

Miscellaneous.

Pastor Stephen Dice, Editor

- *STORIES
- *EVENTS
- *VIEWS
- *NEWS



THIS I KNOW

I do not know what next may come across my pilgrim way
 I do not know tomorrow's road nor see beyond today.
 But this I know – my Saviour knows the path I cannot see
 And I can trust His wounded hand to guide and care for me.
 I do not know what may befall of sunshine or of rain
 I do now know what may be mine, of pleasure and of pain
 But this I know-my Saviour knows and whatso'er it be
 Still, I can trust His love to give what will be best for me.

I do not know what may await or what the morrow brings
 But with the glad salute of faith, I hail its opening wings;
 For this I know – that in my Lord shall all my needs be met.
 And I can trust the heart of Him who has not failed me yet.

-E. Margaret Clarkson

TOGETHER STILL

Let me hold your hand, as we go downhill, we've shared our strength, and we share it still.
 It hasn't been easy to make the climb, but the way was eased by your hand in mine.
 Like the lake, our life has had ripples, too, ill health and worries, and payment due,
 With happy pauses along the way, a graduation, a raise in pay,
 At the foot of the slope, we will stop and rest, look back, if you wish; we've been truly blessed.
 We've been spared the grief of being torn apart by death, or divorce, or a broken heart.
 The view ahead is one of the best, just a little bit farther, and then we can rest.
 We move more slowly, but together still, let me hold your hand, as we go downhill.

-Peggy Cameron

**A TRIBUTE TO GRANDPA DICE
 A SOLDIER IN GOD'S ARMY**

My grandpa is a soldier in the army of the Lord;
 The Bible he carries in his hand, this great Book is his Sword.
 He fights with all his might to save the lost from sin,
 Since God is always on his side, he is sure to win.
 My grandpa is a great man, a man of God, you see;
 He preaches the Gospel far and wide, he shouts the victory.
 It takes a lot of courage to follow the steps of God,
 I look up to my grandpa and the path that he has trod.
 My grandpa is a soldier in the army of the Lord,
 A special soldier in God's army with a better and different Sword;
 He has by far the greatest job throughout the world today,
 He still believes the Gospel truth, no matter what men may say.
 My Grandpa is a caring man, loving and faithful, too;
 I just want you to know, grandpa, that I will always love you.

-Rachel Dice, Granddaughter

April 30, 1998 (I dedicate this poem to my grandpa, who I love and appreciate. Grandpa, I just want to thank you for helping me grow up the right way and to let you know that I love and appreciate you! Love, Rachel)



II Cor. 3:17 -- "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is..."

LIBERTY

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Pastor Stephen Dice - 618-384-0759

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In loving memory of the founder and former editor of the Liberty Paper, and my grandfather, Dr. Leonard R. Dice.

Leonard R. Dice, age 91, of Pittsfield, Illinois, longtime Baptist minister, died on June 19, 2024, at his home in Washington, Iowa, formerly in Illinois and Indiana. He was born on March 3, 1933, in Moscow, Indiana to Vernie and Lillie Dice. They preceded him in death. He was married to the former Sharon Ann Buchanan on March 30, 1956, in Rushville, Indiana, and she survives.

He is also survived by six sons, Gary Len (wife Pam) Baylis, Illinois; Timothy Paul (wife Sheila), Dunreith, Indiana; John Marc (wife Victoria), Greenwood, Indiana; Kevin Scott (wife Lori), Washington, Iowa; Philip Craig (wife Dora), Trinity, North Carolina; Ronald Gregg (wife Kathy), Knightstown, Indiana. He is also survived by 16 grandchildren, 39 great grandchildren with another one on the way. Five of his sons and 3 of his grandsons are also Baptist ministers. He was preceded in death by his son Richard Allen Dice, 7 brothers, 2 sisters and 1 daughter-in-law.

Mr. Dice entered the ministry in 1958 and pastored 3 churches in Indiana for over 40 years. Upon retirement from the active pastorate in 2000, he served in evangelism and pulpit supply. For the last 20 years he has served as an assistant pastor at Grace Baptist Church in Pittsfield, Illinois where his son Gary Dice was former Pastor. He was the Sunday School teacher for the Senior Citizens, Director of Missions, preached and taught in different areas and published a weekly Christian paper that he begun over 40 years ago. He received his early training at the Cincinnati Baptist College, Cincinnati, Ohio and at the Indiana Baptist College, Indianapolis, Indiana. He earned a Doctor of Sacred Theology degree from the Institute of Biblical and International Studies at Ft. Wayne, Indiana and received an honorary Doctor of Divinity degree from Faith Baptist College, Athens, Alabama. He entered the U.S. Army in 1953 and took basic training with the 31st Infantry Division (Dixie Division). After basic training he was transported by troopship to Germany where he served with the 4th Infantry Division in the Intelligence and Reconnaissance (S-2) Section. Earlier in the life he was involved in newspaper work, having worked for the Rushville Daily Republican, Rushville, Indiana and for Mayhill Publications in Knightstown, Indiana.

...Honour to whom honour is due...

*This is my Father's world,
 And to my listening ears
 All nature sings,
 and round me rings
 The music of the spheres.*



*This is my Father's world:
 I rest me in the thought
 Of rocks and seas--
 His hand the wonders wrought.*

Memories & Lessons Learned

“Walks to the apple tree, racing through the yard, swinging on the porch swing, singing *Teddy Bear*, watching westerns, exploring his office for unique treasures, helping with the paper...”

These are just a few of the memories made with the grandchildren and their “Grandpa Dice”. He always took time to spend with and love each one.

“When Rachel and Ben were very small, we lived on a dead-end road with just 5 houses. At the time we lived in the middle house, but a larger house at the end of the road became available. Grandpa, Grandma, and Uncle Rick were helping us move. But Grandpa decided he was going to put stuff in a wheelbarrow and move it from one house to the other. I think we laughed about that several times. Also just appreciate that as a young teen, he encouraged me in my piano playing by involving me in junior church and nursing home services. And for being a great Godly example as a father-in-law. Heaven's sounding sweeter all the time.” -*Sheila Dice, Daughter-in-law.*

“Not long after we had started going to Liberty Baptist when we were younger, one Sunday morning Grandpa came to me before church and asked me if I would like to help him put the flag up and take it down that night after church. We raised the flag together that morning. That evening after church, I helped him lower the flag and he taught me the proper way to fold the American flag. I still fly a flag to this day because of Grandpa. I have a flag mount on our camper and everywhere we camp I put my flagpole up. I have been asked by several people at the different campgrounds if I was in the service and I always respond with, no, but, my grandpa was, and he taught me all about the flag and what it stands for. I've had other veterans come by the camp sites and thank me for flying the flag.” -*Ben Dice, Grandson*

“I think one of my favorite Grandpa stories happened after Rick passed away. Grandma had him go clean out the car, so he got a bag and threw away all the trash. Few days later she couldn't find her charging cord and she kept looking and looking. Finally, he told her that he had thrown a chord away in the dumpster because he didn't know what it was. She proceeded to tell him that he had to go get it because they needed it for her phone. He drove his golf cart down to the dumpster to retrieve it. The dumpster was empty, and he had to climb on the golf cart to get in! Next thing we know Micah was driving by. He was on the phone with someone and said, “I have to go. I think Grandpa is standing in the dumpster!” Sure enough Grandpa was standing in the dumpster trying to figure out a way to get out. -*Katie (Dice) Graber, Granddaughter*

“Last summer when we were at grandma and grandpa's house, we were all sitting around the living room talking and grandpa asked me if I still was attending Hillcrest Baptist. I told him we were still there, and he said he had a funny story to share about it: Years ago, he was there at a youth rally and when it came time to eat, they announced they were having tacos. When they got in line to get food, he had no idea what a taco was. So, he and grandma looked at one another and they didn't want to look dumb and not know how to put one together, so he kept watching everyone else and how they made one. He had to carry his Bible under his arm and attempt to make a taco, and he said boy was it messy, but it was good. He never forgot what a taco was after that night and laughed.

Ever since hearing about that I think of that story almost every Sunday when I go to church. I love having that connection of him learning what a taco was at my church.” -*Elizabeth (Dice) Schwegman, Granddaughter*

“There are too many memories to mention just one. How do you put a lifetime into a small space. The main thing about Dad is that he was the most consistent, gentle, strong in the faith person I have ever known, or ever will know. He stood for right without fail. God's Word was preeminent, and it was never questioned or disputed. I always knew he loved me in spite of the times I disappointed him, and I have at times. He is the greatest man I know. He is my rock-and he is my hero- the biggest influence in my entire life. I already miss him terribly, and always will. I love my Dad!” -*Kevin Dice, Son*

“One of my memories of great grandpa was from last summer. He was telling me about his army training days. He said that they were learning how to use handheld bombs (grenades), and when the teacher wasn't looking, he pulled the pin and set it off. I thought that was funny. He still had an old grenade that I got to hold and see.” -*Nolan Schwegman, Great-Grandson*

“We always loved going to visit Grandpa and Grandma Dice. They had cabinets full of fun things: Jacob's ladder, fancy harmonicas, a grenade, ships in bottles...and they always let us play with them. He told us lots of stories about ships and all the different dogs they had over the years. He liked it when we sang with him and played instruments together. “Shoo Fly Pie” was a favorite. Another thing he did was give out balloons to all of us “great grandkids”. We will miss our Grandpa Dice.” -*Abby, Jon, Ashlen, & Jason Dice, Great Grandkids*

“I have been honored for over sixty years to be the sixth of seven sons born to Leonard and Sharon Dice. My dad was a very important and unique man. Important because he was responsible for 7 little boys to raise and a wife to support. Unique because of all the people he would come in contact with during his sixty-eight years ministry. Also, very unique in that he never compromised with the world about where he stood with God and His Word. He was a very faithful man who led many of his own family to the Lord Jesus Christ, and even at the end of his life, he was still witnessing to those who would listen. Many preachers pride themselves in how many they had in church or how great they think they are. My dad was not this way. He chose to be humble in everything he did, and he would rather choose to lay up treasures in heaven instead of down here on earth. I truly believe that his reward in heaven is very great. To those who read this Liberty Paper, he led many of you and your family to the Lord. To others, he supported you the best that he knew how. To the world, he was a soldier and a veteran. To his acquaintances he was a friend. To his family he was a father, son, brother, uncle, but to this son, he was MY DAD!!! And for this, I am very proud.”

-*Philip Dice, Son*

“Years ago, our dad worked as printer along with pastoring. On Saturdays he would take one of us boys to work with him to the Rushville Republican. We were always so excited. He would show us around, get us a copy of the comics, a snack, and a coke while we waited for him to finish. During my junior year of high school, he gave me the opportunity to work part-time at Mayhill Publications in Knightstown, Indiana. Upon graduation I went full time and had the blessing of working side by side with him for the next 7 years!!

Another memory at the print shop: I had ripped my pants at work...at lunch time I drove (very fast) home to change my pants. On the way back to work I was driving (once again, very fast) and I got pulled over by a State Police...I got a speeding ticket and then I had to tell my dad...this I what I told him: I just purchased a ticket to the policeman's ball...he didn't find it to be that funny...finally, I confessed it was a speeding ticket...although embarrassing for me, he took it pretty well!”

-*John Dice, Son*

“There are so many memories that flood my mind since being in the Dice family with Grandpa. I fell in love with this family the first time I met them all, up to the day I married John and became Leonard's daughter-in-law. Even as I type this, it feels odd, I never felt comfortable calling him by his first name. I would refer to him as Bro. Dice, then later calling him Grandpa. I had so much respect for him. I was always intrigued by his knowledge of history. He knew everything about the town he lived in. One time when he was driving, he stopped the van and pointed to an empty field and told us about a drummer boy who had died in that field. We would drive some more and he would begin to tell us about how President Lincoln gave a speech on a porch, where his secretary stayed...just all kinds of history. I told him I felt like I was on a tour bus. We laughed, but his knowledge and stories of events kept you mesmerized. The last trip to Hannibal was the best, for so many reasons. John shared the stories of the sharp turns and cliff hangers, but the second part of that story is the best. The day we were moving them to Iowa, we stopped at a gas station for fuel and for grandpa to stretch his legs in Hannibal. We were reminiscing of that trip. He got that little twinkle in his eyes and that unforgettable smile and said I never told John this but the next week I had to get my brakes worked on. Priceless. He will be greatly missed! I love you Grandpa! Thanks for all the memories.” -*Victoria Dice, Daughter-in-law*