

Heart and Home Harmony

Aiming for hearts, homes, and lives in harmony with:
God and His Church, and the rest of His creation through the Holy Spirit.

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The Unbarred Door

When on America's eastern plain
Still roamed her forest child,
And the new homes of Europe's sons
Were rising in the wild.

Upon a clearing in a wood
Amos had built his cot;
He tilled his little farm
And lived contented with his lot.

A just, peace-loving man was he,
Kind unto all and true,
And well his ever-open door,
The wandering Indian knew.

But often were the settler's lands.
By force or fraud obtained
And to the Red man dispossessed,
Revenge alone remained.

And 'round the blazing fire of logs
When winter nights were cold,
To shuddering listeners, dreadful tales
Of Indian raids were told.

But Amos feared not, though his home
All undefended lay,
And still his never-bolted door
Was open night and day.

One morn a neighbor passed in haste;
"Indians, they say, are nigh,
So Amos, bolt your door tonight
And keep your powder dry."

"My friend," said he, "the God I serve
Commands me not to kill,
And sooner would I yield my life

Than disobey his will.

"One gun I have, but used alone
Against the wolf or bear,
To point it at my fellow-man,
My hand would never dare.

"But I shall put the thing away.
They shall not see it here.
For the old gun in hands unskilled,
Might do some harm, I fear.

"Besides, the Indians are my friends
They would not do me ill,
Here they have found an open door
And they shall find it still."

"Well," said the neighbor, as he went,
"My faith is not so clear.
If wretches come to take my life,
I mean to sell it dear."

But the good wife of Amos stood,
And listened with affright.
"Unless," she said, "that door is fast,
I shall not sleep tonight."

And with her words as women can
She urged her husband sore,
Till for the sake of household peace,
At last he barred the door.

They went to rest, and soon the wife
Was wrapped in slumbers deep;
But Amos turned and tossed about,
And vainly tried to sleep.

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Here in the North Country

Dear Readers,

We wish unto you grace, mercy, and peace, from God our Father and Jesus Christ our Lord.

Across our homestead, many leaves that were lush and green yesterday hang limp and black in the sunshine today. Their chance to produce any more fruit is over. It's the day we dig our sweet potatoes and collect the squash, since the leaf cover isn't there to protect them from the next frost.

Harvest. It's the reason we labored all summer—in hope of enjoying the fruit. What are we harvesting in our lives? **But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law. Galatians 5:22-23.** Now that is a harvest we would all enjoy!

Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting. And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not. Gal. 6:7-9

We do not know when a killing frost will settle on our lives. While we have the time, let us labor to secure a harvest in heaven. **Jesus answered and said unto them, This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he**

hath sent. John 6:29. It isn't that hard. Ask God to help you believe and obey.

We thank God for two new grandchildren. On June 13th Peter Michael was born to Daniel and Mendy Martin. He was very fussy and gained very little until he was put on a formula with predigested protein. Now he is fast catching up to brother Phillip. We hope and pray he will outgrow the problem.



Peter & Phillip

Phillip had surgery on August 6th to correct his cleft palate. He came home from the hospital on his 1st birthday, the 8th. He is growing and happy.

On June 30th Christopher Edward Hall joined Rob, Emily, and four siblings. He is “growing like a weed.”



Christopher

We are eagerly looking forward to seeing our daughter Ellen and her husband, Mike Atnip for the first time in almost five years, and their son, Daniel, an abandoned baby they adopted, for the first time. They plan to leave Bolivia, S.A. and arrive in the U.S. in a few weeks.

May all your harvests be bountiful and sweet.

Luke and Rachel Martin

Heart and Home Harmony

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We didn't know if we would print an issue this time because we didn't have much material. Then the Lord provided these articles by anonymous authors.



But I Am a Worm...?

Psalms 22 MKJV A Psalm of David.

My God, my God, why have You forsaken me,

Christ uttered these words after all His friends had left Him and He was dying on the cross, in terrible pain, bearing the weight of all our sins.

and are far from my deliverance, and from the words of my groaning? 2 O my God, I cry in the daytime, but You do not answer; and in the night, and am not silent.

David had some hard experiences too. And I know the feeling.

But You are holy, enthroned on the praises of Israel. 4 Our fathers trusted in You; they trusted, and You delivered them. 5 They cried to You, and were delivered; they trusted in You, and were not ashamed. 6 But I am a worm, and no man; Now that is me. a reproach of men, and despised by the people. 7 All who see Me mock me; they shoot out the lip;

David and Christ understood how I feel.

they shake the head, saying, 8 He trusted on Jehovah; let Him deliver Him; let Him rescue Him,

since He delights in Him! 9 For You are He who took Me out of the womb, causing Me to trust while on My mother's breasts. 10 I was cast on You from the womb; You are My God from My mother's belly. 11 Be not far from Me; for trouble is near, for there is none to help. 12 Many bulls have circled around Me; strong bulls of Bashan have surrounded Me. 13 They opened wide their mouths on Me, like a ripping and a roaring lion.

He compares his enemies to ravenous beasts. I too, feel helpless.

14 I am poured out like water, and all My bones are spread apart; My heart is like wax; it is melted in the midst of My bowels. 15 My strength is dried up like a potsherd, and My tongue clings to My jaws; 16 and You have brought Me into the dust of death. For dogs have circled around Me; the band of spoilers have hemmed Me in, piercers of My hands and My feet. 17 I can count all My bones; they look and stare at Me. 18 They divide My garments among them and cast lots for My clothing.

These details clearly describe Christ's experience at the time of His crucifixion for they are quoted and described in the gospels. But He was perfect; David and I have sinned. We have failed. Christ did not fail yet He was despised and rejected and took our guilt. Such terrible treatment, and that unjustly, no wonder He felt like a worm. David too, was treated unjustly. Even while he proved himself upright, the jealous king sought his life as if he was a criminal.

But I am a failure. Will I ever be a person instead of a worm?

19 But You, O Jehovah, be not far from Me; O My strength, hurry to help Me!

You made me a person. I have acknowledged my guilt to You. When I realize my failures, I try to make restitution. Though I usually cannot undo the damage, You are forgiving and usually others are forgiving. Really, I too have been treated unjustly. Is that what makes me feel like a worm?

20 Deliver My soul from the sword, My only one from the dog's hand. 21 Save Me from the lion's mouth; from the wild oxen's horns. You have answered Me. 22 I will declare Your name to My brothers; in the midst of the congregation I will praise You. 23 You who fear Jehovah, praise Him; all of you, the seed of Jacob, glorify Him; and fear Him all the seed of Israel. 24 For He has not despised nor hated the affliction of the afflicted; and He has not hidden His face from him, but when he cried to Him, He heard. 25 My praise shall be of You in the

great congregation;

That I can do. Regardless of how much I have failed or how much like a worm I feel, I can praise God and praise Him I will!

I will pay My vows before the ones who fear Him. 26 The meek shall eat and be satisfied; those who seek Jehovah shall praise Him; your heart shall live forever. 27 All the ends of the world shall remember and turn to Jehovah; and all the families of the nations shall worship before You. 28 For the kingdom is Jehovah's; and He is the ruler among the nations. 29 All the fat ones on the earth shall eat and worship; all those who go down to the dust shall bow before Him; and none can keep alive his own soul.

Christ bore the injustice and shame and gave Himself to make the way for us to live. By becoming part of Him and sharing in His suffering, we can become part of His resurrection.

30 A seed (posterity) shall serve Him; it shall be spoken of Jehovah to the coming generation. 31 They shall come, and shall declare His righteousness to a people that shall yet be born, that He has done this.

Maybe I have failed in the past but if I praise Him, my children, grandchildren, future grandchildren, and others will hear that He has done this and when they serve Him they will share in His victory. That is what matters.

I still struggle at times.

When problems arose, I used to respond like a worm—by crawl-

ing into a hole or spinning a cocoon. From inside those walls I didn't have a clear perspective of things. The things I imagined, the things I thought I saw, sometimes caused me to be unjust—in blaming myself and others

Then others felt like crawling into holes.

I didn't know what I was doing. Except that I often failed while wanting to help. I might as well keep my mouth shut and go to where I don't bother anybody.

I wasn't like some people that lash back in anger.

But God has been teaching me. Now I realize that when we withdraw from others or put up walls, we hurt others as much as when we lash in anger. In fact, we

are just as angry.

So hiding behind walls or crawling into holes doesn't solve anything. It only seems to propagate more worms.

Praising God does solve problems. He will help us do something with our anger—something constructive.

I still struggle when I face injustice. Instead of focusing on my glory, I must praise Him. If I focus on myself and what others say and do, I will sink and sin will surely make a worm out of me. If I focus on God and withdraw from everything into a cocoon of His love, I can grow up in Him. The Master of Life and metamorphosis gives me the ability to fly and bless others.

If I praise Him...

...I won't need to feel shame,
at...

The Mention of My Name

What is significant in our names?

Picture the scene of a birth. See the wonder on the face of the man who has just become a father, the awe in his voice as he pronounces - a name. They may have chosen the name carefully with great expectancy and plans and dreams. This name will be a part of that baby for the rest of life, an identity undefined by pronouns. The name may have meaning, a hope that the child might aspire to.

Years before Jesus was born, Father God announced his name and his plan, "For unto us a child is born unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon His shoulder;

and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace." (Isaiah 9:6)

Nine months before the birth of Christ, God sent a messenger, Gabriel, to Mary saying, "...Behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a son, and shall call his name Jesus. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest..." (Luke 1:31-32a)

When Joseph, Mary's betrothed, was minded to put her away privily the angel of the Lord reassured him saying, "That which is conceived in her is of the Holy

Ghost. And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call His name Jesus; for He shall save His people from their sins.” (Matthew 1:20b-21)

“Now all this was done, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet saying, Behold, a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call His name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us. Then Joseph being raised from sleep did as the angel of the Lord had bidden him, and took unto him his wife: and knew her not till she had brought forth her first born son: and he called His name Jesus.” (Matthew 1:22-25) The name of Jesus was chosen by God years before His birth, the plan God designed for His life began long before His conception and birth.

Did you know that God cares about our names with the same intensity, the same depth of love and purpose?

God who knows us, knows our names. In John 10:2-3, he declares himself to be like the “...shepherd of the sheep. To him the porter openeth; and the sheep hear his voice: and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out.”

In many places in the Bible, names are found to be significant to God. Sometimes God specified that he knew someone’s name before their birth. God told Jeremiah, “Before I formed thee in the belly I knew thee; and before thou camest forth out of the womb I sanctified thee...” (Jeremiah 1:5a)

Isaiah gives us these beautiful verses, “Listen, O isles, unto me; and hearken, ye people, from far; the

Lord hath called me from the womb; from the bowels of my mother hath he made mention of my name.” (Isaiah 49:1)

In the NIV Bible, the second part of this verse is translated, “Before I was born the Lord called me; from my birth He has made mention of my name.”

God even knows the names of those who do not acknowledge Him. “Thus says the Lord to his anointed, to Cyrus... And I will give thee the treasures of darkness, and hidden riches of secret places, that thou mayest know that I, the Lord, which call thee by thy name, am the God of Israel. For Jacob my servant’s sake, and Israel mine elect, I have surnamed thee, though thou hast not known me.” (Isaiah 45:1a, 3-4)

We, who on earth follow the design and intent of our Father, having our names written in the book of life will be given new names.

In Revelation 3:5, Jesus promises this: “He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father, and before His angels.”

“He that hath an ear, let him hear what the spirit saith unto the churches. To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it.” Rev 2:17

For a new home, a new life, and a new identity, we will have a new name.

Forever! Amen. ♥



The Mail Box



Dear Martin Family,

...I just read through *Heart and Home Harmony*... I like it very much... We agree with you totally in both articles, "Can We Be Perfect?" and "Yes, Thank-you!" Between the two articles you give a real balance. That's something we try to do in *Family Discipleship*, where we touch on a lot of Christian issues from a Biblical and practical perspective. (See the Boys Bugle, p.3 for information on their magazines.)

Like you, we have been frustrated by the lack of desire in professing Christians for God's perfection, from the heart, and at the same time, the huge amount of judgment going on in the church today. The two seem to go together, ironically. People don't want God's perspective, because it involves loving others, which often requires a certain amount of sacrifice of one's own selfish desires. So they revel in their supposed inability to attain to a perfection they do not even want—and then look around and judge everyone around them.

The true Christian life is the very opposite of this, wanting God's love to work through us, seeking it with all our hearts, and at the same time, being aware of our own struggles to the point of being merciful and non-judgmental in our love for others whom He loves. We believe that to believe in Jesus is to believe in Jesus' teaching as good and fair and right to expect of us. We have been shocked at how many Christians actually react to the teaching of Jesus Himself (his own words while here on earth) when it is pointed out.

We also believe that in receiving Jesus' forgiveness and mercy for our own sins and receiving his love for us, we are also, at the same time, entering

into His love, to become a partner in it, in a very active, dynamic, and whole-person-encompassing way. To love Jesus is to want to be caught up in His love, not only for ourselves but for others.

I thought that came out well in your articles, and also enjoyed the poem very much. We've been through a lot ourselves, raising 5 kids though we both have major physical handicaps, and being judged for a great deal of outward imperfections that we could do nothing about, especially since we wanted to put the spiritual first in our family life. For me the handicaps are more obvious—I am in a wheelchair caused by a river rafting accident. I also have diabetes and extreme heat sensitivity, and live in constant pain.

My husband's handicaps are less obvious and less understood—he has a migraine problem since childhood that puts him in bed with severe nausea if he does hard or prolonged physical work. He makes a living as a computer programmer—not lucrative if you put family first as he does, and are doing it so you can stay at home and still earn a living. But it has been adequate enough for us to be finally able to be buying a house in the country on one acre. We have no guaranteed income and so live by faith.

With love,
Joy Marie Dunlap
Romoland, CA

Amen! Thank you for writing. Jesus said: **I can of mine own self do nothing: as I hear, I judge: and my judgment is just; because I seek not mine own will, but the will of the Father which hath sent me. Judge not according to the appearance, but judge righteous judgment. John 5:30, 7:24. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy. Matt. 5:7**

(Continued from page 1)

Then came a voice within his heart,
A mild rebuke it bore.
It whispered, "Thou of little faith
Why hast thou barred thy door?"

"Weak is that poor defense of thine,
Against a hostile band;
Stronger than strongest fortresses,
The shadow of my hand."

"Hast thou not said, these many times,
That I have power to save,
As when my servants trembling feet,
Were sinking 'neath the wave?"

"Now let thy actions with thy words
In full accord agree;
Rise quickly and unbar thy door
And trust alone in Me."

Then Amos from his bed arose.
And softly trod the floor;
Crept down the stairs and noiselessly,
Unbarred the cottage door.

Then forth he looked into the night;
Starlight it was, and still
And slowly rose the waning moon.
Behind the tree-fringed hill.

He looked with trustful, reverent gaze,
Up to the starry sky,
As meets a child with loving glance,
A tender father's eye.

The cloud was lifted from his brow,
His doubts were over now,
The cool air breathed a kiss of peace,
Upon his tranquil brow.

Then back to his forsaken bed
He slowly groped his way,
And slept the slumber of the just,
Until the dawn of day.

That night a painted warrior band
Through the dark forest sped,
With steps as light upon the leaves

As panthers' stealthy tread.

They reached the farm; "we make no war,
With good and faithful men,"
The foremost Indian turned and said,
"Here dwells a son of Penn."

"But brother, if still his heart is right.
How shall we surely know?"
Answered another; "Time brings change.
And oft turns friend to foe."

Said the first one, "I will go
And gently try the door;
If open still it proves
His heart is as it was before."

It yielded and they entered in.
Across the room they stepped,
And came where Amos and his wife.
Calm and unconscious slept.

With tomahawk and scalping knife.
They stood beside the pair.
A solemn stillness filled the room;
An angel guard was there.

The eye sought eye and seemed to say.
How sound the good man sleeps!
So may they rest, and fear no ill,
Whom the Great Spirit keeps.

Then noiselessly they left the room
And closed the door behind,
And on their deadly war trail passed.
Some other prey to find.

And horror shrieked around their steps.
And bloodshed marked their way,
And many homes were desolate.
When rose another day.

But Amos with a thankful heart
Greeted the morning light,
And knew not until after years
How near was death that night.

Author Unknown