



August 12, 2015

Dear Friend:

Looking back over 2015 so far, two moments stand out. In April Ruth's father and my father died within a week of each other. Both were in their 90's, both had health problems, death was not a surprise for either. But we weren't expecting them to die just then, nor within a week of each other. We were busy with all the arrangements involved in funerals. I cancelled two campus trips, and Ruth put some of her classwork on hold. Most of our families were able to be present, and their presence was comforting. It was a hard month, but we have no regrets. Both of our fathers were godly men, both left a precious legacy, both are with the Lord, and both are reunited with many of their friends and loved ones.

At the other end of the emotional spectrum, in July and August all the immediate Green family gathered for the first time in three years in Kenai, Alaska. Peter and Megan moved there last summer and have been living with Megan's parents, Britt and Chris Cook. We had a wonderful vacation. The best part was spending time together, and second best was seeing the beauty of Alaska. Peter, Megan, Britt, and Chris were impeccable hosts! The pictures in this letter come from our time in Alaska. You can find more pictures on my Facebook page here: https://www.facebook.com/permalink.php?story_fbid=732400943572532&id=100004078992535&pnref=story.

Daniel finished up his first year teaching 3rd grade Sunday School, and will start the second year in September. From Alaska Daniel flew to Las Vegas for a very helpful conference on cyber something which he can't talk about. **Ginny** is starting a volunteer position (treasurer) with the women's ministry at church, working from home a few hours a week for Delegate Pete Hammen's campaign, and will be returning to Bible Study Fellowship in September. They head to Maine on August 14th for a wedding.



David, Daniel, Peter, Christopher, Stephen
at the Harding Ice Field, 3500 ft. elevation

Peter and **Megan** moved to Alaska so that Peter could finish his dissertation and get a good job on the oil fields. He's still plugging away on the dissertation, but a job turned out to be hard to find due to the 2008 recession. At last he landed one – to start during our visit! We're very glad that the start date was moved back to late August. He'll be working seven days a week, 12 hours a day for two weeks. Then he flies back home and gets two weeks off. Meanwhile, Megan has her hands full with Elijah, Amelia, 13 goats, 19 chickens, 7 rabbits, 50,000 bees, and a beautiful garden. Along the way Peter has been leading a Bible study and helping those people select and call a man to come to Alaska and organize them into a new church.

Christopher finished up his two-year tour in Taipei, and after a month of traveling through Korea, China, and Alaska, is now back in D.C. for a year of Russian and management courses. We aren't sure if this is reward or a punishment for his work in Taipei. He is enjoying being back in the United States, where he has access to unlimited cold cider and fresh orange juice.

C. DAVID GREEN – AREA COORDINATOR

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After two years in basic training, language school, and miscellaneous other training, **Stephen** is finally putting your tax dollars to work. Exactly *what* work, he can't say. In March he shipped off to Korea, was promoted to rank of Specialist, and has been named Training Non-Commissioned Officer In Charge for his unit. He went touring the country with Christopher at the end of June. Now he is getting ready for annual language refresher training to take the language exam again in November.

After 12 long years **Benjamin** finally graduated from homeschool. However, the end of his homeschool co-op, Excelsior, was bittersweet. His robotics team, pROVE, didn't do as well as previous years, due to trouble getting people to the competition in Newfoundland – namely Benjamin. We didn't realize until too late that his passport had expired. In July he counseled at French Creek Bible Conference where he was photographed with every girl on the premises. Now he's getting ready to go to Grove City College to study computer science.

June saw a major milestone for **Ruth**, in that she “graduated” from thirty years of homeschooling! What began as a one-year experiment turned into three decades of learning alongside the kids – a rewarding endeavor. For now she will continue teaching her high school English classes to other homeschoolers, as a way of transitioning to an empty nest. That hasn't stopped her from making lots of plans, though, to make good on all the “when I'm finished homeschooling, I'll...” promises. This summer's 10 weeks of travel is one example of opportunities she's looking forward to.



Touring Resurrection Bay

Yours in Christ,

David Alan



Left to right: Elijah, Christopher, Stephen, David, Ruth, Daniel, Amelia, Ginny, Peter, Megan, Benjamin

Charles Walter Green



My father was born in 1918 in Washington County, Maryland to Walter and Elsie Green. They were poor farmers, but worked hard and eventually accumulated 230 acres – a sizable farm in that county. Daddy often told us how he was born so sick, his grandmother spent her life savings on a doctor, who told her that the baby probably would not survive the night. He did survive, but had to repeat first grade due to poor health. Nevertheless, he lived to 96.

My grandparents were solid members of the Church of the Brethren, and my father grew up with a deep love for that church. In those days the elders elected future pastors, and one year my father won the election. He planned to remain a farmer anyway, but an experience of sunstroke while making hay turned his heart toward the ministry. Daddy gained a bachelor's degree and entered the ministry in the Church of the Brethren. He continued farming while preaching his whole life – until six months before his death.

Daddy met and married Thelma Shay when in their early thirties. I am the oldest son, followed by Allan and Dale. Farm life is relentless, but rewarding. We grew up on Bible stories, never missed a Sunday at church, and never worked on Sunday except for feeding the animals and milking the cows. My mother died in 1992. Afterwards Daddy married Ida Ruth, whom he had known as a child. Ida Ruth died in January of this year.

Perhaps my father's greatest quality was loyalty. He had unshakable beliefs – baptism by immersion, a whole meal at the Lord's Supper, objection to military service, the Church of the Brethren. But his friends were from every conceivable sector of society – welders, bankers, car dealers, professors, Catholics, Pentecostals, unchurched – you name it. These people loved my father because he loved them – no matter their differences. Daddy knew how to hold to his convictions without letting those convictions ruin his ability to love people.

Douglas David Feaver



I met Douglas Feaver in the process of persuading his daughter to marry me. It's funny, in some ways the Feaver household was much different than the one I grew up in, but in other ways it was nearly identical. The tenacious commitment to God, scripture, and church; the abundant ministry to all sorts of people; the work ethic all resonated with me. None of my grandparents went to college, but both of my parents did – they valued education. Now here was an actual professor, but not the stuffy kind – the down-to-earth get-your-hands-dirty kind.

To someone who had studied only Latin and French, Dad Feaver's language facility was impressive. I had studied at Johns Hopkins University, where Dad Feaver had obtained his Ph.D. from Dr. Albright – the foremost Classicist of the 20th century. Although I have little musical talent, I love music, and Dad Feaver's musical ability was engaging. More impressive was his spiritual maturity. He was an outstanding Bible teacher, and on several occasions taught

for student camps I was leading. However what sold me on Douglas Feaver was his willingness to entrust his daughter to me even though I had no money and hardly any income. It was not a sign of recklessness, but of faith that God would use us in His service and provide for us along the way.

For the last 12 years the Feavers have lived next door to us. I have heard so many stories about the problems of in-laws, but Mom and Dad Feaver have never been a problem – only a blessing. Now we're one blessing short, but I'm sure Dad Feaver is blessing many people in heaven.