
VIEWS LETTER

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An Easter Sunday Dress To Remember

~By *Ann Stamps Beddingfield*

What a privilege, growing up in the nineteen fifties and sixties! For certified, social security card carrying, baby boomers, it was a wonderful time to be a child. We, my older brother by sixteen months, Gaylon, and younger sister by twenty-eight months, Adelia, were happy, healthy and blissfully innocent of any preconceived ideas about the complications of life. We were children of parents who had survived the great depression. Our dad, JW (initials only) Stamps, was a World War II veteran, who, like many other young men, had come home to farm, and to marry the love of his life, Leona Bowers Stamps. Hopefully, with combined efforts, they would raise a family and perhaps make the world a better place by their faith in God, and “can do” spirits!

Most aspects of life on the farm were honest and simple including our clothing. Monday through Friday morning, we dressed in our school clothes, and prepared for the morning bus ride. The school dress code permitted dresses or skirts only as proper attire for girls! Because winter mornings on the school bus could be extremely cold, our practical and conscientious, loving mother would insist we wear long pants under our dresses – how embarrassing! Of course, we took these off as soon as we entered the school building! After riding the school bus home, we changed into our play clothes; finished the day's chores as well as homework, and then we could play! We were allowed to get our “play” clothes as soiled and grubby as our little hearts desired; remembering we would have to wear them each afternoon for the entire week!

Saturday was great and Sunday was special. Saturday was great because we didn't have to ride the bus to school, so we just dressed in our play clothes and played all day - except for time spent helping our mother, of course. Sunday was special because it was our “social time” with cousins and church friends. Our parents were committed to making the twelve mile drive to church services every Sunday morning and evening as well as Wednesday night bible classes and devotional. Before we started to school, my sister and I would attend a Tuesday morning Ladies Bible class with our mother. We also attended a week long Vacation Bible School each summer! Mama would teach, as well as pick up every willing child between home and town. (One year my brother and I even won certificates for bringing the most friends to Bible School!) Church clothes were our best clothes, and any time we went to church, we wore dresses! As little girls, we sometimes wore hats with our dresses; occasionally, we even had gloves; but, I repeat, and emphasize, any time we went to church, we unquestionably wore dresses! Our clothes represented a certain respect for the occasion; therefore, our very best attire was always reserved for Sunday school and Worship services!

Though our clothes were always clean and pressed, our closet was certainly not overflowing with a vast variety of choice. We wore the same dress at least two times before it was laundered. When we changed into play clothes, that dress was immediately hung on a hanger in the closet! Leaving a worn dress, that was not yet ready to be washed and ironed, on the bedroom floor, was grounds for corporal punishment! Our school clothes consisted of one or two new dresses in the fall, and several “hand me down” dresses. Clothing was usually passed down from an older cousin or sibling, and we thought the concept was fine. The very best dress of all was our Easter dress. We were assured Mama and Daddy would make provision for my sister and me to enjoy a new dress, new shoes, usually with a matching purse, and sometimes even a hat and gloves for Easter Sunday!

One Easter dress is especially memorable! The year was 1959. I had just celebrated my ninth birthday, and my sister was just shy of seven. Growing up during the depression, and as a farmer's wife, Mama knew well, and practiced the virtue of frugality! A perfectionist in every endeavor, Mama learned quickly the skills involved in sewing. Constructing our Easter dresses was not only frugal; it was also a source of great accomplishment for our artistic mother. This year promised to be especially exciting for her creative energies as our daddy had recently purchased for her, a brand new Singer Zigzag sewing machine! The mechanical wonder could practically sew by itself! After relentless searching, Mama found just the right dress pattern for my sister and me. It would be "right next door to" perfect for the fancy stitching with which she intended to embellish our faddish little frocks. As I remember, they were full skirted, short sleeved, shirtwaist dresses that buttoned down the back. A two-inch wide yolk outlined the neck of each dress, and a two-inch wide, inset waistband attached the bodice of the dress to the skirt. Mama chose a soft, peach colored polished cotton fabric for the dresses and brown polished cotton for the yolks and waistbands. On the brown fabric pieces, she planned to stitch several rows of fancy zigzag stitching in a contrasting peach colored thread. Laying the pattern pieces on the fabric, she pinned them in place, then carefully cut out each shape for the two matching dresses. As I was the oldest, my dress was completed first, and it was beautiful! Mama's artistic perfectionism was evident as the dress was just as she had envisioned! Then the unthinkable happened – Mama was suddenly, but thankfully, temporarily "under the weather," and as the clock ticked, it was evident that my little sister's Easter dress was not going to be finished in time - at least, not by our mother.

Our daddy was, on more than a few occasions, our number one hero! Not only was he a dry land farmer who worked shift work at a gasoline plant to provide for our family; he was also an airplane pilot. We thought anyone who could fly, could probably do just about anything! He took a certain amount of pride in the fact that his wife was able to "work" at home, where her "job" was to take care of the children and the home. Mama and Daddy's strengths complimented one another. If our mama wasn't so good at one thing, usually our daddy was, and vice versa. That has been their marital ebb and flow for some sixty-two years. This particular time it was our daddy who "took up the slack", and came to the rescue. That memorable Saturday evening, in silence, with his ambidextrous fingers; pins were placed, the sewing machine begged to hum, and sometime during the wee hours of the morning, only a few hours before we were to dress for Easter Sunday services, our daddy had completed sewing my little sister's special dress! It was a smaller, identical version of my dress, right down to the buttons, buttonholes, and intricate, color contrasting, zigzag stitching! I really can't say who was beaming more brightly that Sunday morning, but it was certainly an Easter Sunday to be remembered, as our family walked into church; my little sister and I in our beautiful, matching, lovingly home-made Easter dresses!

As a child, I thought of this event as just another story in our family's history. In retrospect, remembering this event through the eyes of an adult, and heart of a parent, I am filled with emotion to think about the devoted determination of a good daddy: an earthly father who has said, "I love you," more often by his labors of love, and the life he has lived before us of Faith and integrity; than with flowery words or meaningless trinkets. I praise God for a precious Christian mother who has always been lovingly and diligently faithful to her Lord, husband, and family, regardless of the challenges faced. I am thankful for treasured memories that surface in my spirit each time I need a gentle reminder of God's love; His unconditional love, that manifested itself through the sacrificial love of our parents, and in sweet memories....like a special Easter dress.

Dear Lord,

Open the eyes of our hearts that we may not miss a single blessing or sweet memory You have in store for us....may You receive all glory and honor for our gifts, and the work of Your Spirit through willing hearts. I pray in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,

Amen.

Ann 2-15-2010

Everything you add to the truth subtracts from the truth.

~Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn

**O boundless love divine! How shall this tongue of mine
To wond'ring mortals tell the matchless grace divine—
That I, a child of hell, should in His image shine!
The Comforter has come!**

~By Dr. Frank Bottome from the hymn THE COMFORTER HAS COME which he wrote.

What Men Live By

~by A.W. Tozer

Human Life has its central core where lie the things men live by. These things are constant. They change not from age to age, but are the same among all races throughout the world always.

Life also has its marginal zones where lie the things that are relatively unimportant. These change from generation to generation and vary from people to people.

It is at the central core that men are one, and it is on the marginal zones that they differ from each other. Yet, the marginal things divide the people of the world radically and seriously. Most of the enmities of the earth have arisen from differences that did not matter basically; but because the people could not distinguish things men live by from things they live with these enmities arose between them, and often led to persecutions, murders and bloody wars. Were men everywhere to ignore the things that matter little or not at all and give serious attention to the few really important things, most of the walls that divide men would be thrown down at once, and a world of endless suffering ended.

What does matter after all? What are the great facts that are good all the time everywhere among all men? What are the axiomatic truths upon which all human life may rest with confidence? Fortunately, they are not many. Here are the chief ones:

1. **Only God is great.** Men have sought to place greatness elsewhere, in things, in events, in men; but the human soul is too great to attribute greatness to itself, and certainly too great to believe that things or events can possess true greatness. The greatness that men seem to have is as the greatness of moonlight which is but the glory of the sun reflected. Man's glory is borrowed. He shines in the light that never was on land or sea. He reflects God's greatness but has none of his own.

"Before Thy ever-blazing throne We ask no luster of our own."

2. **Only God is wise.** Man's wisdom has ever been the badge of his superiority and the cause of his most arrogant pride; yet it fails him constantly. He cannot by his wisdom find the answer to the old questions concerning himself; Whence? What? Why? Whither? By it, he cannot secure the blessings he wants most: to escape pain, to stay young and to stay alive. Yet man boasts of his wisdom, God waits, the ages pass, and time and space and matter and motion and life and death join to tell us that only God is wise.

3. **Apart from God nothing matters.** We think that health matters, that freedom matters, or knowledge or art or civilization. And but for one insistent word they would matter indeed. That word is eternity.

Grant that men possess perpetual being and the preciousness of every earthly treasure is gone instantly. God is to our eternal being what our heart is to our body. The lungs, the liver, the kidneys have value as they relate to the heart. Let the heart stop and the rest of the organs promptly collapse. Apart from God, what is money, fame, education, civilization? Exactly nothing at all, for men must leave all these things behind them and one by one go to eternity. Let God hide His face and nothing thereafter is worth the effort.

4. **Only what we do in God will remain to us at last.**

Man is made in the image of his Creator and has an urge toward creative activity. When he left the garden his creative urge did not leave him. He must build, always build; his materials may be brick, paint, musical notes, scientific data, systems of thought; but always he must build, from the boy that builds a toy to the man that builds an empire.

Yet, time is against him for it wears out everything it touches. Its grinding action makes dust of civilizations and cities and men. A lifetime of toil dies with the toiler. But God puts immortality in all our loving efforts for him and shares His eternity with all who love and trust Him.

5. Human sin is real.

Suspicion, hate, envy, power, lust and greed keep the world in a state of continual ferment, while bespectacled men stand unblinking and assure classes of eager students that the whole idea of sin is outmoded, and sin itself is non-existent.

In spite of all our smooth talk, sin continues to ride the race of man. Until its heavy weight is lifted from the soul nothing else has any right to our attention, for sin shuts us out from the presence of the God whose favor alone gives life any satisfactory reason for being.

6. With God there is forgiveness. “The Lord God merciful and gracious . . . keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin.” So says the Old Testament. “The Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins,” says the New.

God’s mercy heads up in the Man Christ Jesus who is God and man by the mystery of the Incarnation. He can and does forgive sin because the sin was committed against Him in the first place. The soul in Christ has found the One that matters. His heaviest problem is solved; his basic philosophy is sound; his eyes are open and he knows the true from the false.

7. Only what God protects is safe. All else perishes with the using or the hoarding. Paul knew this secret. He said, “He is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.”

Blessed Treasure. Blessed Keeper. Blessed Day.



**For myself, I long ago decided that
I would rather know the truth than be happy in ignorance.
If I cannot have both truth and happiness, give me truth.
We'll have a long time to be happy in heaven.**

A.W. Tozer

A FLYING STORY

The two men approached the Cessna for an introductory flying lesson. The instructor was an older gentleman, who had over the years developed an 'as-a-matter-fact' air, particularly when he was wearing his flight instructor persona. He was already studiously pointing out features of the Cessna 172 that they were about to fly.

The student, who had just turned sixteen, watched attentively as the older gent rambled on about such things as oil quantities, aileron clearances, what an empennage was, and how all flight controls worked in unison to make the aircraft fly in a coordinated way. He was stressing the importance of developing good habits in pre-flight-inspections as he walked around the airplane tapping on the fuselage, physically moving each flight control and inspecting each dent and ding in the leading edge of the wing as if he had never seen the airplane before.

What the old man didn't yet know was that this young boy was extraordinarily mature and already knew everything that the old man was trying to teach. The old man assumed that this was to be the kid's first flight. The student didn't indicate otherwise.

JD had been taught by his grandfather how to be receptive in learning, how to keep his opinions to himself, how to be mild when dealing with others, how to behave morally and how to fly like a bird. But the thing that made JD stand out more than all of the kids his age was his compassion for others and his respect for their opinions and their feelings. He not only looked after the underdog; he loved them and had learned to educate

them in such a subtle and delicate way. He was a natural teacher, and seldom did anyone realize that he was constantly encouraging others. Everyone who knew JD loved him.

He started flying before he could see over the panel of the cub and had soloed during his ninth year. He had gobs of experience and had already taught his older brother and younger sister how to fly. At first both siblings made it known that they didn't like flying and didn't want to learn. But, before it was over they became born-to-fly-aviators.

It didn't take the old man long to figure out that he had been duped and once the final landing had been made he asked, "JD, can I visit with your dad when we get back to the hanger?"

"My dad was killed during Desert Storm, but you can call my Mom."

"Did she teach you to fly?"

"No, not really, although she does have an enormous influence on me."

"Enormous influence, that's a phrase that most kids your age never use. Okay then, I would like to talk to whoever it was that taught you how to fly."

"That would be my Granddad, but he isn't really a pilot anymore. He used to fly, but he lost his medical before I was born. But, you can call him when we get back. I don't think he would mind."

"Okay I would like that. In the meantime, lets keep it a secret that you already know how to fly, okay? That was sort of your intention in the first place wasn't it?"

"Okay. And, yes, but somehow I knew that I couldn't fool you."

After a very short post flight inspection of the Cessna and a brief post flight discussion of how to remain hush-hush about what JD and his granddad had been doing for the past several years. They parted company.

Immediately upon arriving at his office in the hanger, he punched in the number that JD had given him to call the Granddad.

A voice answered, "Hello."

"Hello, is Mr. Jack Flynn there?"

"Speaking."

"Mr. Flynn, I'm Ken Khollar, I own the only flying school at Sky Harbor Airpark here in Cherimoya County. I met your grandson, JD, this morning, and I must commend you for doing a fine job of teaching that young man to fly. I flew with him a couple of hours, and he could pass a commercial flight check right now. I do believe that he could teach me a thing or two, and I'm not exaggerating not even a little. I don't care about the fact that you have been flying around for the past sixteen or more years without a medical nor that JD has been flying around without certified instruction. I will keep your secret. Can you fill me in on what else this young man has been doing?"

"Well, there was a long pause, then he continued, "Ken. You caught us red handed! You don't mind if I call you Ken do you?" Jack asked.

"No, not at all, Mr. Flynn, Ken would be good."

" And, you just call me Jack," okay?"

"Okay—Jack."

"About JD and what he has been up to. He has been going to school just like all other kids his age, however, he has already secretly tested out of high school at age 11, but I make him show up just the same, and I'll be dog-gone if his teachers don't have him tutoring students in some of the calculus and physics classes. The kid isn't a normal kid at all, he is what they call a phenomenon or a prodigy. It's like he has a photographic mind. He is so much smarter than I could ever be." Another long pause, "But you know what? He is different than most smart people like him. He has a sweetness about him, and not an arrogant bone in his body. He totally loves his mother, his brother and sisters, and is devoted to them. He has already taught two of them how to fly and has done it much better than I ever could have. I just want him to get him legal so that he can fly to other places without getting in trouble. Can you help me get that done? We have maintained secrecy about his natural abilities so far, and we would like to keep it that way."

"I'd be happy to, but I want to see if you and JD can help me. I have three young flight instructors, they are all loveable guys, but they can't fly, much less instruct. They can manage to get the airplane up and down, and they can talk the lingo, but they don't see the big picture, in other words, they could use some help. I can't seem

to teach them anything. What I say goes in one ear and out the other. I'd like to get them to be JD's instructor and maybe he can teach them something without them knowing it. He had me fooled until he did a perfect chandelle after I had demonstrated it only once. He is the coolest acting kid I have ever met, and he is a natural flyer. Do you think we could work something like that out?"

Jack paused again, "I know it's possible, but I'll have to ask JD. He will probably say yes because he is always up for a challenge, and keeping this a secret won't be a challenge for him. But, teaching his instructor at the same time might be a little tough. Who is going to pay for all this flight time?"

Ken replied quickly, "Jack, we need to hide the fact that JD has been flying around illegally for the past several years, so you need to pay for most of it, but I can promise you this; JD will pay much less than normal students do, and he will get his commercial license on the appropriate birthday."

"That doesn't seem all that fair to me, Ken, but being between a rock and a hard place that will have to do. You sign him up for his second lesson and I'll clue him in on the deal if he is willing and all. Will you sign him off to take his written exams? The sooner he gets those behind him the better, Okay?"

"Done. Now, when would it be convenient for his second lesson?"

"He can sneak out of school around two O'clock and can be at the airport by three. How does that sound?"

"Fine Jack, I'll look for JD tomorrow. Stay in touch."

"Also, better get him a new Log Book since the one that we have been keeping will only reveal our failure to abide by all the federal rules and regulations concerning flying.

"You got it Jack, anything else?"

"No, nothing that I can think of. Thanks anyway.

"Okay. Good bye."

"So long."

Next day a three O'clock, JD shows up again at the flight school and was assigned to a young flight instructor named Victor who was smitten by his own position as a flight instructor. As soon as they met Victor advised JD to get the clipboard with the keys to a certain Cessna 172, which he did. Then Victor asked JD, "You do know how to do a pre-flight don't you?" He spoke with all the authority of a walk-on-water flight instructor.

JD softly replied, "Yes Ken showed me yesterday how to pre-flight an airplane. Aren't we going to go over what we are going to do on this flight?"

"Suppose we should go over the syllabus. You go to the third office down the hall on the left, and I'll be there in a couple minutes."

"What's with this guy?" Victor said to Ken's wife who worked the scheduling and answering of the phones, but was unaware of what was going on.

"I dono, seems like a real nice kid to me."

Victor came to the office and sat down behind the small table with his back to the wall. "Okay, today we are going to take off and fly to the practice area which is about five miles west of the airport. We are then going to fly straight and level with some turns to keep us in the area. We will slow the aircraft to a very slow speed. We will do some power off stalls. We hope to learn how to fly a constant speed at a constant altitude. Any questions?"

"Yes, I have a few. How will I know that I am staying at a constant speed and a constant altitude?"

"Instruments! Altimeter for altitude, and airspeed indicator for airspeed, you do know what those instruments look like, don't you?" A tiny bit of arrogance was in his voice which JD ignored.

"I know that, but how do I make the aircraft stay at a constant altitude?"

"Oh brother, you students are all alike. Haven't you been doing your homework?"

"Well, I have read the book, but I'm not sure how all of this works together. Is the trim wheel important? What do I see out the windscreen when we are climbing? Is it different than when we are slow flying? I just need to know what to expect and what is expected of me before we start spending my Granddad's money. Does that make sense?"

"Okay, lets go through the whole one hour flight. And, they did, and JD kept asking questions that made Victor think about what was going on during the lesson when they were airborne. JD's questions emphasized to Victor what it was that JD should expect to learn and what JD could expect of him to teach him.

The flight was a normal flight which meant much loud talking to be heard over engine and wind noise in order for them to communicate.

JD continued to ask questions that forced Victor to think and to think like an aviator. At the end of the lesson, Victor couldn't say enough nice things about JD and his flying ability. He claimed that JD was a natural aviator. In all the reality of the lesson, Victor was the one who gained the most understanding about flying, and Granddad Jack paid for it all.

Ken was amused at the praise that Victor showered upon JD as he walked into the office after they had landed. He had never heard such from Victor before.

The next two days, there were two different instructors but the same routine with similar results taking place.

By the end of a week, JD had officially soloed, they cut off his shirt and everyone congratulated him for being the youngest student to solo in less than five hours of flight time. Those three instructors were patting each other on the back for their superb ability in the art of flight instruction, and lets face it, they were all the better instructors for having instructed JD.

~AV Yaw

About the Holy Bible.

Some believe and some do not; some are morally receptive and some are not; some have spiritual capacity and some have not. It is to those who do and are and have that the Bible is addressed. Those who do not and are not and have not will read it in vain.

A.W. Tozer

What is Biblical Faith?

A.W. Tozer

Faith as the Bible knows it is confidence in God and His Son Jesus Christ; it is the response of the soul to the divine character as revealed in the Scriptures; and even this response is impossible apart from the prior inworking of the Holy Spirit. Faith is a gift of God to a penitent soul and has nothing whatsoever to do with the senses or the data they afford. Faith is a miracle; it is the ability God gives to trust His Son and anything that does not result in action in accord with the will of God is not faith but something else short of it.

Faith and morals are two sides of the same coin. Indeed the very essence of faith is moral. Any professed faith in Christ as personal Savior that does not bring the life under plenary obedience to Christ as Lord is inadequate and must betray its victim at the last.

The man that believes will obey; failure to obey is convincing proof that there is not true faith present. To attempt the impossible God must give faith or there will be none, and He gives faith to the obedient heart only. Where real repentance is, there is obedience; for repentance is not only sorrow for past failures and sins, it is a determination to begin now to do the will of God as He reveals it to us.



I have spent all my life under a Communist regime, and I will tell you that a society without any objective legal scale is a terrible one indeed. But a society with no other scale but the legal one is not quite worthy of man either.

~Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn

THE GRACIOUSNESS OF UNCERTAINTY

"It doth not yet appear what we shall be." 1 John 3:2

Naturally, we are inclined to be so mathematical and calculating that we look upon uncertainty as a bad thing. We imagine that we have to reach some end, but that is not the nature of spiritual life. The nature of spiritual life is that we are certain in our uncertainty, consequently, we do not make our nests anywhere. Common sense says - "Well, supposing I were in that condition...." We cannot suppose ourselves in any condition we have never been in. Certainty is the mark of the common-sense life: gracious uncertainty is the mark of the spiritual life. To be certain of God means that we are uncertain in all our ways, we do not know what a day may bring forth. This is generally said with a sigh of sadness, it should be rather an expression of breathless expectation. We are uncertain of the next step, but we are certain of God. Immediately, we abandon to God, and do the duty that lies nearest, He packs our life with surprises all the time. When we become advocates of a creed, something dies; we do not believe God, we only believe our belief about Him. Jesus said, "Except ye become as little children." Spiritual life is the life of a child. We are not uncertain of God, but uncertain of what He is going to do next. If we are only certain in our beliefs, we get dignified and severe and have the ban of finality about our views; but when we are rightly related to God, life is full of spontaneous, joyful uncertainty and expectancy.

"Believe also in Me," said Jesus, not - "Believe certain things about Me." Leave the whole thing to Him, it is gloriously uncertain how He will come in, but He will come. Remain loyal to Him.

Oswald Chambers

All the perplexities, confusion and distress in America arise, not from defects in their Constitution or Confederation, not from want of honor or virtue, so much as from the downright ignorance of the nature of coin, credit and circulation.

~John Adams

Conformity is the jailer of freedom and the enemy of growth.

~John F. Kennedy

Sincere diplomacy is no more possible than dry water or iron wood.

Joseph Stalin (This quote is intended to indicate just how untrustworthy Communism is. This quote represents one of their basic philosophies.)

Around The House

~by **Barkley Doudney Schnauzer Dog.**

So far, there is not much going around here, nothing that would interest the dullest of animals anyway. It is just ho' hum' and boring. I miss that nuisance of a barking male Schnauzer-dog that used to visit next door. At least he kept the Boss irritated a little. The boat-tail hunting is nil. There's nothing to hunt and if there were birds that little Frenchman would keep them so uptight that they would never land in our yard. The other day, I caught him barking at one that flew over. I know one thing; that if it were up to his hunting skill to survive, he would starve. The Boss said that he would never make it as a country dog. He would either be run over while chasing cars or the Coyotes would have him for dinner.

The Boss was diagnosed with a kidney stone so large that they had to perform Extracorporeal Shock-Wave-Lithotripsy on him. There for a while he didn't know what was going on inside him to make him have blood in his urine so he went to see his doctor. Right off, the doctor suspected a kidney stone, however, he had him go to the hospital for a CAT scan the next day. The CT Scan was on a Wednesday, and the boss never did hear from the Dr. However, Linda got the call while the Boss was at church Sunday morning, and he informed her what it was, and that his nurse would call for an appointment for the procedure.

Lithotripsy was performed on Andy about five times. So, Sunday evening he gave the Boss the rundown on what to expect.

With the Boss stove up a little, he hasn't been down in Texas much of late. The Boss reasons that everything is well, and that he will be headed down that way shortly.

Well, Springtime should be right around the corner, but I've been fooled before. I heard of snowfall in May along with freezing rain and drizzle. I hate the snow worst of all.

Keep sniffing the wind and someday soon you will catch the fresh aroma of Springtime.

Best to everyone, be safe and don't act a fool and chase cars!

~Bark



Cash Vaughn Wetzel

Aka;

VonWetzel

My first Grandson.

He is so Cool!

That's All Folks