

*A Publication of Temple Baptist Church*

## ***Heart To Heart Talk***

*a newsletter designed to  
uplift spirits, encourage hearts  
and spread the gospel message*

***"These things have I spoken  
unto you, that My joy might  
remain in you,  
and that your joy  
might be full"***

***Romans 15:29***

**MARCH  
2009  
ISSUE**

## FLORIDA COURT SETS ATHEIST HOLY DAY

In Florida, an atheist created a case against the upcoming Easter and Passover holy days. He hired an attorney to bring a discrimination case against Christians, Jews and observances of their holy days. The argument was that it was unfair that atheists had no such recognized days.

The case was brought before a judge. After listening to the passionate presentation by the lawyer, the judge banged his gavel declaring, "Case dismissed. The lawyer immediately stood objecting to the ruling saying, "Your honor, how can you possibly dismiss this case? The Christians have Christmas, Easter and others. The Jews have Passover, Yom Kippur and Hanukkah, yet my client and all other atheists have no such holidays."

The judge leaned forward in his chair saying, "But you do. Your client, counsel, is woefully ignorant."

The lawyer said, "Your Honor, we are unaware of any special observance or holiday for atheists."

The judge said, "The calendar says April 1st is April Fools Day. Psalm 14:1 states, 'The fool says in his heart, there is no God.' Thus, it is the opinion of this court, that if your client says there is no God, then he is a fool. Therefore, April 1st is his day. Court is adjourned."

You gotta love a Judge that knows his scripture!

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### Parmesan Icebox Crackers

makes 20 Prep 20 min (plus chilling) Bake 25 min

1 cup flour	¾ tsp salt
½ tsp cayenne pepper	½ tsp ground sage
4 tbs butter, chilled & cut into cubes	1 cup shredded parmesan
¼ cup heavy cream	

-Using a food processor, pulse flour, salt, cayenne and sage until combined. Pulse in the butter until just incorporated. Pulse in the cheese and, with the machine running, add the cream and process until the dough forms a ball, about 10 seconds.

-Turn out the dough onto a 12" long sheet of plastic wrap and shape into a 4" long log; roll up and twist both plastic wrap ends to enclose. Refrigerate for at least 2 hours or up to 3 days.

-preheat oven to 325°. Slice the cheese log into ¼-inch thick slices and place 2 inches apart on a parchment paper lined baking sheet. Bake until golden-brown, 20 to 25 min. Transfer to a rack to cool.

17-year-old Brian Moore had only a short time to write something for a class. The subject was what Heaven was like. 'I wowed 'em,' he later told his father, Bruce. 'It's a killer. It's the bomb. It's the best thing I ever wrote..' It also was the last. Brian Moore died May 27, 1997, the day after Memorial Day. He was driving home from a friend's house when his car went off Bulen-Pierce Road in Pickaway County and struck a utility pole. He emerged from the wreck unharmed but stepped on a downed power line and was electrocuted.

The Moore's framed a copy of Brian's essay and hung it among the family portraits in the living room. 'I think God used him to make a point. I think we were meant to find it and make something out of it,' Mrs. Moore said of the essay. She and her husband want to share their son's vision of life after death. 'I'm happy for Brian. I know he's in heaven.. I know I'll see him.'

Brian's Essay: The Room...

In that place between wakefulness and dreams, I found myself in the room. There were no distinguishing features except for the one wall covered with small index card files. They were like the ones in libraries that list titles by author or subject in alphabetical order. But these files, which stretched from floor to ceiling and seemingly endless in either direction, had very different headings. As I drew near the wall of files, the first to catch my attention was one that read 'Girls I have liked.' I opened it and began flipping through the cards. I quickly shut it, shocked to realize that I recognized the names written on each one. And then without being told, I knew exactly where I was. This lifeless room with its small files was a crude catalog system for my life. Here were written the actions of my every moment, big and small, in a detail my memory couldn't match. A sense of wonder and curiosity, coupled with horror, stirred within me as I began randomly opening files and exploring their content. Some brought joy and sweet memories; others a sense of shame and regret so intense that I would look over my shoulder to see if anyone was watching.

A file named 'Friends' was next to one marked 'Friends I have betrayed.' The titles ranged from the mundane to the outright weird 'Books I Have Read,' 'Lies I Have Told,' 'Comfort I have Given,' 'Jokes I Have Laughed at.' Some were almost hilarious in their exactness: 'Things I've yelled at my brothers.' Others I couldn't laugh at: 'Things I Have Done in My Anger', 'Things I Have Muttered Under My Breath at My Parents.' I never ceased to be surprised by the contents.

Often there were many more cards than I expected. Sometimes fewer than I hoped. I was overwhelmed by the sheer volume of the life I had lived. Could it be possible that I had the time in my years to fill each of these thousands or even millions of cards? But each card confirmed this truth. Each was written in my own handwriting. Each signed with my signature.

When I pulled out the file marked 'TV Shows I have watched', I realized the files grew to contain their contents. The cards were packed tightly, and yet after two or three yards, I hadn't found the end of the file. I shut it, shamed, not so much by the quality of shows but more by the vast time I knew that file represented.

When I came to a file marked 'Lustful Thoughts,' I felt a chill run through my body. I pulled the file out only an inch, not willing to test its size and drew out a card. I shuddered at its detailed content.

I felt sick to think that such a moment had been recorded. An almost animal rage broke on me. One thought dominated my mind: No one must ever see these cards! No one must ever see this room! I have to destroy them! In insane frenzy I yanked the file out. Its size didn't matter now. I had to empty it and burn the cards. But as I took it at one end and began pounding it on the floor, I could not dislodge a single card. I became desperate and pulled out a card, only to find it as strong as steel when I tried to tear it.

Defeated and utterly helpless, I returned the file to its slot. Leaning my forehead against the wall, I let out a long, self-pitying sigh. And then I saw it.. The title bore 'People I Have Shared the Gospel With.' The handle was brighter than those around it, newer, almost unused. I pulled on its handle and a small box not more than three inches long fell into my hands. I could count the cards it contained on one hand.

And then the tears came. I began to weep. Sobs so deep that they hurt. They started in my stomach and shook through me. I fell on my knees and cried. I cried out of shame, from the overwhelming shame of it all. The rows of file shelves swirled in my tear-filled eyes. No one must ever, ever know of this room. I must lock it up and hide the key. But then as I pushed away the tears, I saw Him.

No, please not Him. Not here. Oh, anyone but Jesus. I watched helplessly as He began to open the files and read the cards. I couldn't bear to watch His response. and in the moments I could bring myself to look at His face, I saw a sorrow deeper than my own.

He seemed to intuitively go to the worst boxes. Why did He have to read every one? Finally He turned and looked at me from across the room. He looked at me with pity in His eyes. But this was a pity that didn't anger me. I dropped my head, covered my face with my hands and began to cry again. He walked over and put His arm around me. He could have said so many things. But He didn't say a word. He just cried with me.

Then He got up and walked back to the wall of files. Starting at one end of the room, He took out a file and, one by one, began to sign His name over mine on each card. 'No!' I shouted rushing to Him. All I could find to say was 'No, no,' as I pulled the card from Him. His name shouldn't be on these cards. But there it was, written in red so rich, so dark, so alive. The name of Jesus covered mine. It was written with His blood. He gently took the card back. He smiled a sad smile and began to sign the cards. I don't

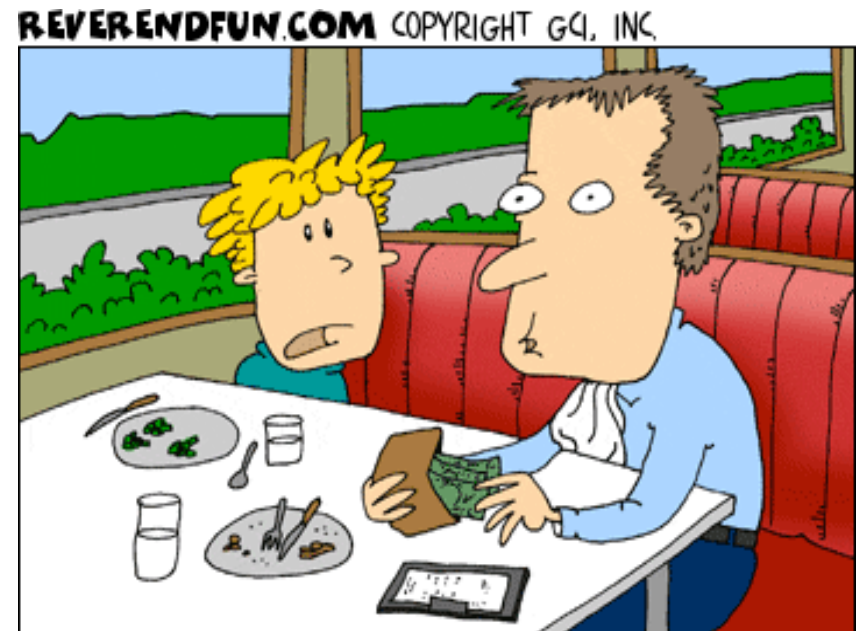
think I'll ever understand how He did it so quickly, but the next instant it seemed I heard Him close the last file and walk back to my side...

He placed His hand on my shoulder and said, 'It is finished.' I stood up, and He led me out of the room. There was no lock on its door . There were still cards to be written.

**“I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me.”-Phil. 4:13**

**“For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.”**

**-John 3:16**



Thanks to Shirley Ostrander

01-15-2004

**HOW COME THE WAITRESS GETS 15% AND GOD ONLY GETS 10%?**

## **Catching Wild Pigs**

A chemistry professor in a large college had some exchange students in the class. One day while the class was in the lab the Professor noticed one young man (exchange student) who kept rubbing his back, and stretching as if his back hurt.

The professor asked the young man what was the matter. The student told him he had a bullet lodged in his back. He had been shot while fighting communists in his native country who were trying to overthrow his country's government and install a new communist government.

In the midst of his story he looked at the professor and asked a strange question. He asked, 'Do you know how to catch wild pigs?'

The professor thought it was a joke and asked for the punch line. The young man said this was no joke.

"You catch wild pigs by finding a suitable place in the woods and putting corn on the ground. The pigs find it and begin to come everyday to eat the free corn. When they are used to coming every day, you put a fence down one side of the place where they are used to coming. When they get used to the fence, they begin to eat the corn again and you put up another side of the fence. They get used to that and start to eat again. You continue until you have all four sides of the fence up with a gate in the last side. The pigs, who are used to the free corn, start to come through the gate to eat, you slam the gate on them and catch the whole herd.

Suddenly the wild pigs have lost their freedom. They run around and around inside the fence, but they are caught. Soon they go back to eating the free corn. They are so used to it that they have forgotten how to forage in the woods for themselves, so they accept their captivity."

The young man then told the professor that is exactly what he sees happening to America . The government keeps pushing us toward socialism and keeps spreading the free corn out in the form of different programs. While we continually lose our freedoms -- just a little at a time.

One should always remember: There is no such thing as a free lunch!

**"A government big enough to give you everything you want, is big enough to take away everything you have"**

**-Thomas Jefferson**

## **The Law of the Garbage Truck**

**One day I hopped in a taxi and we took off for the airport. We were driving in the right lane when suddenly a black car jumped out of a parking space right in front of us. My taxi driver slammed on his brakes, skidded, and missed the other car by just inches! The driver of the other car whipped his head around and started yelling at us. My taxi driver just smiled and waved at the guy. And I mean, he was really friendly. So I asked, 'Why did you just do that? This guy almost ruined your car and sent us to the hospital! 'This is when my taxi driver taught me what I now call, 'The Law of the Garbage Truck.'**

**He explained that many people are like garbage trucks. They run around full of garbage, full of frustration, full of anger, and full of disappointment. As their garbage piles up, they need a place to dump it and sometimes they'll dump it on you. Don't take it personally. Just smile, wave, wish them well, and move on. Don't take their garbage and spread it to other people at work, at home, or on the streets.**

**The bottom line is that successful people do not let garbage trucks take over their day. Life's too short to wake up in the morning with regrets, so...Love the people who treat you right. Pray for the ones who don't.**

**Life is ten percent what you make it and ninety percent how you take it!**

**Have a blessed, garbage-free day!**

## FRENCH ONION SOUP

4 tbs butter	one 32 ounce container (4 cups) broth
2 tbs extra virgin olive oil	(chicken or beef)
3 large onions, thinly sliced	one 1 ounce package mixed -dried -
1 bay leaf	wild mushrooms
1½ tsp ground thyme	4 thick slices crusty bread
1 large clove garlic, halved	½ pound gruyère cheese, shredded
salt and pepper	

\*In a heavy soup pot, melt the butter with the EVOO, 2 turns of the pan, over medium-high heat. Stir in onions, bay leaf and thyme; season with salt and pepper to taste. Cook until the onions are softened and browned, 25 minutes.

\*Meanwhile, in a large saucepan, bring the chicken broth, mushrooms and 2 cups water to a boil. Lower the heat for 15 minutes. Using a slotted spoon, remove the mushrooms and slice.

\*Preheat the broiler. Stir in the mushrooms and hot broth.

\*Toast the bread under the broiler, rub with the garlic and top with the cheese. Broil until melted. Ladle the soup into bowls and serve with the toast.

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### Chicken Cordon Blue Nuggets

Cooking spray	6 deli slices ham (about 5 ounces)
2 large eggs	cut lengthwise into 4 strips each
1 cup breadcrumbs	6 deli slices Swiss cheese (about
1 tsp dried thyme	5 ounces) cut as above
½ cup flour	1 large skinless boneless chicken
salt and pepper	breast; cut into 24 chunks.

\*Preheat oven to 350°. Spray 2 baking sheets with cooking spray. In a bowl, beat the eggs with a splash of water. On a plate, combine the breadcrumbs and thyme. On another plate, combine the flour with a pinch each of salt and pepper. Lay 12 ham strips on a work surface. Top each with a cheese strip. Place a chicken chunk toward the end of each strip and roll up to enclose the chicken.

\*Working with 1 chicken nugget at a time, lightly coat with the flour, then the egg, then the breadcrumbs. Transfer seam side down to the prepared baking sheets. Lightly spray the nuggets with cooking spray and bake until crisp; about 20 minutes.

## What God Hath Promised

God hath not promised

Skies always blue,

Flower-strewn pathways

All our lives through;

God hath not promised

Sun without rain,

Joy without sorrow,

Peace without pain.

But God hath promised

Strength for the day,

Rest for the labor,

Light for the way,

Grace for the trials,

Help from above,

Unfailing sympathy,

Undying love.

Annie Johnson Flint

## WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

DAVID & CAROL BRINDLE  
908 BRISTLE DRIVE  
AKRON OH 44312

HOMER & DOROTHY CLARK  
3277 SWEITZER ST NW  
UNIONTOWN OH 44685

EDITH HNAT  
1971 MEADOWLARK DRIVE  
MOGADORE OH 44260

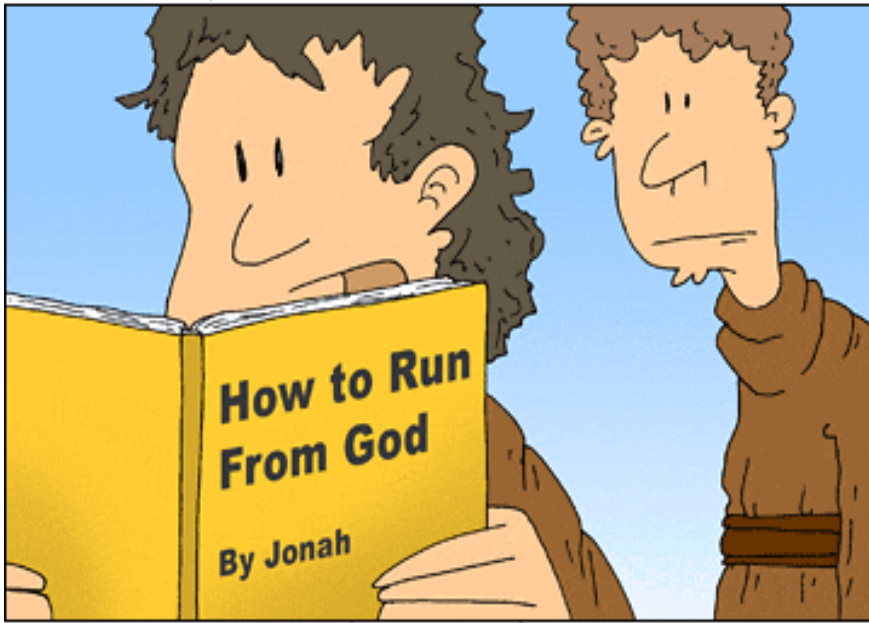
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## One Flaw In Women

Women have strengths that amaze men..  
They bear hardships and they carry burdens,  
but they hold happiness, love and joy.  
They smile when they want to scream.  
They sing when they want to cry.  
They cry when they are happy  
and laugh when they are nervous.  
They fight for what they believe in.  
They stand up to injustice.  
They don't take "no" for an answer  
when they believe there is a better solution.  
They go without so their family can have.  
They go to the doctor with a frightened friend.  
They love unconditionally.  
They cry when their children excel  
and cheer when their friends get awards.  
They are happy when they hear about  
a birth or a wedding.  
Their hearts break when a friend dies.  
They grieve at the loss of a family member,  
yet they are strong when they  
think there is no strength left.  
They know that a hug and a kiss  
can heal a broken heart.  
Women come in all shapes, sizes and colors.  
They'll drive, fly, walk, run or e-mail you  
to show how much they care about you..  
The heart of a woman is what  
makes the world keep turning.  
They bring joy, hope and love.  
They have compassion and ideas.  
They give moral support to their  
family and friends.  
Women have vital things to say  
and everything to give.

**HOWEVER, IF THERE IS ONE FLAW IN WOMEN,  
IT IS THAT THEY FORGET THEIR WORTH.**

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Thanks to Richard Germain (See Jonah 1-4)

09-19-2008

IT JUST SAYS "DON'T"

## WHO KNEW??

\* **Eliminate ear mites.** All it takes is a few drops of Wesson corn oil in your cat's ear...Massage it in, then clean with a cotton ball. Repeat daily for 3 days. The oil soothes the cat's skin, smothers the mites, and accelerates healing.

\***Kills fleas instantly**...Dawn dish washing liquid does the trick. Add a few drops to your dog's bath and shampoo the animal thoroughly.. Rinse well to avoid skin irritations. Good-bye fleas.

\*Did You Know that drinking two glasses of Gatorade can **relieve headache pain almost immediately**-- without the unpleasant side effects caused by traditional pain relievers..'

\*Did you know that Colgate toothpaste makes an excellent salve for burns.

\*Before you head to the drugstore for a high-priced inhaler filled with mysterious chemicals, try chewing on a couple of curiously strong Altoids peppermints. They'll clear up your stuffed nose.

\***Achy muscles from a bout of the flu?** Mix 1 Tablespoon of horseradish in 1 cup of olive oil. Let the mixture sit for 30 minutes, then apply it as a massage oil, for instant relief for aching muscles.

\***Sore throat?** Just mix 1/4 cup of vinegar with 1/4 cup of honey and take 1 tablespoon six times a day. The vinegar kills the bacteria.

\***Cure urinary tract infections** with Alka-Seltzer. Just dissolve two tablets in a glass of water and drink it at the onset of the symptoms. Alka-Seltzer begins eliminating urinary tract infections almost instantly-- even though the product was never been advertised for this use.

\*Honey **remedy for skin blemishes** ... Cover the blemish with a dab of honey and place a Band-Aid over it. Honey kills the bacteria, keeps the skin sterile, and speeds healing. Works overnight.

\*Listerine **therapy for toenail fungus.** Get rid of unsightly toenail fungus by soaking your toes in Listerine mouthwash. The powerful antiseptic leaves your toenails looking healthy again.

\*Cleaning liquid that doubles as **bug killer** .... If menacing bees, wasps, hornets, or yellow jackets get in your home and you can't find the insecticide, try a spray of Formula 409. Insects drop to the ground instantly.

\***Smart splinter remover.** Just pour a drop of Elmer's Glue-All over the splinter, let dry, and peel the dried glue off the skin. The splinter sticks to the dried glue.

\*Hunt's tomato paste **boil cure**...cover the boil with Hunt's tomato paste as a compress. The acids from the tomatoes soothe the pain and bring the boil to a head.

\***Balm for broken blisters...** To disinfect a broken blister, dab on a few drops of Listerine. a powerful antiseptic.

\*Vinegar to **heal bruises** ... Soak a cotton ball in white vinegar and apply it to the bruise for 1 hour. The vinegar reduces the blueness and speeds up the healing process.

\*Quaker Oats **for fast pain relief**... It's not only for breakfast anymore! Mix 2 cups of Quaker Oats and 1 cup of water in a bowl and warm in the microwave for 1 minute, cool slightly, and apply the mixture to your hands for soothing relief from arthritis pain.

Children's Logic: 'Give me a sentence about a public servant,' said a teacher. The small boy wrote: 'The fireman came down the ladder pregnant.' The teacher took the lad aside to correct him. 'Don't you know what pregnant means?' she asked. 'Sure,' said the young boy confidently. 'It means carrying a child.'

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A nursery school teacher was delivering a station wagon full of kids home one day when a fire truck zoomed past. Sitting in the front seat of the truck was a Dalmatian dog. The children started discussing the dog's duties. 'They use him to keep crowds back,' said one child. 'No,' said another, 'he's just for good luck.' A third child brought the argument to a close. 'They use the dogs,' she said firmly, 'to find the fire hydrants...'

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Life holds so many priceless things

The falling rain--the wind that sings

Each star on high--a big full moon

And sunbeams dancing in your room

The river as it rushes on

A sunset when day is gone

No wealth can buy a mountain tall

These priceless things belong to all

An autumn tree lends beauty rare

With leaves piled deep most everywhere

As nature wears a glowing smile

to make each day a day worthwhile

Could anything be quite as dear

As laughing children that we hear

The gift of friendship that is ours

The miracle of growing flowers

Each magic moment--treasured time

These priceless gifts are yours and mine...

## MY ATTORNEY

After living what I felt was a "decent" life, my time on earth came to the end.. The first thing I remember is sitting on a bench in the waiting room of what I thought to be a court house. The doors opened and I was instructed to come in and have a seat by the defense table. As I looked around I saw the "prosecutor." He was a villainous looking gent who snarled as he stared at me. He definitely was the most evil person I have ever seen.

I sat down and looked to my left and there sat My Attorney, a kind and gentle looking man whose appearance seemed so familiar to me, I felt I knew Him. The corner door flew open and there appeared the Judge in full flowing robes. He commanded an awesome presence as He moved across the room. I couldn't take my eyes off of Him. As He took His seat behind the bench, He said, "Let us begin."

The prosecutor rose and said, "My name is Satan and I am here to show you why this man belongs in hell." He proceeded to tell of lies that I told, things that I stole, and in the past when I cheated others. Satan told of other horrible perversions that were once in my life and the more he spoke, the further down in my seat I sank. I was so embarrassed that I couldn't look at anyone, even my own Attorney, as the Devil told of sins that even I had completely forgotten about. As upset as I was at Satan for telling all these things about me, I was equally upset at My Attorney who sat there silently not offering any form of defense at all. I know I had been guilty of those things, but I had done some good in my life - couldn't that at least equal out part of the harm I'd done?

Satan finished with a fury and said, "This man belongs in hell, he is guilty of all that I have charged and there is not a person who can prove otherwise." When it was His turn, My Attorney first asked if He might approach the bench. The Judge allowed this over the strong objection of Satan, and beckoned Him to come forward. As He got up and started walking, I was able to see Him in His full splendor and majesty. I realized why He seemed so familiar; this was Jesus representing me, my Lord and my Savior. He stopped at the bench and softly said to the Judge, "Hello, Father," and then He turned to address the court.

"Satan was correct in saying that this man had sinned, I won't deny any of these allegations. And, yes, the wage of sin is death, and this man deserves to be punished." Jesus took a deep breath and turned to His Father with outstretched arms and proclaimed, "However, I died on the cross so that this person might have eternal life and he has accepted Me as his Savior, so he is Mine." My Lord continued with, "His name is written in the book of life and no one can snatch him from Me. Satan still does not understand yet. This man is not to be given justice, but rather mercy."

As Jesus sat down, He quietly paused, looked at His Father and said, "There is nothing else that needs to be done. I've done it all." The Judge lifted His mighty hand and slammed the gavel down. The following words bellowed from His lips - "This man is free." The penalty for him has already been paid in full. Case dismissed."

As my Lord led me away, I could hear Satan ranting and raving, "I won't give up, and I will win the next one." I asked Jesus as He gave me my instructions where to go next, "Have you ever lost a case?"

Christ lovingly smiled and said, "Everyone that has come to Me and asked Me to represent them has received the same verdict as you. Paid In Full!

## A PARENT'S WORST NIGHTMARE!

**A Mother passing by her son's bedroom was astonished to see that his bed was nicely made and everything was picked up. Then she saw an envelope, propped up prominently on the pillow that was addressed to ' Mom '. With the worst premonition she opened the envelope with trembling hands and read the letter.**

**Dear Mom,**

**It is with great regret and sorrow that I'm writing you. I had to elope with my new girlfriend because I wanted to avoid a scene with Dad and you. I have been finding real passion with Stacy and she is so nice. But I knew you would not approve of her because of all her piercings, tattoos, tight motorcycle clothes and the fact that she is much older than I am. But it's not only the passion..... Mom she's pregnant. Stacy said that we will be very happy. She owns a trailer in the woods and has a stack of firewood for the whole winter. We share a dream of having many more children. Stacy has opened my eyes to the fact that marijuana doesn't really hurt anyone. We'll be growing it for ourselves and trading it with the other people that live nearby for cocaine and ecstasy. In the meantime we will pray that science will find a cure for AIDS so Stacy can get better. She deserves it.. Don't worry Mom . I'm 15 and I know how to take care of myself. Someday I'm sure that we will be back to visit so that you can get to know your grandchildren.**

**Love,  
Your Son Jon**

**P.S. Mom, none of the above is true. I'm over at Tommy's house. I just wanted to remind you that there are worse things in life than the report card that's in my center desk drawer.**

**I love you. Call me when it's safe to come home.**

Sherry's Book Corner

By: Sherry Bolitho



*Hello Ladies,*

*Since Easter will be soon upon us, I found this book most fitting for this time of year. The photographer who put this book together wrote, "God loves us all so much that He sent His only Son to earth to make a way for us to live the miraculous journey God has intended for each of us. I hope the pictures in this book, along with the inspirational text help draw you into a closer walk with Jesus."*

*Once you start this journey, there is no turning back. May God bless you and your family this Easter season.*

*In Him,  
Sherry*

Adult Book

Title: Where Jesus Walked

Photographs by: Ken Duncan

Publisher: Thomas Nelson

Price: \$24.99

Every page will take you where Jesus once lived through the gift of photography, also, you will be inspired with words written by many people you know and love.

C.H. Spurgeon, Beth Moore and Oswald Chambers are just a few that will transport you to the world that Jesus lived so many years ago.

Children's Corner

*Hi kids!*

*For those of you who like nature as much as I do, you'll fall in love with this book! If I were a kid, I would read it everyday! Plus, it is a neat book to share with your friends.*

*As most of you know, Spring brings new life to our world, and the gift of change. Next time you go outside, take a minute to just listen to the sounds around you. What has changed? And, when you think about it, what new changes have you seen in your own backyard?*

*May this be your best Spring ever!!*

*In Him,  
Sherry*

Children's Book

Title: Five Minute Devotions for Children  
Celebrating God's World As A Family

Author: Pamela Kennedy

Illustrated by: Amy Wummer

Publisher: Ideals Children's Books

Price: \$15.95

Age Group: 8 years to adult

As you read along, you will learn how God guides and protects those of the animal kingdom.

Little clues that ask, "What does God say?" gives an answer from the Bible. The watercolor paintings bring to life each family that you will read about.

## **SONGS WE LOVE**

by Ruth Warren

What can exhausted pastors do to relax on Sunday nights after a hard day's work? Baptist preacher, Robert Lowry, went home to his wife and three sons and wrote hymns. "Dr. Lowry will continue to preach the gospel in his hymns long after his sermons have been forgotten," Ira Sankey once wrote. "Many of the hymns were written after the Sunday evening service, when his body was weary, but his mind refused to rest."

Robert Lowry was born in Pennsylvania in 1826. At his conversation at age 17, he joined a Baptist church. Shortly afterward, he enrolled at the University of Lewisburg (now Bucknell University). After graduating, he pastored churches in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. He gained a reputation for powerful, picturesque preaching.

When gospel song editor, William Bradbury died in 1868, Lowry was chosen to replace him as publisher of Sunday school music. He's best known, however, for his gospel songs including:

Nothing But the Blood, Shall We Gather at the River, All the Way My Savior Leads Me, I Need Thee Every Hour, and Marching to Zion.

"Music to me has been a side issue," he once said. "I would rather preach a sermon than write a hymn. I have always looked upon myself as a preacher and felt a sort of depreciation when I became known more as a composer."

This hymn, "Christ Arose!" was written one evening during the Easter season of 1874 while contemplating the meaning of Christ's death and resurrection. He read Luke 24:6-7: "He is not here, but is risen: remember how He spoke unto you when He was yet in Galilee, saying, The Son of man must be delivered into the hands of sinful men, and be crucified, and the third day rise again."

The words and music began forming in his mind and soon completed what was to become one of our greatest resurrection hymns. While on the surface the lyrics of his short poem seemed simple, the actual message was deeply profound.

The verses were foreboding and steeped in hopelessness. They were mournful and dark, reflecting emotions of deep loss. Yet the chorus was incredibly upbeat and hopeful. When Lowry matched a melody to the somber verses, the strains were dark and tempo slow. Yet when the good news of a risen Savior was revealed in the chorus, suddenly the music was bright and uplifting. It was if a celebration had broken

out in the midst of a funeral wake.

It was an instant hit when first published and remains popular today. This is partly because it's easy to sing, but in truth, it is the lyrical message that is found in it. It tells the whole story of the cross, beginning with Good Friday, but not ending until the triumphant victory over the tomb.

**Low in the grave He lay, Jesus my Savior  
Waiting the coming day, Jesus my Lord**

**Vainly they watched His bed, Jesus my Savior  
Vainly they sealed the dead, Jesus my Lord**

**Death cannot keep his prey, Jesus my Savior  
He tore the bars away, Jesus my Lord**

**chorus:**

**Up from the grave He arose,**

**with a mighty triumph o'er His foes**

**He arose a victor from the dark domain,**

**And He lives forever with His saints to reign;**

**He arose!**

**He arose!**

**Hallelujah, Christ arose!**

## Memories

Mid December of last year my Aunt Dot, short for Dorothy, had a stroke and as a result took a fall in the parking lot after a visit to her doctor. She is 87 years old. She struck her head on the cement and was treated by an EMT team at the sight before she was taken to a hospital in Washington, PA. They put her on a respirator to help ensure her trip there was successful. The hospital found that she had bleeding in her brain and needed emergency surgery. They were not equipped there for that kind of surgery so she was life-flighted to a larger hospital in Pittsburgh, PA. She was in a coma for several days after the surgery and when she did come out of it was not very responsive. After the follow-up treatment at the hospital she was sent to a step down hospital for rehab. All the while she was still on a ventilator and had only fleeting moments of awareness of her surroundings. Also, as a result of the ventilator she had to begin taking nutrition through a feeding tube. She had made out a living will years before to avoid this ever happening to her, unfortunately she was put in this position before the hospital was aware of the living will. Then the rehab hospital lost her hearing aid so she couldn't hear and she couldn't speak because of the ventilator. She was placed in a nursing home recently where they still have her hands restrained because she takes every opportunity to pull out everything that's attached to her. She still has only occasional days where she is responsive and doesn't sleep all day. It's heartbreaking to see her in this condition.

Prior all this happening to her, Aunt Dot had lived alone in an assisted living apartment. She enjoyed her independence. The doctors told us but we all knew that she would never be able to return to her apartment or live by herself ever again. So, a group of us family members met one Saturday and packed up everything and cleaned out her apartment. While always aware of the sad reason for the job at hand, it was like taking a wondrous walk down memory lane.

In the many things I took away with me from my aunt's apartment, the ones that brought back the most vivid memories were my grandma's trunk and her bible. According to the inscription in the front of the bible it had been given to my grandmother as a gift in 1969. She passed away in 1972 and then Dot used her bible and kept it close at hand. The trunk was one that Grandma kept by her bed and where she stored her blankets and the quilts she made. I got one of those, too! But it's her bible that brought back the best and most memories. Of course, this wasn't her old bible but it was still one she used and was a representative of those she used before.

My Aunt Dot was what some people might call an "old maid" since she had never married. She was my mother's oldest sister and had lived with my grandmother until her death. It was always just the two of them. As a child and until I was old enough to have a real job, I would visit with them at least a month every year during summer break from school and most holidays. I loved spending time with Aunt Dot and my grandma. They lived way, way out in the country and I have wonderful memories of berry picking, county fairs, working in the truck patch, the smell of newly cut hay, playing in the creek, sled riding, and going to church.

When the leaves were off the trees you could see the church from the porch of the house where my grandma and Aunt Dot lived. It was a little one-room nondenominational country church with a congregation totaling about 25 members, though it was rare when they were all there at the same time. My grandma and Dot

never missed going to church. Grandma taught the adult Sunday school class. Aunt Dot led the singing, taught the toddler to age 6 class, was the church secretary, and the church janitor. I remember going with her to the church on Friday or Saturday to sweep the hard wood floor, dust the pews, and lay out the church bulletins. There was a pot bellied stove in the center of the church and in cold weather she prepared the stove with coal and kindling for easy start up come Sunday morning. She would go early so she could get the church warmed up for when the rest of the congregation arrived. They didn't have electricity then and I can remember Saturday nights curled up close to an oil lamp reading or writing letters to my family, my Grandma close by sewing something or reading her bible, and Aunt Dot getting her flannel board cut-out characters and lesson ready for her Sunday school class. Those were also the days when women and young ladies wore a hat and white gloves to church. I remember my grandma walking to church with her hat on and her bible under her arm. In the summer there were camp or tent meetings we always went to and there was my grandma with her hat on and her bible in hand. Going to church and spending time with God was always a big part of their lives. The example they set had a great influence on me, and I cherish those memories. They helped develop the person I've become.

All those memories came flooding back to me as I packed up that bible and brought it home. Like I rediscovered my memories, it's amazing to think that God has stored away all the memories of my own life. All the things I've forgotten or thought unimportant are there as well as the things remembered. He loves me enough to never forget me. He promised. I feel blessed to be so remembered and I'm confident that I'll see my grandma and in turn my aunt when we all get to heaven. My Aunt Dot is still here for now and only God knows for how much longer that might be so. We have no worries about our passing for Aunt Dot and I are assured of where we will be spending eternity.

-LeuAnna Taylor

"Remembering without ceasing your work of faith, and labour of love, and patience of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ, in the sight of God and our Father; knowing, brethren beloved, your election of God."  
I Thessalonians 1:3, 4

*"And we have known and believed the love that God hath to us. God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him. Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment: because as he is, so are we in this world. There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear: because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love. We love him, because he first loved us."* I John 4:16 - 19

\*\*Note - A few weeks after writing this tribute, Aunt Dot went home to be with the Lord.