

GOD'S

REVIVALIST

May 2014

and Bible Advocate



a tribute to **Moms**

Grace Was in Her Steps, Heaven in Her Eyes
by Michael Avery p.3

What I Like Most About Being a Mom
by Marilyn Muir p.5

My Stepmom *by Ben Durr, Jr. p.8*

When a Child Walks Away *by Becky Keep p.14*

**Single Again: Dealing with the Empty Nest and
Widowhood** *by Cheryl Watters p.16*

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about this issue

HONORING MOTHERS

This issue is a special “Tribute to Moms.” President Avery begins with “Grace Was in Her Steps, Heaven in Her Eyes” (p.3), in which he discusses his own mother as well as other important mothers in his life.

In “What I Like Most About Being a Mom” (p.5), Marilyn Muir describes how God put within her a portion of His nurturing love and helped her realize that she was then responsible for revealing that same tender-loving nature to her children. You will enjoy the list of moments most precious to her.

Ben Durr, Jr., describes how he was blessed with a stepmother who capably filled that role and did so with a gracefulness that can serve as a model and inspiration for others in her situation. “My Stepmom” (p.8) gives us a glimpse into how she managed that by sharing just a few of the things that she did right.

Dealing with the reality of a child who has walked away from years of prayer-filled and loving upbringing that the parents believed should have served as a hedge of protection is the topic of “When A Child Walks Away” (p.14). Becky Keep shares her heart-rending account. However, you will be encouraged to learn the advice God gave her in response to that troubling time.

In “Single Again” (p.16), Cheryl Watters discloses how her preconceived ideas about how she would deal with the “empty nest” were shattered by the early and unexpected death of her husband. In a short period of time, she found herself alone in her big house. What God did for her and how He brings about changes will hearten you.

Finally, I tell about how I, like most sons, aspired to be like my dad, but realized that I was more like my mother. In “Embracing Betty” (p.22), I describe some of the characteristics we Farmer kids picked up from our mother.

As an added bonus, scattered throughout this issue are tributes to mothers submitted by current GBS students. Enjoy!

And have a happy Mother’s Day! —KF 🍀

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COVER PHOTO: Brenda (England) Herring (GBS BA ’05) with children Clayton and Addyson. One day after this photograph was made, Brenda gave birth to Bryson Grant (see birth announcement, p.10). Photo courtesy of Herring Photography.

the president's page



She was a genuine saint who loved God until it showed. She was ever present, always encouraging, never demeaning, faithful in prayer, and always ready to laugh.

"GRACE WAS IN HER STEPS, HEAVEN IN HER EYES"

by Michael R. Avery, President

Motherhood was God's idea. He purposefully created women to carry, give birth to, nurse, nurture, teach, and tenderly love their children in a way unique to women. It was His plan that a bond of unconditional love be forged between mother and child that would bridge any divide, face down any storm, and last for eternity. I am blessed not only to have had a wonderful mother of my own, but also several other wonderful "mothers" in my life.

My Mother

Clara Mae Avery 1923-1995

My mother was a simple, hardworking homemaker who loved her children. She was a genuine saint who loved God until it showed. She was ever present, always encouraging, never demeaning, faithful in prayer, and always ready to laugh. Mother taught me so much about practical Christianity. She also instilled a sense of confidence in me that was far beyond my capacity to perform. The following two quotes capture some of what she meant to me and what she did for me.

"I learned more about Christianity from my mother than from all the theologians in England." (John Wesley)

"When I was a child my mother said to me, 'If you become a soldier, you'll be a general. If you become a monk, you'll be the pope.' Instead I became a painter and wound up as Picasso." (Pablo Picasso)

Her Mother and Mine

Virginia Vernon 1918-2012

My mother-in-law had one of the most gentle, selfless, and soft-spoken personalities of any woman I ever knew—yet that softness covered a frame of pure unbendable steel. Granny was a sharecropper's daughter, a mother of eight (three in diapers at one time), a pastor's wife, a missionary stateswoman, well read, a fantastic speller, a caregiver (eleven years to an invalid husband), a long-term widow, and all the while her children's loving

mother. She faced the normal trials of life plus open heart surgery, Parkinson's, a broken hip (that left her bedfast for ten years), partial blindness, and much loneliness. Yet I never ever heard her complain or whine! She never lost her sense of humor—even at age 94. She was a great role model!

Their Mother

Rebecca Ruth (Vernon) Avery

My wife and the mother of my children is almost an exact replica of her mother. She is witty, selfless, others-oriented, extremely well-read, and hard-working; holds confidences (and her tongue); lives for her family; and is prayerful and supportive. She has a very single devotion to her faith, her family, and her husband. Watching her in action as she raised our two sons was a joy. She read to them and later with them—constantly. She taught them to read and write before they ever attended school. Their achievements today must be credited largely to the lessons they learned at her knee.

Other Mothers

Dot Brown, Mary Stetler

My mother suffered a massive stroke the night before I was installed as president of GBS. My parents had traveled to Cincinnati with me to share in this special day, but mother never made it to the Hilltop. She lived only six months after the stroke. After her death, two godly women became “mothers” to me. Dot Brown, a retired nurse and the first Dean of Women at God’s Bible School under my administration, was one of those rare discerning saints who always seem to have the right piece of advice at just the right time. Her counsel and support were priceless. And then there was Mary Stetler. Mary came to me shortly after my mother died and said, “I know you have lost the woman that prayed for you every day. I want you to know I am going to pray for you now”—and she has!

No one can take the place of one’s own dear mother, but I am so grateful for each of the wonderful mothers God has providentially placed in my life. So to them and to all of the mothers who will read this, I honor you with a quote from John Milton’s *Paradise Lost*: “Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye, in every gesture dignity and love.” Happy Mother’s Day! ■

Letters

TO THE EDITOR

Letters should be addressed to the Editorial Office, 1810 Young Street, Cincinnati, OH 45202, or emailed to revivalist@gbs.edu. Letters reprinted here do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the editor of God’s Revivalist nor those of the administration of God’s Bible School. Names and locations of writers will be withheld at their specific request or at the discretion of the editor. We reserve the right to edit and condense.

What an outstanding and forthright *Revivalist* issue [September 2013] on pornography! Would it be that all our Conservative Holiness churches/educational institutions rise to this understanding that pornography is an eminent devastation to our own brothers, sisters, children, spouses, friends, and neighbors we sit with and worship with every Sunday. May our Lord grant us each one the grace, wisdom, and courage to stand up against this “Tsunami of Sexual Addiction.”

REGINA M. PERKINS
Parish, NY

I really appreciated the Winter 2014 issue of the *God’s Revivalist*. The “I Resolve...” section was very meaningful to me, as were the first few sentences from “John Wesley on Bible Reading.” I always enjoy “News from the Hilltop” and “Revivalist Family.” The publication was a blessing!

BETH SANKEY STETLER
Donna, TX

We saw the obituary for our son Michael and the article about the scholarship in the *Revivalist*—a great honor for a great son. Michael told me again just a few weeks before he passed away how he had really settled things spiritually during his time at GBS. We were so glad for his testimony. He knew that we had spent a lot of money sending both him (two years) and his sister Sharmen (five years) to GBS. He wondered if I thought it was worth it and would I do it again if I had it to do over. I told him, “Absolutely, no question.” For him to get it settled made it all so worthwhile. I most definitely would do it over again! Thanks to everyone at GBS for their kindnesses. I know Michael would feel so unworthy of the scholarship, but it is sincerely appreciated.

GARY AND ALMA JEAN WRIGHT
Overland Park, KS

Just wanted you to know that I really like the new look of the *Revivalist*. It has been good for years, but it is even better now! Keep up the great work!

ROBERT ENGLAND, JR.
Jonestown, PA



What I Like Most About Being A Mom

by Marilyn Muir

God chose me to share a touch of His inexplicable nature in ways perhaps only a mom can. He wove into the molding of me the tiniest drops of His nurturing love, compassion, tenderness, patience, and protective instincts. As those reflections of His nature developed in me over time, I became increasingly aware that I was responsible to demonstrate by example to my children the amazing characteristics of an indescribable God. Now that is enough to make any mom crumple and cry. Absolutely impossible! That is, until I remember—He chose me for this.

Motherhood is one of the most honorable callings I can imagine, a duty which remains mine for life. Chapters of life open and close; the ways in which I am needed by my family shift with the demands of each phase. But I've never considered one stage a burden to be carried; rather, I've been blessed to have first-hand experience in trying to perceive the beauty of life as God reveals it, then successfully convey to my children the meaning of His gifts. What an honor He bestowed on me when He chose a mom to help reveal His tender-loving nature—to be His representative in this capacity.

As young sweethearts, my spouse and I dreamed about who our children would be, and I honestly

never cared whether I had boys or girls. I just wanted those God had designed for our family, and I prayed they would be healthy. Before it was over, God wrapped up four bundles for us—each a blessing. I wanted them to have in their hearts a craving for God which would surpass anything in the world—from which they could never escape. I have learned I can always trust my Father to care about the salvation and good of my children more than I could have envisioned.

So, what do I like most about being a mom? Before compiling that list, let me first express why I should do so in the first place. As a mom I've been overwhelmingly blessed by:

Limitless instruction from the most empathetic Teacher imaginable. Until I became a parent, I did not comprehend the measure of knowledge needed to “Train up a child in the way he should go,” so that “when he is old he will not depart from it,” (Prov. 22:6), nor the discipline necessary to adequately teach the words of the Lord to my children, “speaking of them when you sit in your house, when you walk by the way, when you lie down, and





photos above, top to bottom:
Christmas 1993; Ashley in the kitchen, age two;
an apology note from Shane that Marilyn found
under her pillow in 1995; making buckeyes.

photo, previous page: The Muir Family clockwise
from far left: Ivon (Garcia), Brennan, Kendra
(Smith), Dustin, Shane, Renee (Langworthy),
Daryl, Marilyn, and Ashley.

when you rise up" (Deut. 11:19). But I early discovered His great patience with my best efforts, and His ability to rectify my failures.

Instant audience with the greatest Counselor the world ever knew, and no waiting in line. When completely lost for answers, I have unabashedly thrown myself before the One who gave me this huge job! His Word has fed me knowledge, and His Spirit has guided my heart. I like being permitted to be bold at the same time I can reverently seek God's face. I know He desires my trust. When I lack wisdom, all I have to do is "Ask of God, who gives to all liberally and without reproach" (James 1:5).

Unfailing direction from the most reliable Guide. When aching over my child's hurts or disappointments, I remember that He embraced children, raised them to life, and performed miracles with their lurches. He loves my kids, too! I can intercede on their behalf with a confidence He will direct them in His way, because He loves them in a way I only begin to comprehend. I often remind myself that the miniscule measure of any virtue in me which yearns for my child's good is simply a drop from His infinite source.

Immeasurable security in our abiding Protector. When fear has gripped my heart concerning my child's physical safety, spiritual inclination, health, happiness, or future, prayer instantly places me in personal sanctuary with the King of Heaven. He has promised to be with us always! As further consolation, I am reminded He is the Master Designer and owns the rights to His own. As long as I have breath, I can intercede. I refuse to allow the deceiver any rights over the Master's plan.

Having acquired such blessings, I am enabled by God to perform the role He has made premier in my life. Caring about the minute details of child rearing may be exhausting, but ever rewarding! Archiving "God-moment" snapshots in the albums of my mind has been ongoing. I have hidden in my heart some of the most precious treasures as I've experienced the contentment which motherhood has brought. So, here are just a few of the things I like most about being "Mom."

Reflecting on the teachable moments, instilling godly principles into everyday choices, being their number-one cheerleader (along with their dad), catering to their reasonable desires, baking their favorite things, and allowing them the freedom to create their own kitchen messes have been my delight.

To feel little arms around my neck, to bandage wounds and wipe tears, to cuddle them and calm childish fears, to discover carefully written notes of confession upon my pillow, to see sparkles in my children's beautiful eyes, to accept wildflower bouquets, to cheer on their developing personalities, to celebrate each birthday with their favorite menu, to introduce a variety of healthy foods, and to share with them batter and unbaked dough of every sort have been my pleasure.

Beholding their joy in conquering a challenge, encouraging their kindhearted rescues of injured and orphaned animals, and cultivating a sense of respect for life has brought a variety of interests into our home. Praising their attempts to achieve that which results in less than perfection, finding the singular interests which only one child holds and promoting that creativity, allowing no failures to define who they are, and hugging shoulders (p24) ➡



Mother's Way

Oft within our little cottage,
As the shadows gently fall,
While the sunlight touches softly
One sweet face upon the wall,
Do we gather close together,
And in hushed and tender tone
Ask each other's full forgiveness
For the wrong that each has done.
Should you wonder why this custom
At the ending of the day,
Eye and voice would quickly answer:
"It was once our mother's way."

If our home be bright and cheery,
If it holds a welcome true,
Opening wide its door of greeting
To the many—not the few;
If we share our father's bounty
With the needy day by day,
'Tis because our hearts remember
This was ever mother's way.

Sometimes when our hands grow weary,
Or our tasks seem very long;
When our burdens look too heavy,
And we deem the right all wrong;
Then we gain a new, fresh courage,
And we rise to proudly say:
"Let us do our duty bravely—
This was our dear mother's way."

Then we keep her memory precious,
While we never cease to pray
That at last, when lengthening shadows
Mark the evening of our day,
They may find us waiting calmly
To go home our mother's way.

—*Rev. Abram Joseph Ryan (1838-56) was known as the "Poet-Priest of the South."*

[tributes from students]



She is the most industrious woman I know. She sacrifices her "last" to meet the needs and comfort of those she loves. She opens her doors and feeds the stranger. She never sits idle. Her years of hard work and support to give me the best life that she ever could will never be forgotten. PS: She makes the best Indian-Roti I ever tasted!
—*Tamra Brathwaite to Venita Brathwaite*

I have a mom who is a godly, praying mother! As a child I distinctly remember her praying during family devotions, "God help them to have 'Courage like Daniel' or 'Integrity like Joseph' and to 'make a difference in the world for Christ—wherever you place them.'" This inspired and encouraged me! Thanks, Mom, for being loving in hard times, selfless when there wasn't enough food to go around, and, more than anything, for praying for me when I needed it most. Happy Mother's Day!! You're the best!
—*Jeffrey Paulus, Jr., to Rebecca Paulus*

Growing up, I always wanted to become a teacher just like my mom. She has been a real inspiration to me as I have gone through college and as I get ready to start my student teaching. Thanks, Mom! I am so blessed that you love me, care about my likes and interests, and spend time doing things with me and my siblings. You are a hard worker, and a godly example. You are my hero!
—*Kyla Tichenor to Vicki Tichenor*

My mom means the world to me. I can't imagine life without her. Sometimes I call her because I'm sad or upset and she encourages me. She is my best friend, my role model, and the best mom for whom a girl could ask. Happy Mother's Day, Mom! I love you!
—*Kaitlynn Case to Teresa (Thomas) Case*

In the months that have passed since my mom was diagnosed with a brain tumor, I have come to a better appreciation for everything she has done and everything she taught me. Things like reading, cooking and cleaning, showing respect to all people, working hard, and spending time with people. She considers it a privilege to do things for us. What spurs her on in fighting cancer and taking nasty medicine is her family. She is dedicated, and keeps pushing on—with a sense of humor, I might add. I wouldn't be the person I am today without my mom and I thank God that He gave her to me.
—*Crystal Kessen to Cassandra (Nelson) Kessen*

MY STEPMOM

by Ben Durr, Jr.

Perhaps the fable of mistreated Cinderella created a less than flattering image for stepmothers, or perhaps the authors Brothers Grimm were simply giving voice to a caricature that had already developed in the public mind. In any case, mentioning “stepmother” in a conversation is likely to elicit any number of responses—raised eyebrows, body language shifting, or offhanded wisecracks.

Sometime after a tragic accident that rushed my mother into the presence of Jesus, my father, Ben Durr, Sr., in March of 1996, for the second time persuaded a lovely bride to meet him at the marriage altar. I’m going to tell you about this lady in a moment, but, in light of my opening comments, I have been more than amused across these past 18 years as, from time to time, a friend or acquaintance will gently broach the “stepmother question.” Most questions are related to my brother’s and my relationships with her, and what life is like now with a new face in the “Durr clan.”

I’m quite sure none of my interrogators expected me to bristle and

spew out a litany of negative comments. If any did, they left the conversation disappointed. Very disappointed. For if every stepmother were like mine, the story of Cinderella may never have been written.

Her name is Viola—Viola Miller before Dad changed her last name. I first met her when I was a student at God’s Bible School in the early 1980s. Because Viola taught biology classes and I was a ministerial student, our interaction was minimal; however, I do remember her pleasant disposition and kind mannerisms.

Fast forward a dozen or so years. With Mom gone, my lonesome father decided to attend a “School of the Prophets” event, which was held that year at GBS. He phoned to tell me about his experience and all the interesting presentations. (He called me often during those days of loneliness.) Then he recounted how the scheduled speaker was unable to attend one particular session. A last-

minute change was made and the congregation was divided into small groups for a discussion time.

“There was a lady in my group,” Dad said. “I think she was a teacher when you were at GBS.”

Somewhere along about that time the phone calls from Dad became noticeably less frequent. Apparently he had other matters to attend to!

So, on this Mother’s Day, and thinking about it from the perspective of someone who now has a stepmother, I realized again just how capably Viola has filled that role. She has done so with a gracefulness that I believe can serve as a model and inspiration for others in her situation. Here’s my short list of the things she did right:

First, she patiently allowed the new relationships in her life to develop naturally. She was warm and kind, genuinely interested in each of her new family members, but never imposed herself in some awkward manner as if desperate to earn our acceptance.



Thanks,
Mom!

Shortly after Dad and Viola were married, our youngest child, Jonathan, didn't want to give his new step-grandmother a hug. This created a potentially uncomfortable situation, as you might imagine, until Viola simply laughed and put everyone at ease with some light-hearted comment. Today my sons give her hugs coming and going.

Second, she has never attempted to erase memories of my mother. Viola's emotional maturity enables her to understand and live in the story as it is, without needing to redact our family history in order to bolster her self-confidence. She occasionally asks me questions about my mother, signaling that making reference to Mom in the course of a conversation is not taboo. She is comfortable with our children calling her "Grandma Vi," which helped them understand the role she was filling in their lives, while separating the two individuals in their minds, the net effect of which was to preserve what memories they had of my mother.

Third, Viola has treated all members of her immediate and extended family with equal love and acceptance. She did not abandon her biological family when she married Dad, nor did she try to distance Dad from his sons, siblings, or relatives. Each one of us is on her Christmas shopping list, and all are equally invited to help themselves to whatever's in the refrigerator. She never ever criticizes any family or extended family member to another. Frankly, using the prefix "step" to describe any of her extended family relationships feels artificial and pointless.

Next, she prays for her stepsons. I was blessed with a praying mother; I now have been twice blessed to have a praying stepmom. She doesn't make a big deal of it. But once in a while, in her quiet-mannered way, she will simply say, "I'm praying for you and your children." Those are not idle words. She prays for me as if I were her own son. And those prayers have quenched many fiery darts of the enemy of my soul.

Finally, she truly loves my dad. What better thing could a stepmom do to win the hearts of her stepsons than to love their father? She respects my dad, encourages him, listens to his homespun stories (no matter how many times she's heard them!), and provides the comfort and assurance that only a faithful, loving companion can offer.

After my mother's death, it seemed Dad rewrote the book on loneliness. To pacify his heavy grief, he began attending a local auction and buying cheap "mystery boxes" that were hastily sold to close down for the night. Arriving home (often late), he would dial my number and "narrate" the opening of each box, while his tight-wired ankle-nipper named "Didybite" barked incessantly in the background.

"Well, look here! A box of cups and saucers. They don't match, but they're sure worth a quarter!"

Meanwhile I'm thinking about what time I have to get up in the morning and how long my wireless phone battery will hold out.

Those auctions are a thing of the past now. Those old boxes of outdated whatnots have mysteriously vanished. Not sure where they ended up. No more tinkering with that old yellow station wagon in the side yard. No more empty days and lonely nights. Because a charming, lovely woman fell in love with him.

Oh, and by the way, Dad...if you're out there...give me a ring sometime! ■

Rev. Ben Durr, Jr. (ThB '86) served on the GBS faculty 1996-2005. He has pastored for 30 years and currently lives in LaGrange, GA, with his wife Robin (Bass) (BSM '82).

Photo left: Viola and Bennie Durr, Sr., with grand niece Reese Dahler and grand nephew Finn Leach.

As long as I can remember, my mother has been a godly example of what a Christian woman should be like. Several years ago, she felt she was being called into the field of nursing. She returned to school and became an RN and went back to school to earn her BSN. Even while going to school, she continued to work part-time nights at the hospital while working as a full-time grade-school teacher in a Christian school. That did not keep her from making good grades herself—she had a 4.0 grade-point average this last semester! I thank God for my mother—such a wonderful blessing. I love you, Mom!

—Kayla (Weinand) Hunter to Teresa (Stotts) Weinand

My mother is more than I could ever ask for, and far more than I deserve. Through my life I was reckless and mischievous, I was constantly in some kind of trouble. Her unconditional love for me made me ashamed of my sin and contributed to my becoming a Christian and straightening out my life. Many people say they think they have one of the best mothers in the world, but I'm one of the few who really knows. Thank you, Mom, for being a vital part of my life and shaping me into who I am today.

—Bodie Sams to Susan Sams

My mother is warm and loving. Hugs from her let me know I am loved! I am blessed to have a mom like her. I love you, Mom!

—Peter Linko to Maureen Linko

NEWS

from the Hilltop

ANNUAL BLOOD DRIVE

Faculty, staff, and students made their way to the Miller-Deets Student Center gymnasium on



Students and staff donate blood.

March 17 for the annual blood drive, sponsored by the GBS student government and the Hoxworth Blood Center. Student Council Secretary Sharree Pouzar reports that 65 donors were registered; and 37 whole blood units, several special double red cell donations, and three units of platelets were collected. Hoxworth says that approximately 147 lives will be saved as a result. Congratulations to all the participants!

ELEMENTARY SPRING CONCERT AND SCIENCE FAIR

On March 20, family and friends streamed into the Adcock Chapel for the 2014 Spring Concert of Aldersgate Christian Academy. Various bands, choirs, and grades performed. Principal Bill Marshall noted, "Mr. Hartkopf and Mrs. Foster do an outstanding job devel-

oping the talent of the students." Others proclaimed the musical selections to be "varied and interesting" with "a lot of unique music." At the end of the program,



One of the academy choirs directed by Kristin Foster

the science fair winners were announced and the crowd was invited to see the science exhibits on display in the Student Center.

GBS JOB FAIR

Seventeen diverse organizations set up in the Miller-Deets Student Center gymnasium on March 26 for a job fair. Represented were businesses,

REVIVALIST FAMILY

GOD'S BIBLE SCHOOL & COLLEGE
Homecoming
 October 10-11, 2014

On these pages, we feature items about GBS alumni, significant events scheduled throughout the "Revivalist Family," and brief news notes from across the Holiness Movement.

BIRTHS



To Brenda (England) (BA '05) and Aaron (GBS 1996-98) Herring, a son, **Bryson Grant**, born March 21, 2014, in Cincinnati, OH. Aaron works as project manager for West Chester Administration at the West Chester Hospital and Brenda is a freelance photographer, owner of Herring Photography, and a current member of the GBS Board of Trustees. Bryson joins brother Clayton and sister Addyson (pictured on the cover).



Students participate in the job fair.

Christian day schools, church conferences, and graduate schools. Around 90 students attended and were able to talk about job opportunities and career path concerns. Positive feedback was received from both the organizational participants and the attendees. The job fair was sponsored by the GBS Financial Aid Office.

GBS SPONSORS PLANTER

As part of a new program intended to improve Cincinnati business districts, God's Bible School and College has partnered

with the Mt. Auburn Chamber of Commerce to sponsor one of nine new flower pots installed along Auburn Avenue. This program, begun by the Cincinnati Park Board, provides an exciting new opportunity for GBS to get involved in the beautification of our community!



The College Choir

CHOIR GOING WEST

Forty members of the college choir, including an instrumental ensemble, will be traveling on a western tour in late May. They will be presenting the same program of

music as the mid-winter tour, featuring five songs from the latest GBS recording project, *Heart of Worship*. This will be the first time the College Choir has ministered west of the state of Kansas. Staff and students are excited for this opportunity to share the gospel in song as well as the GBS story. 📌

COLLEGE CHOIR Western Tour

Troy, MO; 5/20

Troy Holiness Church

Independence, KS; 5/21

Bible Holiness Church

Boise, ID; 5/24

Faith Evangelical Church

Emmett, ID; 5/25 AM

Community Bible Church

Nampa, ID; 5/25 PM

Grace Bible Church

Colorado Springs, CO; 5/27

Immanuel Missionary Church



DEATHS



Harriet Margaret Woodward Milam, 91, died February 28, 2014, in Tuscaloosa, AL, surrounded by her family. Harriet was born in 1922, one of eleven children born to Harry and Frances Woodward. She met her future husband Henry Clinton Milam (HS '40) at GBS. Known for her delicious cakes, you could almost always find Harriet in the kitchen. Many of her children and grandchildren continue to use her recipes. She was also always canning and freezing many of the fresh vegetables that she and Clinton grew on their farm. After seventy years of marriage, from which came five children, 11 grandchildren, 20 great-grandchildren, and three great-great-grandchildren, Harriet rejoined her sweetheart who had gone to be with the Lord in 2011. She is survived by her son, Darrell; daugh-

ters, Carole and Linda; brother, David Woodward; 11 grandchildren; 19 great-grandchildren; and 3 great-great-grandchildren. Services were held at Brookside Funeral Home in Millbrook, AL, with Rev. Steve Vernon, nephew of the deceased, and Rev. Ken Stodola officiating.



Dr. Mesgun Tedla, 75, died February 23, 2014, after dutifully fulfilling God's last call to travel and proclaim His message. Mesgun was born June 10, 1938, in the village of Shimanigus, Eritrea. He grew up in a Lutheran family and attended and completed his middle and high school education at the Evangelical Faith Mission School in Keren, Eritrea. Later he came to the U.S. to further his education by attending Kansas City College and Bible School. Mesgun married Zewdie Tekabo, a fellow orphan with whom he grew up, in 1963, and was blessed with four children: Awet, Ephraim, Ermias, and Akililu. He and his wife served God as

a team. Driven in part by restrictions on religious and civil liberties, Dr. Tedla emigrated from Eritrea and entered the U.S. in 1979 with his family. Throughout his years of service, Dr. Tedla served as a teacher, evangelist, and director of Faith Mission. He is survived by his wife and children. His funeral service was held at the First Church of the Nazarene in Indianapolis, IN, with Dr. Rousstom Ghebremicheal officiating.



Patricia S. "Patti" Cox, 54, of Cincinnati, passed away March 18, 2014, at the Hospice of Cincinnati. She was born in 1959, to Dwight Ray Chaney and Mary Ruth (Knauff) Chaney of Hillsboro, OH. She received an

Associates of Applied Business degree from Southern State Community College (Hillsboro) before coming to GBS and earning a BA in 1984. She began teaching first grade at Liberty Bible Academy while completing a MEd program at the University of Cincinnati. She taught 18 years at LBA before taking a sabbatical. Subsequent to that, she taught for 6 years at Miami Valley Christian Academy. She was a favorite teacher—Patti loved children and the children loved Patti. Patricia is survived by her husband of 22 years, Leroy Cox; her mother, Ruth Chaney; three brothers, David, Dennis, and Doug; two sisters, Pamela and Peggy; and several nieces, nephews, cousins, and a host of friends. Funeral services were held at both the Ambassadors' Pointe Community Church in Cincinnati and the Locust Grove Wesleyan Tabernacle Church, Peebles, with interment at Olive Branch Cemetery, in Batavia.



Jerrold "Jerry" Lynn Snelling, 73, of Cincinnati, died March 19, at The Christ Hospital, after a short battle with cancer. Born in 1940 in Yuma, CO, the son of the late Roy and Ethel Snelling, he was the second youngest of seven children.

He served in the US Army in Korea from 1963 to 1965. Jerry married Gloria Ann Zimmerman in 1966. He retired from General Electric in 2002, where he had worked in facilities maintenance for 25 years. Jerry enjoyed being with his family more than anything else. Two of his children attended GBS, Brian (1986) and Leanna (HS '97), and his granddaughter Anna is now a student in Aldersgate Christian Academy. Jerry is survived by his wife of 48 years, Gloria; his sons, Bradley and Brian; daughter, Leanna; seven grandchildren, Matthew, Anna, Jacob, Jenna, Lindsey, Aubrey, Luke; two brothers, Leonard and Gary; and two sisters, Carla and Lila. The funeral service was held at the Franklin Bible Methodist Church, with interment at the North Monroe Cemetery. ■

[tributes from students]



My mother is one of the few persons in this world that I know I can always talk to no matter what time it may be. She listens to my dreams, my frustrations, my fears, etc., and never judges or makes me feel like I'm annoying her. She encourages me to always do my best in whatever I do, but also encourages me if I may not have complete success in some area. Spiritually, my mom is my role model. She prayed with my sister and me when we were kids and encouraged us to have personal devotions in addition to our family devotions. I watched her bubbly, sanguine personality quickly draw people towards her. People like being around her and I'm sure they all know that if something needs done, my mom is there to help. Mom, you truly are the best mom a girl could ask for!

—Sharree Pouzar to Marea Pouzar

The top three reasons why I appreciate Mom so much are: (1) I know she prays for me every day; (2) she taught me to live simply and be friends with all types of people; and (3) she put family and ministry ahead of everything else in life. Thanks, Mom, for being faithful and raising six kids who love God and you very much! You're the best!

—Esther Byer to Debby Byer

My mom has always shown a selfless character. She has sacrificed so much for our family and our country. My father was in the United States Army and his deployments were never easy on her. She has always been so strong and encouraging even if she felt down or weak. My mom's love for my sister and me is overwhelming. She prays for us daily and she talks with us consistently about our walk with Christ. I give her the majority of the credit for the lady I am today! I love you, Mom. Happy Mother's Day!

—Whitney Collins to Rachel Collins

Thanks to my mom, I am where I am today. She showed me how to trust in God. She gave me the tools to be the man that I am right now!! What do I love about her? Her loving way. Even though she was strict, she always told me how much she loved me. Te amo con todo mi corazón, Mamá.

—Saúl Medellín to Gabriela Medellín

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What can a mother do...?

When A Child Walks Away

by Becky Keep

I lay face down on our couch in the darkened living room unable to suppress the painful sobs that came from deep within me. Tim sat across the room in grief-laden silence. The unspoken question that hung heavily in the room was unanswerable. “How did this happen to us? How did we become *that* family?” It was unconscionable to both of us that only moments earlier our 19-year-old daughter had walked out into the night—out of our home and out of our lives. The most difficult reality for both of us, however, was the knowledge that she had chosen to turn away from God. This was the culmination of what had been months of strong currents of resistance churning beneath the surface of her life. We had watched in helpless horror as one by one she tossed onto the discard pile the principles and truths that we had so diligently instilled into her.

Sadly, I know that this account is painfully familiar for some of you readers. That as you read the paragraph above, it was like reading the narrative of your own story. Perhaps you are even now reeling with the reality of a child who has walked away from years of prayer-filled and loving upbringing that you believed would serve as a hedge of protection around his/her soul.

Tim and I had faced some pretty tough challenges as parents. We had walked the road of having a child with cancer and had watched him lose his eyesight as a result of that disease. We thought that we had reached our threshold of pain. We were wrong! Watching our daughter slip away from us was a savage and brutal agony—one that was new, unfamiliar, and terrifying. It caused us to question every aspect of our lives and character. We must be at fault. Where had we gone wrong?

We had trained our children in the scriptures. We had loved and prayed for them. We had endeavored to live a life of righteousness before the Lord. Where were God's promises now? I had these verses underlined in my Bible. I had prayed them in intercession for my children. And yet here we were, standing on the brink of disaster with our firstborn child, heartbroken, guilt ridden, desperate, and unsure of how to continue.

As a mother of four younger children, I had no choice but to continue doing "the next thing." I carried on with my responsibilities—packing lunches, doing laundry, cooking dinner, helping with homework—but all the while living with a rock of grief buried in my chest that threatened at times to suffocate me. I prayed for grace moment by moment and was given just enough to walk on.

I won't forget the day that, while on my knees mopping a dirty kitchen floor, I paused to listen to the words of a song playing over the radio. "It is well, it is well, there is peace in my despair, knowing God has heard my prayer." "Peace in my despair?" I had plenty of despair, but truthfully, very little peace. This song was a simple retelling of the story from 2 Kings chapter 4, which recounts the story of the Shunamite woman whose son of promise had died suddenly but was resurrected by the power of God through the prophet Elisha.

I knew this story. I had read it many times; but suddenly I felt an urgency to discover for myself how this woman had been able to say those words "it is well" on what had been undoubtedly the worst day of her life as a mother.

I left my mop water and settled down with my Bible and notebook. I delved into God's Word, sensing that He had something to say to me. As the Holy Spirit illuminated His Word, I began to see the source of power and confi-

dence in this woman's life. I saw how it had enabled her to believe God even when facing the unthinkable. As I read on, the tears flowed and hope began to rise in my heart.

I discovered that this woman had been, before she ever became a mother, a woman who had made a prominent place for God in her life. This was demonstrated by her willingness to serve and provide for the prophet of God. The Bible tells how she even built a room and furnished it for him alone. Somehow, this woman grasped the importance of learning about God through the life of the prophet. This undoubtedly served her well in her moment of crisis.

I noted secondly that the Bible refers to her as a "great woman." This not only implied that she was wealthy, but that she was also known in her community for being a woman who feared sin. As I pondered this, it dawned on me that on the day of her personal disaster, there was no hidden sin to compromise and chip away at her faith and ability to believe that God could indeed resurrect her son. Because of this she could say with certainty, "It is well."

When the Shunamite's son died in her arms, she chose the supernatural response over the natural. She did not try to revive him using her own wisdom. She didn't perform CPR, call the doctor, or try to waken him. She instinctively knew that this was not "her moment." She instead, made her preparations and went straight to the one who she knew had the power to resurrect her son!

I realized immediately that, in the face of my daughter's spiritual demise, I was guilty, with my words, my manipulation, tears, and pleading, of somehow trying to bring spiritual life to her. I thought that, perhaps, if I could just say one more word, or tell her one more thing, I could compel her to repent and turn back to the Lord.

Please don't misunderstand me. I believe in parental intervention. I know that diligently training our children in the ways of God is the most important task with which we will ever be entrusted. The truth that was pummeled into my consciousness on that morning however was this: at the end of the day, none of my efforts, no matter how good and beneficial they may have been, had the power to bring spiritual life to my child. We can often cause kids to conform for a time, and things may seem to be well, but it is radical transformation that must happen in the lives of our children. And the only one who possesses the power to (p20)➡

**Watching
our daughter
slip away
from us was a
savage and
brutal agony.**



Single Again

dealing with the empty nest and widowhood

by Cheryl Watters

Dealing with the “empty nest” stage of life was one thing which I felt was so far off that I wouldn’t have to worry about it until I was “old.” But it came—hitting early and hitting hard.

It began in December 2000 when my oldest son, Jason, relocated in Florida. Not to worry. I still had two boys at home and consoled myself with the idea that when all had “left the nest,” my husband and I would have plenty of time to spend together. Steve and I were best friends, so that would be fun.

However, these hopes were dashed four months later when Steve found out he had pancreatic, liver, and lung cancer, with probably only six months to live. I kept thinking, “This can’t be true. Steve and I are going to grow old together. He can’t leave me like this. What am I going to do when the kids are gone?”

Andrew, our middle son, moved his wedding date up in the hope that his father would be alive to attend. It was not to be; just 23 days after his diagnosis, Steve died. My future plans and dreams were dashed.

Imagine the emotional complications of our schedules through this stretch: Steve’s funeral on May 25, Andrew’s graduation on May 26, and Andrew and Jennifer’s wedding on June 9. That was HARD! In six months I had lost three people from my home. I was being hurled toward the empty-nest stage faster than I ever expected or wanted. My youngest son, Ryan, 14 years old at the time, struggled with the trauma and tended to take refuge alone in his room.

For two years, life seemed so unstable to me. Family and friends who had rallied around in supportive ways soon went back to the routines of their own lives. I felt so alone! While it seemed like no one cared, in my heart I knew they did. But I still struggled. It was all a part of the healing process. I had to work through the feelings of being alone.

One positive outcome was that these trying circumstances brought Ryan and me closer together. We started spending more time with each other. I worked full-time as a secretary in a very large Christian school and part-time in the evenings at a tax office. I found that keeping busy combats loneliness and depression.

When Ryan began seriously considering where he would attend college, I admit it was something that I did not even want to think about. It wasn’t that I didn’t want him to go to college, but I was very fearful of being totally alone.

During the summer of 2006, Ryan was accepted at God’s Bible School and reality set in that he would be leaving soon and the nest would be empty. Some dark days ensued—many nights of crying myself to sleep, thinking, “What will I do when I am afraid? How will I feel coming home to an empty house each night? How will I manage tasks—snow removal, lawn care, roof leaks, flat tires?” In my mind the list went on and on.

Ryan seemed to be the only part of my life that was stable. There were three well-known colleges in Adrian; by attending college in Michigan, there would be adequate financial aid to cover college expenses. Why Cincinnati, four hours away? Then I realized that if God wanted Ryan at GBS, He would work it all out. He would give me peace and strength to do whatever needed to be done.

The most important thing I learned through the process of my last son leaving was that if he was in the center of the Lord’s will, everything would fall into place. God’s ways are always best. He would be with me as I ventured out into this new world of “empty nest.”

Fast forward eight years. I can testify that God was faithful! The way was not always bright and cheery; there were times of fear and uncertainty; but God was faithful.

[tributes from students]



Let me give you one very special example of this. I was worrying about a \$612 bill I had received. I did not know how I was going to take care of it. I remember giving that burden to the Lord. I reminded Him that being a widow without any children at home was not of my own choosing and that He promised to be a husband to the widow.

At work the next day, I was actually so busy I hadn't thought too much about my financial need. I was walking down the hall and happened to look in my mailbox. There was a very large padded envelope with my name handwritten on it. I wondered, "Why would something like this be coming addressed to me at school?"

I opened it up and found a note which began, "Dear Cheryl, Please do not try to figure out who we are...." I stopped and looked at my co-worker and said, "Linda, I have no idea what I am going to find in this envelope, but I need to tell you what I did last night." After sharing with her about my prayer for the financial need, I continued to read the note. Its anonymous author felt led of the Lord to send this package in the hope it would be of some help. Inside I found another sealed envelope. To my amazement, it contained \$617 in cash. God was making good on His promise to take care of me! Linda said, "I have heard of miracles, but I can now say I have witnessed one." God is so good—enough to pay for the bill and a little over to cover postage and handling!

God also gives help through others. My church family during this period was a source of great strength. They were more than willing to listen, pray about a situation, or help me whenever they saw a need. Imagine how I felt when several men of the church dropped by to clean the gutters, replace a motion light, or fix a sink and anything else that needed to be repaired. What a blessing they were!!

Fast forward again to July 2011. Ryan was temporarily filling in as interim executive assistant while Michael Avery, president of God's Bible School, was searching for a more permanent one. I was asked if I wanted to interview for the position. Long story short—I moved to GBS in August of 2011. Ryan is now married and is working on the GBS Student Affairs staff. In 2012, Jason and his family accepted a position with GBS Facilities. Talk about coming full circle! I am very grateful!

So, while I am "single again," I am not living alone. I have the blessing of a supportive campus family, and it is wonderful having two of my sons and their families here as well. I still find being single difficult. Loneliness is a big struggle. How I miss my husband! Knowing that others face similar challenges, I started a single ladies group here in Cincinnati—where ladies with some of the same hurts meet together and help each other. Is life easy? No, but God is so good. I tell myself often, "Life is short and eternity is long!"

The bottom line: None of us know exactly the plans God has for our future, so the safest place to be is in the center of His will. Stay there. You will be amazed at what He can do! ■

Cheryl Watters is executive assistant to the president of God's Bible School.

If I had to choose one characteristic that would encapsulate who my mother is, it would be her *servant's heart*. She is the most giving person I know—of her time, energy, money. She has taught me that "people are more important than things" and I have watched her live that truth. I am certain that I would not be the confident, hard-working young woman I am today if it were not for her training, prayers, and educational investment in my life. To put it simply, "My mother loves Jesus. And because of her, so do I."

—Renee Langworthy to Ann Langworthy

I appreciate my mother because she taught us the importance of helping others. She has a compassionate heart that loves the Lord, and by it she is able to love and help a neighbor in need. Her warm and cheerful personality makes guests and friends feel comfortable. She is also hard working. She left her small town to work in the city when she was a teenager in order to help her family in the midst of deep crisis. Te quiero mucho, Mamá.

—Brenda Palacios to Maria Palacios

When I think of my mother, two things come to mind: generous giver and wise advisor. She is always giving of herself—making sacrifices for our family, putting us first and not complaining about doing it. She is also always ready to give advice because she wants me to avoid as many mistakes as I can. She has truly modeled what a self-sacrificial, loving, giving, and wise woman is like, and I will be forever grateful for that.

—Joyana Simmons to Sheila Simmons

My mom is my "partner in crime"! Together we make up the greatest comedy duo of all time... well, at least in our opinion! Mom, thanks for always making me laugh.

—Kent Stetler to Beth (Sankey) Stetler

Dear Phil



ORIGINS DEBATE

What did you think about the Bill Nye/Ken Ham origins debate? —Sam

Dear Sam,

Three thoughts. First, as I watched the debate, I was pleased at the civility on both sides and particularly at the quality and clarity of Ken Ham’s presentation. Ham forthrightly addressed the debate question, “Is creation a viable model of origins in today’s modern, scientific era?” He did a God-honoring job of arguing for the position from the authority of Scripture. I commend him, and I recommend the debate to those who haven’t seen it (debatelive.org).

Second, Bill Nye’s mantra—without belief in evolution, technological innovation cannot be sustained—is patently absurd. In addition to the excellent refutations Ken Ham offered, allow me to offer another. Dr. Nadine M. Brown (my mother and GBSC adjunct professor) earned a PhD in Zoology and Biochemistry from Clemson University and has published post-doctoral research in *Carcinogenesis* (1995, 1996, 1998, 2010), *Cell Growth & Differentiation: The Molecular Biology Journal of the American Association for Cancer Research* (2000), *Environmental Health Perspectives* (1995), *Food and Chemical Toxicology* (2010), *Food and Function* (2014), *Laboratory*

Investigation (2001), *Journal of Agriculture and Food Chemistry* (2005), *Journal of the American Association for Laboratory Animal Science* (2013), *Proceedings of the Society for Experimental Biology and Medicine* (1998), *Reproductive Toxicology* (2011), *The American Journal of Clinical Nutrition* (2002, 2003, 2005, 2009, 2011), and *The Journal of Nutrition* (2001, 2002, 2013). She is a creationist and has done all of her research in collaboration with scientists who espouse an evolutionary view of origins. Yet, she has observed not one instance where the belief in evolution played any role, let alone a determinative one in the discoveries and technological innovations they have made. Belief in an evolutionary model of origins is, at best, irrelevant to technological innovation.

Third, Ken Ham made a crucial distinction Bill Nye didn’t understand, but which all believers should understand: operational science differs from historical science. Operational science, e.g., biology, chemistry, or physics, investigates present events that are observable, repeatable, and testable. On the other hand, historical science, e.g., forensics or paleontology, investigates past events that are not observable,

repeatable, and testable. It does so by examining eye-witness testimony, historical records, and remaining physical evidence of the past event. As a last resort, historical science uses presently observable processes to hypothetically reconstruct the past and then only when current processes are sufficient to account for the evidence we have.

For example, if there is eyewitness testimony that accounts for the known facts, no judge will reject it in preference for a forensic reconstruction of how a crime may have been committed, however plausible the reconstruction may be. Credible, eye-witness testimony always trumps educated guessing.

The resurrection of Jesus is, as any “reasonable man” will admit, one of the best attested events of ancient history. Multiple, credible, eye-witness testimonies confirm it. The resurrected Son of God himself told us we should believe all that is written in the Old Testament (Luke 24:25, 44; cf. John 10:35). On the basis of Jesus’ word, therefore, we have in Scripture a credible eye-witness testimony concerning the origin of the universe, the origin of plant, animal, and human life on earth, and the world-wide flood of Noah’s day.

It is unreasonable to reject this divine testimony in favor of human guesses. Yet, that is precisely what Bill Nye and evolutionists insist on doing. Further, their evolutionary guesses aren’t even scientific, for they are not based upon presently observable processes. No one is observing anything even remotely close to the origin of a universe or the evolution of plant, animal, and human life.

Blessings,
Philip

A. Philip Brown II is a member of the faculty in the Division of Ministerial Education at God’s Bible School and College.

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student focus

BARNA MILLENNIALS PROJECT

Research shows that 59% of Millennials drop out of church after attending regularly as a teenager. For the past decade, Barna Group has been working to understand this important age group. After interviewing more than 27,000 Millennials (people born between 1984 and 2002) and conducting 206 studies of this group, they have amassed a significant body of knowledge on Millennials which they are now sharing at “Barna: Millennials,” a special section of the Barna Group website that contains research, articles, and carefully curated information on this elusive and often confusing age group. For more information, go to barna.org/millennials.

POLL FINDS PRO-LIFE LEANING IN UNITED STATES

A poll of 1,000 adults found 59 percent support banning abortions after 20 weeks. The poll, conducted in June by far-left website *The Huffington Post*, comes at the same time the U.S. Senate is taking up a House measure that would ban abortions after 20 weeks. House Bill 1797, which passed the House of Representatives, is based on the science that a baby at 20 weeks gestation can feel pain. These results are similar to other recent polling. Several states have already passed bills banning abortions after 20 weeks.

LOW U.S. MARRIAGE RATE

(Religion Today) The marriage rate in the United States has fluctuated in the past, with dips in the 1930s and 1960s, but it has been in steady decline since the 1970s. Now, researchers report that the marriage rate has dropped to a new low of 31.1, meaning there are about 31 marriages in the U.S. for every 1,000 unmarried women, researchers found. In 1950, that number was 90.2. In 1920, it was 92.3. Marriage is viewed differently today, and, increasing, many couples choose to cohabit and still others prefer to remain single.

HISPANIC CHURCHES WANT TO INCREASE BIBLE LITERACY

Research reveals that only 8% of Hispanics are regularly engaged in reading and studying scripture. The National Hispanic Christian Leadership Conference sees that as a serious threat to the long-term sustainability of their faith. Therefore, the 40,000-plus churches in the conference are committed to turning that around by setting a goal to “flip this” by 2020. They want to see 92% of Hispanic-Americans engaged on a daily basis with the Word of God, not only reading the Word of God but living out the Word of God. The participating organizations have developed resources for pastors and churches to help motivate their congregations to accomplish this goal. ■

SAUL MEDELLIN learned a valuable faith lesson at just five years old when he desperately wanted a red backpack. His mother gently explained that they didn’t have the money for his wish, but suggested they ask God for it. They did that, and in a couple of weeks a red backpack arrived! Such a simple lesson dramatically shaped his young hope in God—a God who listens.

Years later, Saul was looking for a college where he could earn a BA in Music and also receive a good foundation in Bible. God’s Bible School had the program he needed, but the choice did not come easily. With community college, a certified nurse assistant license, and a well-paying job under his belt, he chose to leave it all to allow God the opportunity to break and mold him further—a decision now heralded as the best he’s ever made!

As he prepares to graduate next spring, Saul’s ministry dream involves teaching music—perhaps overseas—and plenty of travel. ■

Seventy-five percent of our students receive some form of financial aid which enables them to attend GBS. If you would like to support students with financial needs, you may send a gift to:

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➡(p15) transform your child and mine, is God Almighty through the power of His Holy Spirit.

Although I knew this to be true, my mind was reawakened to my utter dependence on the Lord to do His work in her heart. I had done my part. I could rest in Him to do what I was powerless to accomplish. With the fresh glimpse of His absolute authority came peace and I was truly able to relinquish her to Him.

Finally, in answer to the question, "What does a mother do when her child goes astray?" I would point back to the narrative in 2 Kings chapter four, for perhaps the most valuable lesson to be gleaned.

This mother knew that her son was dead. There was no breath, no color in his cheeks, no warmth in his body; and yet she refused to prepare his body for burial. Instead, she lovingly carried him to the prophet's chamber where she laid him on the bed in preparation for resurrection.

I reached tenuously through the fog of heavy grief that morning and grasped God's mandate to me. I heard it clearly! "Do not prepare your daughter for spiritual burial!" It was confirmed in my heart that I, instead, was to lay her on a bed of prayer and fasting and wait for the day of resurrection. We were blessed in the following months to be surrounded by our family and friends who diligently joined us in this prayer vigil. There was power that came by vulnerability and asking them to bear our burden with us.

Maybe you are at a place where you have given up. Perhaps it's been years and you're tempted to acquiesce to the enemy who whispers, "Your child has a free will, and has made his choice; you might as well give up and accept it."

I want to encourage you by telling of the miracle that God wrought in our daughter's heart. His grace reached where we could not, convicted in ways that we never could have, and breathed life into what had been dead and cold. He transformed her from darkness to light. I will never get over it or cease to give Him praise. He is truly a God of resurrection!

I strongly urge you to persevere for that spiritually lifeless child. To do otherwise is to bury him while there is yet hope. Armed with the knowledge that it is God's will that "None should perish but that all should come to repentance," persistently place your child daily in the place of prayer which will become the antechamber to resurrection. ■

Becky Keep is a freelance author and speaker and a part-time nurse. Her husband Tim is the General Missions Secretary of the Bible Methodist Connection of Churches. Tim and Becky live in Cincinnati, Ohio, and have five children.



Classics

WHITSUNDAY (PENTECOST)

by John Keble

When God of old came down from Heaven,
In power and wrath He came;
Before His feet the clouds were risen,
Half darkness and half flame:

Around the trembling mountain's base
The prostrate people lay;
A day of wrath and not of grace;
A dim and dreadful day.

But when he came the second time,
He came in power and love,
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hovered His holy Dove.

The fires that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light a glorious crown
On every sainted head.

And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump, that angels quake to hear,
Thrilled from the deep, dark cloud;

So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
A voice from Heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing, mighty wind.

To other strains our souls are set:
A giddy whirl of sin
Fills ear and brain, and will not let
Heaven's harmonies come in.

Come Lord, Come Wisdom, Love, and Power,
Open our ears to hear;
Let us not miss th' accepted hour;
Save, Lord, by Love or Fear. ■

John Keble (1792-1866) was an English churchman, educator, and poet. This poem is taken from his classic work The Christian Year, which first appeared in 1827. This volume of devotional verse was received with great acclaim, and, before the copyright expired in 1873, over 375,000 copies had been sold in Britain and 158 editions had been published.

Pentecost Sunday, 50 days after Easter, falls on June 8 this year.

Following are brief "field reports" from missionaries around the world who are invited to send us their newsletters and other information about their activities. GBS alumni are especially urged to respond, but we also wish to include others who uphold our vision and commitment.

BRAZIL. The Southern Brazil Mission work of the Evangelical Wesleyan Church is located in the interior of Rio Grande do Sul, the southernmost state of Brazil. The mission history begins with Bro. Andrew Bidinotto, the son of an Italian immigrant. The Holy Spirit gave Bro. Bidinotto a heavy burden for the souls of distant relatives that had immigrated from Italy to southern Brazil. After much prayer, and several preliminary trips to southern Brazil by him and others, the Evangelical Wesleyan Church accepted the challenge to take the holiness message to an area of the world that had never heard it before.

It was in December of 1992, after a lot of planning, paperwork, deputation, and waiting for more paperwork, Rev. and Mrs. Delbert Howard, Jr., finally set foot in



southern Brazil to start a pioneer mission work for the EWC in the town of Jaguari. With little knowledge of the Portuguese language, they were accompanied for the first three months by former missionary to the Amazon, Bro. Kenneth McVey, to help them both as a translator and as someone experienced in Brazilian culture and bureaucracy. Being a completely new mission, they started out in a hotel, but were soon able to find and move into a little shack down on the flood plains.

The first mission services were held on street corners, under trees, and, when invited, in the small, humble homes of the native people. The services attracted large crowds, often completely blocking the streets, both for the novelty of having foreigners amongst them, as well as hearing for the first time in their lives that they could live free from sin. Hungry for the Gospel, hundreds of people, with what limited understanding they had, gave themselves to Christ. The mission grew quickly, and the Lord blessed the work.

Today, Southern Brazil Missions has churches in Jaguari, Mata, Sao, Vicente, and Santiago; there is an extensive bus ministry that provides hundreds of rides every week to and from holiness services; two hours of evangelistic radio programming go out over two different radio stations every week; and the mission reaches out in dozens of others ways, including visitation services to hospitals, jails, nursing homes, and families. —*The Earnest Christian*

EGYPT. Faith Bible College in Cairo has established a good reputation, attracting students from other countries, and graduating 160

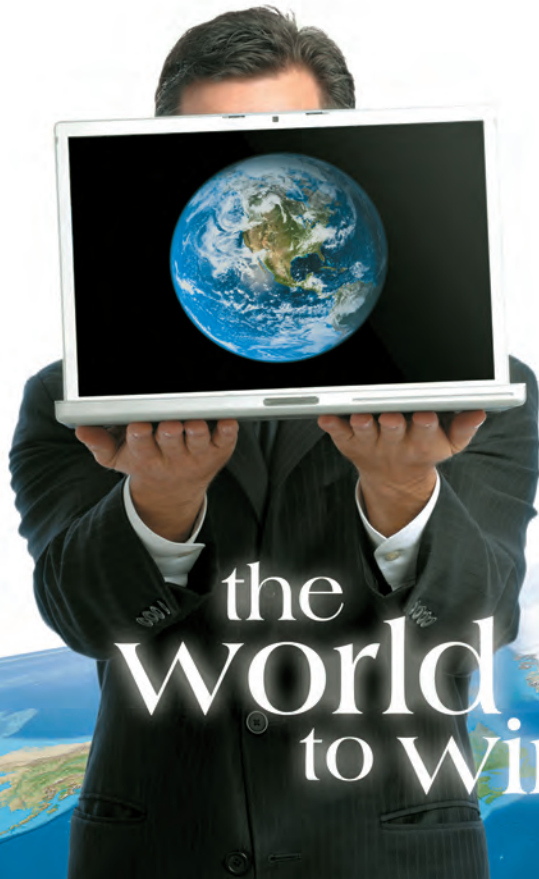


students since 2003. The college is now preparing an online study program. Pray for the financing of the online program, the traditional classes, and for new construction to provide adequate facilities for the school.

GUATEMALA. Pray for EFM's third church in Jalapa as it is constructing a new sanctuary to accommodate growth—over 170 children at a recent VBS, Sunday church attendance of 240, 13 new cell groups, and a vibrant soul-winning program that is seeing new people brought to the Lord on a weekly basis. Pray for pastor German Mendez as he oversees these efforts.



UNITED STATES. In April of last year, Daniel and Mary Troyer partnered with Victory Inner City Ministries to plant a ministering community of faith in urban Detroit, Michigan. Having a Christian presence in the community, inviting neighbors in for meals, hosting ministry teams, and building relationships in the neighborhood were among the goals of the Troyer family. At first, the extent of the urban decay and poverty shocked them. During this introductory phase, the Troyers are "just doing each assignment the Lord gives us—fixing a roof, cutting grass, and teaching English, etc." All of these can seem like little things, but Daniel has the right perspective. "I don't believe with God there are 'little things.' Of course, we long to see God move in a mighty way, and we expect it, but God is looking for people He can trust. If we can't wield the slingshot for His glory, then we shouldn't expect to command the host." ■



the world to win

Embracing Betty

by Ken Farmer



Most sons aspire to be like their Dad—and I was no different. I even had the mistaken notion that, in order to move gracefully into my golden years, I had to soften my aggressive drive—take some of the edge off my interactions. Doing so would magically allow the “Elmer” in me to come to the fore and blossom for the benefit of others.

While I have “mellowed” a bit with age, I realize that the package of traits I had in early adulthood was largely intact as I moved into the latter stages of life. I can trace most of my success in life back to those traits, and, the fact is, I picked up nearly all them from my mother. Actually, I am amazed at how much of my mother I see in myself! She had spunk and felt she could do just about anything to which she set her mind. She had the skills to make things happen. Organizing activities? Check. Recruiting people to work on projects? Check. Doing it with excitement and always with good humor? Double check.

So, who wouldn’t want to be like Betty Wallace Farmer! Here are a few of the traits she instilled in us Farmer kids.

Self-confidence. Every child needs self-confidence, and there was something about the way she raised us that made us believe we could do just about anything. Whether it was math, creative writing, drama, piano, or whatever, it simply did not matter. We could not only do it, we could also excel. We all got a good dose of her spunk. Closely associated with that was an ability to size up situations quickly and determine what needs to be done. It feels good to be able to approach new projects with anticipation, confident that you can help make them a success.

Respect for others. She knew how to make others feel special. After Sunday dinner, she would call those who did not make it to church, just to check to see if they were sick and might need something. She treated everyone with respect. All of us loved our next door neighbor, Jimmy Daniels, who was mentally handicapped. He spent hours at our house. We accepted

him and he accepted us. We never viewed “different” as bad. She also modeled being friendly even with those we don’t know.

Good work ethic. Mother was a hard worker and she knew how to get others to work alongside her, or, in our case, for her. One Christmas we received little replica garbage trucks. She could get us—her little “trash men”—to do about whatever she wanted. Tying allowance to successful completion of chores helped us to see the connection between work and rewards. Her circle of influence went far beyond the little Farmers in the parsonage; she was able to work with people and motivate them to do their best. She also could turn on her Southern charm—“you’re so good with tools, could you....”

Humor and quick-wittedness. Mother was always the life of the party—no matter the venue. She was the “Hostess with the Mostest.” We never needed TV—live entertainment was better! She valued humor with its ability to break down barriers, lighten tense moments, and clear the air. She maintained an ability to laugh at herself. This is why, at 84, she is in high demand as a speaker at various functions.

Focus on the positive. She made every house our home. Thinking back, we had a lot of refurbished, secondhand items, but never felt neglected. Mother kept us focused on all the good we had, not what we didn’t have. It wasn’t until later in life that we realized we were probably considered poor. But we always felt rich.

About 10 years ago, in the early stages of moving into my senior years, I became increasingly aware of the importance of making the latter years of my life count for the Kingdom. I was happy that I had the right traits to make this happen. It was time to embrace Betty. Thanks, Mother! ■

[tributes
from students]



Every day, the central part of the schedule for our home-schooling was devotions with mother at 11 AM. She would read to us from the Bible and then expound a bit, drawing on the resources she had gained at Bible school and sharing them with us. This taught us the value of the Word of God, and showed us in real-life situations what using Scripture for teaching, reproof, correction, and training in righteousness looks like. She is indeed the best example I know of a godly woman obeying Deut. 6:7!

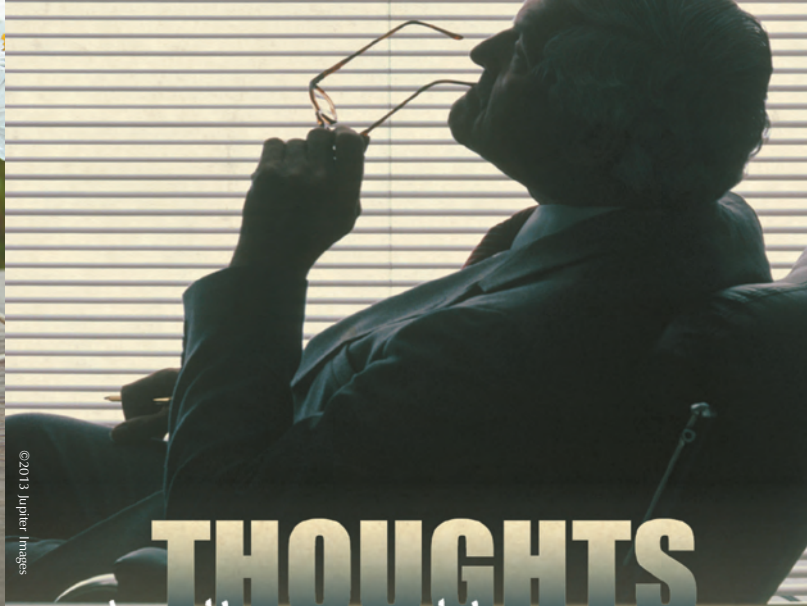
—Jason Albertson to Janet Albertson

Mother taught me to view my whole life through the lens of Scripture. When I was just a toddler, she taught me to have daily times with the Lord by reading the Bible and praying. As I grew older, she responded to my insatiable reading appetite by providing me with wholesome and inspiring books—some of which were influential in my desire to do missions work. She also taught me the disciplines of hard work, obedience, honesty, and respect. As a college senior, I am so thankful for a mother that gives me sensible and God-honoring wisdom when I do not know what to do. She is also willing to listen and empathize with me, even though we are very different in personality. Thank you, Mom, for doing the hard things willingly, and for being such a wonderful friend and mother!

—Mikah Litchfield to Karin Litchfield

I appreciate my mother for her smile. I appreciate my mother for her tears. I appreciate my mother for her prayers that have raised four children to be real followers of Jesus. I appreciate her for her example of how to serve others, despite losing sleep and comfort over it. I appreciate her for modeling a consistent practice of studying God's Word. I appreciate her for the countless hours spent making a safe home for her family, for supporting and loving my dad, and for fixing thousands of mouth-watering meals for family and friends. I appreciate her for making a big deal out of her kids, for always caring about the tiniest things, and for taking moments out of her day to teach her daughter how to be a lady. I appreciate my mother for doing what is most important for a mother to do: reveal what God is like to my brothers and me.

—Ashley Muir to Marilyn Muir



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THOUGHTS

for the quiet hour

by Sonja Vernon

THE PERFECT PARENT

“Can a woman forget her nursing child and have no compassion on the son of her womb? Even these may forget, but I will not forget you.”

—Isaiah 49:15 NASB

As the second Sunday in May approaches, our collective thoughts turn toward mothers. Greeting cards crisscross the nation. Mom-themed commercials sell everything from laundry detergent to new cars. For many of us, this time of year ushers in fond recollections and an opportunity to say “thank you” to the woman who had so much to do with shaping our early lives. However, for others this time of celebration brings echoes of a difficult past—of mothers who walked away, were abusive, or were emotionally distant. Some remember mothers who stood by while children were taken advantage of or who seemed powerless to confront the evil at hand. Unfortunately, not all memories of mom are good ones. Throughout scripture, God presents Himself over and over again as One who consistently loves and cares for His own. Isaiah 49:15 is a beautiful case in point. God contrasts Himself with a human parent. It is possible, He says, for a mother to walk away from one of the most basic human connections, but our God will never abandon us. We are precious to Him, even worth the life of His only Son. If you are struggling with painful memories this Mother's Day, let your heart recall that the only perfect Parent has created you, has purchased you with the blood of His Son, has chosen you to be part of His family, and has implanted you indelibly on His infallible memory. You are loved much more than you know! ■

Sonja Vernon is Dean of Women at God's Bible School and College.

MAY 2014

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BEING A MOM continued

➡(p6) that sag in discouragement are just a few of the duties I rightfully claim as mine.

Remembering the occasions I knew their guardian angels were not at leisure—and blessing those times I was unaware they were so engaged—bringing to mind the daring situations from which I stepped back in prayer, knowing I could not hover over them always, were times which strengthened my faith in the One who cares for them more than I do.

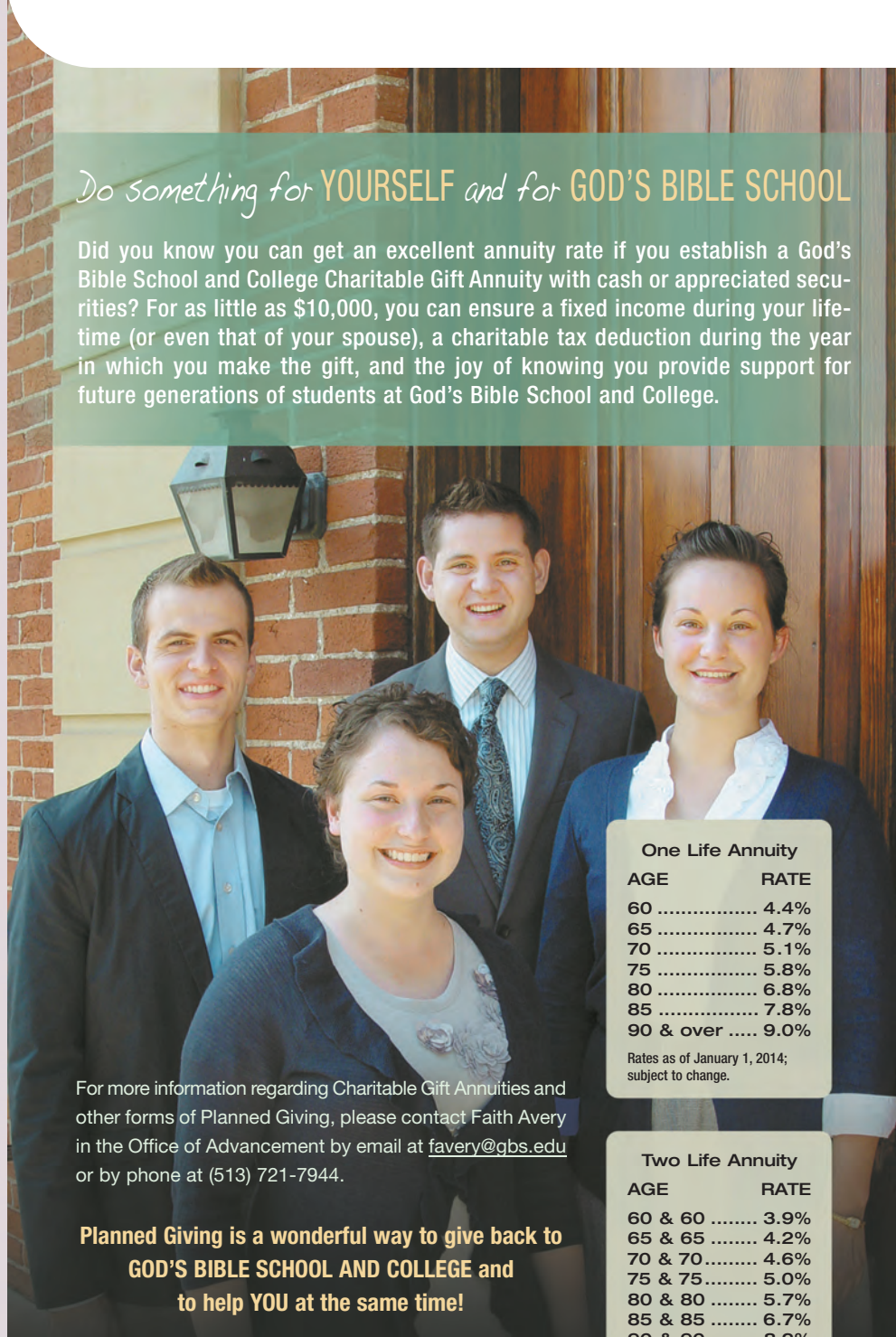
Capturing as many lifetime experiences by camera as they will tolerate without too much frustration; listening to their jam-sessions which enhance their talents; hearing their accomplishments in music along with the practice sessions that help them reach their goals; examining their designing abilities, works of art, and building projects; tuning-in to their sibling banter, laughter, and fun of all sorts—all of these are life experiences that fill this mother's heart to overflowing.

To share impartial love with my children has been paramount. Unconditional. Individual. Equal. As a mom, I can understand how God loves everyone the same—because He made me that way. Not one is loved more. Not one is loved less. And they know it. I love loving them!

God's "gifts" were given for a time, and they are "talents" meant to be given back. It is only as God works in me that I am able to accomplish His purpose for my life—being Mom! He laid down His life in selfless love, and His calling to me is to share a drop of that same love. To love as He loves. Weep when I know He weeps. Laugh when it's obvious He would laugh! Share all I can with my children, and understand that the peculiar tug on my heart comes from those tendencies He wrapped into me from the beginning. He knew I'd love being a mom. His delight was to place in me a heart designed after His, filled with a love for each one of my children—our greatest treasures in the world. I don't know how I shall fully express thanks that He allowed me to be a mom! 🌸

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