

THE TIE THAT BINDS

Issue 1 Volume 6 May, 1992

IN MEMORY OF FLOYD EVANS TITUS

Floyd Evans Titus was born Dec. 10, 1915 in the northern woods of Wisconsin to Ida Folmer and Walter Titus, the eldest of 4 boys and 5 girls. Because his father was a Wesleyan pastor, Floyd grew up in personages in Iowa and Wisconsin.

Floyd began his ministry by pastoring alongside his father in northern Wisconsin, and during this time met his wife-to-be, Olive Opal Boone. Floyd and Olive were married in August of 1939, 52 years ago. Both he and Olive attended church schools in Miltonvale, Kansas and Marion, Indiana.

Floyd pastored Wesleyan churches in Indiana, Wisconsin, and Alaska for a total of forty years in the ministry. During these years, Floyd and Olive had eight children. (Geraldine, their 5th child, died in infancy.) During those 40 years Floyd and Olive pioneered a church in Uniondale, Indiana, built a church in Jonesboro, Indiana and pioneered a work in Madison, Wisconsin.

Floyd's central interests included visiting with friends, widening his circle of acquaintances and friends, reading, and traveling. Floyd also loved the great outdoors - hiking, fishing, hunting, and flying.

In 1976, at the age of 60, Floyd suffered the first of several heart attacks and strokes which prevented him from further pastoring, but even though he could no longer pastor, he continued to express his love for people.

In the fifteen years since Floyd's retirement, he and Olive have lived in Wisconsin, Indiana, Florida, Texas, and Alaska, and in just the past five years have travelled 80,000 miles seeing friends and family.

Floyd died December 1st after spending 12 days in the hospital. He had suffered two additional strokes which prevented him from swallowing. All of his 7 children gathered in Alaska to be with him and Olive during his last days.

A Letter to Grandpa

from Joel Titus - November 1991

Dear Grandpa,

I'm sorry you are not feeling well. I hope you get better. Ever since my dad told me you were sick I've been thinking about you. I know we were never really that close, but you're still my grandpa - which means I love you. You should also know that we are both very lucky you had your second son. Your son, my dad, means the world to me. No matter how badly I screw up he still loves me. I don't know what I'd do in a world without my dad. I think this is a reflection on you. Whatever happens, I'll always love you, I'll love your son more than anything, and I'll always be proud to be a Titus!

Overview of Floyd's Last Days

by Olive Titus as told to Happy

Within one half hour of Charity's arrival home from the hospital on Nov. 19, Floyd had what we thought was a TIA. When he did not improve within 24 hours we knew he had had a stroke instead. He couldn't swallow or say many words. Because he could not eat, drink, or walk we decided he needed to be hospitalized. He did not want to go and he did not want an IV, but we were concerned he would dehydrate so we made him go. I stayed with him night and day and many friends and family members came to sit with him while I slept. I often read scripture to quiet him down when he got restless.

Because Floyd was failing fast Ruth, Barbara and Katie, Marlene flew to Alaska on Nov. 26th. They were able to talk to Floyd as he was still very alert. He enjoyed hearing the children sing to him a lot. He had been sitting upright in bed with his head bent forward for almost a week because his tongue blocked his breathing if he laid back. He had developed pneumonia because everything from his mouth drained into his lungs. It was not improving and his inability to take in fluids other than by IV were stressing

his kidneys. An attempt to put a tube into his stomach was unsuccessful because his throat would spasm when they tried to put a scope down it. Floyd did not want heroic measures taken to prolong his life so it was difficult as a family to find a balance between honoring his wishes and providing him with acceptable care.

Before John and Richard arrived Floyd had a second stroke and was no longer able to respond although he knew ahead of time that they were coming. Floyd took his last breath at 9:00 PM on December 1st. He looked so peaceful. We are so sad, but it is a relief to know that he is no longer hungry and thirsty or uncomfortable. He is now in a better place with our infant Geraldine, his parents and his brother Clarence. Our Lord has greeted him perhaps with "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

A letter to Olive
Memories of the Floyd Titus Family
from Shirley Titus Ruechill

I want to recall some memories I have of you and your family in my life. I have a special memory of you, Uncle Floyd and Marlene being at our house one particular summer. I was so shy I don't think I hardly spoke to you, but what I loved about you was your long, beautiful hair, and your soft spoken manner.

This was the summer that I had gotten my drivers license and Marlene and I went to Matter Park to swim, where Art was a life guard that summer. I had such a good time that day.

I also remember your kids coming to Marion College. Especially John. I think I had a crush on him for years. I remember him coming down and playing "RACK-O" with mom and me. When Barb came to school I remember her giving me some of her clothes. And I remember the Sunday dinners with Marlene. I also remember playing late night "Rook" with your kids at Wisconsin Camp and feeling so honored that they included me.

These are precious memories that I have of my extended family, and I could go on. I am very thankful that God allowed me to be a "Titus". Maybe someday we'll have a big Titus reunion in heaven and we'll be able to share more deeply the way we touched each others lives.

WHAT I AM THANKFUL FOR
from Ruth Manion

Many thanks are due those involved in the process of dealing with dad's illness and death. To Mom - for your constant care of dad - staying every day and night at the hospital for 11 nights. She was the only one who knew what was happening over the long haul.

To Happy, Brian, Charity, and Davey - for sharing your home and van with us. You were so hospitable and for a long stretch. The kids were so patient with all the people and stress when I'm sure they were longing for some normalcy having just come off of Charity's hospitalization.

To Dave - for being with mom and dad especially that first week.

To Laurie and boys - for giving up of Dave's time for so long - especially Laurie on her birthday.

To Barb, Katie, and John - for staying at the hospital overnight so Mom wouldn't be alone.

To Marlene and Barb - for your way of physically comforting dad and your creative ways to make him as comfortable as you could.

To Rich - for making arrangements for Elaine so you could join us and for staying to help mom take care of her financial obligations.

ELAINE TITUS IN REMISSION

I am just now beginning to feel almost normal after my third and hopefully, final chemo treatment (2/18-2/24) for Leukemia. This was a very high, intense dose of chemical intended to take the place of a bone marrow transplant since I don't have a suitable donor. Basically the future is a waiting game as we hope and pray that I don't relapse. The doctor has discussed the possibility of us going down to Mayo's and talking to them about harvesting and storing some of my bone marrow while I'm in remission. Then if I should relapse they would "clean - up" my stored bone marrow and give it back to me. In other words, I'd be my own donor. This is called an autologous transplant. Paul Tsongas (former candidate for president) had that procedure done. We hope to stop at the Mayo Clinic on our way back from our trip to Kentucky. We plan to spend a long Easter weekend at Lake Barkley State Park with my parents, Pat and Tom and Brian.

JANE'S VIEWPOINT

"I'm doing the best I can."

Clarence said the words with some irritation in response to something the neighbor lady said when his car gently nudged her fence as he was maneuvering the camper into a parking place in our back yard.

"I'm doing the best I can!" How often those words have echoed in my mind since when I would feel impatient or critical about the way someone did or didn't do things the way I thought was proper.

We make allowances for young children because they don't know any better. "She's doing the best she can." But aren't we all still learning?

We make allowances for those who are obviously handicapped physically, mentally or emotionally. He's doing the best he can." But don't all of us have physical weaknesses? Don't we all have some emotional scars, some fears, some prejudices? Isn't the reasoning of each of us influenced by our own unique temperament, environment, experiences, relationships?

Aren't we all doing the best we can?

Do I have a right to expect more than that from my children? My parents? My mate? My fellow Christians? Or even from myself?

God doesn't! He "remembers we are dust", but "while we were still sinners Christ died for us". He expects us to "grow in grace and in knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ", and to "Love one another."

Ps. 103:14, Rom. 5:8, II Pet. 3:18, John 15:12

Answers to your Questions

by Elinor Woelhof

What was it like to be a twin?

It did not bother me one bit. In fact I was glad to have someone to be with. As Dorothy said, "We were bashful, timid and scared sometimes." I think this was due to the fact that we were not pushed out in front of people very much. Only with a group. No one really worked with us in our talents. We both played with the same friends and chummed with others. Most of the time we dressed alike, but once in awhile we didn't.

Even though we were twins, we were two different individuals. Therefore we are different in many of our ways and how we think.

How did you know you could sing?

I realized when I was a child that I could "carry a tune" and knew when someone else couldn't. In a Christmas program at the Wesleyan Church at Hayward, WI, Dorothy, Paul T. and I sat behind a curtain by the piano and at the right time we sang "Away In The Manger". We were ages 5 and 7 years old at the time. This made me feel special because we got to do the singing by ourselves.

Sometimes Dad went to a home to preach to some Indians and we three usually sang for them. We didn't do much public singing again until we were 10 and 12 years old. This was at the West Bureau, IL Wesleyan Church. When Dad wanted a special he would ask us to sing. Paul T. sang the soprano part, Dorothy the alto and I sang the tenor part up high. This worked fine until Paul got to the age where his voice began to change. Paul and I switched parts and by this time we had moved to Marengo, Iowa. We met Mary and Dick Stoneberg there so Dor and I began singing trio numbers with Mary Ann.

When Dorothy and I came to Kansas to a Wesleyan College we both took "voice lessons." We learned to breath the proper way while singing and to pronounce our word endings right. We sang for a number of services, programs, and a funeral. We were on a gospel team the first year and on the College Choir the 2nd year that traveled to churches to sing. We even had a solo part a piece.

Anyway, when we were home the first summer and Dad had heard me sing with all of the voice training; he looked at me and said, "I liked your voice the way it was before you went down there." (We lived in Iowa then.)

Did Grandma (Ada) Titus sing?

She only sang with the congregation. There is a possibility that she and Dad sang together some when they were young and on their first pastorate.

Why did none of you play the violin?

When Dorothy and I were in the fifth grade at Charles City, Iowa we took violin lessons at school. When we got good enough, we walked one mile to the H. S. to play with the "all schools Elementary orchestra." We later put on a big

program. Kids from 5 grade schools were involved.

I think Lola played some. Later in life Clarence learned to play some. Well, did you ever play on the violin?

CHARITY CHRONISTER BREEZES THROUGH OPEN HEART SURGERY

by Happy Chronister

This was the title of the article I wrote in the last newsletter. Now for "THE REST OF THE STORY". Charity's cardiologist, who followed up on her care after the amazing surgeon went back to Portland, neglected to notice that Charity was having symptoms of tamponon - fluid around the heart. I had called and reported headaches and vomiting. On Christmas eve day, after she had the "flu" for three days, I took her to the pediatrician and found out her heart rate was 145. She was put in the hospital immediately and a tube was put into her chest to drain off the fluid in the pericardium which was putting so much stress on her heart. Charity's cardiologist was out of town so she was treated by her partner. (We now go to him instead.) He discovered the fluid and also that the hole that we had just repaired had come unsewn. This was great news on Christmas eve! We spent Christmas in the hospital and then she was put on a steroid to prevent the fluid from building up again. One week after they took her off of this medicine, the condition reoccurred. So in mid-January while Grammie was still in Florida we spent another two days in the hospital. We now are scheduled to have the open heart surgery done all over again May 7th. Please remember us in your prayers. The first surgery was draining enough, then we dealt with dad's strokes and death, then two more hospitalizations and the arrival of little Jenna Nicole on Feb. 6th. We have pretty well depleted our physical and emotional energies. We are trying to rebuild them so that we can carry Charity through the ordeal once again.

NEWS FLASHES

Phil and Lola Gregory report that they had a real good Missionary Conference with Gulf Lake and Spooner churches March 20 - 22. Scott and Patty Gregory are still living with

his folks and he is still job hunting. At the present Bob's family is O.K. Gina and John Gurtner have moved again - this time near Stone Lake. Edgar and Judy are too busy, as usual. Hopefully, Wanda and Diana have sold their floral shop business and will be out of management by the middle of May. If so, Diana may be thinking about more nurses training and working at the Butte hospital again.

From Dorothy Underwood - We have been battling a flu virus that starts out with a cold. Cindy, Marcia and the children and I have had it 3 times. We think Jared gets it at pre-school. Cindy was worse than I so I spent three days at Cindy's taking care of the children. Linda had to take Steffie to the doctor for Cindy. She had infections in both ears.

Our church has a new look inside. Pastor Steve Fletcher, Frank and a few other men and young adults have been painting the church inside. Our next project is new carpet. I haven't seen it at all yet. I've missed 3 Sundays in March because Jared and Steffie have been sick and they need Cindy worse than they need me!

Marcia's lawyer got a settlement for her from the car dealer. They gave her an '86 T-TOPS, V 8, red mustang equivalent to what she had to begin with, only two years newer. They are trying to get cash out of the man who sold her the original car.

But the real news is WEDDING BELLS FOR LINDA AND BRIAN CRUM. The wedding will be June 6th at 1:30 PM at our church.

Deve and Laurie Titus have purchased a lot one block from the Chronister's. They plan to begin building this summer. Mar and Ron Bateman plan to spend 1 week in Alaska in May so that Ron can see the lot and begin to design a house for them.

Jenna Nicole Chronister was born Feb. 6th at 7:44 PM. She weighed 7 lbs. 14 oz. and was 19 1/2 inches long. Happy had an epidural, which proved to be much easier on Brian. He may be able to endure another labor and delivery now that they have taken the pain out of childbirth. (He can read a book instead of helping non-stop for hours.)

Charity Chronister will have her open heart surgery on May 7th. It had been scheduled for the 6th, but the doctor gets in very late the night before and he wants to do easy surgeries the first day, saving Charity for the following morning. (I'm sure he wants to be sure he does a perfect job this time.)

From Jane Titus: Our cloudy, dreary Florida winter was brightened by Olive for about 4 weeks, and later, by Lola and Phil for about 3 weeks. Visiting with them at Walt and Jean's, and having them in my home was a privilege and blessing.

From Elinor Woellhof: Cara, Rita, and Edwin were all on the "A" Honor Roll this 2nd nine weeks at the Faith Christian Academy in Ft. Scott, Kansas.

Cara Woellhof, 11 1/2, has been taking gymnastic lessons in an evening class. They do the following tricks: 1-cartwheel pass, 2-round off, 3-handspring, 4-handstand rolldown, 5-backward extention, 6-front kickover, 7-front limber, and 8-rolldown pass.

Paul L. Woellhof borrowed our brother-in-law's large dump truck to haul 43 tons of gravel to put on our lane and by the house. We can get in and out now and there will be no more mud. "Did you hear that Walt? Ha!"

From Paul J. Woellhof: It's been a while since you all have heard from us. The last time I gave something to the newsletter we were in New York. God tugged on our hearts that He had another place for us. So we looked elsewhere. We left a peaceful setting in upstate New York for the open expanses of North Dakota. While in North Dakota I finished my Seminary work. God blessed us materially, Carol got her EMT, the girls began in earnest to play instruments, we started singing as a family and I began learning some new practical lessons of the ministry.

I wasn't comfortable in the church there, but I stayed as long as God wanted me there. Now we're in Pennsylvania. I have a special assignment to work with a small church to see it revive. We enjoy our setting in the forest covered Allegheny Plateau, rural area.

I have that keen sense that I'm where God

wants me for now. He's moving among us here. We're seeing people seek spiritually. The small care group has responded by inviting and calling folks, praying for souls etc. Our Sunday a.m. attendance is up. We started a Youth group with Carol as Youth leader. It has grown. So Wed. p.m. overall attendance has almost doubled at times.

What group am I with? Well, just prior to leaving New York our independent church joined the Evangelical Church of North America. That's former Evangelical United Brethren that did not merge with the Methodists in 1967. We had been a part of that group before going to New York. The church in N.D. was in the Western conference of the ECNA. Now we're back in the Eastern conference again.

To make a special note, while in N.D. we were able to see family and friends in Kansas and also visit Carols sister in Medicine Hat, Alberta, Canada.

We traveled many miles during the last two years, have seen much scenery in Canada and the U.S. and have met many people.

God has been faithful to keep us and draw us closer to Him. Being obedient to His will is worth it all. His Spirit's presence and witness in the heart is worth all we may have to go through in this life, even if it's not to our liking. North Dakota was my wilderness education experience like Moses had for forty years on the wilderness herding sheep. I'm a better man today because I went through the experience.

Take care and keep seeking God.

Becky Woellhof, oldest daughter of Paul J. and Carol is currently in the 11th grade. She plays the piano for church worship services, leads the evening worship song service, and wrote and directed our Christmas program. Becky currently is giving voice lessons and plans to pursue music education upon entering college. She wrote an article while in the 9th grade which is included in this newsletter. It was entered in the N.Y. State A.C.E. Competition where Becky placed 4th out of 84 stories.

From Paul Titus: Betty has had a bed of pansies that have bloomed all winter without freezing out. We had a revival the week of March 25th. There is always something to do. Betty is

trying to redecorate the personage so we have been painting and papering off and on as we have time. They are going to re-carpet the downstairs.

Back in January I did a dumb thing. We picked Bryan up at Mars Hill to go to Kevin's to see his new Ford Explorer. Instead of coming back to Asheville to get the interstate, I decided to go through the northern mountains. There were supposed to be snow showers, but we ran into snow and could not go on the Blue Ridge Parkway as planned. I had to creep off a mountain covered with snow. It took nearly 45 minutes to go that 15 miles. Our trip took 5 hours instead of the three it should have. At least I proved one thing. I can still drive in snow after living in the south for 30 years.

Bryan: About six weeks ago one warm January day, Bryan called me from school and said, "Dad, I ran a mile around the track today. Some people probably could have walked it that fast, but I ran." Five years ago, the doctor never gave him any hope of ever being co-ordinated enough to run again, but God continues to bring healing and with Bryan's determination, it happened. He hopes to try working this summer.

Denise finds Jason a full time job when at home. I guess at 17 months he is no more active and inquisitive than any other child, but it seems like it. His vocabulary is limited to "mama" and "uh-oh" when he does something wrong, but he understands what you say. The other Sunday in church the pastor asked people to raise their hand if they had a prayer request. Jason understood the "raise your hand" part and before Denise could stop him he shot his hand in the air, to which the pastor responded, "yes, I see that hand." He probably did need prayer, at least Denise does.

April 6th was Kevin and Rachel's first wedding anniversary. Rachel keeps herself busy sewing and doing things to the house while Kevin is out of town. She has removed all signs of it being a bachelor's pad. January and February were good months for her at her job where she processes mortgages and housing loans. With the interest rates down she processed 1.5 million dollars in loans. Kevin says the secret to a happy marriage is to get a wife who has a good job.

Pat (Titus) Palechek was named Employee of the Month in February in the pathology department. There are 600 employees in the department so it was quite an honor. Dr. Cohen wrote the following about her in his nominating letter: "Among Pat's many outstanding qualities, she is noted for her good sense of humor, her perseverance, and commitment to her job. She has brought new and creative ideas to the research area by developing a new procedure and sharing it with other labs." Pat was very surprised to receive the award and adds that she "couldn't do her job without the support of the faculty and her co-workers."

Brian Titus is now living in Minneapolis. His company, Trus - Joist Corp., transferred him. He began work there on March 9th. Dan and Jody Titus did a great job helping him hunt for an apartment and allowed him to stay with them while he looked for a place to live. Rich and Elaine are happy to have him living closer to them.

Our Trip to Florida

by Lola and Phillip Gregory

This is a summary of the most interesting, enjoyable carefree 3 week period of our 50+ years of married life. The success of our trip can be accredited, along with the mercies of the Lord, to each of our relatives and friends who gave so graciously of their time and effort and resources for our benefit.

A special thanks to Walt and Jean, Jane, Nancy and Harold for taking us into their homes, and arranging their busy schedules for time to take us on well planned trips and activities.

The hardest part of our trip was the week before we left - just finalizing our preparations and keeping a positive frame of mind.

Feb. 11, Scott came at 5:15 AM to take us to Rice Lake to board a shuttle van for the Minneapolis airport. We left there about 6:30 AM and arrived at the airport about 10:30 AM. After checking our luggage for flight and finding our place of departure, we spent our waiting time watching people and planes and nibbling on a few raisins we carried in our pockets.

At 1:20 PM we boarded a 727 plane. Phillip took the seat next to the window so he could

distinguish the pattern below and take a few pictures. I was content to be relaxed and on our way and had no problems with flying. When we arrived at Tampa airport at 5:20 PM Walt and Jean were waiting for us. We enjoyed the change of climate.

Wed. Feb. 12 we drove about 5 miles to Weekee Wachee Springs where we saw some performances by trained tropical birds and birds of prey; then we watched a reenactment of Hans Christian Anderson's story of "The Little Mermaid". At 7:00 PM we attended mid-week service with Walt and Jean.

Thurs. Feb 13th we packed a lunch and drove 10 miles to Word of Life Conference Center and were delighted to learn that Dr. Woodrow Kroll would be the main speaker. I listen to him as daily as I can on Back to the Bible program. Thurs. PM we were happy to have Jim and Patti and twins with us for supper and visiting time.

Fri. the 14th we packed a lunch and drove north 35 miles to Homossassa Springs State Park where we watched the Manatee (a large water creature with a walrus shaped head and a big flat tail). We also saw a lot of lazy alligators, and the Florida pig - a big 5,000 lb. hippo. We took a boat ride down the river and saw a lot of big birds - especially "that wonderful bird, the pelican, whose bill holds more than his belly can."

That evening Walt and Jean took us over to Jane's house for the night. Sat. AM we left early to drive the 165 miles to Nancy and Harold's at Hilliard where we spent an enjoyable day sightseeing etc., had a good night's rest, and an uplifting time of worship at Sunday School and church, more visiting and then a safe trip home.

Mon. AM the 17th, Walt came and got us and later that day we went to Honeymoon Island on the Gulf of Mexico and picked up shells to take home. Tues. the 18th we stayed home to rest and catch up on whatever. Wed. the 19th Walt and Eileen Laun (friends from Mpls. Minn.) came with their daughter from Ocala to visit us before they went to spend the supper hour and evening with their granddaughter in Spring Hill.

In the evening we went to church with Walt and Jean.

Thurs. the 20th we packed a lunch and drove 130 miles to the Space Center on the east

coast where there was a lot to see and learn. Fri. the 21st we drove 25 miles south to Port Richey to a big flea mart with 2,000 booths. From there we went to Art's, then out to eat and back to Art's. Sorry we missed you, Angie. Jane came to Walt's for supper and took us to stay with her for the weekend. Sat. the 22nd she took us to Heritage Days at Brooksville - displaying old historical items, old crafts, a vintage car show, and the reenactment of a local civil war battle. Later we visited in Wesleyan Village with friends from Miltonvale College days.

Sunday AM Jane left us off at Spring Hill church and went on to her church and then came back to Walt's for dinner and a visit. In the evening we went with Jane to hear missionaries speak at her church where Steve Fletcher used to preach.

Monday the 24th we accepted an invitation to a noon meal and spent a pleasant day with Stone Lake friends who "winter" at Lake Wier, 60 miles north of Spring Hill. Tue. the 25th we packed a lunch and went to Sea World near Orlando, 85 miles east of Spring Hill. From a big grand stand we watched a remarkable performance of killer whales and their trainers. We also saw dolphins, penguins, many kinds of fish, a lot of pink flamingos, and other birds and beautiful flowers. In another building we saw an almost unbelievable performance of about a dozen Chinese acrobats. Needless to say, with these trips, Walt and Jean didn't need to take many early morning walks to get their day's exercise!

Wed. the 26th through Sunday March 1 was Wesleyan Bible Conference week at Brooksville Church. Because of church responsibilities Walt and Jean weren't able to attend all the services. But since Jane lives only 1/2 mile away, she gave us a key to her house, so we could go there between services, enabling us to attend most of them.

Our Minneapolis friends came to the conference Thursday afternoon so we were able to be with them again. We heard 3 different Bible teachers, a lot of good singing and were able to make or renew acquaintances with seven missionary couples we had read about for years. Counting a choir concert, 2 Bible conferences and weekly church meetings, Phillip and I attended 20 services in 23 days - and in my book

that's good. As far back as I can remember, I liked to go to church!

Monday, March 2nd we went to the Sponge Docks at Tarpon Springs and went through a museum of the Sponge Industry - very interesting. From there we went to Zepher Hills to visit friends of Walt's and Jean's who had invited us for dinner. Harold Bowman never forgot his successful fishing trip to Wis. years ago with Paul David as his guide. Tues. March 3rd we had a day of rest and packing for our trip home. Toward evening Walt and Jean drove us to a State Park to determine the situation for launching his boat and then on to Pine Island to see the sun set that didn't appear because of clouds. We had some rain on our day at Sea World and Spring Hill had 2 inches, but otherwise we had clear weather the rest of our 3 weeks.

Wed. March 4th we left Walt's at 5:15 to be in Tampa an hour before the plane took off, to check our luggage and to get our tickets, etc. We boarded a 757 plane that lifted off at 8:29 Florida time and arrived at Minneapolis at 10:40 our time. Scott and Patty were there to meet us. We arrived home O.K. and finished the day by attending our mid-week Bible study.

With a bushel of mail to go through, a wood furnace to tend to, and all the every day nitty-gritty to work through, it didn't take long to realize that our vacation was over. But we were glad to arrive home safely, and will always have pleasant memories of our trip.

QUOTIES

Floyd, in a pastoral prayer: "We pray that you will bless those who are sick of us..."

Lola: I'm not slow. I just don't know how to hurry.

Clarence used to say: But on the other hand... she had a wart!

REQUEST FOR ARTICLES

We would like to remind you that we need you to send in your News Flash items or articles to Ruth. Please date your news so that it can be adjusted if it tells # of months or ages, etc. The next deadline is September for our October newsletter. We appreciate your contributions.

Send newsletter contributions to:

Ruth Manion
1403 N. Lexington
Janesville, WI 53545

Poem of the Month

by Jane Titus

If you've news to share with your Titus kin
Now's the time to send it in.

A happy time of celebration,
Progress made in education

Some place you went just for enjoyment,
Maybe some changes in your employment.

Something funny the kids said.
A new idea you heard or read.

A recipe to share, an answer to prayer,
A point of view, a joke or two

Send Ruth the truth, cooperate.
Make Happy happy, don't be late.

Cranberry Salad or Pie from Betty Titus

1 can of Eagle Brand Milk
1 20 oz. can of crushed pineapple (drained dry)
1 can of whole berry cranberry sauce
Mix the above together, then fold in:
1 12 oz. carton Cool Whip (extra creamy is best)
1/2 c. nuts (pecans are especially good)
This can be served as a salad or put into a graham cracker pie crust. If frozen it gets a little weepy after being thawed.

CHESS WHIZ

by Ruth Manion

Josh is now ninth in the nation for all chess players under 16. He has received a scholarship from the American Chess Federation to pay for 1/2 of his chess lessons. Over a years time it could total \$1,300. He is busy with chess tournaments. He has 2 in Chicago and one in N.Y.C. in April. This summer we will be going to 2 tournaments in Philadelphia.

"A TRUE STORY"
*To the Chess Champion of the Titus Clan,
Joshua Ryan Marion
From Elinor Woellhof*

It was in the year of 1942 that my two brothers, Clarence and Walter came to Miltonvale Wesleyan College. During their leisure time they learned to play chess. When Christmas time arrived they came home at West Bureau, IL for their vacation. I, Elinor, was about 13 1/2 years old by then.

One morning my brother Walter asked me if I would like to play a game of chess with him. Since I liked to play games I said, "Yes". He had to show me the Queen, the King, Knights, and Pawns etc. and then tell me how they could move. I'm sure I lost three games. Walter said to me, "Would you like to know how to get a "King in check" in three moves? I said, "Yes". Then he proceeded to show me.

In the afternoon my brother Clarence came to me and said, "Would you like to play a game of chess with me?" I said, "Yes." We got the game set up then he moved first, I think. Now I remembered what Walter showed me so I thought, "I'll try it on Clarence." I moved, he moved, I moved, he moved, and on my third move I got his "King in check." Clarence looked at me so funny. He couldn't move. I began to laugh! Then I told him what Walter had showed me. If I remember right that was the first and last time I ever played chess.

Now, Josh, if you want to win over your opponents, just call your great uncle Walter and ask him to tell you of these three certain moves.

"Professor Titus will probably scratch his pancake and pour the syrup on his bald head trying to remember."

**Titus Family Reunion Fund
Report for 1991**

Beginning balance 1-1-91 was \$3,290.39. Interest earned: \$111.02. Tie That Binds expenses: June, \$39.00; Dec., \$41.00. Reimbursed Jane for increase in her income tax for 1990: \$23.00. (She must include the interest earned in the family account on her return because her social security number is on the account.) Balance at the beginning of 1992 was \$3,298.41.

Devotional from Clarence Titus

"STANDARDS AND CONVICTIONS"

(From an outline of a sermon preached in 1963. Edited and summarized by Rosalyn Titus.)

The Lord has a set of standards for all phases of a man's life. A true standard of Holiness must be applicable to all Christians at all times, anywhere in the world. It must be usable to the Africans, Japanese, Indians, etc. as well as Americans. God's standards of morality and holiness deal with the motives of the heart and are involved with these relationships: Man to God; Man to his brother; Man to himself (mind, body, ego, etc.); Man to others; Man to the world.

From God's unalterable standards come our convictions. These convictions spread out and encompass the details of our lives. They may apply to a particular person or circumstance, at a particular time in history. Their purpose is to guide us and safeguard us from evil. As a result of changing physical needs, deeper insight from scripture, and increasing spiritual maturity, our personal convictions will change from time to time. Therefore, it is not a sin for our convictions to change, because convictions were never meant to be a substitute for God's unchanging standards.

The Pharisees, for example, burdened people with their "convictions" (ie: their strict observances and external codes) while failing to uphold God's laws. They totally missed the point that personal convictions are given to: protect us where we are weak; to help others who are weak; and to enable us to maintain God's standards.

Scripture texts: Matt. 23:23-28, Romans 14

"Pedro"

by Rebecca C. Woellhof

The door of my small cottage burst open, causing an ear-splitting sound in the quiet of the day. There he stood, his black silky hair tousled from running. His eyes were large in his olive skinned face. Tears were spilling from those large eyes, sweat was breaking out on his face and neck. Sobs and fever shook his whole body.

"Mae...sra," His speech was broken and desperate. He took a step forward and

stretched his hand towards me. Suddenly darkness overtook him and he lay in a faint at my feet.

"Pedro!" I gasped. I quickly bent down and picked him up in my arms. What was I going to do? Pedro was obviously very sick. I had no idea how to help him and the doctor was a day's journey away.

Gently, I laid him down on my bed. I racked my brain trying to remember what my mother would do. I got a cool cloth and laid it on his fevered brow.

Pedro began to mumble over and over...."Madre esta muerto, Madre esta muerto..." It was Spanish for mother is dead. My senses were shocked. His mother was dead! It couldn't be....

The death of Pedro's mother caused quite a stir amongst my students the next morning. Annie, the sheriff's daughter, reported that Pedro's mother had died of pneumonia. There had been no money for fuel and it was a bitterly cold winter.

You see, Pedro's father had been killed in a logging accident five years earlier. Since then Pedro and his mother had been living on what they could beg off of people. Obviously there was no money for Pedro to go to school. The people of our small town saw this and had pulled together to send him to school.

Pedro had picked up English quite rapidly. Only now and then when he was excited would he have trouble with his English and slip back into Spanish.

Pedro was one of my favorite students. I guess this was because he called me "Maestra" which is Spanish for teacher.

After school ended I went over to the sheriff's office. A bell tingled as I went in the door. A middle aged man was sitting at a desk across from the door. He was bent over his desk, diligent in his work.

"Sheriff Brady?" I asked quietly. He raised his head and looked at me. A smile spread across his tan face.

"Miss Nancy, How nice to see you. I hope my Annie is behaving in school, and I hope that is not the reason you're calling." He gave a short blunt laugh. "Here, have a seat. What can I do for you?"

Smoothing my skirt as I sat down, I began in a trembling voice. "I need to talk to you about Pedro. I want to keep him, give him a home, take care of him. He dotes on me and trusts me. I know I can do it!" My voice had risen considerably and I boldly, almost defiantly stared him in the eye.

"Well now, Miss Nancy, you really want to do this, don't you?" It was a statement more than a question. "We don't usually let single women take on orphans, but I have complete faith in you. You can keep the boy."

That was it? Just like that? It had been so easy. Shock must have been evident on my face, because he spoke again.

"I know what you're thinking. The council and I have already talked it over and we have agreed to let you keep Pedro."

"Oh, Sheriff Brady, I don't know how to thank you!"

"Don't thank me. Thank God. It was He that led me to do this. Why don't we pray and thank him."

Right there in that tiny office we knelt and thanked God for providing a way for Pedro.

Funeral services were held that Saturday. Not many people were there but those that did come, wept for Pedro.

Weeks passed and Pedro began to shed his grief. Oh, he would never forget his dear little mother, but he knew nothing he could do or say would bring her back.

Each day Pedro and I became closer. Through our little times together I realized Pedro was not a Christian. He was a really good kid and did what he was told, but he needed the Lord. Each Sunday after church I would ask if he wanted to ask any questions about the Sermon. Pedro was always full of questions. Sometimes we would talk for a whole hour about God's love for us.

One evening after supper I sent Pedro to the person's house with a batch of cookies. Two hours later he hadn't returned. I became quite concerned and decided to go looking for him. As I passed the church graveyard I heard a soft crying in the still of the night.

I found Pedro at his mother's graveside, sobbing his little heart out.

"Pedro," I said softly. Through tears he looked up at me.

"Maestra, she never knew that Jesus died for her sins, she never knew!"

What happened that evening was so beautiful, that words cannot describe its wonders. All I can tell you is that Pedro accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as his personal Savior.

Several months passed and Mother's Day was upon us. I had been dreading this day for Pedro's sake. That day in school we made cards for our mothers.

Suddenly Pedro burst into tears and ran out of the classroom. I found him behind the building.

"Oh Maestra," he ran and clung to me with all his might. "I'll never have another mother. Never!"

He broke into uncontrollable sobs. "Pedro," I said, blinking back tears, "No, you'll never have another mother, and I could never take her place. But I'll always love you, and I'll always be your Maestra!"

One small hand reached up and gently wiped my tears.

"I love you,...Maestra."

The End

SMALL GROUPS

by Happy Chronister

Brian and I attended a Fuller Institute seminar on small groups in California early in March. I learned that there are 4 components to small groups: learn, love, do, and decide. Each group has a different amount of these four ingredients. Some groups are primarily Bible Studies (learn). Other groups provide mostly encouragement and support to their members (love). Groups can also be formed around a common purpose or ministry (do). Each group does a little deciding - when and where to meet, when to have a social, etc. Finding out that a group could be centered around a ministry/focus (a DO group) prompted me to consider leading a group. Previously I didn't feel that I would be a qualified leader because I am not a great Bible teacher and mercy and compassion are not my great strengths either. I do have administrative, leadership, and hospitality gifts though. One of the needs in our church is to assimilate the many visitors who come through our church each month. I started a "do group" which has a primary focus of planning events that will facilitate assimilation.

In order for people to feel a part of a church they need some of the following - regular church attendance, 5 or more friends, participation in a meaningful group, an identifiable role or task, consistent percentage in giving, and have their needs met. My assimilation group has enjoyed our prayer and share time so much each week that we hardly have time to get any work done. Most of the nine ladies

who come to this group were not previously in a small group before so they were immediately assimilated because they have made more than 5 friends, they are in a meaningful group and they have a significant task. I also started another group which is for moms and their kids on Sunday nights. For our "learn" both groups are reading the one year Bible. Everyone comes prepared to share something they learned so I don't have to worry about teaching. I am trying to teach the other women in the group that the caring (love) is the responsibility of everyone in the group and it occurs all through the week, not just at the meeting. This helps me not feel all of the pressure of caring for all these women.

Childcare is provided in the basement during both groups so I don't have to load my 3 kids up and go anywhere. Mom and I benefit from the external pressure on us to keep the house picked up. I also enjoy entertaining much more than Brian, so all these people come over when he is at work or teaching his Pastor's Class. The other morning Davey got up and asked, "Where are all the kids?" "What kids?" I asked. He said, "The ones that always come here." We are a little busier than I would like to be, but of all the ministries I have been involved in, I can tell that this is probably one of the most meaningful.

The assimilation group has such a vast task that it is like eating an elephant. We have identified 120 couples that come regularly that are not currently involved in a small group. We are praying for 24 additional group leaders (group size should be around 10) and we are encouraging the current 15 leaders to host dinners for newcomers or schedule lazer tag events for men, or whatever it takes to build some bridges to these new people. We are growing so fast that we can't keep up. Next weekend we are having a one night ladies retreat at the Hilton where the purpose is to assimilate new ladies. Any regular lady who wants to come should try to get a new person to come with her. We are purposefully planning the activities to help people make friends and interact in small groups. We are trying to maximize our efforts these days by being sure we have a strategy that really assimilates people. Hopefully our efforts will prove to be fruitful.

A story written by Rosalyn several years ago. Submitted in memory of Floyd and Clarence.

QUICKLETS AND SLOWLETS

QUICKLETS

Quicklets are always in a hurry. They cannot sit still for a minute. They always need to be doing something, even if they don't get anything done.

Quicklets are always running around, because they do not want to miss anything important that may be going on somewhere else.

They wonder why everyone doesn't hurry up.

Time never passes fast enough for them. They are constant clock-watchers.

Quicklets are loveable creatures in their own way, if you can just learn to be patient with them.

* * * * *

One afternoon the Quicklets decided to take a Harbor Cruise.

"I hope it doesn't rain today!"

"Quick--look out the window and see if the sun is shining. It is!"

"Call information and see how soon the next cruise begins."

"If we hurry, we can make the 3 o'clock cruise."

"I'm hungry."

"We can get some fast-food on the way."

They grabbed their coats and camera and rushed out the door.

"What a wonderful day for a Harbor Cruise. I hope we get there in time!"

* * * * *

All aboard!

The Quicklets were enjoying the exciting Harbor Cruise.

Then, as they were running along the deck, trying not to miss anything, they heard a cry for help.

"Where is he? He needs help!"

"Hurry, there's no time to delay!"

"Don't just stand there, do something!"

"Here is a lifesaver. Hold this rope while we jump in and rescue him!"

The Quicklets swam as fast as they could. When they reached the man, they wasted no time in bringing him back to the boat, where he was pulled on board.

"If it hadn't been for our quick thinking and fast action, he never would have made it!"

AND THE QUICKLETS SAVED THE DAY!

SLOWLETS

Slowlets are never in a hurry. They can sit for hours. They are always thinking about something, even when they don't have anything to think about.

Slowlets always sit and wait because they do not want to miss anything important that might be going on around them.

They wonder why everyone is always in a hurry. Time flies by before they know it. When they think to check the clock, the time is already past.

Slowlets are loveable creatures in their own way, if you can just learn to be patient with them.

* * * * *

One summer the Slowlets planned to take a Harbor Cruise.

"We will go some day when the weather is nice."

Every evening they listened to the forecast: "Tomorrow will be sunny and warm."

"Let's plan to go tomorrow. According to this schedule, there are cruises at 10:00, 1:00, and 3:00."

"If we take the 3 o'clock cruise, that will give us plenty of time to prepare for our outing."

Early the next day the Slowlets began to get ready.

"We'd better pack a big lunch in case we get hungry. And take extra coats in case we get cold."

"What else might we need: Hats, sunglasses, camera, binoculars, a couple of blankets, something to drink..."

"What a wonderful day for a Harbor Cruise. I'm glad we planned for it!"

* * * * *

All aboard!

The Slowlets were enjoying the relaxing Harbor Cruise.

Then, as they were sitting in the sun, eating lunch, they heard a cry for help.

Looking through their binoculars, they saw someone in trouble. "He needs help!"

"Now don't get excited. Just keep calm. We'll stay here and hold the rope so that he can be rescued."

When the Slowlets pulled the man on board, they gave him an extra jacket to wear; wrapped him in dry blankets, and gave him some hot chocolate to take away the chills.

They made certain he was safe and warm and well-nourished.

"If it hadn't been for our patience and preparedness, he never would have made it!"

AND THE SLOWLETS SAVED THE DAY!

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