

THE TIE THAT BINDS

JUNE 1996

ISSUE 1

VOLUME 11

from the Pastor's pen
by Steve Fletcher

THE SECRET OF BENT KNEE

Have you ever witnessed a bird sleeping on its perch and never fall off? How does it manage to do this?

The secret is in the tendons of the bird's legs. They're so constructed that when the leg is bent at the knee, the claws contract and grip like a steel trap. The claws refuse to let go until the knees are unbent again.

Isn't that similar to the secret power of the Christian? Surrounded by a pagan world, tempted to compromise with evil, urged to weaken our grip on God, we can stay on our knees and refuse to let go. We can hold firm when others falter, if we are people of prayer.

Billy Sunday, the great preacher of yesterday, told of a minister who was making his calls. He came to a certain home and asked for the mother, but the child who opened the door answered, "You cannot see Mother for she prays from nine to ten every day."

The minister waited forty minutes to see that mother and when she came out of her prayer closet the light of glory was on her face and he knew why that home was so bright; he knew why two of her sons were in the ministry and one daughter was a missionary. "All hell cannot tear a boy or girl away from a praying mother," commented Billy Sunday.

Susanna Wesley, with seventeen children, spent one hour each day shut up with God alone in her room praying for them -- and her two sons, by God's help, brought revival to England while France wallowed in the blood of a ghastly revolution.

The secret that these two women knew and practiced was the secret of the bent

knee.

If we will chose to be people of the bent knee and hold firmly on to God in prayer, I believe it will amaze us what God will do for and through our children, too.

HE WHO IS A STRANGER TO PRAYER IS A STRANGER TO POWER

K I D ' S

O

R THREE QUESTIONS???

- N 1. What has to be taken before you can get it?
- E 2. What can be measured but has no length, width or depth?
- R 3. What two things can you never eat for breakfast?

THREE ANSWERS!!!

- 1. Your picture.
- 2. The temperature.
- 3. Lunch and supper.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS

Students from The King's Academy competed in the Indiana Association of Christian Schools' Junior and Senior High Academic Meet on March 14-15 in Muncie. **Dallas Fletcher**, sophomore, received first place in the senior high spelling competition. He then travelled to the National Competition in South Carolina, April 9-12 at Bob Jones University.

New Life Christian School, Ephrata, WA took part in a 5 school Math Olympics, April 12. **Rachal Mattson** placed first in the 4th grade Reasoning Division (story problems). She was the only student who placed first from her school.

The 4th graders also participated in the Arbor Day writing contest. Rachal placed first, receiving a t-shirt and a tree.

Below is a "Logic Problem" written by Dallas Fletcher, from Fairmount, IN, age 16 years old.

"SWEET" HEARTS

Last Valentine's Day Teresa was given a box of chocolates by her boyfriend. Each piece of candy contained a different kind of nut and a unique kind of cream filling. Match each nut with its correct filling and place the candy in its proper space.

1. The hazelnut candy was directly above the candy with the vanilla cream filling.
2. The cherry cream candy was directly above the beechnut candy and right below the chocolate with raspberry cream.
3. The coconut cream didn't go with the chestnut or cashew.
4. The peanut, cashew, and caramel cream candies are in odd-numbered sections.
5. The walnut and orange flavored cream are together.
6. The marshmallow cream candy is right above the peanut candy and to the exact left of the pecan candy.
7. The chocolate cream is between the lemon cream and the butternut in one row.
8. The almond candy is at #7.

CHOCOLATE BOX

1 Cashew Carmel	2	3
4	5	6
7 almond	8	9 Carmel cream

Answer on pg. 8

The Big News from the Paul Titus Household

I have reached retirement age.

Because of this, **Betty and I** plan to retire July 1. I have been pastoring for 38 years and although I enjoy the preaching, the other responsibilities are getting a bit too much to handle.

We bought a house in Spencer, N.C. about 25 miles from Denise and 50 miles from Kevin. We felt it was wise to be closer to our children as we got older and we didn't want to move twice. Our house is an older one but well kept. It has a 70' x 169' lot so not much yard to keep up. Betty especially likes the backyard where there are two big pecan trees, a plum tree, grapevines, a blueberry bush and I think an apple tree. We are going to do some redecorating before we move.

Betty had a mini-stroke (TIA) on Feb. 27. It didn't do any damage but scared her for a few minutes. She spent one night in the hospital.

We were pleasantly surprised to have Phil and Loia come visit us for a week, March 18-26. We hadn't seen each other since the last Titus reunion. Paul and Wanda brought them and then went back to KY to Wanda's folks until time to come back.

Our children are doing well. **Kevin and Rachel** are expecting another baby in September. They were to find out on April 4 whether it is a girl or boy (*but your editor hasn't heard the news, so you will have to wait and find out!*). Rachel is working three days a week processing house loans. **Brittany** is at the talkative stage (2½). Her Grandma Everette had her at the beauty shop one day. She turned to the beautician and said, "I'd get my hair fixed today but you're too busy."

Denis and Mike have been busy since December building on an extra bath and closet on their house. Between the snow and cold weather, it has been slow going. Besides, Mike has been working long hours away from home. He and Denise did everything themselves except the plumbing. They are just about through with it so they can start using it. **Jason**

starts to kindergarten July 10 (they go year round). He didn't much want to go but she took him to register and he saw some of his friends there and all they were going to do. He turned to Denise in front of the teacher and said, "See, Mama," I told you there was nothing to be afraid of."

Bryan is working full time and is planning to stay here in Asheville when we move. He recently made a trip to Pennsylvania to see a friend. His favorite past time is mountain biking but it has been too cold most of the winter to do much. He did go riding in the snow once.

OUR TRIP TO ASHEVILLE, N.C. by Lola Gregory

In the first week of March, Wanda called and said they were planning a trip to Ohio and Kentucky and if we wanted to go with them, they'd take us on over to Asheville, N.C. We could visit as long as we wished. Then they'd come and get us and take us to Fairmount, IN. to visit Dorothy and family, then bring us back home.

I talked to our pastor and wife. They both said, "Go for it" even if it meant missing our annual missionary conference. Our family said the same.

How could we plan any easier trip than just riding along while Paul and Wanda took all the responsibility of providing the car and doing the driving? So we started planning.

March 10th - Paul and Wanda arrived in a 1982 Dodge car, he had purchased and worked on for 2 weeks to get it fixed up and running right. Also he pulled a pick-up on a car dolly all the way from Montana for Edgar to buy or sell.

March 12th - the four of us left Stone Lake at 9:00 a.m. and drove as far as Mendota, IL. We spent the night in a motel where Paul and Wanda had stayed before.

March 13th - we drove to Cincinnati, Ohio where Wanda's brother, John Wilson and wife live. We were welcomed as part of the family so had an

enjoyable time there.

Our grandson, Jonathan, also lives in Cincinnati, so on March 14th - we visited his business shop, "GREGORY FRAMERY" where he is doing well with custom picture framing. We also visited Jonathan's home which they plan to buy. It's only 2 blocks from his shop. About a block in another direction from their home is a nice park where the children can play, and just beyond that is the school they attend. So they are conveniently located. Phil and I had the privilege of meeting Jon's wife, Melody, and their youngest daughter, Sienna - the only one of our 13 great-grandchildren we hadn't yet seen. From there we visited John Wilson's business place - "BELLS MOVING AND STORAGE". I was overwhelmed by the immensity of it all.

March 15th - we made our 2½ hour drive to Jamestown, Kentucky to visit Wanda's Mother.

March 16th - we went to an Amish Market to get some sorghum and molasses and then to a larger Market for other produce. In the afternoon and evening, we visited with several of Wanda's relatives that came.

March 17th - we went to Wanda's aunt's place for Sunday dinner, where we met more relatives.

March 18th - a.m., we left for North Carolina. That travel took us through Tennessee and part of the Smoky Mts. We arrived at Paul and Betty's in the afternoon. Paul and Wanda visited awhile and then started their 240 mile trip back to Kentucky. It's well that they went because later that night and all the next day in Kentucky, they had a real blizzard that gave them 18 inches of snow on the level and drifts 2 ft. deep. Asheville had about an inch of snow - enough to turn everything white.

March 19th - a man from the church drove Paul's car over 80 miles to take Betty and us sightseeing in the Mts. We took pictures of "Looking Glass Falls", Pisgah National Forest and Conostee Falls. These are 2 separate water falls that join together at the base of the Mt.

March 20th - evening, we attended

Bible Study led by Paul and then listened to their choir practice that followed.

March 21th - we made preparations to be gone for 2 days.

March 22nd - about 12:30 p.m., we started for Denise's at Moorseville. We visited a couple hours and then took Jason with us and drove on to the house Paul and Betty had bought in Spencer, N.C. Denise came later in her car and stayed overnight.

March 23rd - we left Spencer to go to Kevin's place in Kernsville, and arrived in time for a delicious dinner Kevin and Rachel had prepared. We enjoyed a tour of their beautiful new home and a chance to get better acquainted with them. About 3:45 p.m., we ended our visit and started back to Asheville.

March 24th - we went to church at Asheville Wesleyan. In the evening, at 5:00, we listened to two musical groups at the Wesleyan Church and then drove over to the Baptist Church, at 7:00, to hear a large choir present an Easter Contata.

I enjoyed all of our trip. But, the highlight for me was being able for the first time to visit in Paul's home and on Sunday for the first time in his 38 years of pastoral ministry to hear him preach. And I wasn't disappointed! As Paul expressed it after our week together, "It was good to renew and reaffirm our brother-sister relationship.

Also, it was the first time I'd had a chance to really get acquainted with Betty. And last, but not least, it was a blessing just to be around Bryan and to feel his devotion to the Lord and to realize the miracles of restoration God had performed in his life. Truly, the month of March, for me, was a --- dream come true.

March 25th - Paul took us to the "Billy Graham Training Center" near Asheville. The story of its location, the spiritual help it provides for missionaries, ministers, and laymen is inspiring. Before we left we had prayer together with our tour guide and felt the Lord there with us.

Later in the day Paul and Wanda came and had the evening meal with us and

stayed for the night.

March 26th - we left with Paul and Wanda to go back to Kentucky and there saw some more of Wanda's relatives. I understand better now the meaning of Southern Hospitality. All of Wanda's relatives are like one big family and they made us feel like we belonged. Wanda was glad we could see where she grew up. Most of her relatives we met were Christian people.

March 27th - a.m., Paul and Phillip and I left Wanda with her Mother in Kentucky and started for Indiana. We arrived at the Underwoods in time for supper and then we went to Wednesday night service at the church. After service, while the choir practiced, Patsy Fletcher took us over and showed us the parsonage. After choir practice, Dort and Frank and all of their family, Patsy and Steve and family and Paul, Phil and I got together and some man took our picture with Phil's camera. Then, we visited some more at Dort's.

March 28th - Frank took us over to Cindy's to see her house and their building project. From there, we went over to Linda's to see her house (she was home for spring break). After that, Frank drove around the college area, in Marion, so Paul could see the changes there.

With our pre-paid calling card, Paul made calls ahead to arrange for staying at places where we wanted to stop. While we were at Underwoods, Paul called Ruth Manion, at Janesville. She agreed for us to come and said she'd make arrangements for us to eat together at a restaurant, Friday evening. She then called Barbara, and she joined us there.

Paul thoroughly enjoyed renewing acquaintance with so many relatives he hadn't seen for so many years.

March 30th - a.m. we bid Ruth goodbye and drove as far as Sun Prairie near Madison and stopped to visit with a native of Stone Lake, Dorothy Gundry Murphy. After an hour or more of pleasant conversation, we headed for Stone Lake and arrived home at 5:54 p.m.

5 days before we returned, Stone Lake

had a bad snow storm that stopped everything - no school and no mail delivery.

When we arrived at Cincinnati, on March 13th, Paul left his Dodge car at Wanda's brother's and we made the rest of our trip in a Ford Arrow Star Van, John W. had purchased for Paul. Paul had planned to sell his Dodge in Ohio, but John Gurtner called and said he wanted to buy it. So when Paul left again for Ohio, on April 2nd, John G. went back with him and drove the Dodge car back to Stone Lake. (There's never a dull moment in the Gregory family.)

Reflections - We traveled over 4,000 miles in 6 different states without any serious problems. As much as the scenery and interesting places, I think Paul and Phillip enjoyed time together. They never lacked for interesting things to talk about.

We slept in 7 different beds which involved the experiences of crawling onto and rolling off of an air mattress, and falling into and climbing out of a waterbed. We have no special complaints since we invited ourselves to and were graciously received everywhere we stayed.

An amusing memory = The day Paul T. took us to the Billy Graham Center, Betty stayed home to prepare the ingredients for the main dish she wanted to serve for our evening meal.

After Paul and Wanda arrived and we had finished our main course, Betty went to the refrigerator to get out the dessert. Her eyes spied a bowl of food she had so carefully deboned and broken into bits. She suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, do you know what I did? I forgot to put the chicken in the chicken pot-pie!"

It was embarrassing to Betty, but amusing to the rest of us. And if laughter is an aid to digestion, I'm sure our chickenless pot-pie was well digested.

Anyway, the delicious dessert made up for whatever was lacking in the first course.

"FAMILY SPOTLIGHT" THE BRIAN AND HAPPY CHRONISTER FAMILY



Photo courtesy Chronister family

Happy and Brian Chronister with their children: Charity, 8; Davey, 7; Jenna, 4; and newborn Jonathan.

Gun-toting teens hold up woman nine months pregnant

(taken from the Anchorage Daily News)
12-14-95

A woman nine months pregnant was herding her three children into the Dimond Center Sunday night when three teenagers pulled up in the parking lot, pointed a handgun at her and demanded her purse.

At first, Happy Chronister said she thought the teens, who looked about 16 years old, knew her and were playing a prank. But when the backseat passenger stuck the gun out the window, and a young voice said, "Hey lady, give me the ... purse," she said she stepped forward and handed over the bag. The car sped away and she hurried inside and called police.

The thieves scared the children and Chronister lost \$10 and 5 credit cards, she said. Chronister said she had parked her minivan in a lot south of the mall

near an entrance. Her children, Charity, 8, and Davey, 7, stood next to the van's sliding door as she unstrapped Jenna, 3, from the baby seat. Her purse was slung over her right shoulder.

A compact, beige four-door automobile stopped about four feet away and the teens demanded the purse, Chronister said. Blackhooded sweatshirts hid their faces, she said.

After the car sped away, she said, she knew exactly what to do. She and her children watch the TV show "Rescue 911" every day, she said. She hurried into the mall and called 911. The kids later asked if they would end up on the show, she said. After talking to the police, she took the children to McDonald's where her friend is a manager and they were given free meals.

About four hours later, she went to Alaska Regional Hospital, where doctors induced labor after midnight. The timing had been carefully planned so as to avoid Brian's busiest days - Saturday and Sunday, when he gives a total of four sermons, at the popular Grace Community Church in South Anchorage.

"Even held at gunpoint I couldn't get a decent contraction," Chronister said.

She gave birth to Jonathan Chronister, 9 lbs, 4½ ozs., at 9:35 a.m.

Mother recalls birth-eve robbery

(taken from the Anchorage Daily News)
2-5-96

Here's a little more about a birth story that started out as a police story.

Meet Happy Chronister. She's the woman who made the Dec. 14 paper for having been robbed 13 hours before giving birth.

For one who loves excitement, this was a rude awakening after nine weeks on bed rest.

But after the initial shock, Happy took the purse-snatching in stride. She continued with her agenda, along with her children. She was almost more upset about not being able to complete her purchases - Oshkosh teacup pattern pants and a "Goofy" cup - now that her check

book was gone.

The bed rest, more than the robbery, is the lasting impression from her pregnancy. "I lead a very active lifestyle," she said. "Everyone wondered how I'd be able to cope, because I have something going on all the time."

Cope she did, though - living in her waterbed, in reach of boxes categorized for home, school, church, personal care and meals. She kept track of her kids via six intercoms, cleaned house by directing helpful friends and invented games like magnet sculptures for playtime.

By the time it was all over a new bed rest ministry was established at the church. "I realized how fortunate I was that I had this network of support. But what if you're new in town? What if you're not involved in some groups with women who know you?" she said.

The only other sequel to the Chronister police-birth story is that fame came to the new baby, Jonathan. He apparently drew a crowd when he was 4 weeks old in the "Jumanji" line at the Fireweed Theater. "People gathered around," Happy said. "I said, 'Yes, this is a famous baby. This is the baby that got mugged the night before he was born.'"

MANION MOMENTS AND MEMORIES

Josh Manion got his 3rd International Master norm on Feb. 16th in a tournament in Bermuda. He will be only the second International Master to come from the State of Wisconsin. His parents are very proud of his accomplishments.

Missy Manion continues to look for work in the social work field. Her present jobs at a daycare and bakery fill her hours. She does get time to read about the homeless - this is one of her passions.

Ruth Manion is getting more exercise as she ages. Besides walking 2 miles each day, she has been learning to line dance and ballroom dance. Her favorite book, that she has read so far this year, is Soul Mates, by Thomas Moore. It is

a book about honoring the mysteries of love and relationship.

100th Marathon in Boston as seen through Dale Manion's eyes

It has been a few weeks since Ruth and I returned from the 100th Boston Marathon, run on April 15. Boston was a dream come true for me since I started running. I have run 8 marathons with the goal of qualifying for Boston. With the 100th celebration, they let lots more people in and had a lottery system which allowed me to go, so I was able to accomplish my dream. It was especially exciting to share my dream with Ruth.

On race day, a friend and I caught the 5:30 a.m. train into Boston. When we arrived we caught one of the 800 buses used to transport the wall to wall runners the 26.2 miles out to the starting line. Everything was so amazingly organized. 40,000 people being transported to one Athlete's Village consisting of several huge tents and grounds all around Hopkinton High School. There were mountains of Dunkin donuts, bagels, drinks, etc. The hardest part was finding a port-a-pot that you could get to when you needed one.

After milling around inside one of those tents for several hours, it was finally 10:45 a.m., and time to start heading everyone to the starting line for the noon start. First we had to deposit our clothes bags on the buses to return to the finish line. Everything was very orderly and organized and by 12:00 everyone was in place.

Everyone was very excited as we awaited the start of the 100th Boston Marathon. I felt very privileged to just be there. I remember enjoying the moment just before the start. There were several helicopters hovering overhead taking pictures, adding to the atmosphere. It was hard to realize then how tired I would be in 4 hours struggling to reach the finish line. Spectators were not back where we were, so I did not realize how many of them there would be (2 million) once the race

got started. Finally, we heard the starting gun go off way in the distance. We may have been a mile away. At first nothing happened, then we would walk a few steps and stop. In about 10 minutes we were walking and finally into a slow jog. It took me 21.5 minutes to get to the starting line. By then the crowds along the roadsides were enormous and loud. The crowds cheering brought emotions to the surface and I had trouble breathing for awhile. I had never been cheered like that before. It was amazing how the crowd carried me along. There was shouting and cheering the whole 26.2 miles. The Wellesely College girls being the loudest at about mile 13.

It was so crowded in the early going that you could not really run your own pace. You just had to run at the pace of everyone else and try to keep from getting tripped. The sides of the roads were lined with kids and adults with their hands out slapping hands with any runner who would waste the energy to do it. I did it for awhile but realized it was using up too much energy. At about mile 10, I no longer had to worry about getting tripped so I settled into a few miles of comfortable running. At about mile 18, the hills started and there were several(3) real long hard ones ending about mile 21, at the top of Heartbreak Hill with lots of high fives and congratulations. By now my legs felt like rubber but I'd been through this 8 times before so I just kept chugging along. The crowd really helped and I didn't get sick to my stomach this time. As I got closer and closer into Boston and realized I was going to finish, I remember several times getting choked with emotion and tears, especially when I made the final turn and could see the finish line a few hundred yards away. One final push down this street and my dream was complete. I crossed the finish line of the 100th Boston Marathon. Dreams really do come true if you keep working towards them. After the race was the most frustrating part as it took me over an hour to find the bus with my warm clothes and to get my medal. I felt very proud of myself and very exhausted and sore.

REMEMBER! REMEMBER!! REMEMBER!!! --- *The Next Tie That Binds deadline
is September 30th.*

HEY KIDS --- WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE THING TO DO??? Is it bike riding,
reading, ice skating, drawing??? For the next TTTB tell us what you like to do!!!

We would like for more **CHILDREN** to participate. Send in any drawings, short stories, poems, puzzles, jokes or anything else interesting. On each piece sent, please write your name, age and where you live. Tell us about your accomplishments and special recognitions. We want to hear from **YOU!!!**

FOR EVERYONE!!! -- WOULD YOU LIKE TO EXPRESS A "THANK YOU" TO SOMEONE??? REMEMBER THE NEXT TTTB WILL BE COMING OUT AROUND THE THANKSGIVING SEASON!!!

Send all newsletter items to:

Charlotte Mattson
11340 Adams Rd. N
Quincy, WA. 98848

NEW ADDRESS -
John and Gina Gurtner
HCR 69 Box 251
Shell Lake, WI 54871
715-468-2726

NEW ADDRESS -
Jim and April Titus
11220 Linden Lane
Port Richey, FL 34467

NEW ADDRESS -
- after July 1, 1996
Paul and Betty Titus
124 Eleventh St.
Spencer, N.C. 28159

Answer to
Logic
Problem
pg.2

1 <i>Cashew/Caramel</i>	2 <i>Chestnut/Marshm.</i>	3 <i>Pecan/Raspberry</i>
4 <i>Hazelnut/Lemon</i>	5 <i>Peanut/Chocolte.</i>	6 <i>Butternut/Cherry</i>
7 <i>Almond/Vanilla</i>	8 <i>Walnut/Orange</i>	9 <i>Beechnut/Cocnut.</i>

TO ALL DESCENDANTS OF WALTER AND IDA TITUS

Sometimes I wonder if all of us really realize the spiritual heritage that we have.

There is a spiritual history to this family that I would like to remind us about.

I asked the children of Walter and Ida Titus some questions.

Their answers will be in one cumulative answer under each question.

As you read these questions and answers, answer this question.
Am I living according to their teaching from the WORD OF GOD???

1. Thinking of your parent's spiritual life, what is one aspect, concept or thought that you remember about your parents?

As I look back on it, the greatest aspect was consistency from day to day in spiritual matters. They were consistant in searching out the scripture and living by it. They didn't change. I could hear my mother praying out loud to God early in the morning, before we got up. Bringing each one of us before the Lord - praying for protection, our lives that day and the future - what a good feeling. Dad studied the Bible. He was always ready to talk to us about spiritual things. One of my most impressive memories of our family life was our daily family altar time. After our evening meal, Dad read from the Bible and then we knelt to pray. Dad and Mom prayed and as often as time permitted, we younger ones each took our turn to pray. One thing that always shapes a child's life is the kind of relationship which the parents have when in the presence of their children. If our folks ever disagreed about rearing or disciplining or any other subject for that matter, it was not done in our presence as I remember. I do not remember any arguing or bickering between them. My impression as I think about it was that they presented a united front and there was no way you could "play the end against the middle." I had the feeling that what Mom said to do or not do, had the full support of Dad.

2. What spiritual lessons did you learn from them?

To be obedient and not quench the spirit. When God speaks always listen. Don't turn a deaf ear to the spirit. Probably the lesson of faith, you can trust God. Prayer around the family altar taught me to pray and believe God for answers to prayer. I learned that God hears and sees all. We can't hide anything from him. They stressed the importance of living our lives for God, for forgiveness, for guidance and control, and living contrary was sin. They taught us dedication - giving us a desire to serve in the Church. To go to Church when others spend their week-ends doing other things. As we do this, we are preparing ourselves a place in heaven. Most of the great "Spiritual Lessons" which we learn from our parents are "caught" rather than "taught". Probably the earliest spiritual lessons that I learned was "THERE IS A GOD, -A HEAVENLY FATHER, WHO LOVES AND CARES FOR US AND HE EXPECTS US TO OBEY HIM." By age 5, I had learned this through the love and care which I got from my parents and obedience which they expected. I also learned they would not let you get hurt if they could help it, nor would they hurt you just to see you suffer. Of course, discipline and punishment was disagreeable and painful, but I soon learned about "cause and effect." If you disobey, you suffer the consequences. Now if you are a slow learner or just plain stubborn as I was, you usually suffer more than is necessary. I found myself in a dilemma. Mom would say after she had used the switch, "Are you going to do that again?. If I said "Yes", I would get more heat. If I said "No", I might be lying and that

would bring down the wrath of God. You see I was not sure at that moment what I would do if the same situation occurred again, so I chose to be honest and suffer the consequences.

3. Did your parents live what they taught you to live? Did your Dad practice what he preached?

A big YES! Dad and Mom lived what they taught. Early adolescence is the time when we develop the ability to see any inconsistencies between what parents tell us to do and what they themselves do in the same or a similar situation. (That is why adolescence is such a delightful time for parents.) I do not remember that I observed any glaring inconsistencies of this sort, and if I had I was smart enough not to challenge them with "Why don't you practice what you preach?" Maybe I was blinded by love and respect, but I never saw any behavior that was not consistent with what Dad preached. Sometimes the folks prayed with us individually when we had done something wrong; sometimes we just needed encouragement or wisdom for a right decision. But whatever the situation, I could always feel that they loved us and that their greatest desire was that we give our hearts to the Lord and serve Him. Neither Mom nor Dad had the privilege of growing up in a Christian home. That increased their desire to be godly examples for their children to follow.

4. Write one or two incidents that YOU remember, that proved your Dad lived what he preached.

He preached that we should live a holy life, in manner of dress, conversation, and keeping the Sabbath Day holy. No buying on Sunday, or extra pleasures on Sunday. He believed in discipling his children, paying his debts and tithing his money 10%. Dad preached you were accountable to God and His Word and not man. I remember going to Iowa camp and hearing the evangelist preach a sermon against jewelery, short hair, permanents, etc. The twins had just gotten perms. He made an appeal for all "you backslidden, compromising preachers to come to the altar". Dad didn't go, though, I suppose some thought he should. This is how he stood for what he believed God's Word said. I never heard my folks use any kind of slang words. Occasionally, when one of us got upset about something, we experienced a soap and water mouth-washing. If Mom didn't think her usual form of punishment was effective enough, she'd make us get down on our knees and she'd kneel and pray for us. Personally, I preferred the punishment. I also remember that whichever of us 3 older ones was most anxious and willing on Wednesday nights to stay home with the 3 babies, usually ended up in church. An incident which made a profound impression on me occurred when I was about 14 years old. We were living in Hayward, Wisconsin. One of my evening chores in winter was getting enough wood in the back porch shed to last until the next evening. I am sure there were times when I needed prodding and verbal encouragement to get with the program. This particular time I was doing my job of getting the wood in. I do not remember many of the details but Dad apparently thought I was not moving fast enough or something and he gave me a cuff up the side of the head as a stimulation to greater speed. With that he went to the other side of the big wood pile to continue his work. Needless to say I was very upset and was feeling very sorry for myself. I felt that his assessment was very unfair. I think I was more hurt than angry. While in the state of mental reflection, I saw Dad come around the wood pile and I was wondering what was up. He came to me and apologized for what he had done. He said something to the affect that he had been to hasty in what he did and asked me to forgive him. I am sure I did. The conclusion which I came to, out of that experience, was that my parents would discipline and punish me for my good and not just for any pleasure they got out of it.

5. If they were alive today, what do you think they would have to say to their descendants? What spiritual discipline, admonitions, encouragement and thought would they bestow upon us?

They would admonish us to read the Bible and pray each day. They would admonish us that God will become God to those who will admit that they are a "no good sinner" and will live according to the WORD. Doing this would allow one to enter heaven. They would encourage us to get our "spiritual heartlife" ready for Heaven, because Jesus is coming soon. They would impress the following thought upon us: "If you miss Heaven, you have missed it all". Dad would remind us of one of his favorite verses, "Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need." Hebrews 4:16. He might quote Matthew 6:33, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Proverbs 3:5,6, "Trust in the Lord with all your heart and lean not on your own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he will direct your path." Proverbs 4:13, "Hold on to instructions, do not let it go: guard it well, for it is your life." I think that both of the folks would be most concerned that each one of us had an assurance of a personal relationship with God through Christ. The few times that I remember Dad saying something to me in the way of a spiritual exhortation or question, he would say "How is it between you and the Lord?" I think that is what they would like to say to each of us. One of Dad's favorite songs was TRUST AND OBEY. A refrain of that song sums it up well. "Trust and obey for there's no other way to be happy in Jesus but to TRUST AND OBEY." In June 1964, we had a Titus reunion at Burr Camp before Floyd's family moved to Alaska and Clarence to Seattle. On the last night of that reunion (June 18), Dad read a passage from Acts 20:25-38 and spoke on v. 32 particularly. "And now brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified." My notes remind me that he emphasized 1. The importance of the Word; 2. The sanctified (set apart) life; 3. The Inheritance (Heaven) for all of us if we would remain faithful. I am sure that this would be the same message he would pass on to all his descendants 32 years later.

Let's All Sing Together Now One of Grandpa's Favorite Songs - Trust and Obey

When we walk with the Lord In the light of His Word, What a glory he sheds on our way! While we do His good will, he abides with us still, And with all who will trust and obey.

Not a shadow can rise, not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly drives it away.
Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear, Can abide while we trust and obey.

Not a burden we bear, Not a sorrow we share, But our toil He doth richly repay. Not a grief nor a loss, Not a crown nor a cross, But is blest if we trust and obey.

But we never can prove The delights of His love Until all on the altar we lay; For the favor he shows, And the joy he bestows, Are for them who will trust and obey.

Then in fellowship sweet We will sit at his feet, Or we'll walk by His side in the way.
What he says we will do; Where he sends we will go; Never fear, only trust and obey.

Trust and obey, for there's no other way To be happy in Jesus But to trust and obey.

AMEN.

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