Points East

By: Ike Adams

What a week end!

The tent and the sleeping bag and yours truly have just returned from Fred Beste's Bash in the shadows of the Poconos and there is no doubt that we are better than we were before we left Kentucky. The camping gear is all aired out now having quality time beside the bull frog pond and I have eaten better for three days than I have in years. Wind Gap Pennsylvania has cleaner air than Kentucky and Fred had ordered up weather similar to what we get here in late September.

Fred brought in several dozen guests to his place for two days of music, food and camaraderie. I actually packed a Marine Corps expedition-grade sleeping bag that pretty much filled one duffel bag and the tent and stakes in yet another along with a couple changes of clothing and I marched through the airports lugging them and a guitar case and looking for all the world as though I was going someplace to take up a new residence.

Fred had warned me that getting a cab ride to his place might prove troublesome.

Sure enough, when I got through the luggage claim at Allentown International there was only one cab in sight and it looked like it had been sitting in the same spot for at least three rain storms.

Inside the terminal there was a desk that said "Taxi" on it an one of those little bells like the ones you can ring to wake up the clerk who is supposed to be taking care of the sporting goods counter at Wal-Mart. I had no sooner hit the button than a nice young fellow came tearing around the corner.

"You rang?" he asked and I asked about the chances of getting a cab to Wind Gap and he literally beamed.

"You've just made Charlie's day," he said.

"Who's Charlie?"

Charlie, it turned out, was dozing in a lounge chair and he had to be pushing 80.

But he was alert enough to recognize his name and he sprang to attention.

When told that he had a fare to Wind Gap, some 25 miles away, I honestly thought he was going to commence weeping. I've rarely seen such joy on a human face.

In minutes we were northbound on Interstate 33 and Charlie was obviously anxious to please. Maybe it was my guitar case that had him fooled but he treated me like royalty, dutifully honking his horn and motioning other drivers to get out of his way.

I gave him Fred's address and he told me he knew right where it was.

"Oh you know Fred?" I would not have been the least bit surprised if he had but, "No, I know Jacobsburg Road like the back of my hand".

Fred's house is at the end of a very serious "s" curve that is probably safe at 20mph. Charlie passed Fred's mail box going 60 and upon realizing his mistake, promptly locked here up, threw the taxi into reverse and suddenly we were going backwards on the wrong side of the road in a blind curve. Someone nearly rear ended us and sat down on their horn. Charlie pulled into Fred's drive. I've never been any happier to get out of a car which Charlie would only allow me to do after promising to call him when I was ready to go back to the airport.

"You can call me at midnight," he said "and I'll be here in 30 minutes. I didn't have the heart to tell him that hitch hiking seemed a more viable alternative.

Fully describing the weekend would take the entire space available in this newspaper and then some. But as I said before the food was to die for and it's probably a miracle that I didn't do just that because I stopped counting at 50 the fresh clams that I was tossing down as fast as Terry Collison could shuck them. And Red Clark's salsa fixed straight out of the garden is something that dreams are made of.

In the final analysis, it is simply wonderful to have a friend as wonderful as Fred Beste and Fred has dozens of friends himself. We've got to do this again and I know Fred well enough to know we will.

song "Come and Dine" would have been welcomed. There were sandwiches of everything from peanut butter and jelly, olive and nut spread, baloney and cheese to chicken salad and hamburgers. Name it and it could be found, somewhere between the trays of salad makings where one could find his choice of fresh veggies and a variety of dips to finish off with. This was one of the meals we remember as belonging on a white cloth spread under a big old shade tree in an open space beside the road, that we called, a pic-nic. All that was lacking was a shade tree and watermelon where we could spit the seeds out while the water from it ran down our chin, and the small kids could run freely without fear of knocking a tray from someone's hand. Good food, prepared and served by willing hands, brings to mind the LAST SUPPER in the Upper room where Jesus showed his humility by washing His servants feet and asked Peter, "Simon, son of Jonas, Lovest thou me more than these?" Peter replied, Yea Lord, thou knowest that I love Thee." He replied, "FEED MY SHEEP." Jesus again repeated the question, "Simon, Lovest thou Me?" and the same order, "Feed My Lambs." For the third time He asked, "Simon, lovest thou Me?" With the same reply, "Lord Thou knowest all things and Know I love you." He answered with "FEED MY SHEEP."

My knowledge of Brother Wendell Romans, known to his beloved flock, as PREACH, personifies "The Good Shepherd," when he heard a cry for help from the flock he had once tended he didn't hesitate but came to its assistance. When he found some had strayed he gently gathered them back into the fold. When one, such as I, cried out from the mountainside of despair, needing guidance, through a trying time, no questions were asked about my lack of faith but the Good Shepherd he is, pointed the way to trusting God and believing His word, "Lo! I am with you always, even to the end." The one that helped most was, "Take your burdens to the Lord and leave them there." I did.

The night is never too dark nor the sun too bright, the snow too deep nor the rain too stormy to keep a Good Shepherd from his flock when the wolves howl and the storm rages around his fold.

"I believe 'Preach' Bro. Wendell Romans is that Kind of 'Good Shepherd'."

This was a going away dinner for Preach, he has earned the chance to go home and rest in green pastures, with blessings from the members of the First Baptist Church of Mt. Vernon.

Sweet and Sour

By Zi Graves

"Preach"

The Sunday evening service at the First Baptist Church on West Main St., Mt. Vernon was a bit unusual. Instead of "Preach" the title Rev. Wendell Romans preferred, standing behind the pulpit with a cheerful greeting, followed by a message of love or warning of God's wrath for those needing it, is there one among us who hasn't strayed from the "Path of Righteousness" and need to be reminded of it? Preach sat on the front row of the chapel with his wife, Lena and niece surrounded by those who loved him. So, instead of hearing a message about God's love and the Joy of serving Him, we viewed slides of pictures I call "Precious Memories" that were taken of events and members of the congregation he and his wife had served, and spent many hours with during his eight years as the Pastor of First Baptist Church.

He had shared happy times, such as weddings, welcoming a new baby into the flock and being invited to Sunday dinner where the hospitality and good food vied for top honors. There were also the sad occasions when Preach had to sit beside a beloved member and watch him or her drift into the final sleep. Then help soothe the grieving family of their loss. Beside vigils and funerals were as much a part of "Preach's" life as preaching on Sunday and attending prayer meeting on Wednesday night.

He tended his flock, He knew their voice and they knew his. If a lamb drifted too far away he searched till he found it. If the flock got restless and began to scatter, he calmed and corralled them with a quiet voice. Preach, or Brother Wendell Romans has well earned the title of The Good Shepherd.

When the last picture was faded away the newly awakened memories brought mixed feelings of the past, present and what the future holds in her hand. Some dear ones shown in the pictures, are no longer with us, and the chapel is now filled by many who were not with us then. The youngsters Preach patted on the head when he was here before now have their own little ones for him to get acquainted with and pat on the head, if he can get them still long enough to do so.

Next on the list was a trip down the long hall to the new auditorium where the table was spread and the

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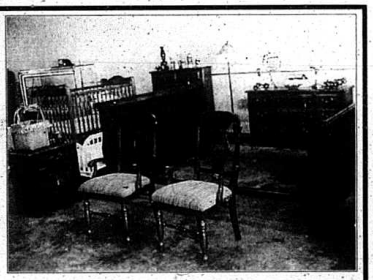

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