

THE SILVER LINING

Grabill, Indiana

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Zion's Harp Song Book

For all who are interested in the new Zion's Harp song book, we would make a report on the progress of the work so far. On Feb. 1 and 2 the Committee of elders named at the Conference in Morton last October, comprised of Brother William Stettner of Elgin, Illinois; Brother Rudolph Graf of Akron, Ohio; and Brother Philip Beyer of Naumburg, New York, met at Bluffton, Indiana, with the Song Book Committee, comprised of Brother Henry Beer of Milford, Indiana; Brother Fred Gutwein of Francesville, Indiana; Brother Jesse Gerber of Latty, Ohio; Brother Elias Souder of Grabill, Indiana; Brother John Baumgartner, Brother Raymond Gerber, and Brother Elias Gerber of Bluffton. Brother Theo. Beer and Brother Sam Aeschliman also attended one session.

Proposed changes were carefully considered and some errors in words and music corrected and decisions made as follows: The new book will have a melody with every song, and every song will be on a single opening to eliminate leafing over. The first three or four

stanzas will be placed in the staff. And although some melodies will be used more than once, the same melody will not be used twice in succession. There will be some fifty new melodies, but the numbers as formerly will be placed under the title and can be used as before. With the exception of a few hard to sing melodies, all old melodies have been retained.

The book will be 5½ x 7½ inches in size, with rounded corners, covered with black Sturdite, printed on 40 lb. paper. With white edge the price, tentatively, will be \$1.75, and with gold edge \$2.20, postpaid. The contract has been let to The Berne Witness Co., Berne, Ind., and the books will be available about late summer or early fall. Orders may be sent to Brother John Baumgartner, Bluffton, Indiana.

Note: Others participating in this work have with their effort and time helped valuably.

The Committee.

The article "Zion's Harp Song Book" in substance was submitted by Brother Philip Beyer of Castorland.

AHEAD

For God's Own It's Through Hours Of Testing, And Suddenly, It's Spring!

You peer intently through the darkness to Gethsemane. The inner sanctuary is where Heart communes with Heart. How immortal, how deep, is the love that faced into the converging

beams of the cross. Love is forever enshrined in greatness. *Ahead* was the awful battle of the knoll, the cross beams. *Ahead* was the clash and quiver of the impending mob . . . the drive of

the nails . . . the tender feelings of the flesh and the soul. *Ahead* was great glory . . . the flinging open of the doors of the brutal house that spelled misery to the worn and weary. But now, it was the great struggle for quietness in the will of God . . . a refusal to escape the blood-drenching ordeal unto death . . . a giving of His courage to endure. He would go on.

“. . . I reckon that the sufferings of this present time *are* not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.”

That statement was from the apostle Paul, speaking to the Romans in a letter, inspired of God. Any epic of courage that may be written in our actions is certainly outshone by that unequalled heroism of the Christ. Bare-handed and weaponless, He went to the very heart of the savage onslaught of the enemy. You look . . . He takes the blunt force of the despot's heel. Never once does He waver.

For reasons eternal, the Father pulls a curtain of darkness. Under a canopy of forsakenness, holding yet the purpose of love of His own firm, Jesus marched to the finish and victory. Here is true splendor of given love! Love breathed true; it breathed immensely wonderful . . . and its purpose is shown in the riven veil, where refugees to freedom stream to find everlasting Light and heavenly happiness.

“For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding *and* eternal weight of glory; . . .”

His promises will flower ahead in His glory. Today is a challenge. It's a travelling home through the hot tribunal of the desert plod . . . step by step, going toward home. The frowning mountains do not fright, for Jesus gives His heroism into your life. God does things in a tremendously great way. Every page in His book is exciting. Every task of every pioneer of His can be written large in God's grace. The Way He does things, small and great, is beautiful. Every task, every problem is an adventure . . . explored and solved in the greatness of His love.

“While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen *are* temporal; but the things which are not seen *are* eternal.”

Unparalleled in natural scenery, this view *ahead* stands alone in awe-inspiring, magnificent beauty. Upward, *ah upward*, the blue shines through. No moment will find the incline so steep as would over-burden.

From look-out point of wisdom's advantage, you also could not escape noticing the strange turn of the shrouded mountains in world valley. The sound of the sea, boiling and dashing wild, mad-capped its roar in the night. The dark, gray-into-black, twist of each contour of this map hulked through shrouded mists. Twilight, it seems, has brought heaven's pilgrim to an inescapable battle, but also a great victory.

You listened . . . Daniel was speaking: “. . . I saw in the night visions, and behold a fourth beast, dreadful and terrible, and strong exceedingly;”

Bred in the haunted coffin-room of death, this horrible monstrosity walks at the bottom of man's plunge of disaster. The cave-ins of philosophy, giving away, finally fasten man in this dark, desperate vault of horror. Decline followed decline as man had his way and reason. Finally, then comes that dark witching hour when the monster stalks the night. In the end time a silhouetted deathly pallor increases; human souls crumple as match sticks. Its madness and its beastly growl shriek and scream pierce the night!

“and it had great iron teeth: it devoured and brake in pieces, and stamped the residue with the feet of it: and it *was* diverse from all the beasts that *were* before it; and it had ten horns.”

That was Daniel speaking again. In the world, 1957, the wierdness of the jungle drums pounded in the night. You listened. Josip Broz, alias Tito. Health . . . poor. Leader in Communist Yugoslavia. Here was an odd strata of Communism's earthern-ware. It seemed like a crack was advancing. Yet it was of suspicious character, not enough to break up Communism, but

appearing features of Communism's face-changing would be reason for suspicion. There was a rush of flood waters, and Tito was a noticeable part of a wash-out onrush toward deeper disaster.

"And *as* the toes of the feet *were* part of iron, and part of clay, *so* the kingdom shall be partly strong, and partly broken."

Daniel speaking again. You, with white helmet from heaven, looked for the drone of evidence that would show midnight was near. It was a grim hour. Hungary lunges for freedom, and a brutal savage boot heavily crushes down. The Soviets would fetter-police their empire. Yet there seemed evidence of a corroding, a character face-cleaving. There was a movement definitely toward more individual nationality. Poland's boundaries become sharper, yet within a bestial frame-work. Jugov is now prime minister in Bulgaria, an old comrade of Tito. There's the talk and the plans and the travels of Tito. Some sickening disturbance was swirling muddy waters in the treacherous lands. The prophetic words "part of iron . . . part of clay" . . . "partly strong . . . partly broken" seemed to perhaps apply to this description . . . you listened again to inspired prophecy:

"And the ten horns out of this kingdom *are* ten kings *that* shall arise: and another shall rise after them; and he shall be diverse from the first, and he shall subdue three kings."

Daniel 7:24; now not Daniel speaking, but being told an interpretation. But the *golden pondering* is explicitly beautiful, even in these dark times, on the ridges of God's hope. When the sharply-cold whine of the last suicide squadrons come, then we know that spring is not far away.

The scriptures plainly point to a sinister figure, the last dictator, assuming the reins of a brutal monster already in existence. He is a historical character, once having ruled. In the terror of the last dictatorship he now comes from the bottomless pit. He is antichrist.

"he . . . shall divide the land for

gain."

"And such as do wickedly against the covenant shall he corrupt by flatteries . . ."

Ambition - gone - completely - dark is summed up in this desperate attempt of Satan, now so clearly heading up. Tito is but part of the evidence of the festering of sin toward full transgressors. He keeps his finger on the pulse of the masses for self purposes. He speaks in a strange tongue, assumes strange kinship with a "positive" approach. Elsewhere in Communist boundaries there appears a movement to chessboard the masses in the Communist game. Lies are ingrained in Communist character. For the antichrist, the smooth flattery will be polish darkness. Coldly calculating, his rule will be a fantasy of inventions to play up the masses of sin. Waves of emotion will sweep over his lands, rolling idol worshippers in their wake. Tighter and tighter will be the noose of him "whose coming is after the working of Satan with all power and signs and lying wonders . . ."

You listen as our Lord speaks: "Now learn a parable of the fig tree; When her branch is yet tender, and putteth forth leaves, ye know that summer is near: So ye in like manner, when ye shall see these things come to pass, know that it is nigh, *even* at the doors."

The summer skies of hope . . . the bright, morning-glory blue is in spring-time at home. . . . Certainly, it is your dream future, . . . Now you whiled the hours in a study to be approved. Lonesome for the beautiful melody of home, you looked for the tender shoots before the warm, balmy days of spring. More lovely than the branches blossomed in spring-time's pink and white is the hope of everlasting spring.

Jesus had given a signal. His words gleamed in the tower of warning. They sharply outlined the shapes of the enemy, cast in bold relief his movements, and timed at lateness the hour, *so close to midnight*. After, then suddenly, it will be spring.

Mark 13, verse 14. "But when ye shall see the abomination of desolation,

spoken of by Daniel the prophet, standing where it ought not, (let him that readeth understand,) then let them that be in Judaea flee to the mountains:"

Israel is the site of the devastation center of tribulation fury. The Middle East is the scene of the ebb and the flow of giant movements and battles dead-rushing into the end-time. Time fuses are burning out! Giant arrows unmistakably point and crook toward that fevered time and place when so many hang choked in death. Character strains, national feelings, and military strategy already seem to mark out that mad race to death's end turn. Combination of forces and a lone nation barter and juggle, *edging closer and even closer to the precipice of the end*. Even the detonation of destructive power, radically giant, seems so accurately portrayed in the description of the end of the age.

"And he shall stir up his power and his courage against the king of the south with a great army; . . ."

One like the similitude of the sons of men is speaking to Daniel. Part of Daniel 11 is a series of prophecies about the king of the north and the king of the south, that is now recorded history. Later, the chapter is yet prophetic of the future.

Now you observe a curious twist of a giant arrow of current history pointed southward.

Country . . . Syria . . . the land of the king of the north of historical record. Vapor trails over Turkey show planes headed to Syria, from Russia. Reliable report speaks of not less than 600 ships going by Turkey for Syria and Egypt in 8 months. Abdul Hamid Sarraj is 32, a bachelor. He's chief of Army's intelligence, with rank of Lieutenant-colonel. But his fingers are long and grasping for power. He controls a group of army officers which runs the army and controls Syria. Sarraj frowns with an evil mask of betrayal of country.

Evidence at hand is gloomy and *pointedly military*. There's the army . . . the demotion or dismissal of pro-

western officers, the favoring of pro-Soviet. Completed is an arms deal with agents of the Soviet. Splinter evidence ominously pieces together . . . perhaps Syria *may be* or may become a Soviet base, a part of a monstrosity, one of a group of "partly strong . . . partly broken." There were also the Russian MIG's that came, and did not return . . . the corp of Russian technicians, advisers, etc.

Through the dark silhouette that glooms, Sarraj is seen in war practice. He has clenched the press and radio with the brass knuckles of censorship. The wail of air raid warnings, the sand-bagging of streets, the black-outs, all recently in effect during the war in the Middle East, displayed a military twist of mind with dark intentions.

"AND the king of the south shall be stirred up to battle with a very great and mighty army; but he shall not stand: for they shall forecast devices against him."

Today Nasser is dictator in Egypt. *Mein Kampf*, Hitler brief case of ugly thoughts, has reappeared. The country is diseased, but the fibre of philosophy stanches with corruptness. *The darkness deepens*. There's the 100,000 human hearts in concentration camps, some at least dying inch and inch . . . Fifty Egyptian police, once Nazi in name . . . the use of Himmler's spying methods . . . the seizure of Suez . . . the offensive knock 'em out, preparations uncovered on Sinai . . . all point to a dismal breach in the dark depths of the human heart.

Evening comes . . . the vesper bells of an eternal Sabbath peal out for hope. The western edge of the sunset trail glows colorfully of the brighter day tomorrow. The song-birds sing, carolling their notes of joy of coming spring. Then a certain sadness steals o'er the soul. The great havoc the enemy could yet cause among those who have escaped dark clutches! The creeping love of the world, in the living quarters or out, is one of Satan's trump cards for major disaster for the soul. When the things of this short life are written,

how many will stand in glowing white garment, forever free from peril?

“. . . Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled.”

Israel . . . the center of a conflict preparing . . . the site of a future field of twisted bodies . . . immigrants expected this year: 120,000. That figure would bring the total population to 2,000,000. Israel, written on the books of time with the hand of God. They in Israel greet one another with the salutation “Shalom”, which means peace. Only the fortunate few will come to know its treasured loveliness!

Jerusalem is where Israel’s Congress, the Knesset, meets. On Jerusalem’s Ben Maimon street, Ben-Gurion, Israel’s 70-year old prime minister, has his home. Jerusalem today has a Gentile building imposed on the site where once stood the altar of God. Half of its population is Jew. Observe this city; it will be the hour-strike of the change of time, from Gentile time to Jewish time . . . the end is nearing.

The tragic hand of political expediency is the tragic wash-out of the sinking sands of unbelief, already eroding out.

Our Lord told the Jews: “. . . if another shall come in his own name, him ye will receive.” Inspired II Thessalonians records of the antichrist: “Who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he as God sitteth in the temple of God, shewing himself that he is God.”

From Daniel, chapter 11: “. . . the league *made* with him . . .” Again, after a reversal of the king of the north, dealt from the Mediterranean, the sea of the isles of Chittim, these significant words: “therefore he shall be grieved, and return, and have indignation against the holy covenant: . . .”

Alas, the strain in the character of betrayal stock is clearly in evidence today among apostating portions of the Jewish race. Also, coupled with the gradual-but-death-crushing methods of take-over of Communist ideology, this day’s blundering and hardness is fertile

for incubation of the sad agreement that rushes towards fiendish climax.

Karl Marx . . . apostate, part Jewish stock. It was his sin-brewed mind that belched the evil philosophy of much of Communism. There was the Russian Revolution, the eruption of beastly Communism. Apostate Jews participated; their influence and plotting was considerable. Alliance with Russia in World War II and beast-feeding Yalta: Again, apostate Jewish movement is suspicioned to have pushed. Apostate Jewish power-play of late years has strummed a strange tune, courting a subversive path which leads to a strange yoke.

The moments tick on. . . That Israel does stand at the blistering point of death-speeded arrows grows more intensely clear. The Arabs are a force that appear in those silhouetted, age-end movements. Together with Egypt, they are today 24 political entities, exclude Turkey and Iran. The Arabic tongue, the Arab history, and dislike of Israel give them some unity. Among these peoples and mobs, there are those who bitterly hate murderously and determinedly plot to annihilate Israel.

This age’s last great “yamer”, that sigh of desperate sorrow, already assumes dreadful proportions on the near horizon. The Russian bear shrewdly calculates its moves in cold blood, determined to dominate the Middle East, and then the world. Her brief case of black ideas numbers an arrow flying at the heart of Israel. Her savage foot is already in the door in Syria, and somewhat in Egypt.

But Arab hatred appears to make the side opposite Israel dead-heavy for them. A switch during the process of running-out moments, an unsavoury treaty between the wild beast and Israeli office-holders, and the Arabs could array themselves against the king of the north.

National leaders refuse to listen to the commandments of God. Diplomatic power-play becomes enmeshed in entanglements impossible of solution for earth-born hearts. A natural-bred fear, blinded eyes, and a disastrous dive by

Israeli leaders will mean a hard yoke. The seismograph of hard facts bends the needle with ominous quakes. The geiger counter of information shifts closer and closer to "This is it!"

"... at the time of the end shall the king of the south push at him: and the king of the north shall come against him like a whirlwind, with chariots, and with horsemen, and with many ships; and he shall enter into the countries, and shall overflow and pass over."

This ominous lull, 1957. The character of the lull was told in the chant-chant rumble of the sea, the restless sea... the brush-fire wars that so often have been the trail to larger conflagration.

The raging fire to the north was seemingly somewhat contained... first in the West... then in the Far East... and now in the prophetic territory of the Middle East. There was the Eisenhower Doctrine, a stiffening of opposition to beastly Communism... the teeter-tottering of the Arabs, and all against Israel... the kid glove handling of American diplomacy, delicate movements in a delicate situation... the mad stirring of the insane monster of national murder... all spearheads pointing to the nearing of the crisis hour.

"He shall stretch forth his hand also upon the countries: and the land of Egypt shall not escape. But he shall have power over the treasures of gold and of silver, and over all the precious things of Egypt: and the Libyans and the Ethiopians *shall be* at his steps."

The cemetery grounds of some future Flanders Fields seems so ominously vivid through the gray mists. Blitzkrieg warfare of devastating proportion will gash a giant hole and will splinter forces to the south. Countries will be over-run. Yet, the beast will be troubled by news from the north and east, and will hasten furiously to wreck terrible vengeance.

Daniel, chapter 11, verse 45: "And he shall plant the tabernacles of his palace between the seas in the glorious holy mountain; yet he shall come to

his end, and none shall help him." Antichrist sits in the land of the Jews, and devastation teeters heavily toward the edge.

Under the Stars and Stripes, there is another national force that seems to perhaps appear in dramatic part in the closing days. Dateline of current history: the Mediterranean, the sea of the isles of Chittim. In this sea surrounding the ancient isles plies an armoury of destroying power in former years unknown in naval armament. Here is the American Sixth Fleet, exceeded only by the American Seventh. Home base is Norfolk, Virginia. Its warships number 50, its planes 265, its men in the basic fleet, 25,000.

1400 miles without refuelling... that's her sky warriors... and this range puts within reach the Mid-East and part of Russia. The mighty Forrestal glided into the Mediterranean in the first quarter of '57; it is the largest warship in the world, rides at anchor with superstructure 19 stories high. Her broad stem-to-stern stretch is the equivalent of more than three city blocks. The fleet has the super-battleship Iowa, 45,000 tons. A devastating guided missile ship is the U.S.S. Boston. The commander of the fleet spoke in words that seem to carry a nearing of fulfillment of a prophetic tone: "We have to be ready to handle anything at any time—from a brush fire to the big blow-out."

"They come from a far country, from the end of heaven, even the LORD, and the weapons of his indignation, to destroy the whole land."

Who this country is will be made clear by the events of history future. War in this 1957 was being revolutionized, per atomic fire-blast. A quick hard, unexpected hit... a run, and hit again. Idea, to disrupt a much larger force. Western planning uses destructive power to out-weigh the vast manpower of Communism. There was the Pentomic Airborne Division... Base of training, Fort Bragg, North Carolina. Six hundred planes for air transport. Devastation power: missiles, recoilless rifles, mortars, machine guns,

new weapons, atomic weapons. Mechanical mules, lightweight trucks, jeeps make this a highly mobile unit. It can be speeded to a trouble spot, to the Mid-East, in about 39 hours.

“. . . and there shall be a time of trouble, such as never was since there was a nation *even* to that same time. . .”

A quick, hard unexpected blow. Through the shrouded hours looms the terrific detonation ahead. Catastrophe triggers. Man blunders . . . the anti-christ sits in the temple of God in Jerusalem . . . the forces to the South have been annihilated. The tidings to the north and east was met with a silencing in mean fashion. To this time, the real trouble that would strew terrific chaos has been held off. But in some manner, at this time, the signal would be given to send away death-drenching destruction.

Perhaps, the government under the Stars and Stripes has withdrawn or stood somewhat aloof or nursed some wounds. (Its policy now is care to avoid entanglement in an area of turmoil.)

Again we listen; this time our Lord spoke on old Olivet. “For then shall be great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time, no, nor ever shall be. And except those days should be shortened, there should no flesh be saved: but for the elect’s sake those days shall be shortened.”

A horrible war potential is being geared to pierce the air lanes to death and destruction, per push-button tuning. The hydrogen bomb, with its deadly viruses of destruction, would destroy virtually all in a 12-mile radius. Up to a 40-mile radius would be battered and rent and bleeding under serious blast damage. Radioactivity would charge its toll up to the 90-mile radius, and would be dangerous up to a 175-mile radius. How shrouded and solemn is the stark fact that military planners see, a saturation point in amount of this terrible destructive power. Additional bombs could not contribute more military-planned chaos!

Isaiah 30, verse 25, reads partly:

“the day of the great slaughter, when the towers fall.”

American industry gears and the guided missile program enters the expensive hardware stage. Six billion dollars covers a lot of experimenting, contract-letting, training, and stock-piling. Eisenhower orders top priorities for these guided missiles. Someday, in some way, havoc will be speeding toward dead center, humanity.

Now the United States is nearer to harnessing the deadly giant speeder: Engines are being constructed, factories built. Range, at least 5,000 miles. Accuracy, designed to hit within 5 miles. Destructive power: hydrogen warhead. Defense, if any: none known.

“Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.”

The horizon is beautiful in the air lanes toward heaven! The clouds are under-foot, and sunrise plays its thousand colors of a paradise for hope. The misty gray, the black . . . also the faded memory shots . . . are in the past, for hope. This *journey through* is toward a jeweled blue. The smiles are beautiful and happy in the land-of-to-be. As time moves on, the places in that eternal circle that were empty are filled. There the family grows.

“. . . the end of all things is at hand: be ye therefore sober, and watch unto prayer.”

Alas, a deafening collision loomed in disaster proportion! Man’s own machines roar nearer and nearer down the single track toward crisis point. The points of halt would soon be past hearing distance. Clash would be inevitable. Sin’s mad recklessness would soon work its full fruition. Impending judgment would be poured out from above. Time was roaring on toward those moments of desperate sorrow. Minutes more and knees would buckle . . . faces would pale . . . deathly fright would clench . . . fearful shadows lunge . . . the jagged protruding of man’s own machine would crash into the organs of civilization . . . and man, proud man by the scores of thousands, or millions, would die . . . impaled in death.

“. . . they that understand among the

people shall instruct many: yet they shall fall by the sword, and by flame, by captivity, and by spoil, *many* days.”

In the twilight, a study of hope in suffering can be beautiful. Even the very flames of trouble and tribulation can be used for a study of glory, via “knowing that tribulation worketh patience; And patience, experience; and experience, hope: . . .” The Saviour suffered once, and now His followers bathe their hands in the very flames that envelop them. It takes courage to suffer . . . courage found only in that One who also trod the last, soul-suffering miles. And all the while the hand of God moves in matchless wisdom, gathering jewels for the priceless collection of the Master.

Heavenly miracles will yet unfold in the moments *ahead*. A gracious work of redemption will yet be written, also for numbers in Israel. That that is absolutely impossible in human calculations will graciously appear. In the moments that hasten toward the end, in the very sight of the gathering and nearing storm, God will gather and keep His own. In the last great arena of struggle, armed with courage supreme, each will face the enemy. There also will be that final polish that will keep the sparkle forever. And it will be but a step by step into glory.

“And to the woman were given two wings of a great eagle, that she might fly into the wilderness, into her place, where she is nourished for a time, and times, and half a time, from the face of the serpent.”

Future history will plainly make evident how Israel escapes from the land of Israel.

The Stars and Stripes recently carried out a very effective role in that historic and prophetic Middle East. The time was the Ten-day war of '56. Units of the mighty Sixth Fleet were engaged in evacuating human beings from Egypt and Israel. Men from the country where the symbol of the flying eagle is so prominent, were engaged in a Dunkerque of the Mediterranean. Number brought out by ships of the Sixth Fleet, 1702; number by naval air-

craft, 165; number by Air Force planes, 310; total, 2177. And the following seems to possibly carry a ring of things to come: All those escaping by air were from Israel.

The time soon comes of a much more grim Dunkerque of the Mediterranean, recorded already in the pages of Revelation. After this, at the Lord's coming, Israel to the last man will turn in repentance and weep over Him who once they had pierced. What marvel and glory that will be!

“For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over *and* gone; The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of *birds* is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;”

The unbroken circle, that is a glorious hope. Now is the time when there must be a passing review, and the line of onlookers passes for a final look at a still form. On and on they march, up the large center aisle of life. The stalwart and strong . . . the weak . . . mothers with children . . . youth . . . old age. The group once known must get fewer . . . the spots once occupied become vacant. At home is a cozy picture that is “far better”. There the empty chairs are taken, are filled. There it is not parting, but gathering, and forever.

“The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines *with* the tender grape give a *good* smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.”

Come with me to where favorite smiles glow. Time's cluttered debris on the broad street of sin will never satisfy. Come, pilgrim, turn always in joyful moments of anticipation to *ahead*. Look over the solemn casket . . . over the quiet murmur that brought to terms the lot of earth's resting place . . . forward from the faded flower that's pressed on the pages of memory. That home *that is home* is real. There's never a “so-long” nor “farewell”. Jesus will welcome; loved ones will welcome. The living scene in glowing love is enduring forever.

“ . . . if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with

him."

Now comes another very interesting forethought of Home. This *family* forever will be completely happy and satisfied, ages without end. The fact of complete happiness and satisfaction exists over and beyond our natural feelings and thoughts. The flesh is naturally slow and disinclined to change from where it is familiar. But through love, we have been adopted into, have become familiar with, the Home that glows with faith and hope and love. All that is colorful spring, all that is eternally beautiful, invites and calls us to that happy family home *ahead*.

"For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive *and* remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep."

One who loves the future, who longs for being Home, has a distaste for the streets of sin. The youth who loves the breezes of spring finds the world strangely aged. The streets he once knew has unkept faces that do not know the fellowship of his home. The novel arts of *fiction and contest and worldly batter*, storm the channels and frequencies and crowds. They bear long and ragged signs of their dismal outdatedness.

To the future, looking forward to sun-lit days, ah, that blossoms the thoughts with heavenly fragrance. Faces of the future, alive and sparkingly beautiful, joyfully beam in the eternal morning. Yes, that is the hope that is dynamic, full of life, movingly wonderful.

"For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first:"

The flow of time carries us surely toward, if we hold faith, a lovely, cloudless blue. Now, the gentle sod carefully covers the deep wound made in the earth; the body sleeps. The spirit has soared upward and rests in blissful moments with the Master. Then, suddenly, the scene changes! Our panorama of hope flashes in full color a

sure-to-come moment. The eye of faith sees more surely than the eyes of earth. A gathering together, a coming home to dear ones, clearly is visible, pictured with the hand of God in His precious word.

"Then we which are alive *and* remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord."

Coming Home . . . really *coming home* . . . You look through the sunset sky and think of the gentle hearth-side filled with voices that touch the heart-strings of memory. The whispered hope comes softly stealing. It won't be long. You look out over the miles . . . above the miles, and an irresistible, sweet longing pulls your heart across the hours. Ah, sweet dream of love, how you do fill the lonesome soul, eager for home, with thoughts of spring's lovely morning. How you adore Him who caressingly makes His house a Home. He will tenderly see that all the children are in. He will keep them evermore safe in the bonds of His love, safe in the home of His Love.

"Then shall two be in the field; the one shall be taken, and the other left. Two *women shall be* grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken, and the other left."

This hour and the moment are purposely hidden, known only to the Father. This we do know, that the Lord of spring will arrive on exact schedule. Beautiful songs of hope chord the hours now, in anticipation. Some moment before earth's millions are aware of the Son of man coming, He will silently take to Himself His beautiful bride. He will take, and He will keep, and He will bring His own with Him. Now His bride-to-be waits, frequents the moments, watches for her lover to return and take her to that wedding immortal. Now she waits . . . and the night denses.

"Watch ye therefore: for ye know not when the master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cockcrowing, or in the morning: Lest coming suddenly he find you sleeping."

The continuous rumble showed the storm was fast bearing down. The hour was pale . . . the pale of that swish of ominous violent storm-rushing, frightening to lonely man. The moments crescendoed nearer and nearer to a crisis and a catastrophe. The savagery of the on-coming onslaught was such as blotted out the landscape with its whipping fury.

YOU MUST BE BRAVE. Shine in the darkness! Shine with light and sunshine, in blue skies Above, with the hope of spring. Live in the know that your Lord will come very soon . . . at an hour when ye think not.

"And unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one; to every man according to his several ability; and straightway took his journey."

While the night air distils the gloom of the dark, you glow with the glory of dawn. Where you are, with what He gave you, can be tremendously beautiful in this hour of opportunity. Not in some way hidden from you, but in whispered words of knowledge, you move in the discovery ways of God's love. Not in some far-off miles where time and space are between His will and your doing . . . but the daily steps immediately in front. While passing events stormed on, passing acquaintance would note . . . souls in the darkness could listen . . . those in the bond of faith would benefit . . . the greatness of God's love, shines in the blessed warmth of spring, radiating power with the deed and word sown in hope.

But the hour rushes on, with its storm-tossed velocity.

"But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, . . ."

The fire roared on. Though billows of smoke might blur the facts to some of that false "Peace and safety", you knew containment was hopeless before devastation. Soon the angry flames would wrench completely out of control. Though man's sirens were screaming and multiple alarms grew, they were as toy fighters against terrific heat.

But long ago the general alarm from above had called you to God's post. You were aware of the grave proportion this conflagration was reaching. In the grim shadows, you moved calmly and surely. You were daily schooled in His knowledge, and now you moved expertly, because He gave and because you knew.

His helmet on head . . . His love in heart, you moved on travelling home. Surely you would be brave . . . a star of heaven, a hero in the night. You would shine the way He wants you to, and not take His credit . . . You would again go over His book and be sure to ask for His help for the hour. You would be calm and poised under terrific pressure and world disaster. While the clouds hung low, and while the world floundered toward cataclysmic heartache, you would be secure and peaceful and joyously hopeful. Home, ridge by ridge, is only hours away. Step by step, onward and onward . . . homeward . . . through hours of sunshine and rain. Homeward, and every step would glow . . . We're going home.

There we, His friends, in joy assemble
With Him, whose love is always new.
Thy children then are all in place,
Beloved of Thee, Blessed Jesus.
For joy to share, Do us prepare,
Through earthly cross, reproach, and
pain.

Amen, Amen! Though death us part,
We go to God, United in
Eternity.

—H. S.

News

LA CROSSE

Bro. Aaron Heinold of LaCrosse and Sister Grace Eisenman from Cissna Park, Ill., were united in marriage on Feb. 10.

Bro. Joe A. Getz conducted the funeral services of Bro. Andrew Heiniger, who passed away March 29.

Sister Anna Dorothea Heiniger pass-

ed away Dec. 17, 1956.

A son was born on Jan. 8 to Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Hitz.

LATTY

Bro. Lyle Stoller returned home from service in Korea on Feb. 4, and Bro. Kenneth Zimmerman returned home from Service in Europe on Feb. 21. We are very happy to have them with us again.

On Feb. 10, two souls were added to the Church, Myrna Riggenbach and Evelyn Stoller.

Funeral services were held on Feb. 23 for Sister Minnie Ginzel, who passed away Feb. 20.

Our community was saddened March 10 by the sudden death of Bro. Earl Zimmerman by automobile accident. He was the son of Sister Ida Zimmerman.

On Feb. 24, Sister Catherine Gerber, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Gerber, and Bro. Raymond Klopfenstein, son of Emma Klopfenstein, were united in marriage.

Elder Brothers Sam Aeschliman and Theo. Beer were here with us on March 31 and Holy Communion was held.

Sisters Nettie Stoller, Mrs. John T. Stoller and Alvina Greuter are convalescing from recent operations, also Bros. Noah Gerber and Victor Stoller. Sister Marian Zeltwanger is in the hospital. All are improving at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Ronnie Stoller are the parents of a new son.

LEO

Margaret Unsicker, daughter of Jacob Unsicker, and Larry Brososty were united in marriage Feb. 9, 1957. They are making their home at 908 East Brill, Phoenix, Arizona. Larry is with the U.S. Navy there.

Carol Clauss, daughter of Philip Clauss, and Patrick Plank were united in marriage in February and are making their home in Ft. Wayne.

Colleen Ann Schlatter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Schlatter, and Arnold Moser of Iowa have announced their engagement of marriage to be some time this summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Klopfenstein, Sr., observed their fiftieth wedding anniversary March 30. Their sons, Glen of Connecticut, Richard, from Huntington, Ind., and Wm. from Leo, and daughters, Mrs. Lucille Frank of Bay City, Michigan, and Helen from Leo spent the day with them.

Odie Schlatter, who has been ill with an heart ailment, is improved at this writing.

Our two oldest members are both shut-in. Bertha Blough is 91 years old; Henry Bertsch is 89 years old.

Pete and Helen Maxfield are the happy parents of a baby girl named Julia.

Otto Norr spent several weeks with the churches in Alabama.

MORTON

Sister Phyllis Schick and Bro. Ray Getz were married Sunday, Oct. 28, by Bro. J. A. Getz.

A son was born to Bro. and Sis. Richard Teubel on Dec. 2.

Sister Eleanor Getz and Bro. Norman Geyer of Peoria were married Dec. 16.

Bro. Elmer Witzig was hospitalized several weeks with a heart condition.

Bro. Joe A. Getz and his wife, Sister Elizabeth, spent several weeks in Florida. While there Sister Elsie Bolliger was baptized in the ocean.

Recent baptisms here were: Vyra Kaufman, Mabel Baumen Roeschley, and Lloyd Kaiser.

Funeral services were held on Feb. 6 for Sister Elizabeth Miller Moser, wife of Bro. Noah Moser.

A two and one-half month old baby daughter came to live with Bro. and Sister Jack Kranz.

Funeral services were held Feb. 28 for Bro. William Schick, 58, son of the late Carl and Madeline Fisher Schick.

Funeral services were held for Bro. John Mueller, 60, who died at the Methodist Hospital in Peoria, Mar. 4.

A son was born on Mar. 7 to Bro. and Sister Marvin Schmitgal.

Sister Barbara Schick and Bro. Edward Roecker were married Sunday, Jan. 27.

A baby daughter was born to Bro.

and Sis. John J. Getz on Feb. 10.

PEORIA

Weddings: Marie Stickling and Don Wagenbach on Jan. 20, 1957; Norman Geyer of Peoria and Eleanor Getz of Morton on Dec. 16, 1956; and Fanny Metzger, Peoria, and Bert Gudeman of Cissna on Sept. 30, 1956.

Deaths: Sister Eunice Getz passed away. Sister Louise Eberle died. Sister Bertha Hoerr died. Sister Emily Hoerr passed away.

Births: A baby to Mr. and Mrs. David Hoerr, Jr., on Jan. 15; a girl to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Waibel on Feb. 22; a girl to Mr. and Mrs. David Meister on Jan. 28; and a boy to Mr. and Mrs. Don Hoerr on Nov. 28.

Brother Michael Weyeneth is a patient at the Methodist hospital at this writing. He is on the way to recovery.

PRINCEVILLE

Our Elder Brother, Silas Leuthold, recently returned from a trip to Arizona, California and Oregon, having visited the churches there. Bro. Noah Schrock accompanied him.

Sister Shirley Streitmatter and Bro. David Kieser were married by Bro. Leuthold Feb. 10.

Bro. Elwin Rumbold and Sister Loretta Martin of Roanoke announced their engagement February 17.

Bro. Otto Norr and others visited with us Feb. 24, and on March 3. Brothers Ben Heiniger and Ernest Knobloch were with us.

Sister Miriam Hemmer and Bro. Lynn Klopfenstein were married Mar. 24 by Bro. Al Fisher. Bro. Joe Klopfenstein and a large number of friends and relatives were also present.

ROANOKE

Brothers Beyer and Virkler from New York conducted services Sunday evening, December 30, 1956, here.

Sister Lena Unsicker's funeral was held Friday, January 4, 1957. She reached the age of 90 years in December.

Sister Mary Rocke, Roanoke, fell at her home and suffered a broken pelvic

bone. She is in the Eureka hospital.

Announcement was made January 20 of the engagement of Sister Rachel Blunier and Brother Richard Leman. They plan to be married in April.

Sister Caroline Martin passed away January 22. Funeral services were held January 26, with Bro. Joe Hodel officiating.

A number of friends and relatives from here attended the wedding ceremony of Sister Betty Bahler and Bro. Bill Zimmerman in Remington, Ind., on January 13.

Funeral services for Sister Lydia Mangold were conducted February 3 by Bro. Joshua Broquard of Fairbury. Sister Mangold, who was 95 in January, had been confined to her home for a number of years prior to her passing away.

Church services were held Tuesday evening, Feb. 5. Visiting minister was Bro. Banwart from West Bend, Iowa.

The Richard Zimmermans' are the parents of a baby girl. They have four other children, three girls and a boy.

Funeral services were held Feb. 25 for Bro. Ezra Mangold who passed away Feb. 23 in the Eureka hospital. Bro. Rudolph Graf conducted the services.

Mrs. George Martin has been a patient in the hospital at Eureka.

Bro. and Sister Russell Platter are the parents of a baby boy. He is their second child and first son. He has been named Russell.

Sister Anna Mangold, wife of the late Ezra Mangold, fell and broke her leg at her home Thursday, March 7.

Quite a number from our congregation are in Florida. They are Mr. and Mrs. John Schumacher, Mr. and Mrs. Lou Zimmerman, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Zimmerman, Mr. and Mrs. David Mangold, and Mr. and Mrs. George Sauder.

WICHITA

Sister Erlene Lambert and Brother Arthur Yergler have set June 9 as their wedding day.

The Sunday school classes from the Burlington, Okla., church visited the Wichita Church Feb. 17.