



Publishing Peace

A quarterly journal published by West Virginia School of Preaching under the oversight of the elders of Hillview Terrace Church of Christ, Moundsville, WV 26041 (304) 845-8001 (dirwvsop@aol.com).

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“Behold on the mountains the feet of him who brings good tidings, who proclaims peace!...” (Nahum 1:15)

What's Going On...

Graduation!

Friday, June 17, 2022, 6:00 p.m.

For: Noah West

Speaker: Ed Melott

Also honoring, from Hillview Terrace:

Dave & Connie Majewski: Dave and Connie have been hard workers in the Lord's kingdom, particularly at Hillview Terrace, for many years. Dave has served as a deacon, preached in area congregations, and been available for any good work. Connie, in addition to her many other areas of service in the cause of Christ, has catered many large dinners (such as graduation and lectureship dinners) for the school, even while enduring ongoing treatments for cancer. Dave and Connie have been custodians at the Hillview Terrace facility for the last forty-five years! We look forward to honoring this great couple.

RSVP: Please call 304-845-8001 by May 23 to reserve your spot at the dinner. Thank you!

Future Preacher Training Camp

June 24-26, 2022
Preparing Godly Leaders

After being off in 2020, and having a one-day format in 2021, our FPTC is back on full-force for 2022! Camp is for 14-18 year-olds. Sign-up is at this link:

<https://wvsop.com/future-preachers-training-camp/>

Or, scan the code below.



In Memory of Terry West

by Jared West

Editor's Note: Terry West (class of 1999) is, to our knowledge, the first graduate of WVSOP to pass away. His son, Jared, wrote this touching tribute. (AR)

My father Terry West, recently passed away from complications surrounding dementia, a condition he had suffered from for the last five years.

He was a graduate from the West Virginia School of Preaching, and a native to the Ohio Valley area for the majority of his life.

He was born in Beallsville, Ohio, on December 31st 1944, and was raised in the Lord's church, attending mostly the rural congregation, Hunter church of Christ.

He graduated from high school in Barnesville, Ohio, and for the majority of his adult life he worked blue collar jobs, a few of which were farmer, aluminum plant worker, and truck driver, even owning a small trucking company for several years employing both relatives and friends. In the early sixties, he enlisted in the Army and was honorably discharged when he had completed his service, just a short time before his unit was sent to Vietnam.

He married Beverly Bates, daughter of gospel preacher Ronald Bates, of Summerfield, Ohio when he was 34, and they had three children, myself, Melissa, and Brittany.

He began preaching once a month at the Hunter church of Christ in 1991. In his early fifties, after a particularly bad trucking accident (due to mechanical failure), he decided to change careers and become a full-time gospel preacher. His dementia caused him to begin to shred important documents a few years ago, so some dates will be approximate.

He began attending the West Virginia School of Preaching in about 1997 halfway through the 96-97 academic year, and graduated in 1999. I remember him saying at his graduation ceremony that it was one of the proudest moments of his life.

He accepted his first full-time position as a gospel preacher in early 1999 with the New Brighton church of Christ in New Brighton, Pennsylvania. He served there for about three years.

He accepted his next and final work as a full-time gospel preacher in early 2002 with the East Elm Street church of Christ in Lima, Ohio. He served there for just over 15 years, until the Spring of 2017 when he was forced to retire because of his dementia. He moved in with my family then, no longer being able to take care of himself.

He lived with us for nearly five years, and he

was as faithful a Christian as anyone suffering from the terrible nature of dementia can be. He rarely ever missed a church service at the Central church of Christ in Columbia, Kentucky, where I preach.

He was a great example, whenever he possessed his faculties, to our children. He had always accepted my wife Diane as his own daughter. He was the one who baptized her when we were dating.

He was the same for our children, all of whom are from foster care and adoption. From day one, he treated them all as his own grandchildren. He worked at chores with them, played, teased, and talked with them as a grandfather should. He also has three biological grandchildren from my sister Melissa, who are still quite young and live in Middletown, Ohio.

When he could no longer drive, some of the older of our kids would often drive him around, even hours away to visit family, especially Brian and Joey. He loved going to all of their activities at school, Hannah's basketball and softball games especially. He loved playing basketball in the driveway with Zach and Hannah. He enjoyed being active and working around the yard with the kids. Even after the dementia robbed him of knowing who he or any of us were, he would play, tease, and talk with the girls who are still at home, Hannah, Hayli, Miranda, Reesa, and Payton. He also took great joy in sitting right in the midst of all of them at church.

Over the last couple of years, his mental condition worsened to the point where it was a struggle to care for him, but Diane and the girls were especially good at helping him, comforting him, and taking care of his physical needs.

As preachers, he and I had both witnessed terrible situations in nursing homes, and we never wanted that fate for him. Around Thanksgiving, he was getting bad enough that we were seriously wondering if we could care for him at home any longer, but the Lord in His infinite mercy did not let that continue.

Thanks be to God that he also did not allow Dad to suffer too much. Other than the normal pains of a man in his seventies with arthritis, he only suffered the mental effects of dementia until the last two weeks of his life. Then, after a sudden downturn, he could no longer walk, or eat, or drink much of anything, and we called hospice to help him deal with his pain.

Finally, during the early morning hours of December 17, he passed on to the next life.

If you had asked my dad if he thought he was a good preacher, he would have said no.

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Worse and the Word

by Andy Robison

In Paul's last letter, he warns of conditions in the latter days.

Before proceeding, the caveat must be established that the last days have been since the day of Pentecost. Peter, pressed to explain the apostles' behavior of speaking in unstudied languages, explained that it was the fulfillment of the prophet Joel's passage, where he began, "And it shall come to pass in the last days," (Acts 2:16-17). Following the Patriarchal and Mosaic eras is the Christian era. After that, there will be no more (2 Pet. 3:10-12). Thus, the days in which we are amenable to Christ are the last days (Heb. 1:1-4).

Paul said that in those last days there would be compounded sinfulness. To paraphrase and comment (for the reader can read the passage for himself), 2 Timothy 3:1-4 indicates a love for everything unholy, beginning with a love of self, proceeding to a love of money, intensified by a prideful disregard for even the most basic and tender of authorities (parents), people will be "bull-headed" and love their lustful pleasures instead of their God. They will even feign righteousness (v. 5) and lead people away with a remarkably stubborn resistance to truth (vs. 6-8). There will be a limitation (v. 9), but a lot of damage will be done along the way.

Contrasting such hedonism, Timothy was careful to follow Paul's "doctrine, manner of life, purpose, faith, longsuffering, love, perseverance, persecutions, afflictions" (vs. 10-11). Affirming that all who desire to live godly will so suffer (v. 12), Paul then warns, "But evil men and impostors will grow worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived" (v. 13).

That is a bleak picture for the Christian era. One would think that the blessed Savior of the world being revealed in due time (Titus 1:3) would herald hope for a better class of people. Perhaps people would be appreciative and change their behavior.

It is true that a lot of people would, and there would be great blessing as Christians let their lights shine (Matt. 5:16). Paul's warning, though, in 2 Timothy 3, smacks of an older, wiser, mentor warning a student against pie-in-the-sky optimism and dousing him with a dose of reality. Pessimism is unnecessary. Optimism can be good. Realism seems to be the mood for which Paul aimed in this—as we know it—penultimate chapter of his inspired penmanship.

The realism is offset, however, with a reality of a positive sort. It is not a shallow pep talk that follows, nor an empty cliché—"everything's going to be

ok." No, it is a grounding in the one thing that overcomes all the evil that is in the world.

In the face of all that evil, Paul reminds the young disciple, "But you must continue in the things which you have learned and been assured of, knowing from whom you have learned them, and that from childhood you have known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make you wise for salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus" (2 Tim. 3:14-15). Paul points Timothy to the living and powerful word (cf. Heb. 4:12).

Timothy had likely learned the Old Testament Scriptures from his grandmother Lois and mother Eunice (2 Tim. 1:5) early. When Christianity came to fulfill that Old Mosaic Law, Timothy was converted and became a sacrificial and willing worker (Acts 16:1-5). He became quite the beloved companion of Paul (cf. 1 Tim. 1:2; 2 Tim. 1:2; 1 Thess. 3:1,2, 6; Acts 17:14, 15; 18:5).

To conclude what came to be known (with chapter and verse divisions) as chapter three, Paul then proceeds with one of the greatest statements (if not the greatest) of Scripture about itself: "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be complete, thoroughly equipped for every good work" (3:16-17).

This author believes Paul pivots to speaking prophetically of the completed New Testament as well as the Old in verses 16-17 for this reason: It would seem all of the completed revelation would be needed to make a man "complete, thoroughly equipped for every good work." The Old Testament Scriptures pointed sufficiently toward salvation in Christ (cf. v. 15), so much so that Jesus used them to prove Himself (Luke 24:27). But to make a man complete, all revelation seems required.

The overriding point, at any rate, is that the word of God conquers. Things may be bad in the world, but the word of God triumphs. All evils may reign for a time (1 John 5:19), but their glory will end (2 Tim. 3:9). Lusts will lead men astray, but "he who does the will of God abides forever" (1 John 2:16-17). The glory of man passes like the flower of the field, but the word of God endures (Isa. 40:6-8; 1 Pet. 1:22-25).

Neither optimistic nor pessimistic, but real is the knowledge (beyond wishful thinking—the certainty) that God's word prevails, as do, by extension, those who follow it (cf. 1 John 2:17).

“In Memory of Terry West,” continued from page 2.

He often compared himself to the preachers who had influenced him, his father-in-law Ronald Bates, his stepfather Charles Thomas, and many others from the Ohio Valley area, some more and some less well-known, such as Fred Dennis, James Gallagher, John Hamilton, Amos Orrison, Tom Butterfield Sr., and Mike Fuchs, just to name a few. He also especially looked up to all of the teachers at WVSOP at the time he attended, Emanuel Daugherty, Steve Stevens, Terry Varner, Terry Jones, Charles Pugh, Dan Kessinger, and the others whose names from that time escape my memory.

However, despite his perhaps too humble opinion of himself, I have heard many people call him a good gospel preacher. He served the Lord to the best of his ability in that role, both part-time and full-time, from 1991 to 2017.

He did not keep records, so I don't have the exact number, but just from the ones I can remember, he baptized dozens of people into Christ. He raised three children who are all members of the Lord's Church, and most of his grandkids who are old enough are also Christians.

Because of him, as well as my grandfathers and those other great examples, I began preaching at the age of 10 in October of 1993. Thus, my 28 years of gospel preaching (again just like him, in both part-time and full-time roles) can in great part be credited to him as well.

On the last Sunday before he died, we had a family service at home with him. For an hour or two before the family service, the girls took turns reading from the Bible to him. He was no longer able to talk, or even open his eyes at the time, but he nodded along and even smiled from time to time. Even to the very end, when he knew nothing else at all, he loved the Lord and His Word.

This is the highest praise that I can give any preacher, any Christian, that Dad served the Lord to the best of his ability, until the very end. May we all be able to do so, by the grace of our Lord.

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