

# Salt of the Earth



Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savor, wherewith shall it be salted?

Issue 8

June 2011

## Who Is Jesus?



“Peter, he stopped praying.” James whispered, giving me a nudge.

I looked and saw that he was correct. Jesus had risen from his knees and had turned to look at the twelve of us. We had been relaxing now that things had quieted down since earlier, when Jesus had performed a miracle by feeding the multitude with five loaves of bread and two fishes. “Whom say the people that I am?” Jesus asked.

It was a logical question. If I were him I would have been curious of what people thought of **me**.

“John the Baptist.” Bartholomew stated, and several of the disciples nodded in agreement.

“But some say Elias.” John added, “And others say that one of the old prophets is risen again.”

Jesus’ gaze seemed to fall directly on me. “But whom say ye that I am?”

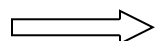
Who is Jesus? To most people today he is just a “good man” who “did good things for people a long time ago”. Some only think of his name as a swear word and nothing else. Who is Jesus? There are many ways you could answer that question. Son of God, Intercessor, Redeemer, Savior, Perfect Sacrifice.....

I tried putting this question to my four-year-old brother Tanner, not sure what kind of answer I would get out of him. He had just woken up when I asked him, “Tanner, who is Jesus?”

He blinked his eyes once and then said without hesitation. “He’s God!”

“That’s right!” I told him, giving him a hug. It was a simple, truth-filled, wonderful answer. We can think up many fancy definitions of who Jesus Christ is, but

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underneath it all, he is God. He came to earth for a season as God in the form of a human, to die for us, and shed his spotless blood. He purchased every soul in the world as he hung there on the cross, but set us free to choose for ourselves whether we want to belong to him, or to Satan.

Jesus was still standing there waiting for an answer. He wanted to know who I said that he was. I stared down at his dusty feet in their worn, leather sandals. Slowly I looked up past his frayed vesture to his face. I knew who he was. The words came easily from my lips, "The Christ of God."

## What is Youth Retreat?

By Brad Wertz, Quinter, Kansas

Let me start by giving you some history about this youth camp called Youth Retreat. It was started in 1975 by Len Wertz, who had a vision to see Dunkard Youth have a place to gain leadership skills, get sound Bible teaching about relevant subjects, and in the process, break down the cliques that were dividing the young people at the time. All of this, in the camp setting of the Rocky Mountains of Colorado, a place where the great outdoors is awe inspiring and physical activity is easy to come by.

Today, little has changed from those original goals. Youth Retreat is designed for youth in the 14 to 20 age range. We do a 10 lecture teaching series which all other camp activities revolve around. Every lecture is ended with a small group discussion that allows youth to interact with their peers and one of the staff members. The lecture series is surrounded by plenty of fun activities like volleyball, hiking, chilling out with old friends, and making new ones. Every evening we end the day around the campfire

with a time of worship and an activity that has a spiritual lesson. All this is enjoyed with the smell of pine in the air at Camp Colorado, in the beauty of the foothills of the Rocky Mountains just west of Castle Rock, Colorado.

The dates for this year's Retreat are **July 2-7, 2011**. There is a registration form, which we put on the Dunkard Brethren website, for your parents to sign if you are under the age of 18. It can be sent to: **Youth Retreat; 2420 Castle Rock Road; Quinter, KS; 67752**. I hope to see you there!



# Un Viaje a Centroamerica

(A Trip to Central America)

By Alisha Lehigh, Shrewbury Pennsylvania

Flying over the blue water of the Gulf of Mexico, I found myself reflecting on how what I was doing would have been impossible without the Lord. In the summer of 2010, my friend Melanie Mummert, a missionary in Guatemala, and I began working on a book of Bible lessons, primarily for the native teachers to get ideas from. Melanie had invited me to come visit her sometime, should the opportunity arise. Although I really wanted to, I figured the closest I would ever get would be in my dreams. But the Lord delights in what we call impossibilities— thus, April 28th found me happily on my way to a new adventure.

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After staying in the capital city at the mission headquarters for a few days, I made the 8+ hour bus trip to *El Chal*, a town up north in the *Pete`n*, where Melanie lives. Being new to the travel habits there gave me an added aspect of excitement which I greatly enjoyed. I had the privilege of washing my clothes in a *pila*— a large, cement object composed of three sink-like depressions and a water output valve. Due to the lack of pure water, a “glugalug” was utilized for drinking and cooking purposes. But among the *tuk-tuk* (three wheeled taxi) rides, learning to fit two people and a fan inside a bed under a mosquito net, and battling the heat armed with a huge can of powdered Gatorade, I have to say my favorite thing of all was those beautiful people speaking their beautiful Spanish tongue, and seeing them get a chance to hear the Word of God.

The people in Guatemala are generally very warm and friendly. There seems to be nothing so important that they don’t have time to stop and chat for a while, or help you with something. However, the devil has many transient strongholds through the many bars, dances, and the abounding immorality. Although there are also many churches, it is usually rather difficult to differentiate their music from that which radiates from dances and bars. The moral codes are very liberal and virtually anything seems to be acceptable in society.



A tuk-tuk

Melanie has been working with a group of non-Christian girls, and evidently many of them are searching in the wrong places for the love they never received at home or anywhere else. But how wonderful it is to see them slowly responding to the love and truth of God’s Word! Melanie is also conducting

## Un Viaje a Centroamerica Continued

various children's Bible classes and is in the process of handing them over to the native Christian girls. Iza, a girl I came to know and love a lot, has mostly taken over the Tuesday class at church, and already Melanie calls it "Iza's Class". Melanie also has a children's class in the street in what I perceived to be a poorer part of town. I had the privilege of teaching this class once and also drawing pictures corresponding to the lesson for a few different classes as Melanie or Iza taught. I found working with the children to be very conducive to learning more Spanish. They're actually wonderful teachers without even knowing it!



Alisha helping a 2nd grader

In addition to the children's Bible class, Melanie also teaches English at a school three days a week. Each class—grades 2nd, 4th, and 6th—is a big mass of energy! I joined her in teaching by holding up posters, writing on the boards, playing review games, flipping through flashcards, and going around the room to answer questions for the students while they were doing their class work.

Melanie also asked if I'd like to teach one or more of the classes on my own. Feeling rather inept and unworthy, I did, but stuck to just the 6th grade—one is enough for a new teacher who doesn't know what she's doing! After learning a lot myself and going through a few embarrassing and "panicky" moments, (such as running out of teaching material!) I would abstractly say that I thoroughly enjoyed it.

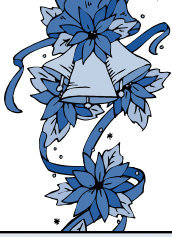
Another interesting thing I got to be involved in was Melanie's reading classes for people who are native Spanish speakers, but can't read or write yet. A 15-year-old girl named Yemi came to our house for a lesson along with her lively baby and little sister. She's obviously had a rough background, but yet is a very sweet girl.

We also went to the house of Santos, a man who is paralyzed from an accident and now longs to be able to read his Bible. I just loved seeing the light emanate from his eyes when he realized what he was saying after sounding it out. He read his first verse while I was there! It was also fun while at his house, to watch the animals come in and out—and occasional pig, chicken, or emaciated dog! There were animals everywhere, but most weren't allowed in the house.



Santos' reading class

A few different things I was entitled to experience included a trip to a cemetery



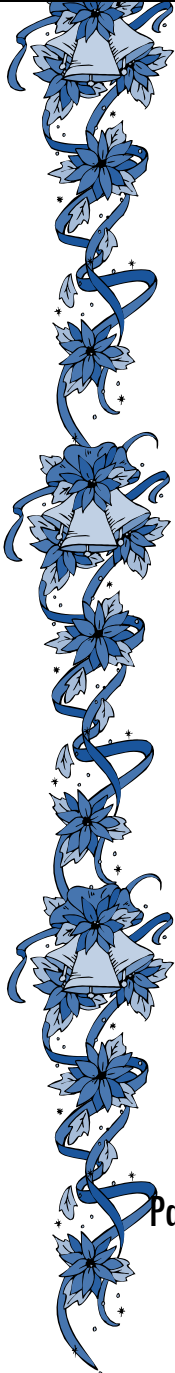
with a family to decorate the above-ground, cement grave; I spent an afternoon at the medical clinic with Sandra, a *Quiche* Indian who lives with Melanie; part of a night at an all-night vigil for a little boy who was killed; a Sunday in *Santa Rosita*, another outpost up in the “jungle” close to Mexico to which part of the trip is by canoe; going with another teacher to a public high school; and right before leaving Guatemala, spending a day with Melanie in Antigua to go to Spanish school and also riding the infamous “chicken bus” to and from there!



**On the way to Santa Rosita**

In all I am so grateful for the opportunity to go. I learned so much and got to do new and challenging things— sometimes feeling out of my comfort zone. Especially during the times when I taught, or shared my testimony, or traveled by myself once trying to hail a ride, but enjoying every minute.

Not only did I love learning more Spanish, but I deeply enjoyed developing friendships with different people, sharing, and praying together. It is very obvious at times that Satan is still working hard to get his way, but at the same time it is amazing to see the faithful keep turning back to God in the midst of their trials and heartaches. But being able to personally know many of the people I’ve only heard about, see their struggles and breakthroughs, and live among them for a time, I can better understand their prayer needs and relate to what they’re going through. I hope and pray that through this brief glimpse into Guatemalan life you will be led to hold these precious people to the Lord in prayer.



## The Perfect Lamb

By Rebekah Short, Pleasant Ridge, Ohio



Jesus prayed in Gethsemane,  
Said, “Father, let this cup pass from me.”  
Pilate came and took Him away;  
Took Him where the weapons lay

He said, “Forgive them Father, forgive.”  
“Have me die and let them live.”  
The time had come for Him to die  
Even though it should have been I

Jesus slept in a rich man’s grave;  
A brand new tomb, an unused cave.  
Mary anointed Jesus’ body and feet  
With perfume so awesomely sweet

# The Perfect Lamb Continued

Pilate rolled in front a stone  
Sealed, so Jesus could never roam

But He rose, and reigns in heaven above  
He intercedes with His great love  
Sinful man that I am,  
Jesus was the Perfect Lamb



## It Isn't About Time

By Lydia Brock, Pleasant Ridge, Ohio

As I ran through the living room I stooped to pick up a toy. I **still** had to do my math, guitar, Bible, and finish an outside chore! I worried that I wouldn't get done on time for science and history later that morning. And the counter was a wreck! If only people wouldn't be so sloppy!



My little brother, Tanner, interrupted my thoughts. "Lydia, watch me!" His voice was filled with enthusiasm and his face was lit with a smile. He again called out, but I was just too busy.

"Not now Tanner. Go show Alec or something." I didn't look up from my work and quickly whisked out of the room.

"Lydia!" Tanner's sad voice carried to me. I shook my head. Too busy.

Are we ever too busy to help others? Can't we just show them we care? Just a negative sentence can darken someone's day. God gave us each other to build each other up and to enjoy being together. Often we get carried away and have "more important" business. If we share some of our time with others we will often be returned the favor. It won't just make their day but maybe yours too. Tanner continues to ask for my attention and I try to look down into his merry face and ask, "Yes?"



4-year-old Tanner

May we try to be more encouraging and uplifting as we go from day to day and not just too busy to give others a smile or a kind word.

But exhort one another daily, while it is called Today; lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin. Hebrews 3:13