

Jerry Leslie - Beyond Their Windows

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This morning I woke up and looked out through some other windows than I'm used to, and it was quite a scene. It was beautiful looking through someone else's windows, and sometimes this is necessary to see through someone else's eyes. So this is a bit of a different kind of a study dedicated to the memories of those that we dare not forget and to sort of see through their eyes. It won't be heavily academic, but it's a legacy.

It is where we came from and maybe give us a sense of how we can continue after this convention. We might Even use Daniel 6:10 as a bit of a theme. You know, that's when Daniel went to his own windows to pray toward Jerusalem.

You know, through the Gospel age, it seems that each generation has been touched with another generation to pass on the vision and spirit of truth. In fact, it appears the Lord has used real and personal contacts from person to person to form a connected chain. Even from the time of the apostles until the last members of the church.

And I will see if we can connect with this here and we'll just click to the next. Oops, and I got too far.

Yeah, Well, while we would not call this a laying on of hands, it seems to come close to that idea, and no one has developed the fruits and graces of the Spirit without fellowship with some others who have had the Spirit. It has also been said that we cannot know where we are going until we know where we have come from. So today we want to trace some lives who were moved by others before them, who have in turn walked in the path and trod by others, and so inspire us to now travel the road even beyond their windows of time and of flesh. The road has been lofty, courageous, visionary, and at times painful and sorrowful, but always inspiring and worth the journey.

Our story begins in the formative years of young Charles Russell in Allegheny, Pennsylvania. He was one of five children of Joseph and Anne Russell, of sturdy Irish stock. Only he and one sister survived. By the time he was nine years old, two brothers, a sister, and his mother had all died. Yet in those tender years, his mother must have been a strong and powerful influence for the years that to follow.

Just so. Also, the mothers of Hezekiah and Josiah planted righteous courage in the hearts of their sons, more than the wicked kings that went before them. Oops, and I'm not controlling this. Right.

So let me get a handle on this again.

And we'll.

How come?

Excuse me.

So it's got another layer that's showing up. Thank you.

And from here we will continue. Once grasping the beauties of the truth, the mission was to share the message. This was not to build a new church, but simply to serve the interests of sincere Christians seeking to know God's plan and to herald Christ's return. Earth's new King. Simple Bible

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study groups sprang up everywhere.

Each were autonomous and with no head except Christ. Conventions were formed for sharing the grand plan of the ages. Printing and publishing were formed for the hungry and eager of hearts.

By the turn of the century, congregations were formed coast to coast and internationally, and even the Jewish community rejoiced to see their part in that great plan. But brethren, all was not so tranquil. Forces within and without sought to undermine and overthrow the good motives of the pastor in it was painful, and those that suffered did so rather privately. For the most part. While the public media was used against the pastor, he responded kindly, lest any ill repute should fall upon the Lord's work.

Yet even that returned painfully upon his own shoulders.

Moving now to the month just before his death, he served the Seattle convention, where there were 3400 people heard him tell the old, old story. His subject was the divine purpose, reasonable and harmonious. A second discourse lasted more than two hours, and it was titled the World on Fire. A newspaper reporter filed an editorial. A small portion of this editorial reads this he used no notes or book of any kind.

He just stood up and talked for two hours and 15 minutes. He is a nice, rather smooth talker, but frequently fires up at times he is eloquent and ends a sentence most beautifully. He is a careful, close reasoner and my he can knock hard while he can say things in the sweetest tones, impressively and eloquently when occasion demands. His sarcasm is keen and cutting. He is bright, brilliant, honest and sincere.

He is one of the great pulpit orators of the age. The world be better for his work. Such a man ought to live and work always. We were glad to hear him. We shall do so again, we hope.

Long live Pastor Russell. But he was not to live so long enough to be heard again in Seattle ever again by his voice.

Now, whether Pastor Russell knew his days were short, the end came as a great surprise to the brethren traveling through Galveston, Texas, on October 23rd. He was already exhausted and worn and mortally ill, which he tried to conceal from those that he served, and so it was that he used this.

When these things begin to come to pass, then look up and lift up your heads, for your redemption draws nigh, and now, drawing from his pocket, a fountain pen, he wrote these Words and this is the pen of Pastor Russell from the last verse of hymn number 40, which we began today, his theme and subject, which was to be his last recorded lecture. He continued to travel and serve the brethren for another week, including his last service in Los Angeles. He would die on the train but a few hours after that service. In that respect, his penned verse from hymn 40 was indeed a self fulfilling Then let our songs abound and every tear be dry.

We are traveling through Emmanuel's ground to fairer prospects nigh.

Well, brethren, it was nearly and barely four months later and before Pastor Russell's death that he lost one of his close companions and hallmarks of present truth. It was Benjamin Barton, who was born in 1874, consecrated in 1895, and was used regularly in the Pilgrim work since 1906, and died shortly before Brother Russell in 1916. He is shown here on the left of the group next to Brother

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Draper.

Though a young man, he weathered the doctrinal struggles of the New Covenant issues. He carefully examined every objection and determined the pastor's clarifications were precise, reasonable and scriptural. Over the years, his many lessons touched the lives of contemporaries and even our own. He also composed a number of poems that have endured the test of time. They included such well known gems as let your life be a Bible and victory when your good is even spoken of.

But he was also known to produce little drawings with a spiritual point to his pen. Such things he drew in the margins of Mannas for brethren beside his name. Here he says, we may live above our trials or beneath them. Where do you live?

Brother Barton's early death in Portland, Oregon at The age of 41 brought many eulogies as this one. Many of his talks to the friends were in the nature of spiritual of a spiritual medicine, and you can read the rest of it.

Some of the things that we have on the screen we will not read in entirety and perhaps your eyes can follow along.

Pastor Russell conducted the funeral for his friend Benjamin Barton, not knowing that his own would be four months later. Among other things, the pastor said, our dear brother had a deficit, a defect of vision. He was near sighted. When he came into the truth, his vision was enlarged. He saw by faith a land that was very far off and he saw something of the king and his beauty.

But what our brother has seen by faith, we believe he now sees actually. Our brother was an architect. But when he got rightly in touch with the great architect of the universe, he dropped his pencil and the eraser and went forth to give his life in telling others of the wonderful plans and purposes of the great Architect, and so he spent his later years showing forth the praises and telling of the plan of the architect of the universe, the wonderful plan founded upon the sacrificial death of Jesus, telling how God was building a great spiritual temple through which he would bless all the families the earth. Well, whether Brother Russell was preparing Brother Barton for wider responsibilities, we do not know yet.

His early death was a great personal loss for Brother Russell.

But the same year he began to change appointments of leadership in Europe, notably appointing Brother Conrad Binkley already, who had been sent to Zurich, Switzerland, to oversee the work in Germany, Holland and Switzerland. Here we would like to exit a bit to something of the life of Brother Conrad Binkley, and again we will not read so much and perhaps I can read off the screen easier.

We will not even read all that is highlighted in yellow, but try to follow some of this. Brother Binkley possessed a deep reverence for the Lord with a high standard of Christian character, raised a Lutheran in time, became a bishop of the Apostolic Lutheran Church in America and wrote and spoke in several languages. In Mansfield was a Lutheran church whose resident minister was Carl Lorenz, grandfather of brother Edward Lorenz. The town blacksmith was young. A young brother in the truth named George Jaharis, who was a frequent visitor to Lorenz home.

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On one of those visits, he met Brother Binkley, who was on a speaking tour for his church and at the time was ill and tired. Brother George heard the remark of his illness and need of rest. So he told him that he had a sister in Santa Monica who was hostess for a wealthy man's retreat in the mountains. Then he told Brother Binkley that there were usually empty cabins and that he would wire his sister to expect Brother Binkley. George's sister was in the truth.

Soon Brother Binkley was being served and his cabin found rest.

One evening in the cabin, our brother wanted something to read. Placed on his right, on his nightstand was a book, the Divine Plan of the Ages. You know the rest of the story. He picked up the book and after the third attempt, read it through. During the night, the morning sun was just coming up.

When he finished, he got out of bed on his knees and prayed to the Lord with the words. All my life I have served you in ignorance. What will you have me to do? So he immediately left his church, and we'll pass over some of this.

And for some years Brother Russell just let him grow quietly. But then invited Brother Binkley to the Bethel. One evening, Brother Russell asked Brother Binkley to come to his study. In the study, Brother Russell had spread on the carpet a large map of Europe. The pastor seated himself on the carpet and Brother Binkley joined him.

Then the pastor began to point out on the map where the various classes were in Europe, stating some of the problems that were in the classes. Then he asked the question, if you were sent to Europe, Brother Binkley, what would you do about these class problems? The reply, I would do nothing but would let the Lord do it. Think of that reply. The pastor immediately replied.

Brother Binkley, prepare to go to Europe tomorrow. There was no delay. The steamship tickets had already been purchased. This reveals the positive mind of the pastor. I think he knew what Brother Binkley's reply would be.

Well, we'll pass over some of this. A few months before the death of our pastor, he appointed Brother Binkley general overseer of the harvest work in Germany, Holland and Switzerland. He was given full authority on behalf of the Society with letters of power, of attorney giving him complete sole charge of the Society's assets, including books, magazines and merchant merchandise, property and so forth.

I think for time I'm going to show at the end, if you would like to read more. You can read the sources of all of these. So I don't expect you're taking notes and not need to. The material will be available.

Here was the Society's official letter of appointment to Brother Binkley with Brother Russell's signature and the society seal and so forth. Is this day appointed by the Binkley, this day appointed by the Watchtower Bible Trust Society and the International Bible Student association and so forth as the sole agent. There were problems developing in Europe, and Brother Russell wanted a stable figure there, and so Brother Binkley was there and the translation into German and the official seal. But shortly came the record of Brother Rossel's death.

The pastor dies. Tuesday. Funeral. Last Sunday. Burial Pittsburgh.

Monday. Love Watchtower.

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And then the changes began, and Brother Binkley was not of a mind to follow the new order. Here's the meeting house in Germany and the brethren that served with him. He is here, the center, and Brother Russell's picture on the wall in the back, as you can see, and his wife, sister Hannah Binkley.

Dresden, Germany. So we'll close this and return to our lesson.

Shortly after, as we said, the pastor's death, he found himself at odds with the new dictates coming out of Brooklyn and resigned his post and returned to California. Those were the lessons of wisdom that comes with experience and sometimes painful one.

We now want to continue our windows toward the Eastern world and how those touched with the message could not keep the message to themselves. Brother Oleshensky was one who the pastor used to open the truth to Poland, Ukraine, Russia and the Slavic countries.

The following appears in the 1930 reunion convention report in Pennsylvania, And again, perhaps not so much to read here. The entire report is in the 1930 report. He was born in 1857. His parents were orthodox Catholics. At the age of 15, he determined to prepare himself for the Catholic priesthood.

He even went to Rome to get his final training.

20 years old, he embraced socialism, which was not satisfying to his hunger for religious things.

And the report continues. It was during his army services that he contracted typhus and pneumonia, and after recovering after protracted illness. But the weakening effects remained the rest of his life. Sometimes the Lord uses cracked and broken vessels. Unknown to most of the friends, Brother Oleshensky had the stone in the flesh.

Only his immediate family and a few intimate friends being aware of his physical condition.

Well, he left for Chicago shortly after his arrival here. It was three months after that they came contact with the harvest message being preached so energetically by Pastor Russell. While talking with a friend one day a distinguished gentleman passed carrying a valise of books. He learned that it was Mr. Atanowski, and his friend knew him well. Brother Oleshensky was introduced.

A friendship sprang up between the young immigrant and himself, and he invited brother Oleshensky to his home, where, among other things, he was shown an English first volume, a millennial dawn. Studies in the Scriptures, as they were called. There was no literature in Polish bearing on the truth at that time.

From that time, Brother Oleshynsky spent every possible moment in the company of his benefactor, plying with him questions, hungry to learn more of the blessed truth. This was the Polish Berean Bible class in America consisted of these two brothers who diligently sought by mental study, by mutual study, to perfect one another in the knowledge of the Lord. 1895. He returned to Poland to see if he could impart to his relatives the truth he had so rejoiced with. But they would have none of him, considering him both a fool and a fanatic.

Though much grieved at heart, he was not deterred. Perhaps it is not too much to say that Brother Russell even then realized the earnest zealousness of this young man who spoke only broken English, but whose enthusiasm for the precious truth he had received was so manifest. For years

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after, practically all the Polish work was introduced into Brother Olesiski's hands by Brother Rosol, a confidence and trust which he never misplaced. In 1907, Brother Leshinsky finished translating the first volume of Scripture studies. The distribution was reached even into Poland itself.

1912. Brother Oleshensky was sent again and remained some eight months, during which time he journeyed from town to town, addressing the gradually increasing number of private gatherings and also public meetings that could be arranged. Third trip, 1913, from which Brother Oleschinsky did not return until a year and a half later, the world war breaking out, making it extremely difficult for anyone to leave the belligerent countries. But Olesinski had become a Polish vessel to which many of the friends would bring their troubles and misunderstandings, and a special role for sister Oleshensky's lot to comfort them while entertaining with whatever bounty her limited store could provide while he was in continued in Europe. 1915.

Several hundred Polish brethren in Chicago alone, with large classes in other cities, particularly Detroit. In which year, in this year, brother Russell called brother Olesinski to Brooklyn to serve as editor of the Polish Tower.

Perhaps we should pass over some of this, see if there is some key point to mention.

After brother Russell's death, Brother Oleshensky had no flavor for the new food coming out of Brooklyn and tried to warn the Polish brethren. 1922. He made another trip to Europe, visiting stricken sheep in Poland, and returned in 1923. This was his last visit to his native land.

Although Olshitsky continued his labors until the spring, he was now 73 years old, much beset with physical infirmity, which caused great suffering.

April 20, 1930. He led the meeting for the last time in Harvey, Illinois.

His funeral.

Now, dear Brethren, appears another figure on the scene, a young protege of Oleshensky. His name is August Stamm, S T H N. But he did not come to the truth until after brother Russell died. Here we have a short history of his work and his death. 1888 to 1945. This may be of some interest to the brethren here in Salem, which I will mention in a moment.

1911. Due to the efforts of his older brother, he went to the United states, where in 1918 he began to know the truth. A little later he was elected an elder in the Syracuse Ecclesia. He worked in a factory as a typist and saved some money which devoted entirely to the work of vallorne brother Stahn. Besides his obvious capacity for evangelism and persuasiveness of captivating the hearts of the people, due to his personality and force of character, he succeeded in steering the Work of the Lord in the true direction.

During this period he held about 5,000 sermons and conferences.

During the war, the occupation. Since it was known that he was German, he obtained work in an army hotel while he was in Germany. Now the German authorities began to follow him closely, both because of his contacts with the Poles and because he never used an inevitable salute. Heil Hitler. When he had to go to renew his identity card, he was asked that under religion would be written Christian, which obviously the officials did not want to do.

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This was the cause of the arrest by the Gestapo. From prison in 1943, he sent this letter to the brethren. It may be worth reading in all but a certain part. I would like to read. We are more than 70 people in a single cell.

You can well imagine what this means. Though even here I recognize the divine overruling. Because I still maintain contact with you. I would wish to inform you, dear brothers, brethren and sisters, that I have been brought many times before the authorities to answer if I would be willing to go against the enemies with a weapon in my hand. I have answered no, I would not be able to, because it is forbidden through the teachings of our Redeemer, Jesus Christ.

As a result of these declarations, I was photographed from the front and the profile. My hands were tied and I was led to the prison which I found myself in for a week. A week passed. But as I have said already, this did not weaken me. For on the contrary, it drew me closer to God and the Lord.

And I rejoiced in the privilege of suffering for the eternal truth and divine principles, knowing that if we suffer with him, we shall also live with him also. Dear brothers and sisters, if a similar thing would ever happen to you, I urge you to persevere in the precious name of our Redeemer, to show your strength and suffering, even if these sufferings would necessarily cost you your present life, that you could obtain eternal life, which will fade, which will never fade nor be violated.

We will not read the rest. He signs at 1943 Biolistok. From this moment began the close for brother Stan on the road of suffering through the concentration camps of Auschwitz, Schagenhausen, Birkenwald, until he came to Nordhausen, where he ended his life. Dear brethren, speaking often about the misery which, so to speak, surrounds us, let us remember that a day would be like in a concentration camp. They wake up the wake up bell arouse of prisoners at four every morning.

Morning five during the winter, because they lacked water, they often washed in a puddle.

They did this in great haste. Amidst yelling and blows. Food. Breakfast. Half a liter of black coffee.

Lunch. Three quarters of a liter of soup. Supper. 300 grams of bread with 15 grams of margarine. According to the witnesses who were prisoners with brother Stahn in the camp at Nordhausen, his decease took place in the last days of March 1945.

He died as a result of blows with a stick to his head, administered by a soldier. His body was burned in the ovens. The crematorium.

Three months later, Tas Barton, with American forces, liberated Nordhausen.

The ashes left behind.

The record of his numbering and sentence.

Excuse me. Some of this is hard to read. On our first visit in 1998 to a dozen or so souls in Siberia who survived the oppressive Stalin years and labor camps, we inquired from where they heard the truth and received their single copies of the volumes, the Manna and the photogramma. It was then that we heard the names Oleshensky, Stan, Kopok, Haluchuk, who risked life and limb to bring them the truth which receivers guarded faithfully in the darkest troubles until the 21st century. These are the books they lived and died to preserve for another generation.

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We now will pass on to bring you the story of one sister whose prayers and faith supported her in these years. Her name was Nina Fitz Janina. She now has a new name.

I see our time is passing quickly. We will briefly cover this. It is impossible to write or too difficult to imagine. Those words have been heard by many in the lips of sister Nina. The history of her life, her experiences of enormous suffering, became an example of strong faith, hope and undying zeal for serving the Lord.

She was born in a German living in East Poland. Born to a German family in East Poland whose ancestors settled in the vicinity of Zverzia, near the river bug, about 300 years ago. Her ancestors, her parents, received the truth because of the evangelistic work which was started in Poland before the war. Nina remembers many guests in her parents home. She remembers the visits of brother Stan in Poland and Tabashinsky from America, who came to visit from Polygia and said they saw like apostles, meaning the brethren she consecrated when she was 17 years old.

And not able to go to school, but was reared in a Christian atmosphere of love and unity. She taught herself to read and write. She loved to read the Bible and the works of brother Russell and the volumes and the various Bible literature. The great difficulty began on the onset of the war in 1939, when the Polish territories located beyond the river were taken by the Russians. About a year later, Hitler's army took half of the ecclesia to Germany.

About 30 members of the class. Unfortunately, 15 other members fell victim to the cruel murder in 1942 committed by a gang of Ukrainians, killing those who would not change, who could not manage to escape. We need to pass over some of this. She was eventually taken to Siberia.

And was there for 50 years.

Sister Nina, her mother and children rode the train from the prison in the vicinity of Novoshabirska. Siberia was not for their strong faith, their will to survive and fight against cruel reality. They would not have been able to endure the trip. Sister Fitz sold some of her clothes to a soldier for a little rice and some apples, not realizing how long the food was to last.

Minus 50 degrees in a small cold, hot snow. Wind, darkness and hunger were the conditions which she had to go through for 20 nightmarish years. That was the beginning of her 50. How do you fight the cold and cruel dungeon around where all the trees were cut down, where the house is full of snow? The children must sleep in a hole dug in the middle of the ground where it reaches a weak flame lamp.

How do you hunger? How do you fight hunger? The monthly food rations of six kilograms of soybeans and four buckets of potatoes and bread that cost 100 rubles in earnings, approximately 150 rubles per month.

For long years, Nina worked very hard, tending 20 cows, milking them three times a day and had to build shelters for the animals with her frostbitten hands.

We must pass. Read the story for yourself.

When she left a part of Siberia, the persecutions continued in Kyrgyzi in Kazakhstan.

After many years, Sister Fitz managed to establish contact with her family, who lived first, who lived to see the first visit from Poland, allowing her to receive the missing volumes of literature and

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magazine. During the Gorbachev reform, Sister Fitz lived in Kirghizi in poverty. An atmosphere of fear of informants.

Gorbachev introduced freedom of speech, religion and Jehovah Witnesses were started.

The Jehovah Witnesses started to organize many conventions and held immersions.

She managed to walk out of Siberia and return to Poland to find her family. The house was empty. The house was owned by others. No one knew where her family was. Remarkable story that you should hear sometime.

But she says the family that was there said, there's this letter that came here. We've never known where it was, who it belonged to. It was a letter written to her family. From that letter, she was able to find her family in Poland, where she continued to resign. A bit of a story here that we will continue.

She had two children. She married while in Siberia and one of them died in the cold in the pit by the candle. The other one she was living with again in Poland.

She says she's not able to cry anymore. She can't cry about anything. What happened to her now? She says the Lord is good and brought her home to the Brethren and the truth again.

Here is Sister Nina as we met her the last time we saw her, and she. I asked her, does she have any memories from those years that she wants to show us? She says only this. Only my Bible.

She said I always prayed. I never forgot to pray. It was my life.

How precious and life giving is the truth and its message that can keep us through any dark years.

Well, dear brethren, our time is passing. I will only show you here of a little bit of history from.

Ukraine. The Lord wills in a few months we will. I need to go back. I'm looking too many places.

We'll be in Ukraine and see those that are still living. Maybe your eyes can catch a few words. The memoirs of a sister Here the first truth came to Ukraine in 1918. Whether Russell visited Lviv and Lemberg, as far as we know. I'm sorry, not 1918.

1911.

She tells her story of 1937 and the war years, The purging, the suffering of the Brethren in Ukraine, and yet the truth preserving and keeping them.

1939 we met illegally, Meeting on some pretext or other. Either a birthday, anniversary, something else. Marriages were few because the young were few.

She tells the story of nearly being caught on one of the trains to the concentration camps.

Now we can freely meet together and we are grateful for this opportunity to serve.

The Dohan and Pazerski family are still there today with a legacy of the memories of those that went before.

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Romania is another story.

He has been partly told in sky through the bars.

So we will proceed without comment.

Bringing their world out of chaos. Communist period. Trials and blessings. Memories of a generation the best of the best.

The old brood hen because I whistled in church.

He was offending with the power of power. Our beautiful teachings with power busy teaching the present sufferings are not over. But Eleazar and Sister Anuta Fordor I met them before he died.

The sky seen through bars. One of the few living ones who endured those dark years. He is still with us. Hope to see him one more time. Much joy is ours.

Maria and Vasily Vincia Only she is with us. He's finished his journey.

Finally, dear brethren.

I don't want to skip there. We want to go to the next. Sorry, I don't know how to click the next. We'll do it manually.

Yeah, maybe, maybe not.

I don't want to enter that again. I want to go to the next. We'll use the the proper device here. Here we go.

Finally, we want to briefly look through the window of our brethren in East Africa. Their experience with endurance and persecution and rejoicing continues even till today. We'll just take a moment to review some of these pictures of the what the truth means to even this current generation in a third world country. Still those being baptized, still those rejoicing and studying the truth and the plan of the ages is always before them, examining its beauty and its details.

This is from reprint 3897. It's a letter written to the pastor describing one brother's experiences at a convention at which he attended. It says, we thought of the progress of those dear friends had made as we looked into their beaming faces and saw the beautiful lines traced there by the divine artist, lines and coloring that told the beauty of thoughts, desires, and hopes stored away in each bosom, and we seem to hear the heart throbs, utter none of self and all of thee, and then we notice the lines and features that indicate discipline, hardness as good soldiers, firmness, decision, patience.

And we were impressed, and at once tightened our armor a little more, and grasped the weapons of our warfare a little more firmly, and faced about a little squarer, stood a little straighter, and our hearts responded. Yea, Lord, we are ready to follow even unto death.

Time fails us to share the story of lives of others. Some are still living to tell the story. They traveled and through their windows. Others have told their stories, and their journeys are now finished. Look at their faces.

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You will see the marks of Jesus. The point of our lesson is that our Lord has more need of our deficiency than of your strength. He uses the weak of this world. He can use our submission much more than our status, our trust and reliance, more than our works. Paul said in 1 Corinthians 12:9 My grace is sufficient for thee.

My strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly, therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me. Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions and distresses for Christ's sake. For when I am weak, then I am strong.

Here are two soldiers well known to some in this room. Here you will see the grandfather of Sister Lucica, the great grandfather of children that are here today, two soldiers, Misha and Vanya, the prisoner one and the free one were together. One was about 20 years in prison, not revealing the other so the message could continue to be printed.

They Both died in 2016, and they died but days within one another.

As soon as the free laborer died, the prisoner, the other the work was now free to leave his post.

These are my parting pictures with this willing prisoner and the older one of the cross.

Here he says his last goodbye as he sits below the chart of the ages.

Dear brethren, if you want to learn from their lives, go to them, but don't wait too long.

Their voices are fading behind their doors and beyond their windows where you can see them.

If you are faithful, you will see them again.

Here are references where you may read a little more of these lives in Bible Student Archives under the section Lives and Chronicles. In fact, in this section, Lives and Chronicles, is some biographies of even more, not all. On the other side, not only Benjamin barton, Gertrude Siebert, W. A. Baker, Megason, Copeland Bednar, Zano, Marie Poe, Daniel Morehouse, Leon Norby, and many more.

You may enjoy reading these biographies.

They are all here, but there are many that are not written, and they are written in the mind of the Almighty, just as you are, and so as you go from this convention, remember your vows. Trust the arm of the Lord. Be a Janina Fitz.

Be a Oleshensky. Share the truth openly. May the Lord add his blessing.