

Charles V. Dorothy

1934 - 1996

Glimpses

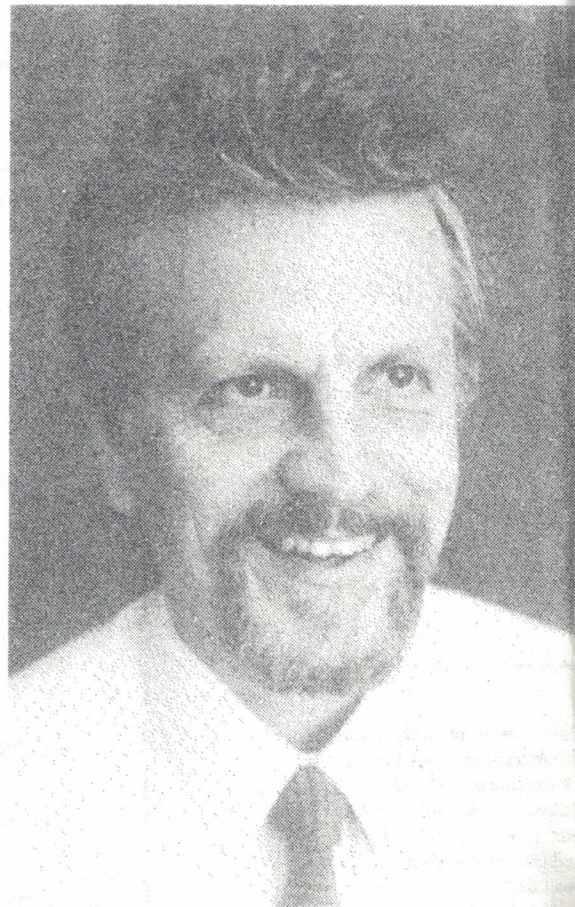
From Family & Friends

The following are excerpts from a few of the many notes and letters sent to me or to Camilla, Charles' widow, in the days and weeks following his death.

-- Ken Westby

I was always so proud to have my identity connected to that of my father. I would proudly tell people that I was "Dr. Dorothy's son." I remember many lessons learned from many different aspects of my father...I learned to love travel from my father the world traveler. I learned to appreciate classical music, flamenco guitar and honkey-tonk from my father the musician. I learned to study hard from my father the student. I learned to help others understand by watching my father the teacher.

My dad could talk to just about anybody on just about any subject with intelligence and understanding. He wanted others to understand and shine. He typically searched out the best in everyone and was genuinely interested in what they had to say.



My dad gave me many of the tools in life that I needed to be a success, as his son and as a man. Dad, thanks for everything from one of your "pogs."

-- Creston Dorothy

My dad helped lay the foundation for my love and devotion to the Lord. He used to read and recite God's word in Hebrew to me. I remember resonating so deeply to those beautiful, unintelligible sounds, getting goose bumps knowing those sounds and words I

couldn't understand had come directly from the Creator of the universe.

--Charyle Ann (Dorothy) Dormond

When I first learned that Charles had cancer and began to tell friends of his condition, Charles' real legacy became clear to me. The administrative types who routinely took Charles to task for being too accommodating and not confrontative enough were blind to his greatest asset—that he was always accommodating and almost never confrontative. When people began to learn that Charles was in distress, there came an army out of every hill and dale, like the gathering of the clans. Every one of them considered him a friend. On one side were those who were helped by his counsel. On another came those who were enlightened by his teaching. Then came those who through Charles had learned the courage simply not to give up. Precious to the Lord is the death of His Charles V. Dorothy.

--Ken Ryland

Dr. Charles Dorothy entered our lives in 1964 as a college professor. We learned many things at his feet. Spirituality, humanity and intellectual curiosity. He helped a flatland cowboy and an Arkansas hillbilly appreciate and enjoy new dimensions of living and learning.

We have always felt a sense of awe that he chose to include us in his life, as friends, after the classes were finished. He was always there through these thirty plus years. When the student problems were replaced by family problems, business difficulties and spiritual trials he helped us along the way with love and compassion. His

caring was evident for he had walked those same paths before us.

During Dr. Dorothy's illness we, of course, thought of God's promises. We know they are sure. In the hours following the news of Dr. Dorothy's death, I also thought of how some Native Americans speak of death as a "crossing over" journey. I like that concept. It implies a continuation, a going forward, something more. Neither Dawn nor I know when we shall have to make that "crossing over" journey. When it is time it will be comforting to know that Charles has once more preceded us along and uncertain and frightening path, showing us the way with so much courage, faith and love.

--Rod and Dawn Beemer

CVD were his initials: Christian Victor Died -- past pain and in the presence of the One and many Who offer him Their best.

I knew Charles as a brother in many ways for over 50 years. A talented, interesting humorous, caring and vivacious personality-musician, linguist, educated and educator, dedicated father and husband, confronter of problems, theologian, friend and brother, a son to make parents proud.

I salute the most, his ever-caring life-motivation: always helping others, friend and stranger alike. He took his time, energy and sometimes money to help others in need—often to his own detriment, but always with a smile and best wishes.

Charles' half century memory lives—I will always miss my brother.

--David Jon Hill

The first time I saw Charles Dorothy was at the Squaw Valley Feast of Tabernacles in October, 1963. As a freshman kid, leaving Seattle for a strange land in a strange church, with no other family members in the church, it was always a comfort to know that some very special people also came from my home town region – people like Ken Westby and Bill Dankenbring from Seattle, but especially those very human, humorous and unusually humble ministers (for that church in that time), who also became good friends – David Jon Hill and Charles Dorothy – hailing from Quilcene and Brinnon, two neighboring small towns on the Olympic Peninsula.

I believe it was a Sunday afternoon, in the second half of a split sermon, that this smallish, at-first bookish speaker came on, fresh from his sojourn in Mexico City for a doctorate. It was a classic crescendo of book wisdom (which always tickled my fancy), leading into a heartfelt projection of bold imagery about a New World. The best of sermons in those days reminded me of the classic construction of a Beethoven symphony, or a Mozart string quartet, or a Duke Ellington tone poem. A few men have magic about them – and Charles had it that day. As the sun began setting through Blythe Arena's tent-like sidewalls, the cannons roared and I truly thought I saw a single shaft of light anoint his finale. Am I alone in thinking that the only fitting conclusion to some of those early sermons was a Second Coming?

Today, even before I heard about Dr. Dorothy's untimely passing, I was playing one of his less oratorical, more intimate tape presentations for ACD, titled cleverly (as most of his talks were), "Jacob's Non-Ladder,

Non-Dream." How I would have liked to have been in the collegial atmosphere of those tape audiences, amid the interplay, the give and take, the thorough exposition, mixed with humility, from a man who (you can hear it), truly enjoyed what he did each day. The few times I've chatted with him over the years, I always go away realizing that he did all the questioning and probing and intense listening. I guess that's what gifted teachers do.

Now, I only have audio tapes to remind me of Charles – while commuting the DC Beltway, a big step down from those Olympian sermons in Blythe Arena. But his voice reminds me of his face, and his heart, so his symphony lives on.

-- Gary Alexander

I have just heard from Brian Knowles that Charles, our wonderful friend and dedicated compatriot over all these years, has died. It certainly makes me reflect on the hundreds of hours we all spent together with great fervency, commitment, and intensity, striving to attain the truth as honestly and as openly as was in our power.

Throughout the difficult and traumatic times of my own personal struggle through the 1070s, I could always count on insight and energy, comfort and coherence, from Charles. His love for the Bible and biblical scholarship was perfectly complemented by his always infectious enthusiasm. He took his work seriously, never himself. The trials we all endured together fighting for a goal of which we could imagine none greater, permanently imprints all of us with a common bond and a profound

collective friendship that neither time nor worldly activities can mitigate.

-- Robert Lawrence Kuhn

"Dr. D" as we called him in the sixties, was a gift to Ambassador College. He was dynamic, full of a zest for life and learning and easily one of the favorite professors.

His love was the Spanish Department and with Pablo Gonzalez he was able to initiate both a broadcast and a magazine.

He was all scholar and professor -- deep into books, researching, writing and challenging his students to develop their own desire for knowledge and truth. He taught General Epistles, Hebrews, Spanish and he was before his time in bringing out the spiritual richness of the scriptures.

He was a man in touch with the feminine aspects of God -- the tender, nurturing and compassionate expression of love. He gave whenever there was a need, well beyond the capacity of most people.

Dr. D suffered as all men do through life's refining chapters, but he was victorious because he always maintained the loving character of a servant. Humble, gentle and generous with his love, he wove a tapestry of friendships that we all now share as we are brought together to honor his memory.

-- Judy Craughn Stafford

It's hard to believe that our dear friend Charles Dorothy died. In my memories he is so alive. I can see his face, hear his voice and his infectious laugh.

Charles and I have always had the most cordial of relationships and I am pleased to have called him my friend. We go way

back to the mid fifties when I first came to Ambassador College. We played in the "dixieland" band together with Duane Cooper and a couple of others. Charles was such a gifted person. He played piano, clarinet, guitar, violin, and maybe more. He sang barbershop harmony.

His academic accomplishments are well known to all, but many of his other talents perhaps were not.

At the end of life could there be any greater tribute to a person than to have family and friends say about him the things that were said about Dr. Charles Dorothy? I think not. What a tribute! And I guess if each of us could live our lives so that those things could be said about us when we die, how much that would change our ways!

Well, I am saddened and stunned.

-- David L. Antion

I am among those who as one of his former students and coworkers will always remember him as an energetic, affable, and gregarious mentor. We will miss Dr. D's unassuming personality, his love of learning, his skill at making the complex simple in a teaching environment. We will miss him as a teacher and a pastor. But I will miss him most as a friend—a very dear and wonderful friend. He was there to comfort me when I lost my mother. He performed my marriage. He counseled my disbelief. In recent years we drifted to opposite ends of the continent and did not necessarily stay in ready communication. But we are bound by an unbreakable bond of brotherhood, of love. Dr. D. you have left your handiwork in us and with you, you take our eternal love.

--Victor T. Gutierrez

No one can fully express the greatness and beauty that is Charles Dorothy—because none of us possess his many gifts and talents. But I recall how these gifts were expressed by him.

During the twenty-plus years knowing Charles Dorothy, my relationship with him grew from that of a student to that of a Friend. I vividly recall sitting at his feet in class in rapt admiration of his immense learning—enraptured by his unparalleled teaching skills. This Consummate Scholar and Master teacher opened to my understanding the richness of the Bible, History, Languages, and Literature. As a Pastor-Teacher, Dr. Charles Dorothy spoke words as few have ever done—an inspired Orator on whose lips were coals of fire.

Within the last ten years Charles Dorothy and I drew closer together as we both fought similar battles in the corridors of academia. During this time he became my “doctor-father,” directing and encouraging me through my dissertation. His brilliance as a Writer and Thinker was never more evident than in his work on Esther and his assistance to me on Galatians. Through this close association I learned to call him Charles and a true Friendship was born.

During this time I learned that this man was also a warm, gentle, personable Counselor whose words of wisdom provided guidance for life. I could trust Charles with my most personal matters and could entrust others to him, knowing that he would treat them with respect and concern. To a fault, he was always a listening ear and an open heart.

--Phillip Arnold

It is with the greatest sadness I write of the loss of our very dear Charles, a great teacher, a great pastor, a great friend and, truly believe, a great man.

Speaking with Victor Gutierrez, we were reminiscing about the many experiences and adventures we shared with Dr. Dorothy. I'd like to share this one adventure that Dr. Dorothy and I shared in Guatemala.

Being a truly humble man, he decided to go personally to visit and preach to a small group of Sabbath observers in Guatemala who asked to be allowed into the Church. I went along to assist and to learn. After an extremely long and tiring flight, we arrived in Guatemala City, only to find out that we still had a 6-hour bus trip ahead of us. We took a dilapidated bus over dirt roads, rattling and shaking all the way until by nightfall we arrived dead tired into the little town of “La Maquina,” looking forward to some very needed sleep. To our dismay we found out that the church members had been waiting for us all that day at their meeting hall made of branches and crude benches, and it was the custom to stay up all night for that particular holiday, and they were just awaiting our arrival so they could begin. So tapping into some veritable inner reservoir of strength, Dr. Dorothy proceeded to give them the best sermon they had ever heard. He and I would take turns speaking to them for about an hour each, while the other tried to get some rest. In our final address to them, both Dr. D and I began to contrast their extreme poverty with the vast wealth of America and how even so their spiritual riches were far beyond anything that could be measured. For example, the entire little town had but one car, a beat up 1955 Fiat, which they all shared. We spoke

of how in America most families have 1, 2 and sometimes even 3 cars. We could not believe their amazement; they seemed to perk up as never before, and after the last sermonette and sermon they came up to us and asked if it was really true about the 3 cars in every house in America. We calmly replied yes, and they all shook their heads in disbelief.

It wasn't until the following day that we discovered that the Spanish word both he and I had used for "car" (which is "coche" in Mexico) in Guatemala actually means a pig. So all this time they were thinking all Americans keep up to three pigs in their homes. Can you imagine how much mileage we pumped out of that anecdote in the years to come. And after only two days with those people, they felt such a love for Dr. D, the patriarch who had come from America to reveal so many wonderful truths they had never even imagined, that they hugged him and cried and ran for blocks behind the little Fiat that finally took us away from them. This scene repeated itself where ever Dr. Dorothy went: In Argentina, in Chile, in Mexico and, of course, even in Texas and California.

To me he was the perfect example of what a true teacher should be: knowledgeable, humble, entertaining and, most of all, sincere. I have never met anyone like him and I know I never will again. I will miss him as much as I miss my mother, who passed away a couple of years ago. But I look forward to seeing them both again in the greatest reunion ever to be. Until then, let's comfort each other with our wonderful memories of him. I know his life made mine much more worth living, and I know he has done the same for hundreds of others as well.

I will never forget Charles Dorothy, or, as he was fond of calling himself in Mexico, Carlos Durango! Happy trails, querido amigo!

--Daniel Robert

I remember how much Charles' presence added to our church gatherings. At a typical church event Charles would be approached by several who wanted to talk about some theological point or perhaps a Hebrew word. Others wanted him to play hymns at the piano. (*Love Lifted Me* and *I love To Tell The Story* will never again sound as good in my ears as when Charles was at the ivories.) Yet another of Charles' admirers might be waiting for a chance to ask him to retell a joke that sounded funnier when Charles told it. Then there were those who loved to hear him play his guitar. And if you had a problem, there was no more empathetic ear than his.

Charles also had a good table tennis game. I can picture him smiling and flashing me his paddle at me in the midst of a deep philosophical discussion, hoping to break away long enough to get in a game or two.

I'm looking forward to seeing Charles in the Kingdom, when there will be time enough for all of us to enjoy him.

-- Robert Wertz

For those who had the eyes to see, Charles Dorothy was a special person. Since first meeting him in 1960 while taking his International Relations course at AC, this gradually became more apparent over the subsequent years of association with him. He came to be a very dear and close friend.

