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God's Power for Faithful Mothers

Elder Charles Moore

Mother's Day is when everybody waits on mother and she pretends she doesn't mind the work involved in being a mom. Just about the time a mother thinks her work is done, she becomes a grandmother. If the father is the head of the house; the mother is the heart of the house. It has been said mothers write on the hearts of their children what the world's rough hand cannot erase.

God has entrusted to mothers the most precious gifts of God's creation - children. Motherhood is the highest and noblest of callings. Their children's lives, growing from child to grown-up, within the sphere of their influence will reflect their virtue and character!

God knows and cares about the great calling and ministry mothers have. The mothers of the Bible show by their lives that God makes special provision for the special needs of mothers. Let's look at two special mothers in the Bible.

Motherhood for Eve must have been a frightening thing, as frightening as it is

sometimes even now for new mothers. No one had ever been a mother before and she had this ringing in her ears - **"To the woman He said, 'I will greatly multiply Your pain in childbirth, In pain you shall bring forth children'"**. (Genesis 3:16) Remember though, that before the pain there was a promise.

She and Adam had just lost everything because of sin. With God's curse of death and the pain of childbirth came also a promise of a deliverer - **"And I will put enmity between (the snake) you and the woman, And between your seed and her seed; He shall bruise you on the head, And you shall bruise him on the heel."** (Genesis 3:15)

What God is saying is that a child born of Eve would become the deliverer of the human race. This deliverer has come in the person of Jesus Christ and it was the hope of every Jewish mother that she would bear the deliverer!

This HOPE was in the heart of Eve as a result of the promise of God. So the first mother on earth had, as her greatest hope, the hope that her child would defeat Satan and deliver the people from the consequence of her sin and Adam's sin. Our hope too is that our children, in the power of God, will be able to stand against Satan and his wiles.

The second mother we will look at is Jochebed. The mother of Moses became a mother during a time of great trial and sorrow. Pharaoh had said to the midwives, ". . . **'When you are helping the Hebrew women to give birth and see them upon the birthstool, if it is a son, then you shall put him to death; but if it is a daughter, then she shall live.'** But the midwives feared God, and did not do as the king of Egypt had commanded them, but let the boys live." (Exodus 1:16-17). The midwives wouldn't kill the boys so the Pharaoh commanded the people themselves to throw the newborn boys into the Nile. But Moses mother Jochebed trusted and feared God.

As an act of faith that God would be able to somehow

(Continued on page 2)

overrule circumstances, Moses' mother defied the king's command to kill her Hebrew son. **"And the woman conceived and bore a son; and when she saw that he was beautiful, she hid him for three months. 3 But when she could hide him no longer, she got him a wicker basket and covered it over with tar and pitch. Then she put the child into it, and set it among the reeds by the bank of the Nile". (Exodus 2:2)**

She hid him away for three months, and then took him to the river, which for her was a hiding place, and while she seemingly was obeying the Pharaoh's command, she was careful to protect him.

"And his sister (Miriam) stood at a distance to find out what would happen to him. Then the daughter of Pharaoh came down to bathe at the Nile, with her maidens walking alongside the Nile; and she saw the basket among the reeds and sent her maid, and she brought it to her. When she opened it, she saw the child, and behold, the boy was crying. And she had pity on him and said, "This is one of the Hebrews' children." (Exodus 2:4-6) Pharaoh's daughter should have heeded Pharaoh's command. But Pharaoh's daughter found him and took him as her own

Then God directed events in such a way that He enabled his mother Jochobed to become his nurse. **Then his sister said to Pharaoh's daughter, "Shall I go and call a nurse for you from the Hebrew women, that she may nurse the child for you?" And Pharaoh's daughter said to her, "Go ahead." So the girl went and called the child's mother. Then Pharaoh's daughter said to her, "Take this child away and nurse him for me and I shall give you your wages." So the woman took the child and nursed him. And the child grew, and she brought him to Pharaoh's daughter, and he became her son. And she named him Moses, and said, "Because I drew him out of the water." (Exodus 2:7-10)**

Pharaoh's decree was to toss the children into the Nile to die, Jochebed placed him in the Nile so that he could live, and God drew Moses out of the water so that he could rule by the hand of Pharaoh's daughter. Jochebed's reverence for God was greater than her fear of man. God used Pharaoh's daughter's desire to be a mother to complete His plan to rescue the people of Israel. What a wonderful place God has given mothers in the fulfillment of His plan for His people.

I got ahead of myself and wished you May flowers last month—they are on their way to your house so enjoy right now. We seem to have winter or summer lately. At church this week someone asked, "Where was spring?" We will all be happy to settle for summer days now.

No new accidents to report this month. Dorothy Layton checks in and lets me know she is getting better from her fall every day. She is on a blood thinner these days and it makes for a lot of bruises.

If you notice in the newsletter this month there is a biography by Jerome Ripley. Hope you will read and enjoy getting acquainted with him from a new perspective. I know I never realized how many places he lived before marrying and settling down with Norma.

As you know, sitting down and writing about your early years is a big job but it makes for very interesting reading for us and his family. Norma is supposed to be working on her young life now so look for that in the future. I would love to see some of you others write something for me. (David, I am looking forward to your interesting life of coming from Wales and settling in the USA.) The newsletter is supposed to be about keeping us connected so we have to work at it. Our own newsletter helps us pass blessings back and forth so get busy!

Jim and Vicky Ohle's grandchild, Nate, continues to progress. His mom and dad held him for the first time today. Nate is now 2 pounds and 2.8 ounces, he is eating and continues to grow. He is 6 weeks old and is off the ventilator. Jim and Vicky thank you all for your prayers and support and ask that you continue praying.

Kane Begeman in Phoenix celebrated his 31st birthday by driving a racecar for 20 laps around a track. His wife Jennie was the brave passenger for those laps. They both reported that it was a lot of fun. Glad you had a happy day, Kane.

Please keep Jim Nevil's father in prayer as he is having a lot of physical difficulties. Living the life as an older person can be trying, but we are all certainly happy to be around because there is a lot of good stuff also.

David Charles called to report that a Emery Allstaedt, good friend of ours and a supporter of youth camp, passed away last week. He and his wife lived in Florida near the Charles'. Our sympathy goes out to the entire family.

May is always an exciting month of graduations and outside activities, so enjoy each moment of each day. I hope to hear from some of you out there with your family's news.

Michigan Report

Aurine Moore

April brought Spring on the calendar if not in terms of temperature. There were some mighty cold and wet days this month, days that were more noticeable among those tired of Winter. Be that as it may, it was another great month.

Easter fell in April this year and afforded several families the chance to be with family. Tommy Begeman, son of Jim and Tisha Begeman and brother of Sydney, tore the ligaments in his ankle and spent his family vacation in Florida getting sand in his cast. Jeff, Melinda and Katie Begeman with friend Bethany Pifer enjoyed their vacation in Myrtle Beach. Back at home, Grandmothers Terrie Fedor and I enjoyed the children who have been visiting with. Zach Moore spent a week with Charlie and I in Monroe and Terrie Fedor has enjoyed babysitting Jamie and Branden's 2 year old twins and watching them learn new things daily.

It has been a while since we had Nate Valentine doing the honors of emceeing the Sabbath worship service and we've enjoyed his presence. God gave Nate a voice meant for a pulpit, deep and gracious, and he does a wonderful job of emceeing. Nate recently moved back to his home town of Flat Rock Michigan and we are glad he is a part of our church family.

We just completed the last of the home Bible studies for the 2008-2009 series and will miss gathering at a different home each week. The sermons for the month focused on Jesus' sacrifice on the cross. Good Friday service was special because of the opportunity to watch a Good Friday video from the 90's featuring Tim and Seth Begeman as Joe Friday and Sergeant Gannon-esque private eyes trying to locate the missing body of Christ. We especially enjoyed sharing the

service with our friends from New Hope Christian Church. Many of us met their new Pastor, Pastor Heil, who for years had pastured a church in Lincoln Park while living around the corner from our church on Reinhardt Road. Pastor Moore spoke Friday night on Jesus' Seven Last Words and on the following Sabbath morning on Jesus' First (Post-Resurrection) Words.

We were very happy to hear that Rachel Sottile got a job working in a pharmacy in a hospital near her home. We were also glad that Stephanie Fasbender was able to find an apartment in Waterford Michigan near her friends and support system up by Pontiac Michigan. She spent time with Charlie and I, waiting for the apartment to be vacated and we enjoyed her company and that of her son, David.

We enjoyed our fellowship meeting this month with the Petersburg Church of God Seventh Day. We began the day with the Sabbath School portion of the service dedicated to "Specials". Diane and Tim Begeman played desperate scriptwriters while the Petersburg church skit portrayed women in an exclusive dress shop catering to women who want to *appear* to be Christian (with a wolf in sheep's clothing proprietress with a maniacal laugh played by Jean Vanderhorst). Jon Schott did a wonderful 'walk through the garden' classic piano piece, there were readings by Geneva Begeman, Nate Valentine, and Marshala Goins, a duet by Dale and Jeff Begeman, accompanied by Geneva at the piano, and a one man skit by Charlie Moore on prayer. The chance to worship together with friends in Christ and catch up on our shared history through the years during dinner is precious.

Until next month, May God be with you and you with Him.

What we learned from Tim's Begeman's "Book Report"

- three things needed for mental health: a meaningful life, a source of courage to face adversity and the assurance of love. Christians have all these in Jesus.

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Excuses Why You Were Late To Work

1. I dreamed that I was fired, so I didn't bother to get out of bed.
2. I had to take my cat to the dentist.
3. I went all the way to the office and realized I was still in my pajamas and had to go home to change.
4. I saw that you weren't in the office, so I went out looking for you.
5. I couldn't find the right tie, so I had to wait for the stores to open so I could buy one.
6. My son tried to flush our ferret down the toilet and I needed to tend to the ferret.
7. I ran over a goat.
8. I stopped for a bagel sandwich, the store was robbed and the police required everyone to stay for questioning.
9. A bee flew in my car and attacked me and I had to pull over.

Jerome Lee Ripley

I was born in Star, SC on September 7, 1920 and reared in Anderson County in a textile village 3 1/2 miles south of the city of Anderson. My mother gave birth to four boys and one girl. My sister died at birth. I was fourth in line. The textile plant was in the country surrounded by farms of mostly cotton fields. As a young boy I swam in the plant's lake, hiked, went plum hunting, picked blackberries, hickory nuts and the like. I played sandlot baseball and marbles in the pastures and on the local school grounds.

I attended a grammar school (7 grades), which was owned and operated by the textile plant. They even paid the teachers. The depression came along in the 1920's but fortunately this plant (Gluck) wove airplane cloth (cord), which was treated and sold to the U. S. Army so even in real bad times the employees did get a day or so of work each week. A couple dollars went a long way then. In addition, the plant's owners grew their own cotton. At night the plant's truck would place vegetables on the front porch of the plant for all the people to pick up that lived in the village. This supplemented our family's needs as Dad also always had a vegetable garden.

I graduated from Anderson High School in 1938 (11 grades only). I suppose one might say I majored in sports as my peers elected me captain of the varsity basketball and baseball teams. After high school I worked in the plant for one year and played on the Gluck baseball team in the summer. You had to work in the plant to be eligible for the baseball team.

Dad was kind of a local politician and asked me one day if I would like to go to Washington D. C. and work. Yes, I replied, knowing this would never happen. Well, to my surprise, about three weeks later he said, "Pack your bag, (I didn't even own one) you are going." I went to J. C. Penny's and bought a suitcase for about \$3. It just happened that the local congressman's secretary, Mr. Craig, was home and we traveled to D.C. together by train. Mom, bless her heart, packed me a large lunch of fried chicken and pimento cheese sandwiches—enough for both of us. Just think, here I was in the capitol of the U.S.A., arriving on my birthday, September 7 and going to work the next morning with no idea what the job was nor how much it paid. (Editor—by my calculation he was 19.)

The congressman's job was in the folding room, located in the basement of the Old House Office Building adjoining the Capitol Building. This is where all the books and documents were stored and distributed for the congressmen. Initially, I stacked books that came from the printer. Later I was promoted to delivering these books, etc, to the various congressional offices in the old and new House Office buildings plus the Capitol. A few months later I started night school at the Columbus University Junior College. Talk about nerve, I, knowing that the Philadelphia A's baseball team was in town to play the Washington Senators, took a day off from work, caught a bus to the Shoreham Hotel, called Mr. Connie Mack, the manager and owner of the A's, and asked if I could come to Philadelphia some weekend and have a try-out. Mr. Mack told me to come out to Griffith Stadium and practice that afternoon. I immediately went back to my room and packed my glove and semi-pro baseball uniform. On arrival at Griffith Stadium I went to the A's locker room. There they provided me with an A's uniform. I took fielding practice at the shortstop position while the A's took batting practice. I did very well for an amateur. Then I borrowed a bat from right fielder, Dee Miles, and they let me take batting practice. The bat was so heavy I had to choke-up to get it around. Even so, I did end up hitting some line drives. Afterwards I dressed and watched the game from the stands. The A's shortstop did compliment me on one catch I made in the field—but that's all I ever heard from the A's. I learned quickly that I had more nerve than ability.

I continued my work and night school until I enlisted in the U.S. Naval Air Cadets in December, 1941. I was ordered to report for duty in April, 1942 at the newly formed pre-flight school, located at



the University of Georgia at Athens, Georgia. We studied the recognition of Japanese planes and warships. We also participated in vigorous sports, i.e., football, boxing, drilling, and track. We built our own obstacle course and then had to run it. Having helped to build it, I knew how tough it was, so I ran to finish, not to break any records. One cadet, who was going for the record, collapsed near the end of the course on a board crossing the water and had to be rescued from drowning.

After pre-flight training, I was assigned to primary flight training at the U.S. Naval Station, Anacosta, D.C. I want to tell you a story of a fellow cadet, "Ole Joe". Joe was a big fullback from Boston, MA who had played at Wm & Mary College in Williamsburg, VA. We received a 10-day delay in route of leave before starting our flight training. On arriving in Washington D.C. Joe and some cadet friends took in the sights for a couple days. His friends went with Joe to Union Station as Joe was going to travel by rail to his home in Boston. On the day Joe was due to report at Anacosta, he didn't. After a couple days the officials, aware of a huge tragic train wreck that happened near Philadelphia and also aware there were a lot of unidentified bodies, dispatched a Naval Petty officer along with a few of Joe's cadet friends to the tragic scene. They identified one dead body as that of "Ole Joe". The officials at Anacosta immediately notified Joe's parents of his demise. A few days later, who reports for duty but "Ole Joe" himself. Needless to say, Joe was chewed out by all of his superiors who ordered him to immediately telephone his parents and tell them he was still alive. Hi mother answered the phone and wouldn't believe him until he cited the given names of all his 7 or 8 brothers and sisters. To finish this story, we cadets were going downtown one Saturday noon on a few days leave and we spotted Joe at his desk and we asked him what he was doing. He looked up from his desk and said, "I am writing thank you cards to my former classmates at W & M College for the flowers sent to the funeral parlor in Boston and telling them that I am very much alive."

After approximately 10 hours of flight instruction, I soloed!! Hurrah!! I continued 30 more hours of flight time and was ready to be sent to Corpus Christi, TX for advance training when it happened. During a circle landing check by an instructor I failed to secure my stabilizer lock and ground-looped the plane when I landed. I was able to land safely but I damaged one wing slightly. There's an old saying in the flight world, if you can walk away from a landing, it is a good one. However the navy board at Anacosta didn't see it that way. This, as well as other happenings, was enough for me to wash out. If a cadet washed out at that time he was given an honorable discharge and entered the civilian world again. With the help of an old friend I then enlisted in the Army Air Force and was stationed at Bolling Field, Washington, D.C. I was to join a B-24 Photographic Squadron. They needed radio operators and since I had a little experience in the "dit-dat" field they wanted me right away. The next morning I went down to the recruiting station to be sworn in and then report to Bolling AF Base. Lo and behold, I was told President Roosevelt had placed a ban on enlistments and so I was told to enter the draft system.

I traveled back home to Anderson, SC and waited a few months and in April 1943 I was drafted. I had basic training in North Carolina and then was assigned to the Air Force and sent to radio school at Scott Field, IL. I graduated four months later and was to go to Yuma, AZ for flight gunner training. Just before I was to leave I entered the base hospital at Thanksgiving, 1943 and was diagnosed with pneumonia. I missed the Yuma assignment and was then sent to Grenda AFB in MS. Stayed there a short time and was moved out at midnight by flight to Sedalia AFB in MO. The weather in MS was not suitable for towing gliders...we were a glider towing outfit. I played baseball with the Sedalia AFB team when it did not interfere with my training. After our training was completed we were transferred to Fort Wayne, IN for final processing before going overseas to England. We were put in crews by number and we could tell by the number when we would leave Ft. Wayne. At Sedalia I had promised the colonel, head of special forces, that I would play with the Sedalia baseball team against Ft. Wayne scheduled for Sunday. As I was putting on my uniform at 12:30 on Sunday a messenger from Headquarters came to the barracks. He called for 5 crews to report to the orderly room for assignment. You guessed it—my number was called. From Ft. Wayne we flew to Chicago and on to final processing in San Francisco. We then opened our orders as we flew over the Pacific and found our first stop was

Hickam Field, Hawaii. We were assigned to troop and cargo carrying planes for the Hawaiian Islands and other islands in the Pacific. Can you imagine—I was in the US Army AF assigned to a US Naval Station overseas with US Marine Guards. I served that way for about 18 months when the war ended in the Pacific. A few months later I was shipped to the states via a troop ship to Tacoma, WA. Then I boarded a train and arrived in Augusta, GA for an honorable discharge with a bonus and bus ticket to Anderson SC.

I entered the University of South Carolina in Columbia. I played on the university baseball team and finished the spring semester with plans on coming back that fall. While there I received a telegram from a Chicago Cub's scout who wanted me to come to North Carolina for a weekend try-out. I had really ruined my arm in a collision at 2nd base during a game with Duke University. I went anyway and they wanted me to join a Cub's minor league team in Tennessee but I decided not to because of my arm injury.

In August I traveled to D C to visit with some old friends. I decided to stay there and work and go to night school. I worked in the Veterans Administration and moved into the Randall House near Dupont Circle. Little did I know that the same night I moved in, my future wife moved in also. It was a few months before we met though. I dated Norma for almost a year and we were married on the 18th of December in 1949. Apartments were so scarce but we finally found one in nearby Roslyn, VA. After our son Robert arrived in 1952 we purchased a small home near Alexandria, VA using the Veteran's plan. I was a civil service employee for 32 years counting my war service. I worked for the Veteran's Administration for a short time and then transferred to the Defense Department where I worked in the office of the Joint Chief of Staff, the US Foreign Aid Program and the Department of the Army Foreign Aid Program, all being located in the Pentagon. (This implemented the Marshall Plan designed to aid European countries after WWII.) I was finally transferred to the Army Material Program for the latter part of my command. This required me to travel to countries in Europe, the Near East, the Far East and Latin America. I retired in 1974 under an early-out program. I was called back to do special assignments several times until 1978.

We moved to Lenoir, NC from Alexandria as our son, Robert was a surgeon and had decided to practice there. We moved on to our home in Roanoke, VA in 1995. Our son, Robert, daughter-in-law, Adrina, and grandchildren, Boyd, Brett, Dana, Demi and adopted granddaughter Megan Davis have kept us busy. Robert has been Chief of Surgery at Lewis-Gale Hospital here in Roanoke for 14 years. We are very proud of his accomplishments. Our grandchildren are out of college or in college except Megan who graduates from high school this June 2009.

Norma and I are charter members of the United Church of the Lord Our Righteousness since its inception in 1966. We were members of the Metropolitan Church of the Lord Our Righteousness located in Maryland. I was first a Sabbath School teacher and later, due to Elder Cooke's illness, became a lay minister for some 2 1/2 years. We met for many years in Sister Layton's home, which we fondly called "Sister Layton's Chapel". I served the UCLOR committee for many years as vice president of the church.

I am ending this autobiography with one of Norma's and my favorite Bible verses: "But ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people; that ye should show forth the praises of Him who hath called you out of darkness into His marvelous Light." 1 Peter 2:9

Editor: Rip and Norma are wonderful ambassadors for Christ. To stay in their home and experience the haven that exists there is such a pleasure. They live a quiet life of studying God's word and living it. All of us know Jerome as Rip but he was given another nickname when he was that little boy in South Carolina playing marbles. He loved jellybeans so much that they started calling him "jellybean" so that stuck with him in his hometown. (He still loves them!). He and Norma attended youth camp a few years when Robert was a camper and the kids all loved him. Rip often told me about him giving Brian a quarter for candy sales time and the next day Brian went to him and said, "Uncle Rip, it's candy time and I'm out of money again!"

We hope you have enjoyed this glimpse into Rip's past and appreciate him a little more.