



NEW HEART BEAT DEVOTIONS

My Father

Every one of us had a natural father. Without them, we would not be here. However, it is sad that some never knew their father, or knew their father only for a short time or from a distance. I am very fortunate to have over a sixty-five-year relationship with my Father.

My Father, Lester Eugene Stambaugh was born January 21, 1931, at home in York Pa, to Charles and Elizabeth Stambaugh. He was their third child. Their children, in order, were Meda, Robert, Lester, Carl, Dick, Ann and Linda. His Father worked on a farm. He then was a weaver in a silk mill, then became a painter / wallpaper hanger with a side business of home printing. His Father was not drafted during World War II because he had too many kids. He was involved with Civil Defense and the York Fire department.

Lester was always known as Les, which were also his initials and his physical height. His first job, until age 16, was as a newspaper boy. He then worked at a local A&P while attending York High. During his high school years, he walked to and from school twice a day, in all types of weather. With just an hour and half for lunch, he would run home, eat fast and quickly run back because walking would take forty-five minutes one way. He studied electricity while at York High. After graduating in 1949, Les got a job with Bill Harper as an electrician. He was an excellent swimmer and won many YMCA awards. (It is funny that neither my brother, my Mother, nor I can swim.) His first car was a 1939 Plymouth.

To prevent being drafted, during the Korean War, like his brother, Les went to enlist in the Marines. He was turned down because he was too short. He then walked across the street and joined the Navy. While in the Navy, he saw the world. His time in the Navy is recorded on the website Allverts.us. It was during that time, a friend introduced him to a young lady, named Betty Lou, who later became my mother. He was discharged in November 1954 and asked her hand in marriage that Christmas. On May 14, 1955, they were married in a church in Harrisburg PA. My father, then got a job as a union electrician with I.B. Able construction where he worked for over 35 years. He then worked in maintenance at Caterpillar Inc.

Nine months to the date of their wedding, I, Charles was born. Then came my sister Karen and brother Mark. We moved to a house, which my father designed, just north of York, in the late 50's. There was an apartment in the basement for my mother's mother, Grandma Egan. My parents lived there for 60 years.

When my Mother started getting Alzheimer's Disease, they moved to the Brethren Village in New Oxford, PA. Two year later, she went to heaven. My father stayed there and became involved with the woodshop, model trains, the library, movie night, putting puzzles together, a veterans' group, health committee and was a friend and help to all. He had a special friendship with a widow neighbor Janet.

Father's parents were not religious. They did not go to church until really late in life. They made a confession of faith in their 80's. There was a neighbor girl who took an interest in inviting my father to church. She later became a missionary on a foreign field. In 1941, while attending a youth meeting at the York Gospel Center, my Father accepted Jesus Christ as His Savior. In the years following, he served in sound and maintenance in several churches. He was also a youth leader and a seven-year Boy Scout leader. He supported many missionaries. In December 1974, he was baptized with my sister, brother and myself.

The information for this devotion he discussed with me in early November 2021. He talked all about the projects he was working on at the Brethren Home. The next day he was taken to the hospital with pneumonia. He never got his strength back. He went to be with the Lord January 7, 2022.

"Concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." I Thess 4:13-14

Charles Stambaugh

Jan 2022B

"In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

John 14:2

Listen to ["Safe in the Arms of Jesus"](#)



My Father,
1931-2022
My Mother,
and me.

[His eulogy.](#)
[His obituary.](#)

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