



# Charity Christian Missions

Newsletter

October 2001  
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**The sun was going down. Tomorrow was the day of rest.  
The evening dew was beginning to dampen the hay.  
I was too late. The time to harvest was past.  
The crop would be lost. The day of rest had come  
and the harvest was still in the field.  
An overwhelming sense of grief came upon me.  
Why had I neglected the work?**

**See page 14**





# Charity Christian Missions

*"For from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same my name shall be great among the Gentiles; .....for my name shall be great among the heathen, saith the LORD of hosts."*

Malachi 1:11

## PUBLISHER

Charity Christian Missions  
400 W Main St Ste 1  
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## INFORMATION & SUPPORT

If you are interested in supporting this work financially, please send your donations to:

Lamar Nolt  
Charity Christian Missions  
150 E. Black Creek Rd.  
East Earl, PA 17519

For further information, contact:

Emanuel Esh  
Charity Christian Missions  
215 Snake Hill Rd.  
Bird-In-Hand, PA 17505

Phone: (717) 656-3212

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## Mission Addresses

### Dear Supporters,

We thank God for all of your interest and support, in finances, letters of encouragement, and prayers.

We as a mission operate by faith in the Lord of the Harvest. We believe that HIS work done HIS way will not lack in HIS blessing. All of the missionaries are fully supported by Charity Christian Missions. We do not ask them to raise a certain amount of funds before sending them to the field. We simply send them by faith and trust God to meet the financial needs.

Again, may God richly bless you for your faithfulness in serving the Lord with your gifts of love.

## G H A N A

**Steve & Debby Clark**  
C/O Charity African Missions  
GU P.O. Box 6  
Gushiegu, N/R  
Ghana, West Africa

**Willie & Judy Halteman**  
C/O Charity African Missions  
P.O. Box 296  
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P.O. Box 85  
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Ghana, West Africa

**Daryl & Rebekah Nolt**  
C/O Charity African Missions  
GU P.O. Box 6  
Gushiegu, N/R  
Ghana, West Africa

**Ross & Cynthia Ulrich**  
C/O Charity African Missions  
P.O. Box 921  
Cape Coast  
Ghana, West Africa

**Rosella Witmer**  
C/O Charity African Missions  
P.O. Box 921  
Cape Coast  
Ghana, West Africa

## H A I T I

**Lowell & Rosanna Auken**  
PAP 11825  
Agape Flights Inc.  
7990 15th St E  
Sarasota, FL 34243-2718

**Rickey & Susan Dunn**  
PAP 12757  
Agape Flights Inc.  
7990 15th St E  
Sarasota, FL 34243-2718

**Ada Fisher**  
PAP 11975  
Agape Flights Inc.  
7990 15th St E  
Sarasota, FL 34243-2718

**Harold Herr**  
PAP 9407  
Agape Flights Inc.  
7990 15th St E  
Sarasota, FL 34243-2718

**Anna Joy Kauffman**  
PAP 18826  
Agape Flights Inc.  
7990 15th St E  
Sarasota, FL 34243-2718



It was a warm breezy summer day. The sun was in the 4 o'clock position. I was back on the home farm where I grew up, walking out the back field lane to check the hay that had been cut the day before. I could tell that the hay was dry as I walked on it. I scooped up a handful and twisted it to check for moisture. Yes, it was dry enough for baling, but it had not been raked into windrows. The hay couldn't be baled before it was raked. Oh, why I had neglected to begin raking earlier in the day?! How could I rake and bale a 12-acre field before sundown?

The thought of the crop being lost overwhelmed me. A thousand bales at \$4.00 a bale is \$4,000.00! That is a lot of money to lose. Why did I wait till Saturday afternoon? The harvest was ready for reaping. The hired man had already gone home. No work would be done the next day, as it was a day of rest. Till Monday, the hay would either get too dry or, worse yet, if it got rained on, it would be of no value except to use for mulch hay.

Hurry! Run! Get the horses! Harness them! Quick! But the harnesses were worn and torn. Repairs were needed. The bridles were held together with baler twine and wire. My heart sank as I frantically grabbed more twine



and repaired them the best I could. Run the horses up behind the barn to the rake. Hitch them up. But the rake was old and rusty. Most of the teeth were broken or missing. My heart sank further. Run to the neighbor! Could I use his rake? If only I had some help. Hurry back to the field. The sun was going down. Tomorrow was the day of rest. The evening dew was beginning to dampen the hay. I was too late. The time to harvest was past. The crop would be lost. **The day of rest had come and the harvest was still in the field.**

An overwhelming sense of grief came upon me. Why had I neglected the work? Why had the hired man gone home? Why was I using such old equipment? Why was it not kept in good repair? My heart was moved to weeping with great sorrow.



### **Just a Dream**

**Then I woke from my dream.** I was in my bed. My heart was pounding. The adrenaline was still flowing. I could feel the grief and sorrow of a lost crop of hay. I lay there for some time pondering the dream. I did not need the prophet Daniel to

interpret the dream for me. I do not put much stock in dreams, but I knew what this one meant to me.

The harvest truly is ripe. The laborers are few. The harvest is being neglected as not important. It was the end of the sixth day. Tomorrow would be too late. Hired laborers do not have a heart for the work. But what struck me the most was the fact that I got all emotionally excited when I realized that my hay crop was going to be lost, while it does not move me in such a manner when I see the souls of men perishing. Surely the value of one soul is worth much more than a field of hay.

### Neglected Harvest

Why had I neglected the hay field? Perhaps harvesting hay was not one of my favorite jobs. It may have been that I had too many other things to do. Surely if making hay would have been the goal of my life, I would have been watching for the right time to begin raking it. I would have been up bright and early in the morning. No dinner nap that day. I would have had the hired man there to help. My excitement about making hay would have spilled over on him. Visions of a barn full of sweet smelling alfalfa hay would have filled our minds. The anticipation of feeding bale after bale to those hungry cows in the winter would have inspired us to press on till the end of the day. Together we would have enjoyed that glorious feeling of full satisfaction when the last wagonload was hauled in at dusk. The day of rest would be a wonderful time of remembering the hard work and of enjoying the harvest together. **But the day of rest had come and the harvest was still in the field.**

### Outdated Equipment

Why had I neglected the equipment? Why were the harnesses left torn and worn out? Why was the rake not kept in good condition? Did I purpose to neglect it? Probably not! More than likely my heart was somewhere else. The money may have been spent for pleasure and ease, instead of on repairs or new equipment. Possibly, making hay was a bother, or just something that we were supposed to do.

If making hay were the life of my life, I would surely have made certain that I had proper equipment. I would have taken training on how to use it. I would have subscribed to the hay making and hay equipment magazines. I would have kept up with the latest technology and techniques in haying. I would have gone to at least one haying seminar a year. I would have listened to those with experience. The hired man would be properly equipped and trained. Pictures of haying machinery would be hanging in our living room. The children would dream of the day when they can help with haying. We would talk about haying at the breakfast, lunch, and dinner table. We would talk about haying as we went down the road. We would notice other peoples haying equipment and how they use it. It would be the talk of the crowd after church services. We would discuss the best approach to take, the proper speed, the timing, the knotters, the best twine,

the right time to begin raking and baling. Should we get a John Deere or should it be a New Holland? Should we



continue to use old equipment when the new is much more efficient? But, the equipment **was** broken and the harnesses **were** worn and torn. **And the day of rest had come and the harvest was still in the fields.**

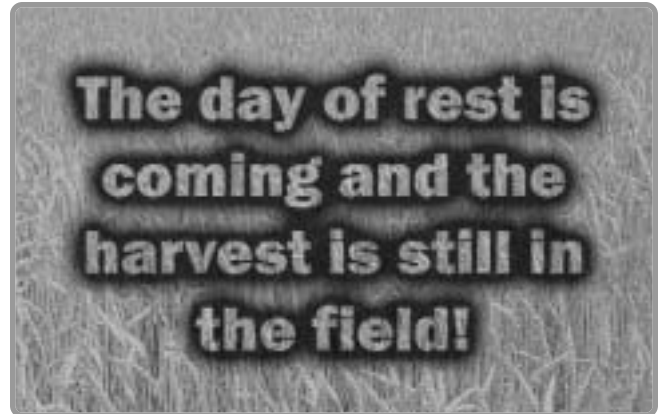
### Ownership and Responsibility

I was responsible for the harvest. I was the owner. I should have seen to it that the hired man got the work done. He was not responsible. He was not the owner. His heart is not greatly moved about my lost hay crop. Neither does my heart grieve over my neighbors crops being lost. Why not? Because I dont suffer if he loses his crop. I suffer if my hay crop is lost

or rained on. The cows wont eat it as well. They wont milk as well. It affects my bottom line of profit. This is why it affected my heart so much. Even though Im no longer farming or milking cows, I clearly understood the visions of my head upon my bed.

Why does the eternal harvest of souls not affect my heart in this way? Is it because I have not taken responsibility for the work that has been assigned to me? Am I a hired servant? No! I am a bond slave. I do not work for hire. I have been bought with a price. I have been made a partaker with Christ. I am a joint heir with Him. Jesus Christ is my head. He is the creator of the souls of men. He is the owner. He takes the responsibility. I am to be one with Him. I am to be a partaker of His suffering and glory. His desires should be my desires. His goals should be my goals. His burdens, my burdens. His griefs are my griefs. His loss, my loss. His gain, my gain. His joy, my joy. His work, my work.

I enjoy the work of the ministry. I enjoy the work of missions. It is close to my heart. I long to see souls saved. I long to see converts grow into mature stable Christians. But somehow my emotions are not as affected about lost souls, as they were in my dream about lost hay. ☐



# Seeking Laborers!

by Elisabeth Carolan

Based on Matthew 9:37-38, 20:1-16, 22:1-10, & Hebrews 11:26

The Master rose one morn, seeking laborers.  
He sent some to his vineyard, all day he found others  
Idly waiting for a call that had already come.  
"Why stand ye here all the day?"  
"No man hath hired us." What was their problem?  
With fields ripening, yet they were waiting for a call—  
Arguing, when they should have been laboring.

A certain King prepared a marriage for his Son,  
He called those that were bidden, but they wouldn't come  
And so he sent his servants into the highways, that  
"The wedding was furnished with guests".  
Those that were bidden, had things to do,  
Farms & merchandise blocked their veiw,  
They spitefully dealt with the servants who were true,  
And the remnant slew.

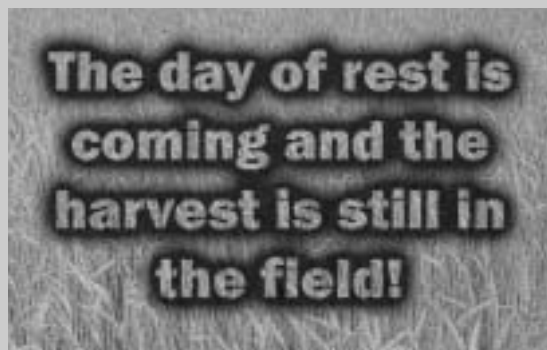
Now, empty are those fields, that bend with ripe grain  
While thousands sit in God's house, idle & vain  
And many perish now, simply because we're waiting.  
"Pray ye the Lord of the harvest"  
To send forth reapers into His harvest  
Who regard not the cost,  
Esteeming the fruit of the cross  
Greater riches than all the treasure of "Egypt"!

# IN THIS ISSUE...



"...I asked her that in light of all the trouble that has come from her deciding to follow Christ, does she still desire to be a Christian or has this caused her to reconsider? She seemed shocked that I would ask such a thing and told me that there is no reconsideration for her!"

■ ■ See page 24

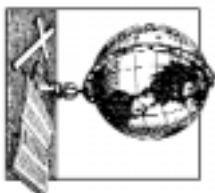


"...what struck me the most was the fact that I got all emotionally excited when I realized that my hay crop was going to be lost, while it does not move me in such a manner when I see the souls of men perishing. Surely the value of one soul is worth much more than a field of hay." ■ ■ See page 14



## WELCOME BACK!

The end of September Mel & Barbie returned to the USA. As they readjust, pray that God would bless and use them here, too.



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Charity Christian Fellowship  
Publication Offices  
400 W Main St Ste 1  
Ephrata, PA 17522

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