



Treasures Among Us

Evalee Young

Evalee Young met her husband, Ralph, when she was nine years old.

They placed their membership at the Highway 63 South Church of Christ in Rolla in 2008. Previously, they had worshiped in Salem where Ralph served as an elder for many years.

Evalee was born at Rockbridge, Missouri, which is near Gainesville. She was one of five girls (no boys) in her family. Her mom was a homemaker, and her dad was a school teacher. The family moved around quite a bit as he taught at different places. Ralph moved to Brixey from St. Louis when he was nine years old. Both she and Ralph were her dad's students at Rockbridge during 7th and 8th grades, and they graduated high school at Gainesville. Ralph and Evalee often got together with her brother-in-law and her sister, Gavaughna, to play music. Evalee played the guitar and mandolin, and Ralph plays guitar. Once a month, he continues to play with a group at the Salem Senior Center. They play bluegrass, country, spiritual songs, or whatever is requested.

In addition to being school mates, she and Ralph went to church together. She says they liked each other since 8th grade. They began dating in high school and were married in October, 1956, shortly after their high school graduation in May. They lived in Brixey, Missouri, until 1957 when they relocated to St. Louis where they lived until 1966 when they returned to rural Missouri.

Their first child was a son named Terry, who was born with Cerebral Palsy. It was hard for her to enjoy music of any kind when their son, Terry, was so sick with CP. Certain gospel songs would elicit a pitiful crying from him, so she couldn't bear to sing or play for many years.

Terry passed away at age 29, just two days apart from Evalee's father. The two of them were buried together. "God Shall Wipe Away All Tears" was sung at their funeral, and it continues to be her favorite song. "No Tears in Heaven" is another of her favorites. The spirit of those two songs is found in Revelation 21:4, "And God will wipe away every tear from their eyes; there shall be no more death, nor sorrow, nor crying. There shall be no more pain, for the former things have passed away." It is one of her favorite scriptures as are John 14 and Psalm 23.

In addition to Terry, she and Ralph have two daughters. Cindy lives at Mountain Home, Arkansas. She has a son named Taylor who has a very rare disease, Cornelia Delange Syndrome. He will be 28 years old in August and lives in a home where he is given constant care. Cindy's other son is Shannon, and he lives in Elizabeth, Arkansas. Cheryl and her son, Chase, live at Salem. In addition to the three grandsons, she and Ralph have one great-granddaughter named Addissyn, who lives in Colorado. She is Shannon's four-year-old daughter.

Both Evalee and Ralph were privileged to grow up in Christian homes. As long as their son, Terry, was living, she was the primary caregiver but had a lot of help from Ralph. Until he was 14, they took Terry to church, but it became too uncomfortable for him. After that, they took turns going to church and taking their girls. After his death, she occasionally taught Bible classes in Salem and helped with VBS when possible. She also worked with South Central Community Action Agency for 10 years. It is a program to help low-income people.

Evalee and Ralph spend a couple months each winter in south Texas. Her favorite vacation place is in the mountains of Colorado because the mountains are so pretty and are such vivid evidence of God. She also likes Albuquerque, New Mexico. The day the World Trade Center was destroyed made a deep impression on her. Merle and Betty Owens were on their way to the Young's house. Merle was suffering with ALS at that time, and the plan was to take them to several of the large springs

in southeast Missouri. They only made it to one of the springs because they all spent the majority of that day watching the TV coverage of what was happening in New York and Washington, DC and what had taken place in Pennsylvania that day.

Her greatest hope is to see her children and her grandchildren in church faithfully. She also wants her grandson, Taylor, to have a better life than he has had up to this point. She prays for God's help for him every day.

Evalee Young is a very humble servant of Christ who is always willing to help in the Lord's church in any way that she can. She is almost a "hidden" treasure, but she is truly a treasure among us.

NOTE: *This is the 20th in a series highlighting noble Christian women in our congregation. We truly have many "treasures among us" in the women who exemplify Christianity in all its facets and have much to teach us all.*



THE TWELFTH YEAR

A Short Story by Ina Ruth McKune

Part 2

The little girl leaned over the stone edge of the fountain and tossed up handfuls of water toward the cloudless sky. Thousands of sparkling drops rained down onto her upturned face as she blinked her long black lashes and giggled. She shook her face from side to side to fling off the water, and her long, gleaming hair swung about her shoulders.

Jairus, sitting on the courtyard bench in the slanting afternoon rays of sunlight, laughed aloud at his six-year-old daughter's antics.

Six years, and no other child. Yet what more could he ever ask of Jehovah than this beautiful child? *She grows so fast. Soon, far too soon, she will be a young bride leaving for her groom's home.* He reminded himself to be thankful for what he had – the here and now with his little daughter. For a moment, he bowed his head in prayer. *Thank you for her, O Lord, and thank you for making her healthy. She is all we have.*



Everyone was speaking of him. At first the woman had dismissed it as all too fantastic. Glimpsing through a throng of hangers-on, someone had thought he saw something miraculous, and then, as people are wont to do, had spread and embellished the story, probably just for the sake of attention. Yet as the months had passed, there were too many stories from too many different sources. The blind, the deaf, the leprous, the paralyzed – all healed, utterly and instantly.

"Of course," her cousin had told her, "huge crowds of people follow him everywhere he goes." Yet it was not just the healing that drew the people. This young rabbi

was teaching things that no one had ever heard before. Unlike the other rabbis with their endless rules and traditions, he told stories about lamps and sowers and mustard seeds. "Many are very confused about him," her cousin said, "and some are very angry. There is talk that any who follow him will be put out of the synagogue. But many who have listened to him say they have meditated on his lessons and stories and are convinced that he speaks truth as no man ever has before."

Then her cousin related the latest tale. Across the lake there had lived a pathetic man, a miserable soul possessed by a host of demons from hell. The demons had given him superhuman strength, for he could break iron chains with his bare hands; but in exchange they had stolen his self-control, his dignity, his very mind. They had transformed the man into a monster who lived in tombs, unclothed, screaming and cutting himself with stones. The woman shuddered. Twelve years she had endured her affliction, but she knew there were things that were far worse.

But then the rabbi had traveled into that district where this wretched man lived, and when crowds heard an unbelievable report from a group of pig herders, many went to see for themselves. What they saw had spread like wildfire throughout their district and now back across the lake to Capernaum, for they had found the man sitting at the rabbi's feet, fully clothed and his mind clear, sharp, and controlled. The demons were gone, and Jesus – yes, that was his name – Jesus had done it.

Deep in her soul stirred something the woman had not felt for many years. It was hope, and its voice said, *Find him, find him.*



He had never felt so hopeless. *I am the father, the protector of the family, but I can do nothing.* The child lay on the bed tossing restlessly against the fever, and her breath came and went in jagged bursts. He longed to hear the sweet, deep breaths of a child immersed in a restful sleep, and although she had only been sick a week, it seemed a lifetime since he had heard that peaceful sound. His wife, unmovable from the bedside, lifted her head toward him, and in her eyes he saw only mute despair. *Twelve years old – ready to embark on her life – but there will be none of that,* those eyes said. *No betrothal, no wedding day, no grandchildren, no loving daughter by our side when we are old.*

In that instant, he made his decision. *I am going to find him and bring him here. He is our only hope. So, anyone who espouses belief in him will be put out of the synagogue. Fine, let them put me out, the leader of their own synagogue. I no longer care. I will not let her die without even trying.*



NEVER ALONE IN THE STORM

Waiting on the storm...as I sit awake tonight watching my three boys sleep. I'm anxiously waiting on the storm. No, not a storm with rain, thunder, and lightning; but rather, the next storm of a vicious cycle of FPIES to seizure reaction. We started a trial with essential oils this week that I have been scared to do for some time. As we are having many symptoms of a pending reaction, I lay awake monitoring every breath, our heart rate, our temperature and every move made by the son I so love. As with many nights, I sit awake and pray God to wake me if I fall asleep and help me to stay calm to do what I need to do so I can save my son from the life threatening reactions.

BUT...**never** am I alone in this storm!! God is always by my side; and though my storm of FPIES still rages, my God allows us to rest peacefully in the waves...in His arm. Life is so short and is but a vapor. I TREASURE every minute, every second with my sons and my family for each night and each day. There is always a vivid reminder that this could be our last together!

I encourage each of you that read this not to be caught up and swept away by the storms of life Satan uses to so easily entangle us. Stay focused on our Lord and our God and what's truly important in this life. Love hard and treasure the moments given to you as a gift...for you never know when this moment may be your last. For those of you still awake, please say a prayer for our sweet Jackson that the oils will help with stopping his reactions and that God continues to give us strength to rest peacefully in Him!!!

Thank you again to all of you who so graciously pray, listen, and have loved us and our families so much during our storms. Words will never be able to tell you how grateful we are and how much we love you. Praying for NO reaction and seizure...trusting our Lord to carry us through.

Kim Kemnitzer, Salem, MO
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THE YOKE

In Thailand, both the buffalo and the farmer must be trained together in farming skills to increase the animal's worth as well as farming profit. The farmer also needs to know how to train his own buffalo.

The first thing the farmer and his buffalo must learn is to work together as a team. The farmer is told to stroke the nose and chin of his buffalo so that the buffalo knows his smell and realizes that his owner is gentle. Then two or three days are used to teach verbal commands and the movement of a single rope attached to the left side of the head halter while they practice plowing with the yoke and plow.

The rice planters and their buffalo partners become attuned to the voice, the commands, and each other. A good buffalo and a diligent farmer should be able to work non-stop from 5:00 to 10:00 a.m. every day and plow about an acre per day.

Only one time have I seen Jesus describe anything as easy. *"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."* Matthew 11:28-30.

The wooden yoke for the Thai water buffalo is formed to the shape of the buffalo's neck. It is carved smooth, rounded, and polished with no sharp edges so no point will be putting stress anywhere on the neck and causing pressure sores. The best yoke will fit snugly around the buffalo's neck and cause him no discomfort. He can plow the fields every day for years, and his skin will remain perfectly healthy, with no pressure sores.



It seems odd for those working hard and being heavy-laden willingly to take on a yoke, but a good yoke does make the work and the load much easier to handle. Jesus offers each of us a well-fitted yoke of custom design so we can work instead of being lazy or inactive. He knows our frame, our particular needs, strength and capabilities. The yoke He will prepare for each of us will evenly distribute the pressure and stress and will be made specifically for each individual.

With the yoke, we learn to work as a team with Jesus. We learn His commands, and we can accomplish much. In the end we will find rest for our souls; and, yes, with His yoke, the work is easy and the burden is light.

Our example is Christ's yoke – His Father's will. *"I am come to do Thy will, O God."* Hebrews 10:7. Jesus was always looking at the Father's will, the Father's plan. He

sought and received the Father's power. That was His yoke. And in the garden it was His Father's will beneath which He bowed His gentle soul, saying: "Not My will, but Thine!"

Rebecca Voraritskul, Khon Kaen, Thailand
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KEEPING FOCUSED

Aren't smart phones fun? I leave the camera at home now when we go on trips and just take pictures with my phone. I can snap, snap, snap and look at them later.

I get a good laugh when I go back through them to see which ones I want to post to Facebook. I always have at least one where my finger is partway over the lens. Then there are the ones where I was hurried and the picture is blurred. Sometimes I am too late clicking, and I end up with just a foot or a hand as someone is walking by. A whole lot of my pictures end up in the digital trashcan.



My schedule stays pretty busy, and sometimes, I feel like the days are going by in a snap, snap, snap kind of fashion. I go ninety to nothing at work all day, then have the household projects to do when I get home. The hours go by in such a hurry.

If I were to take the time and look back over those days, what would I see? What would be the focus of those pictures? Would I find that a lot of them showed my finger – my own self – in the way? Would there be some that I hurried through so fast that they were blurred so that I couldn't see what should be important to me? Did I take my time to enjoy, or did I just catch glimpses of my family and friends?

Even Peter got caught up in what was happening at the Mount of Transfiguration in Matthew 17. He said, "Lord, it is good for us to be here. If you wish, I will put up three shelters - one for you, one for Moses, and one for Elijah."

He was quickly reminded whom he needed to focus on. A voice from the cloud said, "This is My Son, whom I love; with Him I am well pleased. Listen to Him!"

Take a moment, right now, and ask yourself these questions, "Is my life in focus?" "Am I living for the Master?"

Lorna Smith, Lubbock, TX
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THE WORLD IS MINE

*Today upon a bus, I saw a very beautiful woman and wished I were as beautiful,
When suddenly she rose to leave, I saw her hobble down the aisle.*

She had one leg and used a crutch. But as she passed, she passed with a smile. Oh, God, forgive me when I whine. I have two legs; the world is mine.

I stopped to buy some candy. The lad who sold it had such charm.

I talked with him, he seemed so glad. If I were late, it'd do no harm.

And as I left, he said to me, "I thank you; you've been so kind.

It's nice to talk with folks like you. You see," he said, "I'm blind."

Oh God, forgive me when I whine. I have two eyes; the world is mine.

Later while walking down the street, I saw a child I knew.

He stood and watched the others play, but he did not know what to do.

I stopped a moment and then I said, "Why don't you join them, dear?"

He looked ahead without a word. Then I realized, he couldn't hear.

Oh, God, forgive me when I whine. I have two ears; the world is mine.

With feet to take me where I go...

With eyes to see the sunset's glow...

With ears to hear what I know...

Oh, God, forgive me when I whine. I've been blessed indeed; the world is mine!

Author Unknown

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