cancio - vice president, M. Jay Smalley - secretary, Barry Sweitzer - treasurer of district and camp. Advisory members are Thomas Bickert, Chester Handfield and John Gandee. In the evening we met with our nephew and family for a lovely meal and nice visit and then traveled on to Kissimmee.

September 18: We visited the Kissimmee Church in the morning. We always enjoy the unique Sunday School class, with three different speakers: Esther Sweitzer started with a children's story, Stanley Fink gave a Bible quiz, followed by the regular Bible study with George Fink. It was good to have some celebrities in the service: Jack Calhoun and family, one of the Calhoun Twins, and Rev. Marshal Smart. In the evening, we visited the Orlando Church. Thank you to the Bickerts for making us welcome and providing a place for us to stay, even though Sister Bickert was still recovering from back surgery.

September 19: We started the day at 4:00 AM to get to the airport for our flight back to

Harrisburg. We arrived back at Middleburg. We stayed long enough to unpack and repack and made our way to the Tioga County Farm.

September 20: We were up again at 4:00 AM to take my mother to the Welsboro Hospital for cancer surgery. Thank you to Rev. and Mrs. David Blowers for spending time with us and other family members during this day.

September 21: Mom came through surgery well and was able to be released from the hospital. I returned back to Middleburg with our son James and family, leaving Rachel to care for my mother.

September 22: Jim and I traveled to the Baltimore airport and got a flight to Huntsville, AL. After stopping at the factory that will be making pews for the new church at Beavertown, we traveled on to Pell City.

September 23: We attended IMF, a convention of ministerial students. We enjoyed visiting with the students from various Bible colleges and enjoyed hearing Rev. G. R. French speak about reaching the lost and Rev. Philip Brown on how to prepare a message.

September 24: We were up shortly after 3:00 AM to catch our flight back to Baltimore.

September 25: Rachel and I made a visit to the Blue Knob Church. Thank you to the Joel Jackson family for their kind hospitality and wonderful meal.

September 27–October 2: I preached a revival meeting at the Lost Creek Immanuel Missionary Church near Hicksville, OH. Mary Braun and Penny Ford were the singers. It was good to be with them again and with Pastor Brian Spangler and family. This was near Rachel's home country and she enjoyed being with several childhood friends.

October 3: We stayed in the Columbus area as I was taking care of some conference situations.

October 4: We traveled on home after Rachel attended a morning meeting with the the ladies of the Women of Worth Literature Committee at the Broad Street Missionary Chapel in Columbus, OH.

October 5: Most of the day we were trying to catch up with things at home. In the evening we enjoyed being with our children and grandchildren to celebrate our granddaughter Jennifer's 11th birthday. Then we attended revival meeting at Penn View where we enjoyed singing by the Rine family and preaching by Rev. Nathan Purdy, a great young preacher from Northern Ireland.

October 8: I participated along with several others, in the funeral service for Sis Dharlys Walter. We extend our sympathy to the Walter family. ■

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