

# The Maranatha Village Trumpet



*“The Lord Cometh!”*

June — July 2017

Volume XXXI 4

## THOSE YEARS OF CHANGE!

BY MORGAN DAWLEY



Morgan

I was born on October 8, 1918, in Preston City, Connecticut, which is near Norwich. “Preston City is a village and the original town center of the town of Preston, Connecticut. The core of the village around the junction of Old Northwest Road and Route 164 is designated as the Preston City Historic District, a historic district that is listed on the National Register of Historic Places. The district is located

along Old Shetucket and Amos Roads, which, prior to the 1930s, were major thoroughfares.” (*Wikipedia*) During the 1918 era, there were two churches, one general store, one blacksmith shop, and a one room school.

Automobiles had been invented by the time I came on the scene. In fact, it was the heyday of the Ford Model T. Cars were very basic. Many were still hand-cranked, with the potential for the engine to ‘kickback.’ This would cause the crank to reverse, which would whack or break your wrist. There were no heaters, tops were canvas, and there were removable side curtains to give some protection from the elements. (I still remember my brother and me being bundled up in heavy coats and being loaded into the rear seat of our 1920 Dodge under a bulky buffalo hide robe for a trip into town in cold weather). Vacuum operated windshield wipers were the latest improvement but some vehicles still had hand operated wipers. There were no radios in cars and very few in houses. (Nobody would have believed you if you said cars would sometime drive themselves, in fact, power steering was unheard of). Cars and trucks have been the subject of continuous invention over the intervening years. One of those inventions, or adaptations, was air-conditioning, in which



1920 Dodge Brothers Touring Car

I had a small part. It started out as a very bulky, crude add-on and underwent refinement after refinement. Today, it is an integral part of the car.

Many years before car air-conditioning, they developed electric refrigerators for the home. When I was little, every kitchen had an icebox, and supplying ice was a major business. Ice was harvested off the ponds and lakes in the winter and

stored in ice houses, with sawdust being used for insulation. People in town depended on the iceman to deliver ice every few days. In the country, farmers would harvest their own ice. I remember my father

and his helpers using hand saws like you would use to cut down trees. They waited until the ice was a foot or more thick. Then they would go out on the pond and cut the ice into large blocks to haul it to the icehouse. There the blocks would be stored between thick layers of sawdust until needed the next summer. It was a big day when we finally got our first electric refrigerator. I was probably ten or so at the time. It was crude by today’s standards. The compressor was belt-driven by a separate electric motor; they were located in a large compartment beneath the refrigerated compartment. The drum shaped condenser was mounted on top of the refrigerator. The evaporator in the refrigerator tended to accumulate a lot of ice and had to be manually de-iced frequently, since automatic de-icing did not exist. But it sure beat the ice box.

Television didn’t become available until I was already in my own home, and when it did, it was mostly a novelty at first. We made a decision early on that our family would be better-off without it. My kids probably felt that they were deprived. I realize now that they were exposed to it at the neighbor’s, and with-

(continued on page 3)



Morgan



# The Administrator's Perspective!

## What's In A Name?

Dr. Gerald Webber



Jerry

It was Juliet of Shakespeare's classic *Romeo and Juliet* who coined the familiar words: "What's in a name? That which we call a rose, by any other name would smell as sweet..." The phrase

has come to mean that the name ascribed to something (or someone) *may* or *may not* accurately define it. It is what it is, whatever you call it.

So, quickly to the point: would a "villa" by any other name "smell as sweet?" What's in a name, anyway?

Most of us are aware that, somewhere along the way, our "apartments" came to be described as "villas." Although the board (willingly, as I recall) went along with the change, if any blame is to be ascribed, it would have to be mine. To me, it just made more sense to describe our properties as villas than apartments. The name didn't change what they were; it was just designed to conjure a different image, especially in the minds of people who had never seen them.

Alas, not everyone agrees. I have even heard it suggested that we are being less than truthful in describing them thusly. And, if you insist on the strict historic European notion of an obscenely grand country estate perched high on a bluff and built for the lifestyles of the rich and famous, you'd be right. Our villas are nice, but not one reaches that standard of opulence.

In point of fact, current and common usage of the

term *villa* requires a broader definition. According to Wikipedia, "In modern parlance, 'villa' can refer to various types and sizes of residences, ranging from the *suburban "semi-detached" double villa* [emphasis mine] to residences in the wildland-urban interface." Witness, right here in Highlands County, residential communities like the Harder Hall Lakeside Villas, the Brae Locke Villas, the Hope Villas, the Villas at Pine Key, the Country Club Villas of Spring Lake, and the Golf Club Villas of Highlands Ridge, just up the street. Most of these are duplexes with 1000 to 1400 square feet of living space per unit, much like ours.

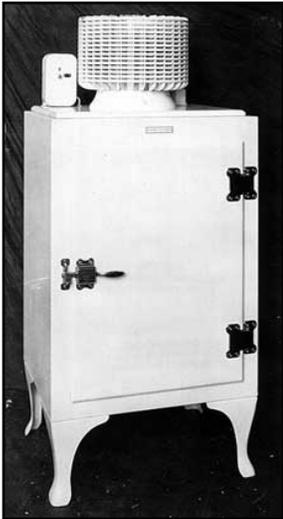
So, what's the issue? Would a rose by any other name actually smell as sweet? Probably. Would a two-bedroom duplex unit be just as attractive to a prospective lessee if called an apartment? Maybe, once they've seen it. But if they haven't seen it yet, might they be more likely to come have a look if it were described as a "villa?" Perhaps. That's the idea, anyway.

So, what's in a name? Does calling an apartment a villa really change anything? Perhaps not, but does it rise to the level of pretext or fraud? I think not. I would hope that the board and administration of Maranatha Village would never stoop to deception in describing its product—offering dandelions and calling them roses. And I would hope that each of our residents, deep in his heart, would be confident of that.

..... **THOSE YEARS OF CHANGE** .....

**1918 — 1928**

(continued on page 4)



**1928 Monitor Top Refrigerator - Cost in 1922 -- \$714.00**

out our control over what they saw.

I have previously commented on a few of the inventions in my lifetime. Now to go on to a broader scope.

Starting with clothing: When I was growing up, there was an unwritten rule that boys couldn't wear long pants until they became teenagers. Everyday attire was knee-length shorts and over the calf socks, held up by elastic bands, which were concealed by folding over-the-top of the sock. For dress occasions, I wore 'knickers' instead of shorts. These came down far enough to cover the top of the socks and fastened tightly around the

socks. Needless to say, every boy aspired for the day when he was grown-up enough to wear long pants, and some 'jumped the gun.' Zippers hadn't been invented yet, so the fly was buttoned up, which caused its own set of problems.

Underwear was 'long johns' in the winter and BVDs in the summer. BVDs were a lightweight single piece rather than being undershirts and shorts. This necessitated a rear flap like long johns have. Men and boys all wore such underwear.

Shoes in general were over-the-ankle height. Oxfords didn't come into style until I was a teenager. On the contrary, I aspired to lace-up calf high boots with a knife pocket on the side! Canvas sneakers for summer wear came in while I was still in elementary school, which was called grammar school in those days. Bathing suits included tops and bottoms, even for men, and reached down to mid thigh.

Clothes washing was an arduous task when I came into the world. Country folk had to heat the water on the kitchen cook stove. They hand washed everything in a galvanized tub, and it was rinse in another tub. After wringing it out by hand, it was hung on the outdoor clothes line to dry, summer or winter. (I remember clothes being frozen stiff when my mother took them down from the line.) Then just about everything had to be ironed; no wrinkle free fabrics in those days. The clothes had to be dampened by sprinkling with water, then ironed with a cast iron flatiron which was heated on the cook stove. The whole process was an all-day undertaking.

My mother's first washing machine, when I was about four years old, had a wooden tub and the agitator consisted of a horizontal disk with what looked like

stool legs sticking out of the bottom of it. (Apparently the idea was that as the disk turned it would drag the clothes thru the water.) We didn't have electricity, so the power source was a single cylinder engine with a belt drive. The wringer was hand cranked. Water was heated in kettles on the wood fired cook stove or was dipped out of a res-

ervoir built into the stove. Later, after we had electricity, Mom had a Maytag washing machine with a square metal tub and an efficient agitator. The wringer was power driven, but it was still necessary to rinse the clothes in separate wash tubs. The clothes were hung outside to dry.

How food has changed! Have you ever heard the expression "*The greatest thing since sliced bread?*" I used to hear it frequently, but sliced bread is just part of life now. I am old enough to remember when the first pre-sliced bread was introduced. It was considered a marvel. To go with that bread, you could buy (or churn) real butter or you could buy 'oleo' (i.e. oleomargarine) in one pound blocks. The problem with that was that legally it was only available in its naturally white form, which was not appetizing. The dairy lobby had persuaded the legislators that to color it yellow like butter would mislead people. The oleo producers got around this by including a capsule of yellow coloring along with the block of oleo, so



**Boiling Laundry in 1918**

that the housewife could color it herself. Toast was made in a 'toaster' that consisted of a holder placed over the hot stove top.

Cool Whip came along much later. We had to suffer with real whipped cream! There was very little available in the way of prepared foods. Most everything was 'made from scratch.' We did have a few varieties of breakfast cereal, such as shredded wheat and raisin bran.

Meats and fish were bought fresh and cooked soon since ice boxes didn't keep things very cold.

How did we cook food? Most homes had a cast-iron cook stove which did triple duty. In addition to cooking the food, it provided heat for the kitchen (winter or summer!), and hot water. The source of



**Washing Machine 1920  
Wooden Barrel & Legs**

..... **THOSE YEARS OF CHANGE** .....

**1918 — 1928**

(continued from page 3)



**First Sliced Bread  
July 7, 1928**

the heat was either wood or coal. We used wood harvested on the farm and stored in the cellar (basement). That meant that every day, arm loads of wood had to be brought up from the cellar and deposited in the wood box behind the stove, so it could be fed into the stove as needed.

Keeping the right intensity of fire was an art since it was the means of controlling the oven temperature. That control was achieved by regulating the amount of wood burning and the draft damper in the stovepipe. Control of temperature was easier for stovetop cooking since the firebox was at the left end of the stove and the pan could be placed directly over the fire or moved further back on the stovetop, away from the fire. Ashes fell through a grate under the fire and had to be removed daily. A teakettle was standard equipment to provide hot water. Most stoves also had a reservoir at the right end of the stove from which hot water could be dipped as needed.

My parents eventually acquired a kerosene stove for summertime use, so the wood burner did not have to be used in hot weather. This had one burner under the oven and a couple for the cooktop. Kerosene was fed to the burners by gravity from a small tank at the side of the stove. People in the city usually had gas stoves. You could tell when someone had a gas stove by the odor when you stepped through the door. The odor of the gas permeated the whole house.

Once the food was cooked and eaten, it was time for dishwashing by hand. There were no mechanical dishwashers in those days. This was my least favorite chore!

While the kitchen stove kept the kitchen cozy, the other rooms of most houses had to be heated by a wood or coal burning parlor stove. Upstairs bedrooms got a little heat from below through small gratings in the floors. Our house, built in 1924, had central steam heat.

I just recently completed reading a biography of the Wright brothers. Their impact on the future of aviation was much more comprehensive than I had realized. Well

worth reading. I arrived on the scene shortly after the Wright brothers.

I remember well the excitement that Charles Lindbergh caused with the first flight of a single engine plane across the Atlantic in 1927. My first personal contact with an airplane was when a 'barnstormer' came through our part of the country. Such pilots made a business of flying around the countryside in small planes with two open cockpits and offering short rides to individual 'country yokels' for a fee (as I recall, five or ten dollars). One such made arrangements with



**First Building for Sliced Bread  
Chillicothe, Missouri 1928**

the farmer who lived across the road from our house to use his grass-covered field as a landing site for a day or two. As soon as he first landed, the word started spreading far and wide and a large crowd gathered, with people coming and going all day. Those brave enough to risk their lives and a few dollars went for a ride, keeping the plane and pilot busy all day.



**Kerosene Stove of 1925**

When I went to college, air travel was still not an option, so I traveled by train. World War II greatly accelerated airplane development. In fact, during the war I was involved with the development of a liquid cooled airplane engine which Chrysler had designed for the Air Corps. After the war, air travel really 'took off.' Within a few years, I was traveling back and forth by air to Phoenix where we were testing car air-conditioning.

I had a variety of experiences with air travel. Early on, planes were powered by piston engines which were noisy and rough, especially in the smaller planes. I remember one flight in a 12 passenger commuter plane when I was afraid the plane would vibrate apart. Another time, I was in a larger plane that was struck by lightning. The pilot came on the intercom and said the plane had experienced a 'static discharge!' In general, planes were smaller and less reliable than today.

One time I was flying to Connecticut when I got stranded in Buffalo and had to wait until the next day to complete my trip. One trip I really enjoyed was a flight to Texas as 'copilot' in a two-passenger private plane. We flew low enough to get a super view of the landscape during the whole trip.



**1927 Airplane**



**Knickers from the 1920's**

# New Village Resident

---

---

## Mrs. Ethel King



*Ethel & Duane*

Ethel and Duane King became Maranatha residents on February 25, 2017. Ethel's husband, Duane, passed away on April 27, 2017. Since there had been a biographical sketch presented before Duane's death, it was decided to still present his testimony along with Ethel's. Please remember to pray for Ethel during these days.

**Duane King:** I accepted Christ as my Saviour when I was a fourth grader in the Aultman, Pennsylvania, Bible Church. Lee Hufhand (Jim Hufhand's brother) drove me to church, took me to camp and other meetings since my dad had Parkinson's disease and did not have a car. My mother died in child birth when I was four, so I have no siblings. Because of this, for several years my dad and I moved several times. When I was a sophomore in high school, we moved to Worthington, Pennsylvania, where my aunt lived. We started attending Worthington Baptist Church right away. I was baptized into the membership there.

This is where I met my future wife, Ethel Yockey. Following high school, I received my Th.B. at Baptist Bible Seminary, in Johnson City, New York, and upon graduation, I entered my first full-time pastorate in Hermon, New York. Later, I was the pastor of Grace Baptist Church, Flint, Michigan, and Faith Independent Baptist Church, Frostburg, Maryland. After ten years in that church, I resigned to attend the seminary in Clarks Summit, as I felt the Lord might be leading me to teach in a Christian college. While there, my wife and I traveled for 9 months with the Collegians Brass Quintet. My wife, Ethel, was the administrative secretary at the seminary, but they allowed her

to travel with us and kept her job open for her. After graduation from Clarks Summit, I was called to Capitol Baptist Church, Upper Marlboro, Maryland, and my last pastorate was in Bremen, Indiana for 14 years. I retired in 1998, and began teaching at Heritage Baptist College, now Indiana Baptist College. For years, we traveled, representing the College and Committee on Missionary Evangelism. I was diagnosed with Primary Progressive Aphasia (PPA) in 2010, and was not able to continue any ministries. My heart is in the ministry, but God knows that. Thus, my wife is now my caregiver.

**Ethel King:** I accepted the Lord as my Saviour at about the age of 10 as a young camper at summer Bible camp. I grew up in a very active Christian family, associated with the Worthington Baptist Church. One of our pastors was Ralph Burns, and he had a big impact on Duane and me entering the ministry. (It has been great to visit with his wife, Dorothy Burns, in the Manor. I can't believe she still remembers us). Following high school, in 1954, I also attended college in Johnson City. I graduated from the three-year Bible Course and Teacher's Training Course.

I became an active participant in Duane's ministry, singing duets with him, teaching children's church and also serving as his secretary in some of his churches. We have one child, Fredd King, and three grandchildren. We married in 1956, during college days, and Fredd was born in 1958. At the seminary in Clarks Summit, I was the Administrative Secretary for Dr. Milheim, who has now gone to be with the Lord. It has been great to see many classmates here, and that is one reason we decided to settle here. Our son, Fredd and wife, Dee, are living at Vero Beach, where he works in a company that he has been associated with for many years.

---

## You Will Never Be Sorry

---

For thinking before acting. For hearing before judging. For forgiving your enemies. For being candid and frank. For helping a fallen brother. For being honest in business. For thinking before speaking. For being loyal to your church. For standing by your principles. For stopping your ears to gossip. For bridling a slanderous tongue. For harboring only pure thoughts. For sympathizing with the afflicted. For being courteous and kind to all. (copied)



## Fudgy Toffee Bars

Combine:

1<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> c. flour

<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> c. powdered sugar

<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> c. baking cocoa

Cut in:

<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> c. cold butter or margarine until coarse crumbs

Press firmly into greased 13 x 9 x 2 inch pan.

Bake at 350° for 10 minutes.

In saucepan, heat and stir until smooth:

1 (14 oz.) can sweetened condensed milk

1 c. semi-sweet chocolate chips

1 tsp. vanilla

Then pour over baked crust.

Sprinkle on top:

1 c. semisweet chocolate chips

1 c. coarsely chopped nuts (walnuts, pecans)

<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> c. flaked coconut

<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> c. English toffee bits or almond brickle chips  
(optional)

Press down firmly on chocolate sauce.

Bake 18-20 minutes at 350°. Makes 3 doz.

*Joyce Boonstra*

## Taco Casserole

- Make a batch of your own regular chili. (Or use canned)
- Add a package of Taco seasoning mix, or several tablespoons Jalapeño sauce. (I use both because we like it really spicy. You need something to give it the true Mexican flavor.)
- Put the chili in bottom of shallow baking pan. Cover with a thick layer of grated cheddar cheese. Cover with a thick layer of corn chips which you have rolled with a rolling pin to make into coarse crumbs. (You can put them in a large Ziploc bag and use a can.)
- Bake at 350° for about 20 min. or until cheese is bubbly.
- Serve with shredded lettuce, chopped onions and tomatoes, sour cream, black olives or any other ingredients you like to spoon on top of each serving.

*(Recipe of Vivian Bond)*

## Grandma's Cherry Delight

1 stick butter, melted

12 whole Graham Crackers, crushed

1 <sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> c. confectioners sugar

1 pkg. Dream Whip

1 8 oz cream cheese

<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> c. chopped pecans

1 can cherry pie filling

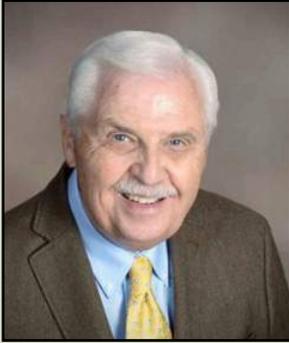
Combine butter, cracker crumbs and <sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> cup confectioners sugar. Blend well. Press into a 12" x 8" pan. Chill. Prepare Dream Whip topping according to package directions. Blend cream cheese with remaining confectioners sugar. Blend nuts and Dream Whip into cheese mixture. Spread over graham cracker crust. Cover with cherry pie filling. Chill. Makes 10 servings.

*Mary Schuster*





## Empty Villas: A Perspective



Gerry

*As of this writing, Gerry Carlson, our Director of Marketing and Development, is recuperating at home from a recent hospitalization. In 2003, he went through a five-bypass heart surgery. Nearly fourteen years later, there was an urgent need to insert three stents to keep the blood flowing and enable the*

*heart to function properly. Two more stents will be replaced at a later date.*

*He is responding well to treatment, and gaining strength daily. He hopes to be back “on the job” soon, but with the Trumpet deadline almost upon us, I thought I would seize the opportunity to act as “guest contributor” for his column, and relieve him of that task this month.*

Actually, I welcome the opportunity to address concerns that are upon many minds, and not a few lips. They are variously expressed, but probably boil down to these two questions: 1) How many empty villas do we have; and 2) what are we going to do about it? Sometimes the questions are aired as a matter of curiosity. Other times they are conveyed with a bit of angst, born of concern for the financial welfare of the village. Let me provide a bit of perspective from where I sit.

First of all, empty villas fall into three basic categories: 1) those that are immediately available for lease, of which there are currently 17; 2) those that are “spoken for,” held with a deposit, and awaiting occupancy, of which there are 4; and 3) those that will be, are being, or recently have been vacated, and are not yet available for leasing, of which there are 10. That’s a grand total of 31.

As you think about these numbers, keep in mind that a number of unleased villas are used each year

for promotional purposes, to give people an opportunity to come and get a taste of Maranatha life. All told, during the winter of 2016-2017, nineteen properties were used in this manner, and at one point each of these was filled. For the season, the “promos” provided an income of over \$56,000. That’s all to the good, especially since many short-termers become permanent residents.

But that brings us to the second question: what are we going to do about filling the empty villas?

One thing we are *not* going to do is to *fret*. In His Sermon on the Mount, Jesus asked a rhetorical question: “Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?” I respectfully paraphrase for the current situation: “Which of you by taking thought can fill one villa?” Simply obsessing over the challenge of unoccupied units is not going to put them into the “sold column.”

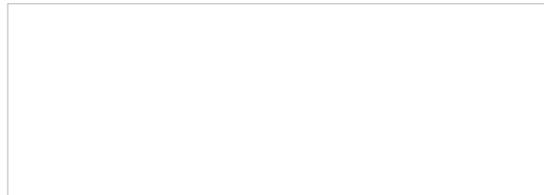
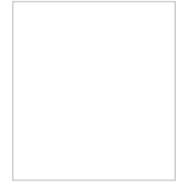
What we *will* do is to continue what we *have been* doing. I question whether anyone could work harder and smarter than Gerry Carlson in promoting Maranatha Village and cultivating prospects for residency. He lives and breathes this task. All his efforts will surely come to fruition, but as with anything else, once we have done our best, the *results* are in the Lord’s hands.

We are regularly receiving requests for information from people wanting to know more about Maranatha Village. I’m aware of at least three parties who are planning personal visits to the village in the near future, with the potential of making Maranatha their new home. I believe the future of the village is bright; especially if *each of us* trusts the Lord, lets people know what a great place this is for retirement, and prays that God will bring the people of His choosing to be part of this happy family.

Jerry Webber, Guest Contributor

# Maranatha Village

11 MARANATHA BOULEVARD  
SEBRING, FL 33870-6817  
863-385-7897  
fax 863-385-7954  
office@maranathavillage.org  
www.maranathavillage.org



**“Believe on the  
Lord Jesus Christ  
and you will be saved.”**

## □ In Loving Memory □

### MEMORIAL GIFTS

*The following have honored the memory of a friend or loved one with a gift designated to Maranatha Village. Each gift has been credited to the New Horizons Fund for special projects.*

**In Memory of:**  
Earle Harriman

**Given by:**  
Rev. Terry Price

Rita Fortna

Steve Elmore  
Ronald & Carolyn Colwell  
Joel & Sharon Taylor  
Wendy Arlene Pinter  
Barbara McGlothin  
David & Margaret Handyside  
Nola Divico  
Phillip N. Edwards  
Karen & Ben Learnard  
Carolyn & Jimmy Lunsford  
Joseph Elmore  
Tom & Anne Pytel

