

# The Maranatha Village Trumpet



*"The Lord Cometh!"*

April – June 2020

Volume XXXIV 2

## *A Tour of the 598<sup>th</sup> Range Squadron in Avon Park*

*by Tim Edem, Lt. Col., USAF*



The men in this picture missed the first hot dog roast of 2020 when on Tuesday, 14 January, they visited the United States Air Force Range in Avon Park, Florida. In October 2018, Lt. Col. Dale Stark, Commander of the Range, was invited to speak at Maranatha's Village dinner. At that time, he came and gave a briefing, covering the range operations along with its size and that of its restricted air space. When Lt. Col. Stark was here, he graciously invited us to visit the base and take a tour of its bombing range.

"The Avon Park Air Force Range is located some 10 miles east of the City of Avon Park on County Road 64. The only public entrance to the site is in Highlands County. The Range is a 106,000-acre bombing and gunnery range located in Polk and Highlands Counties, Florida. It has been described as the largest bombing range east of the Mississippi River and at one time was described as the largest bombing range in the world. The mission of the Range is to provide a sustainable, world-class training complex focused on advanced, realistic and relevant training for joint, interagency and multinational partners and excelling air-ground integration" (yoursun.com <https://images.app.goo.gl/UhC9V1Xt63yx15aLA>). To view some additional information, select the Change of Command link at the bottom of the page. The range consists of small arms training areas as well as gun and bombing targets to ensure that our forces are ready for all future military engagements and whatever foreign adversarial forces may challenge us.

During our visit to the base/range, Lt. Col. Stark gave us an updated briefing with a power point presentation and then took us out on a visual tour around the range. We started by visiting their open hanger adjacent to the flight line tower. We then visited with some contracted individuals who support the Air Force's Special Operations Center (AFSCOC) with light-weight, over-the-horizon drones to assist ground troops reconnaissance efforts. We observed the launch of one drone, its 10 to 15-minute flight, and the drone's landing and recovery. We also saw the PUMA drone, used for surveillance and intelligence-gathering. It is small, hand-launched, battery-powered, and unmanned.

After these interesting exhibitions, Lt. Col. Stark took us out to the North Bombing Range, and we were able to walk around and look through bunkers and take some pictures. The photo of our group was taken by Lt. Col. Stark as we stood in front of one of the ground bombing targets. We then returned to the Headquarters Building. Before we left, our resident, retired Chaplain, Col. Cliff Owens, led our group in prayer, especially thanking our military forces and requesting God's blessing upon Lt. Col. Stark and his family as they move on to Davis Monthan AFB in Tucson, Arizona this coming summer.

Lt. Col. Dale Stark, USAF



## The Administrator's Perspective!

# Know Thyself

Dr. Gerald Webber



Jerry

The quote “**Know thyself**” has most often been attributed to the Greek philosopher Socrates. He did say it, but in reality, it antedates him, having been inscribed in the forecourt of the Temple of Apollo at Delphi. In

Latin it reads “nosce te ipsum.”

As I indicated, Socrates did use those words. In context, he said, “**Know thyself, for once we know ourselves, we may learn how to care for ourselves.**” Without buying into Socratic philosophy, this much is true: if you don’t know yourself (your strengths, weaknesses, abilities, deficiencies, affections, aversions, etc.) it’s difficult to know how to relate to the world around you and understand where you fit.

This axiom is true of institutions as well as individuals. If an entity or organization doesn’t have a clear picture of what it is, why it exists, and whom it serves, it will flounder and fail to achieve its potential for good (and as a ministry, for God).

To help promote a clearer view of the past and a sharper focus for the future, the administration and board of Maranatha Village has wrestled with these issues and set forth a concise mission statement. In case you haven’t seen it yet, here it is:

***Our mission is to provide a faith-based, church-related Christian retirement community where seniors of Baptist faith and practice may worship and serve God together, cultivate meaningful friendships, and care for one another’s needs ‘til Jesus comes.***

I believe this statement clearly answers the

question, “Who are we?” For that matter, it should settle the issues of “What are we doing here?” and “Where are we going?”

I suppose it’s a truism to assert that if you are going to be one thing you can’t very well be another. For instance, if we are going to be “faith-based,” we must be supported by God’s people and not by government. If we are going to be “church-related,” our relationship to Maranatha Baptist Church is vital and our insistence on faithfulness to a local church (either here or nearby) is reasonable. If our constituency is to be those of “Baptist faith and practice,” then it’s clear that Maranatha Village is not for everybody and that affirmation of our “**Statement of Faith and Principles and Practices**” is critical in the application process. And if worshiping and serving God, cultivating meaningful friendships, and caring for one another’s needs answers the question, “What are we doing here?” then those who make Maranatha Village “home” should buy into that way of life, not seeing the Village as a comfy “Christian resort,” but a place for serving God and one another ‘til Jesus comes.

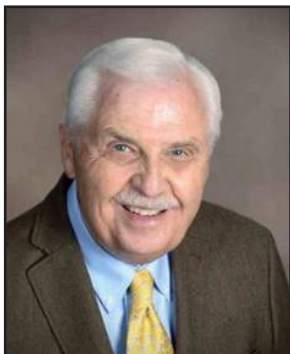
I have seen lots of changes at Maranatha since Kathy and I began our sojourns in the 90’s—virtually all of those in the “improvements” column. We “bought in” in 2002 and have been full-time residents for nearly 14 years. I don’t think the corporate mission has really changed during that time. It just hasn’t been clearly stated. Who we are and what we are doing here have remained intact since our founding almost a half-century ago. That longevity should also help us to stay on track for the future.

“**Know thyself.**” It’s good advice, whoever said it.





## ~ Changing & Developing ~



Gerry

Change is inevitable and continual. A contemporary author says, “Life doesn’t stop for anybody.” Those of us in our retirement years are no exception, and Maranatha Village is also not immune. Change can be encouraging or threatening, but it is always transforming. The challenges brought about by the alter-

tations of time must be committed to the Lord’s direction. As Proverbs 16:9 says,

***“A man’s heart plans his way,  
But the LORD directs his steps.”***

It is stabilizing to know that the Lord is in control of everything, and we can trust Him. God will protect and prosper His work in His time and in His way. And He is gracious to give us the privilege to participate in what He is doing right here at Maranatha Village.

Considerable changes have been accomplished over the years to improve the appearance of our campus grounds and homes. This transformation has been achieved through the efforts of many: including the board of directors, all the staff through the years, numerous volunteers, and many friends who have come to the Village and contributed their time and talents. Others have given financially, or by making donations of equipment, furnishings, and other tangible assets. All these efforts have brought progress and improvement.

When my wife and I first came for a stay at the Village in 2009, all the villas were painted the same neutral color, like a military base. In that year, a plan was instituted to paint the villas in pleasant color-coordinated tones. In 2019, that ten-year project

was completed, and now our volunteer painters are beginning the new pursuit of updating and refreshing those earlier paint jobs. Even progress requires updating.

In all these endeavors, people have been willing to make investments in Maranatha Village. Those investments have been in the form of acquisition and maintenance fees paid by residents, sacrificial work by paid staff, or donated labor by volunteers. In addition, rental fees from winter guests who come for several months contribute to the financial health of the Village. All this revenue is used to help improve the Village in various ways.

Also, many past and now current residents have spent a significant amount of their own funds or energies to upgrade their homes — both villas and mobile homes. These property enhancements are tangible contributions to the value and attractiveness of the dwellings and environs. Even the RV Park has profited from some improvements and volunteer involvement. Future residents will benefit from all these changes in the properties and the ongoing ministries of Maranatha Village.

***The sacrificial pioneers who have gone  
before us have given us an inheritance....***

One of the blessings that I see at Maranatha Village is the willingness of residents and prospects alike to pour themselves and their resources into the shared betterment of this special place. The sacrificial pioneers that have gone before us have given to us an inheritance that is spiritually rich and a beautifully developed campus. We have been given a special privilege to build on that heritage.

***Dr. Gerry Carlson,  
Growth & Development***

# *A Unique Lady*

*Mrs. Rita Catherine Maki*



Rita

Rita Maki was a born-again believer of Jesus Christ. She was a loving wife, mother, grandma, great-grandma, and aunt.

Mom was a faithful follower of Jesus Christ, a prayer warrior and known as a hugger and a smiler. She gave great back rubs too! She loved music, and

enjoyed playing keyboards, spending many hours playing and singing her favorite hymns. In the last two years since Dad Maki passed away, she sang her way, song by song, through five different hymnals.

Mom grew up on a farm in South Dakota. She did very well in school and was honored to be valedictorian of her high school graduating class. Whatever she did, she did well, always finishing anything she began. She received typing and shorthand awards for speed and accuracy, both for 100 words per minute.

She decided in high school to pursue nursing and joined a group called *Future Nurses*. After graduation, she attended St. Joseph's School of Nursing in Mitchell, South Dakota, receiving her Certificate of Graduate Nurse in 1944. She and a girlfriend, another nursing graduate, moved to Detroit, Michigan where they began their careers as RN's. In Detroit she met our dad, Elder Olson, and they married in August of 1945.

Our dad's mother, Grandma Josie, had passed away a couple of years before and our grandpa was raising his family, which included a five year old son. Mom helped our grandpa raise the little guy—a challenge, no doubt, for a young woman of 22. The following year, Mom and Dad began their own family, adding a total of six children along the way. Mom and Dad were always there to help us along life's path. Both of our parents exhibited their faith in Christ and taught us about Jesus.

Mom was a wise and loving counselor, and we all knew we could turn to her for good and sound advice. Our parents made sacrifices to create a safe and happy home for us. In order to make sure a parent was always available, she worked the midnight shift at the hospital. That way she could be home during the day while Dad

was at work. She also gave up precious sleep to tend to our needs, taking care of us if we were sick, driving us where we needed to go, preparing food, and sometimes just putting up with our excessive noise.

In August of 1970, our Dad passed away suddenly, leaving Mom widowed at 47 with six children still at home. After a couple of years, she met Raymond Maki at a *Parents Without Partners* meeting. At first they were afraid to mention the number of children they had: she with six and he with seven. When they married in December of 1972, our blended family became a baker's dozen!

After we all were grown and out of the house, her adventurous side came to light as she attempted things that astonished all of us. After retiring, she and Dad Maki moved to Brimley, Michigan, in the upper peninsula where she enjoyed driving a snowmobile, and using their outside Finnish sauna. She went hunting with Dad Maki, his father, and uncles, but during hunting season she was not allowed to stay in the camp cabin, so they took their pop-up camper to deer camp. However, all these arrangements changed when she shot a ten-point buck. The men were a bit jealous, as she was the only one to bag a deer that trip, and from that time on, she was allowed to stay in the cabin! She and Dad Maki drove a semi-truck together, taking turns driving the big rig. Her trucker's handle was *Sunflower*. She crocheted afghans when it wasn't her turn to drive or sleep. One year, she drove a truck pulling a flatbed trailer which carried the Brimley High School Band during a Fourth of July Parade.

In 1981 she and Dad Maki moved to Lake Placid, Florida, and shortly after to Sebring, Florida. She was a member of an indoor target shooting group called *The Over-the-Hill Gang* here in town and often was written up in the newspaper for her good shooting scores. She also liked riding on the back of their motorcycle. They had many different motorcycles throughout the years as they traveled great distances across the United States and into Canada.

For a number of years, she and Dad were members of Christian Motorcyclists Association (CMA), a worldwide ministry dedicated to reaching people for Christ in the highways and byways

continued on page 10



## Cook's Korner

### Apple Pizza

#### COMBINE:

3 cups flour  
1 cup shortening  
3/4 teaspoon salt

#### ADD:

3 egg yolks  
2 tablespoons lemon juice  
12 tablespoons ice cold water  
Make like a pie crust on a 15x10" cookie sheet.

#### PREPARE:

12 medium apples, sliced  
3/4 cup sugar  
1/2 cup brown sugar  
2 tablespoons flour  
1 teaspoon cinnamon

Place this mixture over the pie crust above.  
Bake at 325° for 45 minutes to 1 hour, until golden brown.

GLAZE with icing while warm

Submitted by Sylvia Flanagan

### Hamburger Chop Suey

2 pounds hamburger  
1 chopped onion  
1 cup diced celery  
1 can cream of mushroom soup  
1 cup rice  
1 can bean sprouts, drained  
1/4 cup soy sauce

Brown hamburger & onion.

Mix all.

Cover and bake at 350° for 1 hour.

Add chow mein noodles on top, 5 minutes before done.

Submitted by Tina Rizzo

### Grape Salad

#### Mix together:

8 oz package cream cheese  
1 cup sour cream  
1/3 cup sugar  
2 teaspoons vanilla

#### Now add:

3 pounds red or green grapes or half red / half green.  
Sprinkle brown sugar and pecans on top. Store in refrigerator. Enjoy.

Submitted by Connie Hall  
(winter resident two years ago)

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The Only Time To Eat Diet Food Is While You're  
Waiting On The Steak To Cook! □

Julia Child





# *New Village Residents*

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## *Bob & Janet Boes*



Bob & Janet

Bob and I met the summer of 1951. I lived in Euclid and he in Cleveland, Ohio. Bob was in the Coast Guard Reserve and planned on making it a full-time career after graduation. I moved to Cleveland Heights, and never saw him again until May 1956. I looked up and there he was, standing, in uniform, at my window. I

was working for Art Svedberg, M. D. as his medical secretary/office nurse. We were married 6 months later, went to New York city for a two-week honeymoon, flew back to Cleveland, and Bob was deployed to New London, Connecticut for a month. Little did I know that a lot was about to happen to me during that month, December 1956.

Dr. Svedberg asked me if I would help him with his Sunday school lesson; he was teaching 12th grade about the different denominations, and was having problems understanding mine, which was Roman Catholic. I was a devout Catholic, having been schooled by nuns from 1st-8th grade. I forgot to mention that Dr. Svedberg was a Christian who walked the walk, and as a result of this, a door was opening for me to investigate what it was that this man had that I didn't. I took a bus to Euclid Nottingham Baptist Church where Dr. Alan Lewis was Pastor. (He lived in Maranatha Village with his wife, Ann, many years later, and had also been the President of Baptist Mid-Missions). I gave my life to the Lord Jesus Christ one Sunday night, and also made Him Lord of my life. I also added a P.S. to my prayer which was, "Lord, don't ever let me doubt my salvation," and I haven't. Praise the Lord!

Bob knew something was happening to me because of our phone conversations. When he found out about my salvation, he WAS NOT happy; however, 6 months later the Holy Spirit got a hold of him, and Bob trusted Jesus Christ. Dr. Lewis baptized Bob and me together. We sat under Dr. Lewis' excellent teaching. Our Young Married Couples class teacher, Bill Basye, was a mentor to us, along with his wife, Libby. They, along with another couple, Dave and Carole Green, became

our best friends and our go-to brothers and sisters in Christ. They showed us the Christian life, and we watched and learned what a Christian home was like. In Sunday school, Bill gave us a new Bible verse at the beginning of every class, and throughout the lesson, he would have us repeat the verse. Then he would drill us by pointing to various members in the class and asking them to say the verse. We had a fun time seeing who could quote it. The next Sunday, he would ask someone to quote "last week's" verse. It was great fun and a wonderful way to memorize God's Word. We are still in touch with Bill and his wife, Libby who live in Akron, Ohio. Dave Green (Carole is with the Lord) lives in Valrico, Florida.

In 1960, our first child, Natalie, was born. Todd came along in 1964. We have 7 grandkids, and 2 great grandkids, all living in Marblehead, Massachusetts.

After much prayer, Bob accepted a sales territory in upstate New York. He purchased a Syracuse, New York newspaper and wrote to 7 churches that looked good. He asked for their Doctrine of faith and whether or not they had Sunday p.m. and Wednesday p.m. services and youth opportunities. Sadly, the letters came back saying we would have to go down south to find what we were looking for. However, the last letter came, and Bob handed it to me to read, giving no indication about what it said. It was from North Syracuse Baptist Church. I read it and let out a scream: We have a church!!!! We had no home, BUT we had a church! After we found our church, we built our home and moved to upstate New York.

We have many Bible verses that are precious to us. Ephesians 2:8,9: "For by grace we are saved through faith, and that not of ourselves, it is a gift of God - NOT of WORKS, lest we or any other should boast." Titus 2:13: "Always looking for the blessed hope and the glorious appearing of our great God and Savior, Jesus Christ."

Bob and I recently, (end of September) moved here from Manlius, New York, which was home for us since 1964. After much prayer and all things considered, we packed up and headed here. We praise the Lord for leading us here and expect our next move will be UP.

# New Village Residents

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## David & Donna Willing



David & Donna

David and I are from a small town in the Thumb of Michigan called Attica. We have been married for 27 years. We have two daughters and two sons-in-law, two grandchildren, and one adopted great-granddaughter. David is a Vietnam Vet who served in 1968 and 1969. He is retired from GM and worked several years after retirement as a job-site supervisor, building churches.

David was raised in a Lutheran church. I did not come from a Christian home. I was taught that there was a God who created everything, but never heard about Jesus Christ. When David and I started dating, he invited me to go to church with him. While attending there I became very involved, stayed very busy serving in several areas, and also attended a couple of Bible studies. I never felt satisfied and felt something was missing. In August of 1995, I was hospitalized and quarantined. It was there in my hospital bed watching the 700 Club and reading my Bible that my eyes were opened to the gift

of salvation that Jesus wanted me to have. I prayed for God to forgive my wicked sins, and Jesus became my Savior.

In 1996, David and I were invited to a little country Baptist church in Brown City, Michigan. My heart was full after one service. I knew what I had been missing. My relationship with Jesus began to grow. We left the Lutheran church and continued to go to the Baptist church where we were re-baptized by immersion in February of 1997. We served in many areas there, and I worked with Pat Wells in the kitchen. In 2007 the church went through a bad split. David and I left along with half the church. Those of us who left stayed together and formed another church called Crossroads Baptist Church which we are still a part of today. We continued to serve as we had before.

We went on a mission trip to New Tribes Missions in Missouri helping Tim and Chris See. Last year we decided to try out Maranatha. David had been here helping the Wells when they moved. We decided to come back this year and now have bought a mobile at 211 Maranatha Blvd. We love the Village and are looking forward to meeting all of you eventually. We are excited to get involved in serving our Lord and Savior here.

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## A Unique Lady

through the avenue of motorcycling. While we felt they should have retired their bike a lot earlier, they didn't retire until she was 93 and Dad Maki was 91.

In 1984, she was able to take a ride on the Good-year Blimp during the **12-Hours of Sebring** race week. She was also brave enough to ride on a 2-person gyrocopter. While Dad was involved in the security of the race out at the airport, she, along with police officers and airport personnel, would pick up and drive back the pace cars for that year's race. Of course, there are stories of all of them driving down airport road at or above 120 mph. She was one of those drivers!

After losing Dad Maki in February of 2018, change came as she moved into assisted living here at Maranatha Manor. She was very happy there. An avid card player, she also loved to play Scrabble and Mexican Train and liked doing number and letter games

and working jigsaw puzzles on her computer.

Hearing was her biggest difficulty, and when hearing aids no longer helped much, she played games with family and friends as a means of interacting with us all. She checked out pictures and different posts that her family and friends would share on Facebook. We didn't think that many people who were almost 97 years old would do so much on the computer, but she surprised us all right up to the end.

While she loved us and felt blessed in life, we could see that as the time came near to leave us, her desire was to go home to the Lord. One comment she made in the final days of her life was, "Soon, I will be happier than I've ever been." Another was, "I'll be looking for you all." She made handling her parting much easier for all of us.

Submitted by daughter, Kayla Partykula



## *The Choir Ministry of Mrs. Jan Burgess*



Jan

My husband George and I came to Maranatha in 1985, after I had directed the choir in my home church, Holt Baptist, for about 10 years. What my church in Michigan

did not know was I had very

little training, but just a love of music and desire to serve the Lord. I started by seeing a need for the high school and college age kids in our church, to do some kind of ministry, which they did not have at that time. It was the year the musical "I Love America" was published and I thought that was something they would enjoy and then share with some of the smaller churches around Michigan. Those kids did not realize their director was a novice who really had very little music education and no experience. Furthermore, they did not seem to care and thoroughly enjoyed learning and performing that musical. When our church choir director fell and broke his arm, he asked me if I would take the adult choir temporarily, so I did, for 10 years! Pastor Reid Kitchen was our pastor and a great encouragement to me at Holt Baptist.

When we came here, both of us wanted to escape Michigan winters and have a ministry in our new home. When I began working with the choir at Maranatha Baptist Church, under Pastor Roy Hamman, there was no practice between Sunday school and the morning service. I knew that would never work! So we started rehearsing in Hamman Hall, then walked over to the church and up into the choir loft. We also practiced on Wednesday nights after prayer meeting, as we do now. I have loved directing since the first time I started, but always with Philippians 4:13 on

my mind and heart. That verse reminds me that I am nothing and can do nothing without the Lord's help.

I continued directing under Dr. William Fusco (1986 to 1990). He had a tremendous sense of humor and would tell me we sounded better than the Mormon Tabernacle Choir! All of our church's pastors have been most encouraging toward our choir, from Ken Andrus to our dear Terry Price.

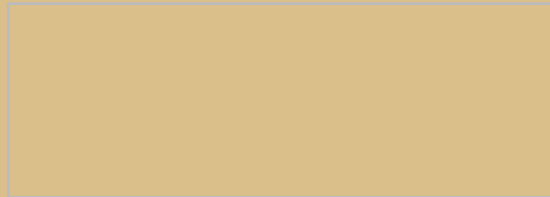
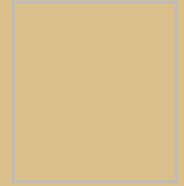
We also have been blessed with quite a few very talented pianists and organists. Bob Sparks played both the organ and piano, at different times, of course. He and Jim Rhodes also directed the choir for a time when I had to take a little leave of absence because my husband was ill. Others who played either piano or organ have been Lois O'Keefe, Virginia Curcio, Ann Esseltine, Ann Truax, Ron Truax, Betty Stelzner, Rachel Waite and Joanne Snyder. Judy Tinkham has been irreplaceable, and in recent years, Donna Rose has helped on both piano and organ. The choir could never have functioned without all of these dear ones. I am also thankful for LeRoy Porter who filled in for me when I hurt my shoulder and could not direct for a while. The Lord sent him at just the right time!

We presented our first musical, titled "*Up From The Grave*," for Easter, 1986. "*First Christmas*" followed that same year. Sometimes we had to borrow persons from sister churches for appropriate-aged people to play some of the parts through the years, and at times we were fortunate to use grandchildren who visited. In the first Christmas cantata, we used my 3-year-old grandson to play the part of young Jesus. He screamed "his head off" during the entire time he was on the platform! I think the costumes and

continued on page 12



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***“Believe on the  
Lord Jesus Christ  
and you will be saved.”***

### ***Ministry of Jan Burgess—Continued***



Jan beards frightened him. There are far too many memories to mention here, but I could never have experienced any of them without those ladies who helped direct the dramas. They began with Maxine McCullough, followed by Barbara Miller, Pat Seddon and Colene Price. Special memories are of those who were asked to play parts and said, “I could never do that,” or “I’ve never done anything like that in my life!” They amazed themselves and everyone else as they accepted their roles. Others assisted in building

sets or using their artistic talents like, Stan Mohr, Mary & Harry Schuster, and Joyce Kaufmann, who made a life-sized bus from cardboard which looked very, very real!

I have loved every minute of directing the choir here at Maranatha and am so thankful the Lord has allowed me to have this ministry. I am very thankful now that He has sent Ellen & Bill Katka to take over this wonderful work. Please forgive me if I have neglected to mention others who have been a blessing to me. I am grateful to each of you and for the privilege of working with you through the years.

Mrs. Jan Burgess

### ***North Bombing Range Pictures***



*Bombing Range Bunkers*



*Headquarters*