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*in Highland County*

A supplement to The Times-Gazette  
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Shopper/Community Guide



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## Walking home by the light

**By Ann Wetzel**

Barrere Road, Hillsboro

One late Spring early evening, I decided, after a very trying day, to take a break and walk up to visit my neighbor. A simple choice for some, and although we live “next door,” there is a field and woods between us to go through.

That’s because it’s a lot easier than going up the road as there’s a good hill to climb! It’s an easy walk as the field has a path mowed to walk, and there’s a clear path in the woods as well.

It was a nice, mildly warm day, and as I listened to the peacocks yelping, crows cawing, the intermittent knocking of a woodpecker, and occasional song of robin or mockingbird, I felt some of the tension and stress being to ease away.

Green grass patchwork had begun seeping back from winter’s sleep, and you could just smell and feel as well as see that the long days of cold would soon be coming to an end. I smiled as I thought of a plaque she has which says, “The road to a friend’s house is never long.” I don’t know who wrote it, but I like it, as it’s true for us.

After arriving, we sipped a cup of tea, and talked over the day’s events and worked through some frustrations we were both dealing with at the time. Her sunroom looks over such a lovely view – about two miles of valleys around the area. It felt good to unwind and relax for a bit. Upon seeing dusk gathering, we knew I’d better be scooting home in order to still have enough light to see in the woods. She offered to accompany me to the field’s fence, but I assured her I’d be able to do it just fine.

After three false starts on the path, I ended up knee-deep in old leaves where she dumped them from fall. Again, retracing my steps, I ended up in a briar and brush patch! By now I was aggra-

vated as light was dimmer, and I just did not want to go back to her house to have to wake her up, as I knew she’d headed for bed. Mentally picturing me knocking and saying, “Help, I can’t get home!” was not an option. I’m stubborn, huh?

Finally finding the patch, once more, I stopped because I knew I was going towards her home, and not mine! I tend to speak to myself a lot, and said, “Now

Lord, You KNOW I don’t want to go back to get her!” But I couldn’t figure out how to get back in the right direction.

I again began walking the pathway, and came to a stop as I just wasn’t sure where that path had gone! Finally, I looked up instead of ahead of me, and then I saw it! Darkness had arrived to the extent the security light had come on at home and I KNEW where to go!

As I crossed the fence, and because of the shadows, could tell where the path in the

field was, it came to me. Boy, if this walk hasn’t been like life! Sometimes we get so wrapped up in trying to see how to get out of a pile of leaves, or briars, or brush, we just don’t remember to look ahead for the light in the dark. God is always like that – no matter how dark and difficult the way is where we are in life, there is always a path and God always has His light and direction for it if we just look for it.

Yes, I thoroughly enjoyed that walk through the field that night because I’d persevered and overcome the problems to get there. And when I think how tough the situation is I’m in, I try to keep in mind: Look for the light home – it’s there, if you just look.

Each of us has dark and despairing days in our lives. Sometimes for a long period of our life, but still, God will always supply a light for us. We just have to look up and look for it, so He can show us the way.

*“When I think  
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# An inspirational journey home

By Carole Martin  
Greenfield

I don't know where to actually begin or end as this story of inspiration in my life has so many inspiring things I can share. But I will begin by saying that I recently lost my husband to a very, very rare cancer known as Anaplastic Thyroid Cancer.

Our journey began when I was first diagnosed in June of 2015 with colon cancer. I was fortunate in that after surgery my cancer had not spread to the lymph nodes and was only found in a polyp. One week after my bowel resection my husband got the diagnosis that would forever change our lives, Anaplastic Thyroid Cancer. Something that started with a lump about the size of a marble on his throat, grew to 6 cm in about 5 weeks. Very aggressive.

Even though we were told there was no cure, only treatment to perhaps slow down the progression, we held on to the hope that he would beat it. Many prayers went up the next 6 months for Rich. It had metastasized to his lungs but we still held on to hope for a cure or remission. Most people that knew him knew he was a musician and singer. The treatments that Rich had to endure left him without a voice from September to his passing. It had paralyzed one of his vocal cords. He could only whisper from that time on.

On November 22nd we found out just how much he was loved and admired by his fellow friends, community, surrounding communities and most of all his fellow musicians. They organized, along with the help of many others, a benefit for Rich that went beyond our imagination. I don't think the McClain

*"We felt he was being healed right before our very eyes. And he was. Just not in the way we wanted but in God's will."*

High School Auditorium has ever held so many people at once and I know it has never had so much love and compassion within its walls as it did on that day.

Rich was very sick that day but there was no way he was going to stay home and not attend the benefit. He made it through until the end and enjoyed every bit of it. And even though the sickness was showing in his face by then, on that day, his face was shining like a bright shiny star.

We walked his trembling body back to the car that evening, and he was literally trembling from the sickness, but all he could talk about was how grateful he was for all of those who were involved with the benefit and all of those who helped in any way and attended. He just could not believe the love that was shown for us that day. What a blessing. God is good.

We had many blessings and inspirations during those 6 to 7 months and many well wishes and support from so many friends. His journey here on this earth was soon to end but the greatest journey of all was just ready to begin. After a complete thyroidectomy, 8 chemo treatments at the James Cancer Center, it was still growing at a rapid rate.

Just 3 days before Christmas he ended up admitted to the James Cancer Hospital in Columbus, Ohio. But not for

one minute did we give up our faith that God would be there for us and see us through. We prayed over and over again those last 3 days. Of course we prayed for healing. Healing in that he would be able to get right up and walk right out of that hospital and get to go home.

But on Dec. 26th at 4:23 pm God gave us our answer and gave Rich his healing. His vitals had been all over the place on the monitor on Christmas day. Things were not looking good. Rich was not responsive by this time. Our daughter began to sing Amazing Grace right there in his hospital room and the rest of us (all 30 or so) chimed in. From there we sang a song Rich had done many times on his shows as an entertainer called "Why Me Lord".

As we were singing we noticed that his vitals began to even out and become normal on the monitor right before our eyes. One of the things we had been watching intently was his O2 saturations, which had been running in the low 80's even with oxygen on, had miraculously gone up to 97%. Someone said lets pray and pray hard right now for healing. We felt he was being healed right before our very eyes. And he was. Just not in the way we wanted but in God's will.

Right as we were praying and praying hard his O2 saturation went to 0% but he was still breathing and his heart rate



Provided photo

Rich's friends, community, surrounding communities and most of all his fellow musicians organized, along with the help of many others, a benefit for Rich that went beyond his family's imagination.

was normal. The nurses came in and tried every O2 saturation monitoring device they could find to try and get it to read, on his forehead, finger and ear, but nothing. Then just as we were praying for a complete healing and miracle he went on to be with Jesus.

God gave us our healing. Rich was ready and God always knows best. Right at that very moment when all seemed to be going right, it was. Not in the way we were thinking though. We feel that God healed him at that very moment when all his vitals evened out just moments before he passed. God let us know he was answering our prayers and there would be "no more sickness, pain or sorrow" for Rich. He was entering his heavenly home to be with our Lord and to await our coming

to join him someday.

Richard had told me on Christmas Eve he wanted to go home. I was telling him I would try and arrange for him to go back home but I wasn't sure that even in an ambulance he could make the trip. I was going to go get a nurse and see what could be done. But he very quickly corrected me and said, "No Carole, I want to go home!!" And he was pointing up towards heaven.

That was when I finally realized it was time. I told him very softly in his ear that day, "It's okay Rich, you go on. I love you and I'll be all right." We were married 47 years on November 2nd and had been high school sweethearts from the age of 15. I struggle every day missing him but I know I'll see him again someday.

# Are you as stubborn as a goat?

By Ann Wetzel  
Barrere Road, Hillsboro

With several inches of snow on the ground, cold sub-freezing weather, I found one of the goats needed to be put in the goat house, as it would soon be time for her to have kids. Unfortunately, that was easy to say and think, but a challenging job to accomplish!

Pretty Girl, a good-sized 120 to 140 pound doe, is far from a docile goat. She's great at getting in things and places she needn't and seems to think her aim in life is to provide me with lung exercise. When I yell at her to get out of what she's into, she ignores me utterly.

Getting her inside wouldn't be easy. I went in the garage to feed the cats, and get food for the Peacocks. Turning, I

saw she had followed me, and I finally got smart. I hurriedly shut the front door, got the back one unlocked and ready for opening, and while she had her head down to inhale all the dog food she could before my normally telling her to "get out of there!" I grabbed hold of one of her horns.

Wrestling with her, I got hold of the other as well, and then proceeded to get her out of there. Or should say ATTEMPTED to. Her horns were at a scant slant, making it very hard to maintain a hold while she was jumping, bucking and most of all, trying to go backwards from me! Step by slow step, I dragged her across the cement floor. Also she drug me a few times!

Finally reaching the door, we were outside in the small cor-

ralled area to the back door of the goat house. I kept thinking, DO NOT look over at the gate as it was open, and if she got loose, I'd not catch her again, to be sure. Continuing to work furiously to get her to the back doors, there stood I, one handedly holding onto her and praying, PLEASE don't let her get away from me as I was trying to get the two doors open. Finally, the inner door opened and I got her inside. WHEW! I stood a few minutes to catch what used to be my breath.

Going in the house, I managed to step in a puddle of water where I'd spilled the bucket I used to carry it to the animals in the barnyard. Wonderful. Go change my socks, as both pairs were soaked through. Go back out and rushed to the stove where I thought the

garlic bread, in preparation for a lasagna dinner, was over-baked, and wasn't, I admirably found I could step in the same puddle of water, again! Back to get a pair of socks for a repeat change!

As I sat changing the soaked socks, I began to mutter, wondering just what there was so good in all this hassle I'd had with the goat that I could be thankful to God about. A good workout? Received and unwanted! And then it came to me.

The extreme stubbornness and unrelenting agreement of following what I wanted her to do. That is how we're to be for God. Stubborn, determined and totally resisting the devil and walk in God's way to follow His will and Word for His plan in our life. Yes, we're to be stubborn as a goat.



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# Find what God sees in you

St. Mary's Episcopal Church is a wonderful place to seek and find God and experience your loving relationship with God and creation. We pride ourselves in being a community that seeks and serves everyone.

We don't ask you to give up what you are, but we help you explore what God sees in you. Our Sunday school is important to us and we value our children. At a recent Children's sermon time a child asked if God had to dress up to come to

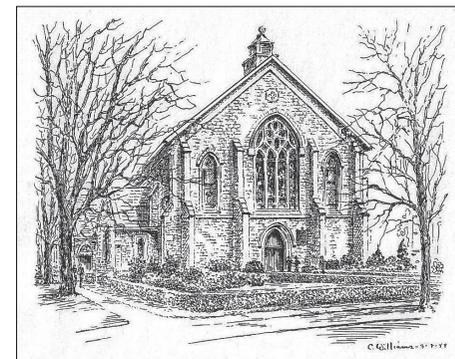
church with us because she thought that was too much to ask. Another child piped in, "God doesn't wear clothes!" This is an example of God touching our children with a smile!

Soup's On is our monthly Community meal, served to anyone who comes to our table. A Prayer and Praise service is at 4:30 p.m., held in the church. Our meal is served on the last Saturday of the month.

We celebrate each other with Woman's retreats, Vacation Bible School, Ecumeni-

cal involvement and financial support to most community programs, such as the Homeless Shelter, Samaritan Outreach and Pregnancy Center.

We have a liturgical worship service with contemporary music mixed in with the traditional hymns. Scripture is read and prayer is important. We offer a Healing Service on Wednesdays at noon and Sunday worship at 10 a.m. Once you walk through the red doors we hope you will feel the presence of the Holy Spirit. All



St. Mary's Episcopal Church

are welcome.

—Submitted by  
St. Mary's Episcopal Church

# Jesus still does miracles in people's lives

At Leesburg United Methodist Church, we believe that Jesus Christ changes lives. We believe in this so strongly that our logo and tagline speak to that reality. Our logo is a butterfly, the very result of a transformation from a caterpillar. This is what Jesus does in a person's life. He gives them a new life, a changed life.

A caterpillar encases itself in protective cocoon or chrysalis. Within the cocoon, an amazing transformation occurs. The caterpillar releases enzymes that actually dissolve their caterpillar tissue. Certain specialized cells survive that process and are integral to the butterfly body forming. The dissolved tissue is then used as fuel for the cell division process that follows. The new body forms within the cocoon only to emerge a beautiful new creature. If you were to try and help the butterfly out of its cocoon, you would actually keep it from being able to fly. It is the struggle to emerge that pumps the blood into the

wings that gives it the strength to fly.

We humans are like that caterpillar. Apart from Jesus, our lives are limited to merely crawling around because of the consequences of sin. However, God desires us to have new life to fly. God uses the brokenness of life, the consequences of sin, and the challenges we face to "dissolve" the part of us that needs to die. Often when a person turns to the Lord Jesus, it is after they have come to the end of themselves by going through a great struggle in their life. Once their life is surrendered to Jesus, they emerge a new person.

"This means that anyone who belongs to Christ has become a new person. The old life is gone; a new life has begun." (2 Corinthians 5:17 -NLT).

New life in Jesus Christ is not about life improvement, it is about life transformation. At Leesburg United Methodist Church, we believe that Jesus still changes people every day. Leesburg UMC is not a

building, but a fellowship of Christ followers that is not perfect, but on that journey of transformation. This transformation happens by God's grace through worship, spiritual study and preaching of God's Word, fellowship, and service.

We hope that all who desire the victori-

ous life found in Jesus Christ would come be part of that journey, wherever they may be starting from now. Jesus still does miracles. We are confident that you are one of them.

—Submitted by Leesburg United Methodist Church

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# A stranger's miraculous prayer

## Anonymous

I tried to keep going but at that moment, I knew I wasn't going to make it. I sat at my desk at work and couldn't stop the flood of tears that I thought I would drown in. I called the receptionist and told her I was sick and was going home.

Slipping out the side door, I got in my car and headed for home. I just needed to get to my husband so he could hold me and bring me some comfort. Blinded by my tears, I pulled over in a church parking lot and called my husband to come and get me. I couldn't go any further. K-Love was on the car radio, but even that didn't help.

Since the sudden death of my daughter, my faith was slipping away. Feelings of abandonment

took its hold on me. Friends and family had stopped calling. People avoided me in public. No one knew what to say, no one knew what to do. Leaning my head on the steering wheel, I whaled as the grief and the loneliness tore through me.

Then I heard a vehicle and glanced up to see a truck driven by a man. He must have seen me and turned around, pulling up next to me heading in the opposite direction. He asked if I was okay. Was I sick? Was I hurt? My only response was that my husband was coming to get me. He told me he was going to roll his window down and not to be afraid. Again he probed to find out what was wrong.

Unable to stop crying, I could not speak the unspeakable.

Then he asked if he could pray for me. I put my window down the rest of the way and reached out to hold his hand. I don't remember what he said, but I do remember a feeling of peace embracing me. Feelings of being alone vanished. He left only with the assurance that my husband would be along shortly.

Please don't publish my name. I never told anyone about that sacred moment. It is a treasure I want to continue to keep to myself. I am submitting my "Expression of Faith" in hopes that the stranger that pulled alongside me that day is reading this. God nudged him to reach out to me and I am very grateful he didn't ignore it. I can finally thank him for renewing my faith not only in God but in mankind as well. Peace be with you.



## Leesburg United Methodist Church

117 Church St., Leesburg, OH 45135



### EASTER SUNDAY, March 27, 2016

Easter Sunday Sunrise Service:  
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Easter Sunday Worship:  
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# God and others made me a winner

By Brenda Merida

Storer Lane, Hillsboro

I'm a survivor of breast cancer. My journey started three years ago in January.

I first had surgery to remove the lump. Then the doctor said it was Stage 2. That meant I was going to have to do chemotherapy. That was the scariest thing you ever want to hear.

I wasn't sure I wanted to do all that. So I started to think about it. And the more I thought about it, the easier it got. That is when I knew all my family, church and friends and people I didn't even know were praying for me. I will call them my "prayer warriors." So I just said I'm going to take one day at a time and trust in the Lord.

I started in January 2013 and

it took me until Nov. 26, 2013 to finish all my required treatments. But it got easier as I went along. You learn to not be scared I guess, just trust in the Lord to take care of you. Since I'm a born again Christian, I'm a strong believer. So I guess you might say I just breezed right through everything, with the prayers from everyone I knew.

All my friends from work sent cards and flowers, candy, they called me and wished me well. That was such an uplift. I always got strength from that. I've always said I had the best friends (customers) in the world. Some just stopped in my home and shop to say hi. All of that sure did make a difference to me. I even received a gift in the mail from someone I

*"All the hope, peace, love and laughter that I receive every day is what keeps me going. And I am still going strong, with my lovely family and friends."*

have never met, who was going through the same thing. Her dad was one of my customers. It was the Pink Ribbon Proscan Fund. So you know all that pink made my day. She even walked in a walk and carried my name. So yes, those things were what kept me going! My faith in God and all the good people that sent prayers up for me. I always told everyone I had the best friends in the world.

I had great doctors, too. Dr. Melink and her girls took great

care of me. Kelley was the one I started out with. She introduced me to the "unknown," all the needles, whistles and bells. I will have to say she was the most warm, caring person anyone would need in order to get through your treatments. Whatever she thought you might need to get you through that long treatment, 9 a.m. to 12 a.m., two Fridays in a row, "on two, off two."

Whether it be ordering your lunch if you were there for

lunch, warm blankets, something to drink, she was on top of everything. That's what made me feel so safe in that "chemo chair." The other girls that came along after I started with her were great too. Yes, the treatment and care you get I do believe makes all the difference in the world, also.

Yes, all the hope, peace, love and laughter that I receive every day is what keeps me going. And I am still going strong, with my lovely family and friends.

So once again I would like to thank each and every one of you for everything you did for me! Made me a winner.

I always want to thank God for making me a winner either way, whether it be here or in the "Land of Promise."

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