



REFLECTIONS

Grace OPC

The Coming Reality

By Pastor Brian De Jong

Cemeteries are often considered to be “creepy” places. When depicted in movies, they are almost always shown at night, with fog, and sinister music playing while the individual walks through the graveyard. Its enough to make one’s skin crawl.

I was in a cemetery recently, and found it to be a most hopeful place. It made my heart thrill with joyful anticipation. There was no music playing to frighten me, and it was a bright and sunny day. That visit was a real highlight for me.

The occasion was a research trip that DeLou and I made to central Wisconsin. We were “on the trail of Arthur F. Perkins.” Our first stop was in Hickory Corners, Wisconsin. Although it is on the map, Hickory Corners appeared to be nothing more than a crossroad. I saw the four corners, but spied no hickory trees.

Nearby was the Hickory Cemetery, where I suspected I would find the grave of Arthur Perkins. Little did I realize that Alyssa Arndt had family buried in Hickory Cemetery! As we pulled up and got out of the car, the very first gravestone I saw said “Perkins” on it – we had found the object of our quest.

Arthur Perkins was an amazing man. He was born in Appleton, grew up in Suring, and was married in 1910, at age 22, to Marie Heroux. Arthur and Marie had five children, four daughters and one son. One child died in infancy, another passed away at age 10, and the remaining three lived to old age.

Arthur was converted during an evangelistic meeting at the Methodist Church in Hickory Corners in 1915. Almost immediately he felt a call to

ministry, and left farming for kingdom labors. He studied at Moody Bible Institute and spent several years doing pastoral work with the Methodists.

In 1921 he was received under the care of the Winnebago Presbytery of the PCUSA, and was ordained as a minister in 1923. He served the North Milwaukee Presbyterian Church for a number of years before being hired as the “Field Director” of Winnebago Presbytery. He was essentially a regional home missionary. He carried on this work for 7 years, crisscrossing Central Wisconsin to help small and struggling churches. He also invested serious time and energy in ministering to Indians in the Gresham area.

In 1931 he came to Merrill Presbyterian Church in Merrill, Wisconsin. He also helped found the Crescent Lake Bible Camp near Rhinelander. As the PCUSA was drifting toward theological liberalism, Perkins became concerned. He, and others like him, resisted these developments. He used his influence to challenge the unbelief he saw growing in his denomination.

The PCUSA was none too happy with such criticism. They sought to silence Perkins, eventually bringing charges of insubordination against him for his role in the Crescent Lake Bible Camp. He was tried, convicted and removed from ministry. Though he hoped the higher courts would vindicate him, they did not. His appeal was denied, and he was put out of the ministry.

In 1936, Arthur left the PCUSA and
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Mnemonics...

- *Session Meeting, June 9th*
- *Mini Golf, June 25th*

Chapter 2: On Religious Grumblers

WHEN a man has a particularly empty head, he generally sets up for a great judge, especially in religion. None is so wise as the man who knows nothing. His ignorance is the mother of his impudence and the nurse of his obstinacy; and though he does not know a bee from a bull's foot, he settles matters as if all wisdom were at his fingers' ends—the Pope himself is not more infallible. Hear him talk after he has been at a meeting and heard a sermon, and you will know how to pull a good man to pieces if you never knew it before. He sees faults where there are none; and if there be a few things amiss, he makes every mouse into an elephant. Although you might put all his wit into an eggshell, he weighs the sermon in the balances of his conceit with all the airs of a born-and-bred Solomon. If it be up to his standard, he lays on his praise with a trowel; but if it be not to his taste, he growls and barks and snaps at it like a dog at a hedgehog. Wise men in this world are like trees in a hedge; there is only here and there one. When these rare men talk together upon a discourse, it is good for the ears to hear them; but the bragging wiseacres I am speaking of are vainly puffed up by their fleshly minds, and their quibbling is as senseless as the cackle of geese on a common. Nothing comes out of a sack but what was in it; and as their bag is empty, they shake nothing but wind out of it. It is very likely that neither ministers nor their sermons are perfect—the best garden may have a few weeds in it, the cleanest corn may have some chaff—but cavaliers cavil at anything or nothing, and find fault for the sake of showing off their deep knowledge. Sooner than let their tongues have a holiday, they would complain that the grass is not a nice shade of blue and say that the sky would have looked neater if it had been whitewashed.

One tribe of these Ishmaelites is made up of high-flying ignoramuses who are very mighty about the doctrine of a sermon: here they are as decisive as sledge hammers and as certain as death. He who knows nothing is confident in everything; hence they are bullheaded beyond measure. Every clock, and even the sundial, must be set according to their watches. The slightest difference from their opinion proves a man to be rotten at heart. Venture to argue with them, and their little pots boil over in quick style; ask them for reason, and you might as well go to a sand pit for sugar. They have bottled up the sea of truth and carry it in their waistcoat pockets; they have measured heaven's line of grace and have tied a knot in a string at the exact length of electing love. As for the things which angels long to know, they have seen them all as boys see sights in a peep show at our fair. Having sold their modesty and become wiser than their teachers, they ride a very high horse and jump over all five-barred gates of Bible texts which teach doctrines contrary to their notions. When this mischief happens to good men, it is a great pity for such sweet pots of ointment to be spoiled by flies, yet one learns to bear with them just as I do with old Violet, for he is a rare horse, though he does set his ears back and throw out his legs at times. But there is a bragging lot about, who are all sting and no honey, all whip and no hay, all grunt and no bacon. These do nothing but rail from morning to night at all who cannot see through their spectacles. If they would but mix up a handful of good living with all their bushels of bounce, it would be more bear able; but no, they don't care for such legality. Men so sound as they are can't be expected to be good at anything else; they are the heavenly watchdogs to guard the house of the Lord from those thieves and robbers who don't preach sound doctrine; and if they do worry the sheep or steal a rabbit or two by the sly who would have the heart to blame them? The Lord's dear people, as they call themselves, have enough to do to keep their doctrine sound; and if their manners are cracked, who can wonder! No man can see to everything at once. These are the moles that want catching in many of our pastures, not for their own sakes, for there is not a sweet mouthful in them, but for the sake of the meadows which they spoil. I would not find half a fault with their doctrine if it were not for their spirit; but vinegar is sweet next to it, and crabs are figs in comparison. It must be very high doctrine that is too high for me, but I must have high experience and high practice with it, or it turns my stomach. However, I have said my say and must leave the subject, or somebody will ask me, what have you to do with Don Quixote's windmill?

Sometimes it is the way the preacher speaks which is hauled over the coals. Here again is a dime field for fault-finding, for every bean has its black, and every man has his failing. I never knew a good horse which had not some odd habit or other, and I never yet saw a minister worth his salt who had not some quirk or oddity: now, these are the bits of cheese which cavillers smell out and nibble at, this man is too slow, and another too fast; the first is too flowery, and the second is too dull. Dear me, if all God's creatures were judged

Continued on next page....

in this way, we should wring the dove's neck for being too tame, shoot the robins for eating spiders, kill the cows for swinging their tails and the hens for not giving us milk. When a man wants to beat a clog, he can soon find a stick; and at this rate, any fool may have something to say against the best minister in England. As to a preacher's manner, if there be but plain speaking, none should cavil at it—because it lacks polish, for if a thing is good—and earnestly spoken, it cannot sound much amiss. No man should use bad language in the pulpit—and all language is bad which common people cannot make head or tail of but godly, sober, decent, plain words none should carp at it. A countryman is as warm in homespun as a king in velvet, and a truth is as comfortable in homely words as in fine speech. As to the way; of dishing up the meat, hungry men leave that to the cook, only let the meat be sweet and substantial. If hearers were better, sermons would be better. When men say they can't hear, I recommend them to buy a horn and remember the old saying, "There's none so deaf as those who will not hear." When young speakers get downhearted because of hard, unkind remarks I generally tell them of the old man and his boy and his ass, and what came of trying to please everybody. No piper ever suited all ears. Where whims and fancies sit in the seat of judgment, a man's opinion is only so much wind, therefore take no more notice than of the wind whistling through a keyhole.

I have heard men find fault with a discourse for what was not in it. No matter how well the subject in hand was brought out, there was another subject about which nothing was said, and so all was wrong. That is as reasonable as finding fault with my plowing because it does not dibble the holes for the beans, or abusing a good corn field because there are no turnips in it. Does any man look for every truth in one sermon? You might as well look for every dish at one meal, and rail at a joint of beef because there are neither bacon, nor veal, nor green peas, nor parsnips on the table. Suppose a sermon is not full of comfort to the sinner; yet if it warns the sinner, shall we despise it? A handsaw would be a poor tool to shave with; shall we therefore throw it away? Where is the use of always trying to hunt out faults? I hate to see a man with a fine smelling about for things to rail at like a rat catcher's dog sniffing at rat holes. By all means let us cut down error, root and branch, but do let us save our pruning shears till there are brambles to chop, and not fall foul of our own mercies. Judging preachers is a poor trade, for it pays neither party concerned in it. At a plowing match they do give a prize to the best of us; but these judges of preachers are precious slow to give anything even to those whom they profess to think so much of. They pay in praise, but give no pudding. They get the gospel for nothing, and if they doff not grumble, they thinly that they have made an abundant return.

Everybody thinks himself a judge of a sermon, but nine out of ten might as well pretend to weigh the moon. I believe that, at bottom, most people think it an uncommonly easy thing to preach, and that they could do it amazingly well themselves. Every donkey thinks itself worthy to stand with the king's horses; every girl thinks she could keep house better than her mother. But thoughts are not facts; for the sprat thought itself a herring, yet the fisherman knew better. I dare say those; who can whistle imagine that they can plow, but there's more than whistling in a good plowmen. And so let me tell you, there's more in good preaching than taking a text and saying, firstly, secondly, and thirdly. I try my hand at preaching myself, and in my poor way I find it no very easy thing to give the folks something worth hearing. If the line critics, who reckon us up on their thumbs, would but try their own hands at it, they might be a little more quiet. Dogs, however, always will bark, and what is worse, some of them will bite too; but let decent people do all they can, if not to muzzle them, yet to prevent them doing any great mischief. It is a dreadful thing to see a happy family of Christians broken up by talkative fault-finders, and all about nothing, or less than nothing. Small is the edge of the wedge, but when the devil handles the beetle, churches are soon split to pieces, and men wonder why. The fact is, the worst wheel of the cart creaks most, and one fool makes many, and thus many a congregation is set at odds with a good and faithful minister, who would have been a lasting blessing to them if they had not chased away their best friend. Those who are at the bottom of the mischief have generally no part or lot in the matter of true godliness, but like sparrows, fight over corn which is not their own, and, like jackdaws, pull to pieces what they never helped to build. From mad dogs grumbling professors may we all be delivered, and may we never take the complaint from either of them. Fault-finding is dreadfully catching: one dog will set a whole kennel howling, and the wisest course is to keep out of the way of a man who has the complaint called the grumbles. The worst of it is that the foot and mouth disease go together, and he who bespatters others generally rolls in the mud himself before long. "The fruit of the Spirit is love," and this is a very different apple from the sour Siberian crab which some people bring forth. Good-bye, all ye sons of Grizzle, John Ploughman would sooner pick a bone in peace than fight over an ox roasted whole.

Mini Golf

Our annual mini golf outing at Tom and Jerry's will be on June 25th. More details to come!



“Young men, trust God, and make the future bright with blessing. Old men, trust God, and magnify him for all the mercies of the past.”

C.H. Spurgeon

June Birthdays

Anna TenPas 1st
Olivia Boss 3rd
Charlotte Arndt 4th
Cameron De Jong 8th
Jonah Mamazza 8th
Lynn Jensema 14th
Harlan Harmelink 15th



Sandy Kaeiser 19th
Josephine Will 21st
Griffin Froh 22nd
Leila Ver Velde 22nd

June Anniversaries

Bob and Debbie Boss
June 12th, 44 years

Dan and Sara TenPas
June 18th, 26 years

Mark and Stephanie Friberg
June 14th

Howard and Audrey Voskuil
June 22nd, 58 years





Showing forth the excellencies of Jesus Christ

Grace OPC

June 2020



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Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9 Session Meeting	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25 Mini Golf	26	27
28	29	30				

Chicken Cordon Bleu Soup

Ingredients:

- 1/4 cup butter
- 1/2 white onion *diced*
- 1 clove garlic *minced*
- 1/4 cup flour
- 3 cups chicken broth
- 2 cups half-and-half
- 1 (8 ounce) package cream cheese *softened*
- 1 1/4 cups shredded Swiss cheese
- 2 cups rotisserie chicken
- 1 cup diced ham

Directions:

- In a large pot, melt the butter on low heat and add the diced onion. Cook onion in butter until onion is soft, about 2-3 minutes. Add the garlic and cook for 30 seconds. Add the flour and cook for one minute.
- Slowly whisk in the chicken broth and half-and-half. Add the cream cheese and stir until combined. Stir in Swiss cheese until melted. Stir in the chicken and ham until heated through. Serve.



*“For He
has satisfied
the thirsty
soul,
and the
hungry soul
He has filled
with what
is good.”*



Showing forth the
excellencies of Jesus
Christ

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Spurgeon Corner

“The evening and the morning were the first day.”

Genesis 1:5

Was it so even in the beginning? Did light and darkness divide the realm of time in the first day? Then little wonder is it if I have also changes in my circumstances from the sunshine of prosperity to the midnight of adversity. It will not always be the blaze of noon even in my soul

concerns, I must expect at seasons to mourn the absence of my former joys, and seek my Beloved in the night. Nor am I alone in this, for all the Lord’s beloved ones have had to sing the mingled song of judgment and of mercy, of trial and deliverance, of mourning and of delight. It is one of the arrangements of Divine providence that day and night shall not cease either in the spiritual or natural creation till we reach the land of which it is written, “there is no night there.”

What our heavenly Father ordains is wise and good. What, then, my soul, is it best for thee to do? Learn first *to be content* with this divine order, and be willing, with Job, to receive evil from the hand of the Lord as well as good. Study next, to *make the outgoings of the morning and the evening to rejoice*. Praise the Lord for the sun of joy when it rises, and for the gloom of evening as it falls. There is beauty both in sunrise and sunset; sing of it, and glorify the Lord. Like the nightingale, pour forth thy notes at all hours. *Believe that the night is as useful as the day*. The dews of grace fall heavily in the night of sorrow. The stars of promise shine forth gloriously amid the darkness of grief. *Continue thy service* under all changes. If in the day thy watchword be *labour*, at night exchange it for *watch*. Every hour has its duty, do thou continue in thy calling as the Lord’s servant until he shall suddenly appear in his glory. My soul, thine evening of old age and death is drawing near; dread it not, for it is part of the day; and the Lord has said, “I will cover him all the day long.”

Morning, June 1st, C.H. Spurgeon

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joined the new denomination – the OPC. He attended the first General Assembly, and helped form the Presbytery of Wisconsin. Yet the toll on his health and emotional strength was too great. He suffered a breakdown and declined rapidly. On December 29, 1936 he died in a hospital in Madison. He was buried at the Hickory Cemetery on January 1, 1937 – the very day that Dr. Machen died in North Dakota.

Back at that cemetery, it came home to me that one day, Arthur Perkins will arise from his grave. His body, long decayed to dust, will be reconstituted. He and Marie and their children will be standing on the very place where I was walking. They will see Jesus coming on the clouds, and they will be full of joy at the coming

of their Savior. They will be caught up in the air, and they will come with him as part of his glorious retinue.

This truth is announced by Paul in these verses: *1 Corinthians 15:51 Behold, I tell you a mystery; we will not all sleep, but we will all be changed, ⁵² in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet; for the trumpet will sound, and the dead will be raised imperishable, and we will be changed.*

That will be what we all experience – those who have died in Christ, and whose bodies have rested in the grave, will be raised imperishable, changed and glorified. And we will see Him! And we will be made like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.

I can hardly wait!