

WATCHMAN'S TEACHING LETTER

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THOSE TO WHOM THE COVENANT BELONGS

This is my two hundred and thirteenth monthly teaching letter and continues my eighteenth year of publication. In the last letter, WTL #212, I discussed my wife's, Trillis Almira (Moehlman) Emahiser's church affiliation more or less in detail, all the way back to Ireland in the 1600s. With this lesson I will address the church affiliation that Tillie and I had together as husband and wife. Originally, I planned to present, (1) the background of my own church affiliation, then (2) the background of my wife's church affiliation, and lastly, (3) The church affiliation that Tillie and I had together as husband and wife. This will be the third, and last, part of this series on church affiliation.

After Tillie and I had gotten married, we moved into an apartment in a house on Ohio avenue in Tiffin, Ohio, where I had a job at Brimner and Borer's Barbershop. My wife, Tillie, had to quit her job at Sears Roebuck in the bookkeeping department in Fostoria. After WW II, housing was quite a problem for several years. Tiffin was a college town, the home of Heidelberg University. Everywhere, at that time, the colleges and universities were full and overflowing with students because the WW II veterans were taking advantage of the G.I. Bill for educational monetary assistance. Before getting married, I had spent about two months trying to find some kind of housing for Tillie and I in Tiffin, but found that every housing unit had already been spoken for. Finally, about two weeks before our wedding date, I heard of a possible apartment opportunity by word of mouth, probably from one of the barber customers where I was employed. It was a fairly nice furnished apartment, but we had to enter through the living room of the woman who was renting the apartment. This didn't give us the privacy we needed. After we climbed a stairway and closed the door behind us, we then had our privacy.

Tillie and I decided we would put up with this for a while, and would continue with this disadvantage until we could find something better. As it turned out, we would have to find something else quicker than we anticipated. Evidently, our landlady decided she wanted to get rid of us as soon as possible, and she was behind on paying her electric bill. One evening after work, I came home to our rented apartment, and the electrical service had been shut off for lack of payment. Tillie and I had already paid our rent for the next month, and we were not about to move out until the following month's rent was due. So I went to the power company and paid the landlady's electric bill, and the power was turned on again, and I was never reimbursed for that. Actually, the rent we paid was supposed to cover our electrical use, so in this instance we were paying twice for our electricity, and then paying for the landlady's electrical use. When all of this happened, the landlady was conveniently absent!

At that time there were several house-trailer sales places in Tiffin, so Tillie and I went shopping for a house-trailer. Tillie had taken a job in Tiffin at a woman's clothing store, so between us we were able to scrape up enough money for a modest down

payment. It never entered our minds that we might try to borrow some money from a family member. We didn't do it then, and we never did such a thing throughout our entire marriage. On our limited means, we had to pick out a house-trailer its down payment, and monthly payments, as best we could afford. We did our best to pick out one that would fit our needs. It wasn't easy, but after much shopping we settled on one that was 8' wide and 24' long, and that included the tongue & hitch. Actually, the inside measurement of the floor was 19' long. We had hot and cold running water at the kitchen sink, but had to use central toilets and showers and a laundry room at the trailer park. Nevertheless, this was much better than the apartment we had rented for two months!

By November, 1948 we were living in our new house-trailer snug and warm, except the floors were slightly cold. Right away, I went around and obtained the materials I needed to construct some skirts around the edges of the trailer. This also gave us some space to store items like shovels, spades, and other garden tools. We were also allotted a small area to raise a garden.

During the first few months of our marriage, going to any kind of church was not on our itinerary! Then, in the summer of 1949 we, by chance, dropped in on my parents at their apartment in Fostoria. At that time, the Evangelical Church was having their annual camp meeting at Byal park in Findlay, Ohio in a rough wooden tabernacle style building used by various religious sects. Just how we got invited to accompany my parents to that meeting I do not fully recall. Had the invitation been given to me personally, I probably would have found an excuse not to go with them! So, evidently it was my wife, Tillie, who was invited, and agreed to go along with my parents to that camp meeting. Looking back at this incident (and it took me many years to figure out), my wife, Tillie, had objectives in mind that would take me over forty years to realize!

Here is an excerpt about Tillie and her loving grandmother that I wrote in WTL #212: "After Tillie's loving grandmother had died, December 21, 1949, Tillie's mother, Ruth Eileen, gave Tillie her grandmother's Bible, and Tillie wrote on the inside cover: 'Trillis Almina (Moehlman) Emahiser, given to me by my mother. This Bible belonged to my beloved grandmother Almina (Hartman) Carter Garing'" To make a long story short, my wife Tillie loved her grandmother so much that she wanted to be just like her! And I am quite sure this is the reason Tillie accepted the invitation to go to that camp meeting and went forward to the altar, accepting Christ. And when Tillie went forward, I couldn't leave her up there alone by herself, so I followed her. This was the beginning of the church affiliation that Tillie and I had together as husband and wife, but it would turn out to be a rocky road. When we were first married, Tillie took the lead establishing our Christian home. About 1979 I was introduced to Israel Identity, and I took the lead (with no objections from Tillie) to have a Christian Israel Identity home. But we were alone among all the rest of the members our families in doing so. And so it remains.

Sometime after accepting Christ my wife Tillie joined the Evangelical church where my parents and I were already members, though I never gave much heed to my membership. After Tillie joined our church, she and I made an effort to be the best kind of Christians we knew how to be, but lacking Covenant Theology, much was left to be desired that churchianity couldn't offer. The blind pastors kept telling us: "We are just

‘gentiles’ (meaning non-jews) saved by grace!” Well, this was only one of hundreds of lies that the corrupt churches were pounding into our brains with sledge hammers! Consequently, those who were easily deceived bought and/or are still swallowing these horrendous, malicious untruths, and are passing them on to others, who are also as naive as they are themselves. And we find a whole host of blind adherents promoting these errors to an abundant herd of blind aspirants, whose knowledge of Scripture is sadly lacking, especially when it comes to Covenant Theology! Here, I should rephrase a statement above: ‘After Tillie joined our church, she and I made a **naive** effort to be the best Christians we knew how to be ...’

According to the Evangelical church’s discipline, this meant several things (too numerous to mention). Probably the most un-Biblical tenet was a large missionary effort to spread the Gospel to every tribe of racially unclean nonwhite people the world over. Once a month, on a Wednesday evening, there would be a “missionary meeting”, led usually by women, to discuss the progress of saving souls in some distant hinterland where savages would drink the same water they had defecated in. The women of the church had their own missionary society where they would get together and tear up worn-out sheets into 2 or 3 inch rolls for bandages, to treat the several turd-world diseases they harbor, at the risk of all our lives. Becoming a missionary to these sewer-people seemed to be in credentials, as the highest category of christian (lower case on purpose) which one could attain.

It is no mystery, then, but an historical fact that the Evangelical church took a major part in, and was one of the leading promoters of the underground railroad to transport niggers from the southern Confederate States, through Ohio, on their way to Canada! This I had to learn after-the-fact, when my eyes were finally opened to the Christian Israel Identity Message! Another example of this sort of thing, I will now relate how after my wife, Tillie joined my family’s Evangelical church, we had a pastor by the name of Krisher (unsure of the spelling). Anyway, pastor Krisher was one of Tillie’s favorite preachers (who had attended, but not officiated at our wedding). Pastor Krisher would eventually be assigned to a different Evangelical church, whereupon Tillie continued to correspond with him and his wife. Pastor Krisher eventually died about 1955, and my wife made a special effort to attend his funeral, because he had officiated at our daughter (Linda Susan’s) graveside burial, who had lived only three days. A year or two later I happened to be going through some of the correspondence which we received back from pastor Krisher, and in one of Krisher’s letters to us he was lamenting about the Japanese – how they were becoming christians (lower case on purpose) – and that it was imperative we send missionaries to Japan as soon as possible! Although pastor Krisher was a very good friend, he was caught up in the attempt to give the children’s bread to the dogs, (Matt. 15:26), or in other words, take the Gospel (which was meant only for Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and the twelve tribes of Israel), to **outlandish** people! (Gen. 27:46):

“And Rebekah said to Isaac, I am weary of my life because of the daughters of Heth: if Jacob take a wife of the daughters of Heth, such as these *which are of the daughters of the land*, what good shall my life do me?”

With this illustration, I'm getting a little ahead of our story, as back in November of 1949, on Thanksgiving day, we moved our house-trailer from Tiffin, Ohio to a location about 3 miles east of Bowling Green, Ohio, a few hundred feet off of U.S. route 6, which later was diverted by a bypass. This property was owned by a farmer who owned two farms, and let us park our house-trailer beside a vacant house on one of his farms free of charge, just for keeping watch over his buildings and machinery. I had gotten a job at Melvin Munn's barbershop, which turned out to be a disaster because the administration of Bowling Green State University threatened legal action against Munn, should he refuse service to blacks at their College. This turned out to be a short-lived experience. While near Bowling Green my wife Tillie and I occasionally attended the Trinity United Brethren Church, as it was somewhat like the Evangelical church, and the drive to Fostoria was inconvenient.

Before this, back in Tiffin, Ohio we drove to Fostoria (only 12 miles away) to attend my family's Evangelical church there. During our time in Tiffin, between August and November of 1949 (our then church going days), we only visited a couple churches of interest. One was a Baptist Church that was showing a movie of Billy Graham and the beginning of his crusades. That Baptist church made it appear that Billy Graham was doing a tremendous job of christianizing (lower case on purpose) America! At first, I believed Graham was doing a good work, but after being awakened to Christian Israel Identity, I realized Graham was nothing more than a tool for the Edomite-jews, and that Graham was/is a traitor to the Christian cause. Before this, Billy Graham was a fast talking Fuller Brush salesman, who might have missed his real calling to be the world's greatest used car salesman.

The other church of interest in Tiffin, Ohio during that period, was a Methodist church that was having a well-advertised one-week series of sermons on future prophecy. At that time I was overly influenced by my uncle Merrill Keiser's futurist views on Biblical prophecy. Well, I took the time to attend every one of those meetings, sucking it all in. Looking back, I now realize that those meetings were nothing more than an effort to promote Edomite-jewish zionism (lower case on purpose)! No doubt, that Methodist church (and maybe the whole denomination) got some money under the table, accounting for the fact that it was so highly advertised! It is imperative to remember that this was only one year after the satanic Edomite-jewish state of Israeli (Israel lie) was recognized by the criminal United Nations. Surely, I am very thankful for being awakened to my Christian Israel Identity about 1979, whereupon I renounced my former futurist views on Biblical prophecy in favor of the historical view! Here is part of what I wrote in my essay, *YAHWEH, THE GOD OF SEGREGATION, vs. SATAN, THE god OF INTEGRATION*, (So, which god are you following):

"Our churches were infiltrated long ago in the 1930s by 'Christian' socialists holding communistic ideologies, such as Harry Ward and Reinhold Niebuhr at the Union Theological Seminary" (*The Red Network* by Elizabeth Dilling, p.31)." Of the notable alumni of Union Theological Seminary was one Frederick Buckley Newell (Bachelor of Divinity), 1916, of the Methodist church! (I will clarify shortly.)

I am very sorry to stray away from my main subject here, but I want to demonstrate to the reader just how serious this last paragraph is, and to document it in

the process. In a monumental endeavor to expose the enemies of our Christian heritage, Elizabeth Dilling wrote a book entitled *The Red Network*, in the 1930s. The problem is today, in 2016, it is a hundred times worse than back then. I will be quoting from pages 232-233, where we read:

“UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY (AND ST. STEPHENS COLLEGE)

“The notable number of ministerial graduates and instructors of Union Theological Seminary who are also active agitators in the Red Socialist-Communist movement have helped, no doubt, to popularize its nickname ‘The Red Seminary.’ The L.I.D. [League for Industrial Democracy] conference ‘Guiding the Revolution’ held there Dec. 1931, the activities of men like Karl Borders, Harry Ward, Reinhold Niebuhr, Arnold Johnson, (arrested for criminal syndicalism), the Seminary’s advertised recommendation of a filthy sex book for the Eugenics Publishing Co. (fellow publishers of the atheist Freethought Press), etc., etc., help this reputation along.

“The Lusk Report (p. 1115) states: ‘There are two dangerous centers of Revolutionary Socialist teaching of a university type in ecclesiastical institutions. One is the Union Theological Seminary of New York, where Christian Ethics are taught by Dr. Harry F. Ward; the other is St. Stephens College at Annandale, N.Y., where the president is the Rev. Iddings-Bell, and the professor of economics the Socialist, Dr. Edwards

“‘Dr. Ward is the author of ‘The New Social Order’ in which he shows a decided sympathy for Socialist social forms and is friendly to Bolshevism in Russia ... He characterized the cognate I.W.W. [International Workers of the World] ‘philosophy’ as the most ideal and practical philosophy since the days of Jesus Christ, and as expressing the ideas of Christ much more closely than any church of the present day.

“... He is chairman of the American Civil Liberties Union which champions the I.W.W., and presided over the I.W.W. meeting of Feb. 9, 1920, held at the Rand School, to raise money for the defense of the I.W.W. murderers of the four members of the American Legion at Centralia.

“... The pro-Bolshevik articles which Dr. Ward contributed to ‘The Social Service Bulletin’ of the Methodist Federation for Social Service were considered particularly objectionable because the Bulletin was circulated not only by the Methodist Church but by the Congregational, Northern Baptist and other organizations. They called attention to Dr. Ward’s text books circulated by the Graded Sunday School Syndicate. Dr. Ward is also connected with the Y.M.C.A., the Y.W.C.A. and the Inter-Church World Movement.

“... Such specialists in Bolshevism as Lieutenant Klieforth and Wm. English Walling have characterized Dr. Ward’s statements as downright falsehoods or distorted facts, and as a kind of Bolshevism far worse than the Bolshevism of Russia.

“The same attempt to swing existing educational institutions to the support of the atheism and materialism of the I.W.W. and Bolshevism is shown in the movement in the Episcopal Church of which the nominal leader is the Rev. Bernard Iddings Bell. He is at the head of St. Stephens College at Annandale ... The head of the department of economics is the Rev. Lyford P. Edwards, an able expositor of Socialism and member of the Socialist Party. He gives courses at the college on the I.W.W., on Syndicalism,

Socialism and Bolshevism. As a Socialist ... he teaches these movements to the young Episcopalians sympathetically.

“What the President, Dr. Bell himself, thinks, can be judged from his book, ‘Right and Wrong after the War.’ He here bases the whole history and character of civilization on what he calls the two great ‘Urges,’ the Hunger Urge and the Sex Urge. He accepts, in other words, the lowest form of Karl Marx materialism conception of history, in which there is absolutely no place for God in the evolution of the universe. Logically this is inescapable atheism’ ...”

At pages 33-34, Elizabeth Dilling writes in part:

“METHODISTS TURN SOCIALISTIC

“If the great voice of John Wesley with its call to Christianize individual souls should finally be stilled by the voice of Karl Marx with its call to class war – disguised as a call to preach the ‘social gospel of economic justice’ – not only Methodism but the whole world will suffer.

“Ominously, the Socialist ‘Christian Social Action Movement’ of Chicago Methodist Church headquarters says of its opportunities for teaching Socialism-Communism: ‘Our most fruitful field of accomplishment we believe to be within and through the agency of the Church of which we are a part. It is difficult to overemphasize the significance to the *social and economic* movement in America if the Methodist Church should be won to whole hearted advocacy and support of the social gospel. To this endeavor ... we pledge ourselves.; (p. 41 of its Handbook).

“‘Methodists Turn Socialistic’ is the title of an article written by Socialist Chas. C. Webber (jailed in a radical strike in 1930 and defended by the A.C.L.U.), which appears in the Socialist, Garland-Fund-aided ‘World Tomorrow’ of July 1933. In it he felicitates the Annual Conference of the M.E. Church held at Central Church, Brooklyn, N.Y., for its report on ‘The Necessity of Social Change – from capitalism to a socialistic economic system,’ and says that the motion to change the words ‘social ownership’ (complete Socialism) in the final report to ‘social control’ just barely passed. He says: ‘This debate clearly showed that the majority of the members of the N.Y. East Conference of the M.E. Church are convinced that ‘capitalism’ must be brought under some form of social control.’

“The Northeast Ohio Conference of the M.E. Church exhibited similar tendencies when ‘Socialized ownership and control of the country’s financial and industrial system as a substitute for capitalism were recommended’ (Associated Press report, Sept. 20, 1932). Other conferences have likewise adopted communistic-socialistic resolutions.

“The Methodist Federation for Social Service is headed by Bishop Francis J. McConnell, Socialist, A.C.L.U., etc., and its Bulletin is edited by Harry Ward, of radical fame, and Winifred Chappell, frankly of the Communist Party campaign committee. As an ex-Communist said to me, ‘Most of those Bulletins sound like the Daily Worker, only more so.’ The April 15, 1932 Bulletin, which I have, not only frankly admitted Federation cooperation with *Communist* organizations but under the heading ‘Is it a Coincidence?’ said: ‘The nature of the membership of the Federation and the *penetration of the church by this movement* is indicated in part by the fact that entirely without design one third of the Delaware Conference membership belonged to the Federation. This

overlapping included every member of the commission on 'Modern Business and Industry,' 10 of the 14 commission chairmen, and two secretaries of the Board of Foreign Missions who were largely responsible for the conference, and the presiding officer, the president of the Federation'”

The reader can now evaluate whether or not the Union Theological Seminary was infiltrated by Edomite-jewish Marxism and communism, and that the socialism of the Union Theology Seminary was then introduced into the Methodist denomination of churches. Not only that, but the United Brethren and Evangelical churches were swallowed up by the Methodist church, and it remains that way to this very day, making them instruments to spread Satan's social gospel! And the greater part of the other churches, through their Edomite-jewish oriented seminaries, have suffered the same fate.

Since being in Tiffin, Ohio during that period of August to November of 1949, and visiting a Baptist church once, and listening to a series on erroneous, futuristic so-called biblical prophecy at a Methodist church, I now realize that Almighty Yahweh wanted my wife, Tillie, and myself to be in Tiffin long enough to witness these two miscarriages of Bible doctrine in order to prepare me for the ministry I have undertaken since 1998 in Christian Israel Identity! However, this experience in Tiffin, Ohio, starting with my employment at Brimner and Borer's barbershop in August of 1947, and then having to quit barbering on account of Dick Brimner's maddening, continuous spouting of pornographic stories, whereupon I started selling Knapp shoes and taking part time barbering jobs until Thanksgiving day 1949, was just the beginning of several more large bumps in the road.

When I finally informed Dick Brimner that I was quitting my job with him and Borer (though Borer wasn't there at that time), Brimner got quite irate, and told me how ghastly a person I was, and he had a long string of attributes about me he didn't like. Well, Dick had that filthy mouth that was about to drive me out of my mind, so I let him rant, and answered him not a word. And that was how we parted.

As it turned out my barbering job with Brimner and Borer was a disaster! Then, I moved to Bowling Green, Ohio, and took a barbering job with Melvin Munn, but the Bowling Green State University threatened to sue Munn if he refused to service negroes, so that barbering job also turned out to be a disaster. I then moved back to my home town in Fostoria, Ohio. In Fostoria I took a barbering job with Clifford Shuman who was also the mayor of Fostoria at that time. Well, the owner of the local news paper used his influence to get Shuman voted out of office, and that political conflict caused nearly everyone to avoid Shuman's barbershop, so that barbering job also turned out to be a disaster. While in Fostoria, Tillie, and I attended my family's Evangelical church to which earlier, Tillie also had become a member.

After Clifford Shuman lost his mayoral position in the November 1950 election, I proposed the idea of selling our house-trailer and moving to California with my wife, Tillie, and she agreed to make the move. I had a low mileage used 1949 Buick, and didn't want to take the risk of towing that house-trailer 2,000 miles, so we advertised it in the newspaper, and got one taker who offered only \$1,000, which I hated to take that great of a loss. This offer came from the owner of the Ney Implement Company, who

also sold a wide range of household appliances, so I made him a counteroffer – we would accept his offer if he would sell us \$1,000 worth of appliances at wholesale price. Suddenly, we had to remove all of our belongings from the house-trailer and pack them into that 1949 Buick, leaving a few things behind.

During my 1944 summer vacation from high school, I had gone to Long Beach, California, and got a job at Douglas Aircraft working on the C-47s. It was a job that I enjoyed, and I decided (with my wife's approval) to return there and find out if they would hire me again, which they did. After settling down in a furnished apartment, we were at a loss as where we might attend a church. We looked, but couldn't seem to find an Evangelical church in the area, so we visited several other denominations, but none appeared very appealing. We finally settled on a rather large United Brethren church, and continued going there, even though we didn't quite fit in with them. One event that we did enjoy was when our Sunday-school class of 50 or 60 couples arranged a weekend mountain retreat of speakers, dinners and social activities. Although we attended that church, we continued to send our monetary support back to Fostoria, Ohio, to the Evangelical church.

When I was rehired by Douglas Aircraft in January of 1951, the interviewer informed me that many of the operations of Douglas had advanced significantly since 1944, and I would have to attend a two week orientation course before entering the factory. That was a breeze, as much of it I had already done between my employment with Douglas in 1944, and at a sheet-metal shop in the Navy. Looking back though, I now realize that Almighty Yahweh wanted me at that orientation course, so I could observe the several mexicans also being trained. At that time, observing those mexicans didn't necessarily mean much to me, though it left a lasting impression. But after a lengthy in-depth research of the great conspiracy starting about 1976, and then being awakened to my Christian Israel Identity about 1979, it means a great deal to me, as those mexicans are part of the "flood" that Satan is casting out of his "mouth" (Rev. 12:15-16), to destroy true Israel (not to be confused with the Edomite-jews who are of the synagogue of Satan, Rev 2:9 & 3:9)!

Well, I liked my job at Douglas Aircraft very much, and the pay was more than adequate, but I got sick with a urinary tract problem, and the doctor's treatments and medicines only aggravated the condition. After a period of time, finding no relief, I knew if I could get back to our doctor, John Funck, in Tiffin, Ohio, he could take care of my difficulty, which he did. So, I reluctantly quit Douglas, and we packed up our Buick again and returned to Fostoria, Ohio, and after some time I landed a barbering job in Bowling Green, Ohio at the Hotel Barbershop. Then shortly, we found a very compact furnished apartment in Bowling Green and settled in. We would move three times while working at the Bowling Green Hotel Barbershop, and I worked there from the fall of 1951 until midsummer of 1954, when I opened up my own barbershop in Fostoria, Ohio.

All of this brought Tillie and I to attend a variety of churches and camp-meetings during this period. If the weather was good we would make the 50-mile round trip to our Evangelical church in Fostoria, but if the weather was inclement, we would attend a small Trinity Brethren Church in Bowling Green. Occasionally, we would attend the Rudolph, Ohio Nazarene church (the same church Tillie's grandmother, [Almina Carter

Garing] attended before her death in 1949). So, with a variety of churches came a “verity” of Biblical tenets somewhat in conflict with each other! Each individual church, even within the same denomination, had their own little unwritten code of dos and don’ts. One time only, I remember Tillie and I attended the Portage, Ohio Trinity Brethren summer camp-meeting, and the preacher got on the subject of rings, things and buttons and bows, when a man stood up and cried out, “tell’em about the teleevision”, which today is hundreds of times worse! I thought the man was a little out-of-place, but time has proved otherwise.

After moving back to Fostoria, Ohio early in 1954, my wife, Tillie, and I started attending our Evangelical church on a regular basis, and everything continued smoothly for some time. By July 10 of that year, I had opened my own barbershop in Fostoria. Two years later I started to build Tillie and I a new home which we moved into in November of 1958, on the subfloors, with a young baby boy who was born July 14, 1958. Two or three years later I was able to purchase a low mileage used 1961 4-door Chevrolet Corvair, and my wife finally got her permanent Ohio drivers license, thereby taking quite a load off of my shoulders by running many of our various family’s errands.

Then out of the clear blue sky, something seriously inappropriate occurred. My wife was always concerned about anyone who was sick, and the wife of one of the five couples in our Sunday-school class was quite ill, whereupon Tillie decided to drive out into the country about two miles where she lived to visit and encourage her. Unbeknown to us, her husband, Troy Smith, had a bad habit of fondling women! When Tillie arrived there, Opal was sick in bed upstairs, and Troy let Tillie enter their home. Once in the living room, Troy started reaching for my wife’s breasts. Immediately, Tillie grabbed her pocketbook with her keys, and anything she had brought with her, and walked out of Smith’s house and drove safely back home under severe mental pressure. About three days later we visited a friend in the Bowling Green hospital, and upon leaving, Tillie requested that I find a secluded parking place, whereupon she related every detail of her frightening encounter, when I became mad as hell at Troy Smith! As my father sat on our Evangelical church board, my wife and I informed him and my mother of what had happened. Troy was a Sunday school teacher of a teenagers class, and absolutely no one in that Evangelical church made an effort to dismiss Troy from teaching that class, whereupon I said, “the hell with that Evangelical church”, and that was the end of that. For a couple of years we didn’t attend any church!

Since about 1955, I noticed that I was gradually gaining, one by one, a few men from the local Nazarene church to my barbershop, starting with the son of Pastor Flannery. As the number continued to grow, I suggested to my wife, Tillie, that we might try going to the Nazarene church in Fostoria. Everything went well there, and Tillie and I joined their church. Pastor Flannery was a hell, fire and brimstone preacher, and that seemed to keep the members in line. Under Flannery, they had an extra large brand new church built by the laymen, and never went in debt over it. Then in the early 1970s, Flannery was transferred to the Nazarene church in Marion, Ohio, and a Nazarene Preacher from Columbus, Ohio named Clay was assigned to Fostoria, and in came trouble!

Sometime later, Pastor Clay's son, Danny, was caught stealing wine from the local Kroger grocery store. This was broadcast over WFOB the next morning, and when my wife, Tillie, heard it, she was so ashamed that she went to the Kroger manager and personally apologized to him (he being one of my customers). Danny's mother then downplayed her son's act, and his father didn't seem to take any responsibility for it. We soon realized that if Danny got away with that theft, it was a license for my own son, David, to go out and do likewise, so both my wife and I wrote a letter of resignation, and stopped all of our support to that Nazarene church and seminary, and that ended that fiasco! I later heard that the Nazarene seminary at Mount Vernon, Ohio hired an Edomite-jew to help train the students there (if true, it would be like having a fox in a chicken house).