

Autobiography

of

LEROY NEFF

To the Family

Published by the author

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Preface
to the First Edition

Recently, I was a little astonished when one of my grandchildren expressed surprise and ignorance that I had been a teacher at Ambassador College.

It was only a few short years ago that my duties as a College instructor took several hours of my life each day. This was long enough in the past, that some of my grandchildren have no knowledge about it.

Grandma said I ought to write an autobiography so our children and grandchildren would know more about us.

Our children have inherited, for better or worse, many of our physical characteristics. Our grandchildren have received one-half of these characteristics from us. In addition, we have been an influence in the lives of all of you in many ways.

What has made me and Grandma like we are? What experiences have molded and shaped us into what we are? None of our grandchildren know very much about those experiences that now encompass more than six decades. Even our children only know what has happened since they were young, and not very much before that.

Who were our ancestors before us? They have had an effect directly or indirectly on all of us too.

At first I thought that if I took all the trouble to write an autobiography, some of you would not have enough interest to read it. You would probably be more interested in what was on television.

I decided to write an autobiography for your sakes. Now it is finished, except for this preface. In reviewing what was written, I already see that some important, some unimportant points have been left out. Possibly some day I will add additional details that were left out.

It has taken several weeks work to write and prepare this book. Now I am ready to stop, and to "put it in concrete."

Grandma and I hope that you, our family, will learn some of the lessons we learned the easy way - from us. Other lessons you may have to learn the hard way - the way we learned them. That is; to learn by personal and sometimes painful experience.

Whether you ever read it or not, here is my story - as I recall it. It is also yours too, as each of you are included! It is also the story of my faithful and beloved wife of more than 45 years. I hope that it is enjoyable and profitable to all of you.

1987

Preface
to the Second Edition

It is now the summer of 1994. It has been seven years since I wrote the original autobiography. Now I want to bring it up to date, and add details that were not included in the original book. Now Maxine and I are over seventy years old. We have been married over fifty years. At our age, life is less certain than it was when we were young. We do not know how many years of life God will give us. We do not know the problems and challenges that lie ahead. But, the past is over and this book tells a little about it. We hope that it will be a help and inspiration to all of you.

It is written, revised, and brought up to date in the hope that in the future that all of you, especially the grandchildren, will have a greater interest in learning more about your family background.

P.S. Since 1994 I have continued to add new material as the months and years have gone by. It is now the summer of 1997. I intend to continue adding material as time passes and as I have the time or inclination to write.

P.P.S. We are in a new century, and a new millennium. I have again added more material to the early chapters and have brought the book up to November 2000 in Chapter XV.

P.P.P.S. This edition includes information to our sixty-fifth wedding anniversary, August 2007, with a small amount of additional information and minor changes to the earlier text.

CHAPTER I

Where Did We Come From?

Here is what I have learned about the origin of our name and family. The name Neff is generally believed to have come from the word *nephew*. The Dutch name is Naef, which literally means *hub*, such as the hub of a wheel.

The word Nave has the same origin as Neff, and in archaic language had the same meaning, hub. This word also refers to the central part of a church, and in Medieval Latin is *navis*. The later word also related to a ship, and from this we have our modern English word navy.

The name Neff, also Naaff, Naef, Näf, Naf, Neif, Nave, were first known by the name Näf in Switzerland. The first man by this name, as far as I can determine, was Hans Näf who was born about 1358. His son Heinrich was born about 1388, and his grandson also Hans, or Hansle, was born about 1430. They lived near Zurich, Switzerland.

There were several families of Neff's who in due time lived at Kappel (or Cappel) and Hausen, on a nearby mountain south of Zurich.

One of these was Adam Näf. He was born about 1494. He lived in the community of Hausen. He became famous for his heroism at the battle of Kappel (October 11, 1538), in which the Protestant reformer and politician Zwingli was killed. As a result of his heroism the state granted him property and a house in Kappel. His home is still there. In an adjoining house there is a one room Adam Näf Museum. Maxine, granddaughter Debbie and I, visited there on September 9, 1988.

Apparently most of the family were members of the Mennonite religion. Many people of this religion were severely persecuted and driven out of Switzerland.

Marx Näf, who was a brother of Adam is believed to be our ancestor. His great grandson Hans Rudolph moved to Michelfeld, Germany about 1665. His family was Lutheran. In 1728 one of his descendants, Johann Michael, Sr. emigrated to America. He took with him a wife and five children. They settled in Lancaster Co. Pennsylvania. In later years that part of the county was split off and became Lebanon County. More details are included in the *Appendices* about our ancestry.

Michael's grandson, also named Michael, fought in the Revolutionary war. After the war, he moved to Wythe County, Virginia, (pronounced *With*). His grave was marked by the *Daughters of the American Revolution* with a bronze marker, and is located in a family cemetery at Rural Retreat Virginia. Maxine and I have visited this cemetery twice. The last time Carol and Stephanie were with us. My great grandfather, James Anderson Neff, was born in Rural Retreat, on November 15, 1839, and was the second Michael's great grandson. A short time before 1850, when he must have been about 10 or 11 years old, he moved to Shawnetown, Kansas, more than likely with his parents. I presume this is the same place as the present Shawnee, a town west of Kansas City. In 1861, when he was about 22 years old, he enlisted in the army on the Union side as a private. He fought against his Virginia cousins, directly or indirectly, in that bloody and terrible war. In 1865 he was discharged at San Antonio, Texas, as a First Lieutenant.

When we visited the St. Paul's Lutheran Church and cemetery near Rural Retreat, Virginia several years ago, I noticed from the grave markers that some of the Virginia Neff's died in the battle of Manassas, which was the name the South used, also known as Bull Run by the North.

After the war, James Anderson Neff moved to Fountain, Colorado. He and his wife Malinda Ellen were parents of my grandfather Bert Francis who was born September 3, 1875. Malinda Ellen died in March, 1878, and was buried in the local cemetery. Buried next to her is her mother, Martha Ann Davis, who died two months earlier on January 4, 1878 at age 58. Several of our family have visited their graves. My great-grandfather then married Margaret Warren, a widow. They later moved to Florida for awhile and then to St. Paul, Minnesota. My grandfather married Gertrude Hurlburt, from Le Sueur, Minnesota on June 11, 1900 at nearby Minneapolis. Great grandfather James was hit by a trolley car in St. Paul and died a couple hours later in June of 1904.

My grandfather Bert started to work for the U.S. Postal Service in Reno, Nevada in 1906. Later he worked in Washington state, and in Medford, Oregon, where he retired prematurely in 1922 because of an asthmatic condition.

He and my grandmother Gertrude had three sons; the first, Asher was born in 1903. He was my father. Adiel, the second, became a postal clerk and Francis became a Doctor of Osteopathy, and later a medical doctor.

My father never told me very much about his grandfather. Now it is evident why. His grandfather James Anderson died when my father was about 11 months old.

My father wrote in my *Baby Book* that he had lived in Tacoma, Seattle, Everett, and Spokane, Washington. He also lived in Reno, Nevada; San Jose, Oakland, and Long Beach, California.

The family moved to Medford, Oregon, when my father was in his late teens. He was in the Marine Corp (1920-1922), assigned to the battleship U.S.S. New Mexico. During his tour of duty he visited Alaska, Hawaii, Mexico, Panama, and Chile.

He married Ruth Turnbow from Butte Falls, Oregon, September 30, 1922, and started to work at the U.S. Post Office that same year. About the time I was born he received his regular appointment. He worked as a foot letter carrier as his father did before him. After 37 years of service, he retired in 1959. After retirement he established a janitorial business called the Valley Janitor Service.

In an appendix I will include a partial family tree and brief points about some of our ancestors. This will not be a professional record but it is the best I have been able to accumulate with records available.

Later, at the proper time, I will give the same family background on my wife, Maxine. For clarity, and since she is mother to some of the family, grandmother to others, and great grandmother to still others, I will usually refer to her as Maxine.

The Turnbows

My mother's family, the Turnbows, apparently came from Alsace, though other ancestors were apparently Irish and Welsh. The first one of record that I have learned about came first to Greenville, South Carolina. They were originally called Turnbough and some still spell the name that way. Some changed the name to Turnbow in the early 1800's.

Over the generations the family moved to Arkansas, Oklahoma, Texas and finally to Oregon. My grandfather, James Albert Turnbow, was a railroad section foreman. In this job he moved a lot, depending on the needs of railroad construction and maintenance. My mother was born at Glendale, Oregon, in 1903, and lived in Pendleton, Union, and Yamhill, Oregon.

My mother told me that during one difficult winter in Yamhill, all they had to eat was turnips or cabbage. I cannot remember for sure which it was. Her younger sister Esther is still alive, at the time I write this section, and living in Sacramento, California. She does not remember this, so I am not sure if it was exaggeration or truth, or if I remember it correctly. My mother and her family lived in Butte Falls, Oregon, when my father met her.

I never knew my Turnbow grandparents. My grandmother died in 1921 before I was born. My grandfather later remarried, and then died in 1926, when I was 2½ years old. I faintly remember references to his second wife several years after he died but I do not remember him.

I Enter the Picture

After marriage my parents lived in Medford, Oregon, where I was born, Lester LeRoy Neff, on November 20, 1923. This occurred in a small frame house at 214 N. Peach Street. Most of my life I have used the small "r" in Leroy. Medford was a small town, probably smaller than 12,000 at that time. It has grown to about 50,000 now.

The family soon moved to 230 Cottage Street near the Bear Creek bridge. The house was torn down or moved long ago to make way for a cross street. My first memories took place there. I remember sitting on the curb of the street with my sister Joan, and of riding my first tricycle. When I was about three and a half years old my second sister, Barbara, was born. I remember staying with neighbors across the street that night.

When I was five, my parents bought a home and acreage at Star Route Box 8. The property which cost about \$2500 was financed by my grandparents. That was a lot of money in those days. It was located about a mile from city center on the Jacksonville Highway. We lived in what I considered "out in the country" with only a few neighbors around. I didn't know it then, and did not know it for many decades, but my wife to be, lived only about 2 blocks away when we moved there. Later, as new homes and businesses were added to the neighborhood, the address was changed to 2172 W. Main St., and it became a part of the city of Medford. The house was torn down or moved in recent years and now the property is used for business purposes.

This place of 2 or 3 acres belonged previously to the Snider family. They started a dairy at this location which had expanded and outgrew the space. They sold and moved the dairy elsewhere. When I was young it was the main creamery in town.

When I was almost 9 years old my sister Betty was born. A lady who was helping my parents asked me one morning if I would like to see my new sister. She had been born during the night. I don't recall that I was expecting an addition to the family. Back then pregnancies were somewhat hush-hush.

Grandpa and Grandma Neff

My grandparents lived in town. Grandpa had retired but he worked part time at various jobs.

They were very devout and had been religious all of their lives. My grandmother had been active in the Volunteers of America in her early years, afterwards the Salvation Army. As I recall, my grandfather changed all that since he was a Baptist. About the time of their marriage she joined the Baptist church to be with her husband.

For several years he was caretaker and janitor of the First Baptist Church on Central Ave., in Medford. He also worked summers during my early years as a fire lookout for the U.S. Forest Service. He was stationed on the top of Mt. Wagner, which is a prominent mountain to the south of Medford.

Two early recollections involve this place. One summer my parents went to the mountain top to see my grandfather and grandmother at the fire lookout. My sister and I were very small, so we were placed in saddle bags on each side of a mule, for the trip up the mountain.

In the second recollection, we were visiting grandpa a few years later. I awoke in the middle of the night to see him standing by an open window looking out. I suppose he was looking for possible fires. A strong wind was blowing inward against his long flowing night gown.

They owned an apartment house of about 6 units at 217 W. 2nd St. This was directly across the street from what was then the Medford Junior High School. This apartment house gave them a source of income in addition to his retirement pay and part-time work. They also owned a home at 819 E. 9th St. I still remember visiting there, eating fresh raspberries from the vine as well as other berries, vegetables and apples. They were delightfully delicious! It seems that berries, some vegetables and fruit today, do not have the same flavor they did back then. This is especially so of strawberries and tomatoes.

My grandparents were stable, religious, and conscientious people. They always set a good example in citizenship and morality and were a good influence on my life. On one occasion when I was just a boy, my grandfather, working in our garden at the time, stopped me to have a serious talk. He told me how God had told Adam that he would have to earn his food by the "sweat of his brow." I presume that he thought I was a little lazy, did not work hard enough or long enough at my daily chores.

Jackson School

In January 1930 when I was a little over 6 years of age I entered grade school at the middle of the school year. My parents had tried to start me at the fall session, but I was not yet 6, and the teacher thought attendance would be premature. In the third grade I was absent for some reason for a few days while the class was learning multiplication. Possibly as a result I still have trouble sometimes in multiplying 9's with certain other numbers. The old school building is still there on Jackson Street.

From the very first day, I walked to and from this school which was about a mile from our home. There were no grade school busses in those days. My father rode to work each day on a bicycle. He then walked about 18 miles on his mail route and rode home on the bicycle at night. In my earlier years he also had farm chores at home. We usually had a cow and he would milk the

cow morning and evening. He continued to ride the bicycle until I was up in my early teens. He finally gave me his bicycle, drove to work, and I got to ride to school on the bicycle.

My Mother

My mother was frail and in very poor health from my earliest recollections. She said that she had "heart trouble and stomach trouble." When I was quite young she had me put my ear to her breast so I could hear her thumping heart. I was too young to fully understand the significance of a thumping heart.

When I was about six, a lady was doing some temporary housework for my mother. She asked my mother if she would mind if a couple ministers from her church would come to pray for her. She believed that my mother might be healed of her sickness. The ministers would do this as commanded in the Bible in James 5:14. My parents declined because they expected someone to come, make a lot of noise and commotion. This would be embarrassing to them.

I still remember the next Sunday when my parents sent me with a note to deliver to the pastor of the First Baptist Church. Our family and my grandparents attended there regularly. The note asked the pastor if he would come and pray for my mother. He politely refused, but said that he would pray privately for her by himself.

Finally, my parents decided to permit the ministers from the other church to pray for my mother. They came, anointed her with oil, prayed for her and then left. Nothing had happened. She had not been healed.

During that night my mother awoke. She said she felt as if her insides were turning over. The next day she said she had been miraculously healed by God.

This brought some consternation to my parents. Which church was right? They didn't know, so they began to visit various denominations to try to determine which was right.

The Apostolic Faith Church

After visiting several different ones, they settled on the Apostolic Faith Mission, later called the Apostolic Faith Church. Ministers from that church had been the ones to pray for my mother.

From that time I was taught strictly according to the understanding they had. We were to obey the Ten Commandments, though they believed the fourth commandment was changed from Saturday to Sunday. My parents and I tried to live by these commandments.

The church was an offshoot of the Pentecostal Church. It traced its beginning to "the latter day outpouring of the Holy Ghost on Azusa St. in Los Angeles in April 1906." These people in the main were simple, sincere, devout people, who tried to practice their religion faithfully. They believed that they were the one true church.

They had many man made-rules including what was appropriate and inappropriate in women's dress. The use of cosmetics and jewelry were sin. Women could not cut their hair. Smoking, and drinking of any alcohol were sins. Card playing, dancing, attending ball games or theaters were all sin.

The church was very musically active. The local church of about 200 to 300 people had a church orchestra of about 30 members. The headquarters church in Portland had a symphony orchestra of 70 to 100 members.

The in thing to do was to learn an instrument and be in the orchestra. My father played the trombone in the orchestra and sang bass in the church choir.

My Musical Training Begins

When I was 11 or 12 my father decided that he would teach me to play the trombone. He started, and in a couple of weeks or so, he gave up in disgust. He said that fathers should not try to teach their sons how to play the trombone. I don't know if he was impatient or I was a poor student. At least that ended my involvement with the trombone.

My grandmother was also quite musical. She played the piano, and the mandolin. I believe she also sang in her church choir. It must have been in the 1930's that she bought a new cello for about \$40. Included in the price were 13 lessons.

After awhile she apparently lost interest in the instrument, and offered to give it to me on one condition. I would have to promise to practice regularly. I accepted her offer. I don't know if she assigned a specific amount of time or not, but I usually practiced an hour a day. During the summer I usually practiced for a longer period.

This all had a major effect on my life as you will see later.

There Were Always Daily and Summer Chores

Before giving more of the story regarding music, I would like to digress concerning chores. That word isn't used much any more. I was always assigned chores to do from the time I was quite small. We used fir slab-wood from the local sawmills for heating the home, cooking the food and heating water. In the summer we would have several truckloads of green slab wood delivered to the house. After it dried out a bit, it was stacked in the woodshed, and outside. Much of this work fell my lot since I was the only boy in the family. On a daily basis wood had to be split with an ax. It was cut into small pieces for use in the two stoves, and for kindling to start the fires. The living room stove would use larger pieces that did not have to be cut as much.

The kitchen stove had water pipes in the firebox. When ever there was a fire in the stove the water would be heating. Saturday evening was the time for our weekly tub baths, so we had to have a good fire going on that day. Thankfully we have better water heaters now so we can bathe daily.

From time to time I would watch my father milk the cow. One day he asked me if I would like for him to show me how to milk. Of course I was anxious to learn. It was easy to learn. From then on, it was my job, twice a day to milk the cow - without fail! Cows could not wait until the next day for milking.

For many years, even long after I was married, I would occasionally have dreams where I had forgotten to milk the cow!

Each summer there was also extra work in the garden. There was digging, planting, weeding, and harvesting the family garden. As I grew older, the very large lawn had to be mowed using a push hand mower. There would be no home power mowers for several decades yet.

Also in the summer there were the thistles! We thought this was one of the curses brought into the world by Adam's sin. These obnoxious plants would take over the barnyard. They would take over the whole place unless they were cut out before they flowered and spread their seeds everywhere. It was my assigned job to use a hoe and get rid of them. Each year after I

finished, my father would go back over my work. It seemed to me that he could find thistles all over the place that I had missed - that I had not seen. Apparently, I did not have very good eyesight!

When I was about 7 or 8 years old a friend of my father purchased a "new" used car. It was an open touring car with canvas top. Most cars were of this style then. Very few were entirely enclosed. He took my father and I "for a spin" in this powerful and fast car. Prior to this time I had probably not gone faster than about 45 miles per hour in a car. The friend got this up to the incredible speed of 60 mph! I can still remember this as it impressed me so.

Since then such speeds are not impressive. In fact we are used to speeds ten times that great in jet aircraft. Maxine and I had the opportunity of flying across the Atlantic ocean at 1340 miles per hour in the British supersonic Concord. But the first 60 mph speed was more impressive!

Part-time Summer Employment

My first summer job came when I was probably about 10 years old. The Italian neighbors across the street did truck gardening. They said they would sell us vegetables at wholesale cost and then we could peddle them door to door at retail prices.

My sister Joan and I would put the vegetables in my red wagon and cover them with wet burlap sacks. We then went from door to door selling them. I don't remember how much we made but at most it was only a few cents. I believe we sold three bunches of radishes, beets, or carrots, for ten cents.

At Christmas time we would cut mistletoe out of our many oak trees and sell it from door to door.

About the time I entered my teens I got a summer job for a few weeks working for my friend George's father and uncle. You will read more about George shortly. They had a body and fender shop and also painted cars. My job was to hand sand the cars between coats of paint. One particular job involved the painting of a hearse for one of the local mortuaries. The mortuary wanted a very deluxe job. If I recall correctly, 32 coats of paint were applied. Between each coat we would completely re-sand the coach by hand.

The wages were 10 cents per hour for the boys and 20 cents for adults. That may not seem like very much now. Then, the dollar was worth many times more than it is now. Even at that it was not very much money. This was during the depression years when money and jobs were scarce.

During the summers I was in high school I worked in the orchards. The Rogue River Valley where we lived was especially famous for its pears, and only a little less so for apples.

In early summer we would thin out the fruit clusters. The remaining fruit would then be better formed and larger when it matured. In the later summer we would pick pears. There were several varieties of pears which matured at different times. This made it possible to pick for quite a few weeks before school began.

The usual schedule was to go to work about 7 a.m. We would take a half hour or less for lunch, and work 9 hours. The work was hard, it was usually hot, and we were out in the sun all day. Usually, we were paid by the tree, or when picking, by the box. I was not a fast picker so the pay for me was not very good. But, it was all that was available. With this income I usually purchased my school clothes as well as other needs for the year.

On one occasion we were thinning very large apple trees. I believe we had to use 20 or 24 foot ladders to reach the highest limbs. We got \$.90 per tree, and it sometime took me all day to complete just one tree. Again, 10 cents an hour! I hadn't progressed very far up the wage scale.

The best job I ever had during this time was at an orchard about a mile from my home. This job of picking paid the incredible hourly rate of 35 cents. I was very sorry when the job ended after a few weeks. While there, a "fruit tramp," as they were often called, from Oklahoma, complained and criticized me for working. He thought it very unfair that a teenager would get the same wage that a grown man was paid! Today this kind of work is mostly done by immigrant labor as it is avoided by most other people nowadays.

Another summer job I had was washing windows. Occasionally this would also include waxing and polishing hardwood floors, and cleaning dirty walls. The pay for the window washing jobs were usually on a piece work basis. I worked for Joe Spence in Medford, and then one summer I worked part time in Portland for a Mr. Janeway doing this kind of work.

Such low wages seem strange by today's standards. But, let me tell you a little about prices. One restaurant advertized "a meal for a dime." The meal consisted of a large hamburger sandwich. A pharmacy sold milk-shakes for a nickel. Of course they had some ice mixed in with the milk.

I can remember eating meals in a small diner type restaurant for twenty-five cents. It was a good meal with soup, salad, vegetables, meat, beverage and dessert.

A large new console or cabinet radio that I bought about this time cost between \$35 and \$40.

My Best Friends

During my high school years I had two close friends. Both attended the same church with me. Clarence Stelle was one. His father, a landscape gardener, was also a lay preacher and pillar in the church. He had only gone through the fourth grade.

The other friend was George Shults. George and I went to high school together. We had many things in common, particularly mechanical interests. His father and uncle owned a body and fender repair shop. They would buy wrecked cars, repair them and then sell them. One time George's uncle Isaac told me that when they sold the cars they were better than new! I never bought that statement, or any of their cars! George continued in his father and uncle's footsteps as he continued to do body and fender work until he retired.

Back to music. After my grandmother gave me the cello, she taught me the 13 lessons she had received. My parents then looked around for a cello teacher. The only one in town was John R. Knight. He taught violin (which was his principal instrument), the viola and cello. He was also a mover and shaker in local music circles. He had organized a local Junior Symphony Orchestra. It was the Medford Junior Symphony, later named the Southern Oregon Junior Symphony.

Mr. Knight asked me to join the orchestra. Because of conflicting schedules with church activities this was a little complicated at times. At the first or second concert, he had me play a cello solo accompanied by the orchestra. It was Richard Wagner's melodious and beautiful *Song to the Evening Star* from the Opera *Tannhauser*.

After about a year's instruction, Mr. Knight told me that he had taught me all he could concerning the cello. From then on it was necessary to receive instruction from teachers in

Portland, Oregon, a days drive over winding two-lane roads. It was the 1950's before the interstate highway system was constructed.

Soon I was invited to play with the small local orchestra of the Apostolic Faith Church. This orchestra rehearsed two evenings a week after Tuesday and Friday night church services. We played religious, classical and light classical music. Each Sunday evening service began with a 10 to 15 minute orchestral program. There were also two or three special evening concerts a year. Of course the main concert was usually at Christmas time.

Maxine Enters My Life

When I was about thirteen my parents invited a family to Sunday dinner. This family was the Bert Bostwick family from Rogue River, Oregon. They lived about 25 miles away and were visiting the church after a long absence.

There were two boys, Gerald and Glenn. They were a little younger than I, but I enjoyed playing with them. There were also three girls, but I never paid any attention to them.

The next week, my close friend Clarence began teasing me about my new girl friend. I didn't know what he was talking about. He was talking about Maxine Bostwick. He remarked about how pretty she was.

Strangely, the next Sunday my parents invited them back again! This time I looked! She was beautiful! I was hooked!

Before that time there were no girls of my close acquaintances (primarily the church) that attracted any romantic interest. Some were friends, but only that - friends.

From that time forward there was never any other romantic interest in my life.

But - it was one-sided! Maxine showed no interest in me. I admired her from afar! It must have been a year or two before she showed any interest in me. In the meantime I had one of my "girl friends" take her picture and give me the negative. It was a treasured picture that I still have.

An Exciting Hobby

In my mid-teens George and I became very interested in photography. He was able to purchase a new 35mm Argus camera for about \$10. Such cameras were quite new in photography. Previously most family cameras were of the box or folding variety with little if any adjustments for aperture or shutter. This new camera had an F 4.5 lens and shutter speeds up to about a 200th of a second.

We devoured instruction manuals and camera catalogs. We wanted, but could not afford one of the fabulous cameras that were beginning to be available. We also made a crude enlarger. We developed the black and white film ourselves and then made enlargements of some of the pictures. What were considered incredible features in expensive cameras then, are now commonplace and inexpensive. Today most cameras have automatic features which had not yet been invented.

About this same time my mother's brother, Woody Turnbow, was completing his enlistment in the Army. He was stationed at Chilcoot Barracks in Alaska. He also had an interest in photography and intended after discharge to go into the photography business. He ordered a complete darkroom outfit including an enlarger through a catalog mail order firm. He had it sent to our home so that he would have it when he arrived home.

After his discharge, he visited with us. By this time he had raised his sights a bit regarding photography equipment, and so he gave all the equipment to me. This only increased my interest and involvement in photography and film processing. At that time there was no such thing as color film available. That came years later.

Three Deaths in the Family

Each summer our family would attend the annual Apostolic Faith Church camp meeting at Portland, Oregon. In the earlier years it lasted six weeks, in later years it was three weeks. The family would live in a canvas wall tent, over a wood frame and floor. Nearby were public toilets and showers. Evening services were held almost daily, and there were afternoon Bible studies.

On the way home from camp meeting we sometimes traveled down the beautiful and picturesque Oregon coast. I believe it is one of the most scenic coasts in the world. In 1935, while driving near the village of Bandon, my 8 month-old-sister went into convulsions. We had no idea why. In a few hours she was dead. This was the first death in my family that I remember.

In 1937 when I was not yet 14 years old, my mother became very sick while we were at camp meeting. She was taken a couple blocks away to a private home at 5306 S.E. Tolman St., in Portland, owned by a Mrs. Maynard. There she could be better cared for than in the rustic campground environment. She died a few days later, July 30, 1937, only 34 years old. From my recollections she was always in poor health. The memories of her are faint but affectionate. Her death certificate states that she died of "rheumatic endocarditis with mitral insufficiency."

Her last words were "Jesus give me rest." They are inscribed on her tombstone. She was a sincere and devout religious woman.

I have seen in the Bible that the dead are really dead and that their next conscious thought after death will be when they awake in the resurrection. I hope and pray on that occasion that my mother's "14 year old son" will then be a son of God in the Kingdom of God, that Jesus referred to so many times. I hope to be able to help her to understand the magnificent plan of God which I do not believe she understood. I look forward to meeting again when she is resurrected.

Four years later, during July of 1941 we were again at camp meeting in Portland. Grandmother and Grandfather Neff were in Medford looking after our home, and taking care of the cow and calf that we had. The frisky calf got out of hand one day and caused Grandpa to fall and hurt himself internally. He died unexpectedly in two or three days. In a few weeks he would have been 66 years old.

Our Camping and Recreation

Once or twice a year we had the exciting opportunity of going to Ashland, Oregon, about 13 miles away, to swim in a public indoor swimming pool, the Hellman Baths. I don't believe there were any other indoor swimming pools available then in southern Oregon.

In the summer we would sometimes go out to the Applegate River, about 20 miles away. We would go there for a one-day or evening picnic and swim. Our favorite place was the forest campground at Mc Kee Bridge. I learned to swim there. The water was cold, but we soon got used to it. There was nothing else available, except the Rogue River. We went there a few times, particularly at Bybee Bridge. It was a much larger river, but less safe and colder.

We occasionally would go camping at such places as Fish Lake, Hyatt Lake, Emigrant Dam, Diamond Lake, Lake of the Woods, as well as Mc Kee Bridge. We had a wall tent some years, and at other times had to borrow one. I don't believe there was such a thing as a sleeping bag then. We took along our regular bedding and slept in the tent on the ground. As far as I know, there were no such things as air mattresses or foam rubber then.

My dad got the bright idea of having a canvas bag constructed to sleep in. It was the size of a double bed. The blankets were stuffed inside. That was the first "sleeping bag" I ever saw.

These outdoor occasions were always delightful. We looked forward to them with much anticipation.

My father did a little fishing and also would hunt pheasant and quail. He wanted to hunt deer, but he said he could not afford the expense to go.

I also did these things as I grew up. I enjoyed fishing when I could get a good catch. Such success decreased with the passing years as the streams and lakes were fished out. I believe there was some planting of fish then but not nearly like recent years. Slowly I lost interest, and no longer does it excite or interest me. I notice that my children and grandchildren have the enthusiasm that I lack.

The last time I remember hunting pheasants was the time I was home on furlough from the U.S. Army Air Force, in about 1944. On that occasion my father-in-law Bert Bostwick went with me.

My Music Involvement Increases

Back to music. During the summer camp meetings at Portland I would take two cello lessons a week and practice two hours a day. I took lessons from Wilma Jones who was the principal cellist of the Church's symphony orchestra. Also, I was invited to play in the much-enlarged symphony orchestra as the last cellist of about eight. This was during the summers while our family was at the Portland, Apostolic Faith Camp meeting. It was exciting to me to play such music with a full symphony orchestra. Especially enjoyable were the summer and mid-winter concerts.

During Christmas vacation I would also go to Portland. For a week or two, I would take lessons, and play in the Christmas Concert.

One summer day at the church camp ground, when I was practicing Squire's *Tarantella*, the door of the practice room opened and the orchestra conductor, Napoleon Du Fresne, walked in. He said he liked what I was doing and asked me to play several other selections. He was pleased with them too. As a result I was asked to play a selection at the beginning of Sunday evening service, accompanied by Lena Wallace, pianist and organist for the church. After this I was asked to play solos when visiting in Portland.

Soon afterward I was made co-director of the 35 piece Church orchestra in Medford

At one of the midwinter rehearsals they were recording some of the selections. I was asked to play *Berceuse*, the cello solo from *Jocelyn*, by Godard. During those years recording was in its infancy. The recordings were made on acetate disks, and the audio signal was literally cut into the disk with a lathe cutting head.

The fidelity of the recording was very poor. Because of the comparative soft material, the quality of the recording deteriorates a little with each playing. I still have that scratchy low fidelity recording. It was the first time I ever recorded any music.

It was about this time that I began playing in a trio. I believe the pianist was Naomi Frost, and the violinist, Thelma Hunt. We played light classical and popular songs transcribed for trio. The Governor of the State of Oregon, I believe his name was Martin, was coming to Medford. He was going to attend a banquet at the Medford Hotel, and then give a speech. Our trio was engaged to provide background music during the dinner. This was about the only time I played "professionally." It was also about the only time I played for such an "August" group. I also made a little money by giving lessons to three students. At that time the going rate was one dollar for a one hour private lesson. That was the same price I had paid a few years before to Mr. Knight.

My Stepmother

After my mother died, my grandparents stayed with us temporarily. Grandmother took care of the house, and Grandfather helped at various duties in and out of the house. I am sure that this was less than ideal for them at their age. It is not easy for grandparents to care for and rear several grandchildren. One family is enough to rear for most parents.

For a time my father employed a Mrs. Watkins in the home. She was an elderly "sister" in the church. Very religious, set in her ways and opinionated.

In a couple years or so my father became interested in Louella Shelby. She was a church woman who had never married. By then she was about 31, though still living with her father and brother. Her brother was injured in World War I which made him a permanent invalid.

They were married November 10, 1938. The family situation changed again. I had always heard about how step mothers didn't get along well with step children. It took some adjusting, but we seemed to get along well.

In July of 1940 we had a half brother, Raymond. He was only about two years old when I married and left home. Later there were twins, Stanley and Shirley, born in November 1943.

The Early Days of Radio

When I was a child, probably about 5 or 6, my parents bought their first radio. It had three separate tuning dials that had to be aligned to the same frequency to tune in the station.

There were very few stations then. At night we could receive several stations but in the day time nothing. The nearest stations were in such cities as Portland, about 300 miles away. Others we could listen to were in Seattle, Salt Lake City, San Francisco and Los Angeles. It was quite an event a few years later to have our own local Medford station with call letter KMED.

A few years later my friends and I built what were called crystal sets so that we might have our own radios. These consisted primarily of a germanium crystal, with a "cat whisker" wire that we used to find a place on the crystal that would rectify the radio signal so that the audio sound could be heard. With a ground wire, an antenna, and possibly a tuning coil, we could listen on headphones to the magic of radio.

As radio grew in importance and numbers, comedy programs became very popular. Amos 'n Andy were popular. Other popular comics were Jack Benny, George and Gracie Burns. Some of the programs were hilarious for all of us. It was about the only entertainment we had for many years. Most other people had another source of entertainment. That was the movies, but it was considered "sin" in the church we attended.

I have a couple cassette tapes of some of those early radio programs. They don't seem funny anymore. In the 1930's and 1940's they were an important part of life and added entertainment and comedy to our lives.

Junior High School Days

When I entered Medford Junior High School I thought I was really making progress in the world. It was nice to be able to go across the street from time to time and visit Grandma and Grandpa. During this time they were living at their 2nd Street apartment.

In the 7th grade I was asked to play a solo for my classmates. This was the first time I ever played in public. The selection was *Largo* from *Xerxes* by G.F. Handel.

In the 8th and 9th grade I took the shop class. Here I first learned to work with hand and power tools. I learned valuable skills in this class which were a great help later.

In the 9th grade during the 1938/1939 school year we were assigned a construction project. I didn't know what to make, but my grandmother suggested that I make a desk for her. She would pay for the materials, I would do the work, guided by the shop teacher. Surprisingly, the instructor approved this very ambitious project. He helped me personally a couple of times to do rather specialized jobs that required a lot more skill than I had. The desk was made of solid 1 inch mahogany. Plywood was rare in those days.

My grandmother used the desk for many years. When she no longer needed it, she gave it to me. We had it for many years, but when we moved into the trailer home in 1955, preparatory to my going to College, we had to dispose of it. Some church friends Mr. and Mrs. Ken Staples bought it. Over the intervening years they moved to several states. Finally, they gave it or sold it to a lady in Arkansas. About 1987, the Staples arranged with the woman to get it back. Ken Staples was back in that part of the country to tow a trailer home to Southern California. He picked up the desk and brought it to Pasadena. It was refinished, and then placed back in our home, after a 32 year absence. It is a reminder of my youth and of my grandmother who commissioned its construction.

My High School Years

The advancement to the Medford Senior High School was exciting. It was a large school with some students coming as far as 10 to 20 miles distance.

The Apostolic Faith Church did not encourage education beyond grade school at that time. Though some did attend high school, many did not. My friend Clarence did not attend, but my friend George did. Clarence worked during those years learning the painting trade. I only knew of two or three in the church who went to college, and they were from Portland, not Medford.

Since there was no possibility or interest of ever going to college, I took a vocational course in high school. I did not take the college preparatory courses. I took drafting, architectural engineering and shop. Only required academic subjects were taken. There was no higher math, very little English, literature, or history.

During the last year of high school three significant things happened. Maxine, who had moved to Medford by this time, also attended the same school. She was one year behind me. By now she had accepted me as her boyfriend. This brightened my school days! It was good to have her in the same school!

Previously my grades were mediocre. Now with this new interest in life and school, my grades improved. For the first time in my life I was on the honor roll! That was the second significant thing.

I had started grade school in midyear and had been a midyear student ever since. During my last year I took enough extra classes so I could graduate in the spring, several months earlier than scheduled. That was the third significant thing regarding my last year in high school.

One more thing about this last year in High School. I worked half days as a part of my vocational training class. One of the local firms, Younger and Lange, Maytag washing machine dealers, employed me in their shop repairing washing machines. The trade-in washing machines were also painted and shined up.

One day the boss was trying to sell one of the used machines I had worked on. I heard him tell the prospective customer how the machine was completely re-conditioned. I was the only one who had worked on it, so I knew exactly what was done. I had painted and polished it so that it looked like new. That was all! Nothing was repaired or reconditioned. After that, I never had confidence in reconditioned equipment.

I graduated from high school May 29, 1941 with about 150 other students. That ended an important chapter in my life, and this chapter in my autobiography.

CHAPTER II

The War Years

I had graduated from high school, but what would I do for a job? I had no idea. There had been no career planning on my part. Jobs were not very plentiful and the effects of the depression had not disappeared.

As best I recall, I again worked during the summer thinning and picking fruit. But, my dad was looking out for my interests. By this time my father had a much shorter mail route that did not require as much walking. He delivered mail, on foot of course, in the central business district of Medford.

He told me about a job opening on his route. It was at F.W. Woolworth's, the ten cent store, as it was called then. They are not called 10 cent, or dime stores any longer, as you can't buy much for 10 cents now. As I review this section of the Autobiography in 1997, the Woolworth stores are going out of business.

One day he introduced me to the assistant manager of the store. The assistant proceeded to advise me on exactly when I should call on the store manager, how I should present myself, and in general what to say. The advice must have been good because I got the job.

This was my first full-time job. The job was that of stock clerk in the basement of the store. This was supposed to be where all Woolworth managers started out with the Company. It was a "managerial training" program. The pay for then was acceptable, though not high. It was about \$18 per week.

After a few months, I got a better but similar job paying \$25 per week working for Montgomery Ward and Co. At that time Montgomery Ward was the leading chain department store. Later Sears and Roebuck surpassed them in number and size of stores. The work was not really what I liked to do, so I kept looking for something better.

My friend Clarence had been working for four years by now as a painter. He was working for his older brother, E.J., who was a small painting contractor. I was able to work the next six months or so for them. I really enjoyed painting. The work was encouraging to me as I could easily see the progress. Rooms that were dingy and dirty soon became sparkling clean and bright. Houses that were run down and spotted soon looked like new.

The War Changes Everything

Let me back track a few months.

On December 7, 1941 we went to Sunday morning church service as usual. After we arrived home my father turned on the radio. An announcer said that Pearl Harbor, the headquarters of the U.S. Pacific Fleet, and other military and civilian targets, had been bombed starting at 7:50 a.m. that morning by the Japanese.

We were all stunned! I had heard a little of the horrors of World War I, and personally knew people who had been injured during that war and lived the rest of their lives with serious injuries and handicaps. One in particular was Gladstone, my step-mother's brother. He had been

injured in the war and was doubled over from the waist, was barely able to walk, and had to be led around and cared for.

Now war -- World War, had come to my generation.

At one bold stroke, much of the U.S. Pacific fleet was in ruins. In two hours time, 19 ships were sunk or crippled. Included were 8 large battleships, 3 large cruisers, and 3 destroyers. 2,403 servicemen were killed, another 1200 wounded.

This was not a "movie," this was not make believe, it was real!

Since the war had started a couple years earlier in Europe, the U.S. had wanted to remain isolated from the conflict. We did not want to be involved, except to the point of supplying the Allies in Europe with war material. This attack on Pearl Harbor by the Japanese Empire changed all that, and stirred the American people to action. The next day, President Roosevelt gave his stirring speech to Congress and the nation. He referred to the day before and called it "a day of infamy." The nation rallied behind the cause. For the rest of the war, the American people were united and resolved together, to fight and win this war to end all war. The United States has never been so united since.

We had been shipping scrap iron to Japan for years and people occasionally remarked that the Japanese would send it back to us in the form of bullets. But we thought that the Japanese had never amounted to very much. Up to that time most of their products were cheaply made and inferior. They were also considered to be the copy cats of the Americans and Europeans.

Before the war started, many said it would only take a couple of weeks to "whip the Japs." How naive and wrong we Americans were! Immediately some of my friends and acquaintances began to be drafted, or to enlist in the armed services.

For the first few days or weeks there was considerable confusion. It appeared likely that the Japanese would next invade the mainland. And, we were only seventy five air miles from the coast. Each night there was an air raid siren at a particular hour. This meant that we had to turn off all outside lights and cover windows so that interior lights could not be seen outside.

Actually Japanese balloon bombs exploded in Oregon, and there was brief shelling on the coast from a submarine. These were solemn, uncertain and fearful days!

My First Car

During that winter I bought my first car. It was a 12 year old 1929 Model A Ford Cabriolet. How exciting that was! Now I could drive to work in style instead of riding my bicycle. I think I paid about \$50 for it.

During the Christmas season I drove to Portland taking two friends with me. On the way home one of my friends, Herb Girard, was driving the stretch of Highway 99 between Drain and Yoncalla, Oregon. It was early morning, and the other friend and I were asleep. Finally Herb fell asleep while driving. The car went off the road and turned upside down in the ditch.

We got out with some help from motorists who stopped. They helped us turn the car right side up. It would still run, but the roof was partially crushed, a door window was broken. Herb had cut a bloody gash on his thigh from the broken window. My cello which was in the trunk had a broken neck as a result of the accident. Later, my friend George put a bolt through the break and glued it together. It seems to me that it broke there again later, and so I bought another cello for about \$40.

After his wound was treated by a doctor, we proceeded on home. After arriving home I went looking for Maxine. She was walking from school to the Newberry home where she then worked. I found her a block or two from the house. She was shocked to see the condition of the car, and relieved that I had not been injured.

A little later I was careless and did not drain the radiator water one cold night and it froze. This caused a crack in the engine block. This same thing had happened to this same engine before I bought it, but it had been repaired. This time the block apparently was not repairable. Now the engine would spit and sputter, sometimes it would hardly run at all. What could I do?

The least expensive thing seemed to be to have a used motor installed at the junk yard. This was done. The cost of the engine, including taking one out and putting the other one in, was - believe it or not - \$25. But, that was a lot of money then! It was about half again as much as my one weeks pay.

The "new" engine was no better than the one that was taken out. It ran so poorly whenever I could get it to run, that I decided the only thing to do was to sell the car to the junk yard. I believe they paid me \$25 or less. So, for the use of the car for a few months I had lost about \$50. My first car experience turned out to be a fiasco. Cars were expensive luxuries that I could not afford for quite awhile in the future.

Our Engagement and Marriage

It was probably December 29, 1940 during the Christmas vacation that both Maxine and I were in Portland for the special Church services and mid winter concert. We both enjoyed pipe organ music and there was a pipe organ in the lobby of the Old Heathman Hotel. On Sunday afternoon there was a program of organ music there. I believe the organist's name was Glenn Shelley.

Maxine and I were sitting on a couch on the mezzanine floor listening to the beautiful music. I had taken for granted for a long time that we would marry, but I never had really asked her if she would marry me. I mentioned that I had taken this for granted, but had never really asked. So I asked if she would marry me. She said that she had taken it for granted too, but since I asked, her answer was yes! For the rest of the evening and for some time to come I was on "cloud nine."

Our enjoyment of organ music played a surprising part in our lives a few years later also. You will read about that at the proper time in this autobiography.

It was more than a year and a half before we married. Weddings were very simple in those days with our acquaintances. No church weddings. No elaborate or formal ceremonies. The church we attended frowned on marriage, and in the past had even taught that getting married was a sin. I don't know why they believed that. The Bible says that if you marry you do not sin (I Corinthians. 7:28).

Since our church pastor would no doubt refuse to marry us, we arranged to have my grandparents' pastor, Welford A. Dawes, of the First Baptist Church, to perform the ceremony. It was to be a simple stand up ceremony on the lawn in front of my parents' home.

Saturday, August 15, 1942 finally came. Witnesses to our marriage were my friend Clarence and his fiancée Margie Chastain. Beside our immediate families Mr. and Mrs. Delmar Myers, and office friends of Maxine from the Southern Oregon Credit Bureau attended. I don't remember any others.

We had wanted to go on a three day honeymoon to Crescent City, California. It was always such a treat to take a trip to the ocean at Crescent City. At first my father seemed all for it and hinted he would let us use his car. But as the day for the marriage drew closer, he seemed to change his mind.

After the ceremony he asked what we were going to do for a honeymoon. I replied - nothing, as we had no transportation. He said as a wedding present he would let us take his car, a 1936 Buick Roadmaster to Crescent City. We were extremely happy to be able to take this big impressive car (it seemed almost like a limousine) on our three day honeymoon.

As is the case for most newly married couples, we were very self conscious to register as Mr. and Mrs. at the Gammons Camp on the Redwood Highway in Crescent City, California. It was hardly a motel by today's standards. Each unit was a tiny house with bed, minimum bathroom and kitchen facilities. A few years ago we went back to see if it was still there. It wasn't. We were told that it was washed out by the "tidal" or tsunami wave from the Alaskan earthquake in March 1964. This wave is said to have been 50 feet high and traveled in some areas a distance of almost 8,500 miles.

We drove south to the *Trees of Mystery* and were inspired by the beauty of the redwood trees, ferns and forest environment. As we walked along the beautiful forest path we were surprised to hear music coming out of the bushes. We had stepped on a board which started a record player. The music, so appropriate and inspiring to us in this environment was *Trees*, the words by Joyce Kilmer. It was sung by one of the great operatic tenors of all time, John Charles Thomas.

It goes something like this: "I think that I shall never see a poem lovely as a tree. A tree that lifts her leafy arms to pray and looks at God all day. Poems are made by fools like me, but only God can make a tree."

We still have a couple items we purchased then; a small redwood bobby pin box and myrtlewood book ends.

After the honeymoon we moved into one of the apartments at my grandmother's apartment house at 217 W. 2nd St., Medford. It seems the rent was \$25 or \$30 a month for this small apartment.

Maxine was working then at the Southern Oregon Credit Bureau office and I was painting. At first Maxine would get sick every time I came home. This was distressing to both of us. It seemed that she was allergic to me for some reason. Finally we determined that it was the paint fumes on my clothes. When I stopped at the bathroom at our apartment's back door entrance and changed from paint clothes to other clothes there was no problem.

Maxine's Family Background

Now that we are married in my story, it is appropriate to go back and give a little background for Maxine's family.

The Bostwicks, according to *Colonial Families Of The United States* have this history. "The immigrant ancestors of this family was Arthur BOSTOCK (afterwards spelled Bostwick), baptized at Tarporley, Cheshire, England, 22nd December, 1603; came to America circa 1639, and was a settler of Stratford, Connecticut, 1639; died after 1680; was of the BOSTOCKS of Bostock Manor, descended from Saxon proprietor Osmer De BOTESTOCH (See Doomsday Book, p. vi of the

photozincograph facsimile of the Cheshire part, London 1861), married Jane Whittel, daughter of Rev. Robt. Whittel, rector of St. Helen's Church, Tarporley."

With the help of available sources, we have been able to trace the family back to England, and to the time of William the Conqueror in the eleventh century. Maxine's family tree will be reproduced in an appendix with mine.

The following Bostwick ancestors are buried in the Jacksonville, Oregon, cemetery. Noble (1818-1898), his wife Catherine (1820-1899). William Henry (1846-1911), and his wife Evalena Dunn (1851-1942) were Maxine's grandparents. We attended the funeral of Evalena soon after we were married.

Maxine's mother Avon was a Middleton. She had been born in Alabama, and moved near Grants Pass, Oregon, in the early 1900's. A part of the way they traveled by covered wagon. When they arrived in Southern Oregon they had almost no money, so they traded their team of horses and the wagon for some land near the junction of the Rogue and Applegate rivers west of Grants Pass. Avon's parents Tom and Allie, raised hops and other produce in this rich bottom land.

Maxine's father Bert was born in Santa Rosa, California, in 1882, and was one of thirteen children. His parents had come by covered wagon to California and later, when he was 1 year old they moved to the Applegate Valley southwest of Medford. His father William Henry was a rancher. Bert attended the Ruch country school for 6 years and then dropped out to work.

Later, Bert owned his own ranch and dairy near Williams, Oregon. In southern Oregon, he was well known as a horseman and runner. His first wife died shortly after the birth of their 6th child and 6 months later the baby also died. Both are buried in the Williams cemetery.

Bert needed someone to keep house and care for his children and so he hired Avon Middleton. In time they came to love each other and they married, though her parents' did not approve of the marriage. She was much younger than he, and apparently her parents thought he had taken advantage of her youth and naivete. Maxine was the first of six children, the last being still born. She was born February 19, 1924, Avon Maxine Bostwick, at the small community of Williams.

When Maxine and I first met she was living about 2 miles west of the town of Rogue River. The family lived on the south side of U.S. highway 99, which was the main U.S. north-south highway through southwestern Oregon. Across the highway was the beautiful Rogue River. She went to the Rogue River Grade and High Schools.

Her father Bert had broken his hip in a fall from a scaffold when Maxine was 4 years old. There were complications from this for the rest of his life. He spent quite some time in a hospital in Portland trying to correct this condition. He recovered enough to work at a part time job as school bus driver and janitor. Later, he developed high blood pressure and gradually deteriorated until he died at the age of 75.

Maxine had been a student leader, was on the honor roll, and was very athletic while in grade and High School. She had measles when she was 12 or 13 years of age which eliminated her participation in sports. Some think she may have suffered from rheumatic fever. From then on she had a weakened heart and was excused from P.E. classes.

As I previously mentioned they moved back to Medford about 1940.

Personal Greetings From President Roosevelt

Late in 1942 I received a personal letter from President Roosevelt. It read something like this: "Greetings from the President: You are hereby instructed to report for a physical examination at Portland, Oregon, on such and such a date. If you pass this physical you will be inducted into the U.S. Army."

While waiting for induction my father purchased a new leather covered Bible as a gift from the family to me. When he brought it home he wrote in ink an inscription in a front blank page. After that we discovered that it was not the familiar King James Version of the Bible, but a newer version. Probably it was a 1901 American Standard Version. The church we attended did not accept other versions, only the King James. This reminds me of a letter I read one time from a woman who wrote something like this. "The King James Bible was good enough for the Apostle Paul, and so it is good enough for me!" I doubt that the church where we attended were that ignorant of the facts, though they did reject any "meddling" with the Bible. The lady could have read the introduction to her Bible and seen that her favorite Bible was not translated until about fifteen centuries after Paul died.

My father and I went back to the book store where the Bible was purchased and he explained the problem to the owner. The store owner was very sympathetic, used ink eraser fluid to remove the inscription. He then exchanged it for a King James Version. I still have that Bible today, more than 57 years later. My father wrote in a front blank page that this was a gift from the family and then he wrote the following which was taken from Ephesians 6:10. "Be Strong in the Lord and in the power of His might." Looking back, I am pleased that he selected that particular text to write in my Bible. I have known that of myself I could do nothing and have no strength of my own. It is only God's strength, physical and spiritual that has kept me going these many years.

At the proper time I boarded a train in Medford for my first train ride. This trip was required so that I might have a physical examination to see if I were fit for induction. I believe it took about 12 hours to get to Portland Oregon, as the train must have stopped at about every town, crossroads and milk stop.

I passed the physical and was inducted into the United States Army on February 25, 1943 at Portland, but did not have to report to duty until March 4.

It was a sad day when I said goodbye to friends, family and especially my bride of a few months. The future was uncertain to say the least. No one knew who would return from the war and who would not. Many were already dying in land, sea and air battles in many areas of the world.

After reporting to Ft. Lewis, Washington, I was assigned to the United States Army Air Corp. Basic training took place at the Fairgrounds in Fresno, California. I can still remember arriving in Fresno. It was exciting to travel so far south. I had never been this far before. There were palm trees, so I thought I was in the tropics for sure!

A few days before I was scheduled to complete basic training, I was unexpectedly assigned to the Radio Operator Mechanics School at the air base in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. I was glad to escape the remaining rigors of basic training and to have the opportunity to take specialized schooling.

We went by train to the new assignment. We traveled day and night by coach car. There were no beds, there were no meal facilities on board. Every so often we would stop at a town and would be served a meal, or at least food of some sort. I remember one meal that was very special. We stopped at the train depot in a New Mexico town and ate at the local restaurant of the then

famous Fred Harvey chain. We were served half of a fresh grapefruit with the breakfast. I had never had such delicious grapefruit in my life! It must have been grown locally and ripened on the tree. It made a lasting impression that I have not forgotten.

At the Radio Operators & Mechanics School I was able to learn about basic electrical theory, radios, transmitters, and radio communications. This was exciting to me. My mind was easily oriented in such technical fields, and I soaked it up! This was especially so about electrical and radio theory and mechanics. I was not so excited about learning Morse code, but I finally got up to about thirteen words per minute in code class.

There was only one bad thing. Maxine was not with me. I missed her terribly. In due time, she, as many other servicemen's wives left home to be with her husband. She was just nineteen years old, and never had traveled alone before. In fact she had done very little traveling even with her family. She made this trip all by herself so she could be with me! She traveled by train - night and day from Medford, Oregon, to Sioux Falls, South Dakota. Because of the dangers at that time of women traveling alone she thought she would only have a 50-50 chance of arriving safely. When she arrived I was at the base and could not get a pass to see her, or to help her find a place to stay. All I could do was talk to her and cry because we were so close and yet could not be together. I believe it was with the help of an organization called Travelers Aid, that she was able to find a basement room in a private home to live in. In a day or so, she was able to meet me at the base U.S.O., and then later I was able to get passes and visit with her from time to time.

After a few weeks, right in the midst of my course I was suddenly and unexpectedly transferred to the Radio Mechanics School at Truax Field, Madison, Wisconsin. Apparently the Air Force determined that they had enough radio operator-mechanics, but not enough radio mechanics. I believe several hundred of us were transferred together.

In a short time Maxine was also able to move to Madison. She found a room on the second floor of a private residence. It was just a block or two from the city square and state capitol. Nearby was Pipers Cafeteria, where they had many fresh vegetables and good food. We enjoyed going there for meals from time to time, and have never forgotten it. I suppose that it has long ceased to exist.

We both thought Madison was a beautiful city. Especially beautiful were the two lakes on two sides of the city.

It was not long before she started getting sick every day. We soon found out that she was having morning sickness. Larry was already giving her a bad time! On one occasion we were up town on the square and she said she had to vomit. We stopped at a drug store, she went to the rest room to do just that, and then we went on our way. On another occasion I don't think she was able to make it to a rest room.

This radio mechanics course lasted until early November. I was then transferred to Tomah, Wisconsin, about 90 miles north, for a specialized school. It was a Control Net Systems School. Training here involved working with ground to air VHF radio communications, and radio direction finding.

Maxine then moved to Richland Center, Wisconsin to live with Mrs. Ruth Miller. Mrs. Miller was a preacher for the Apostolic Faith and had a small country church several miles away. I believe the name of the community was Cazenovia. The congregation was tiny; several of the members of the church were relatives.

It was difficult to get from Tomah to Richland Center even though the distance was not great. The only way was by indirect bus connections. I did get over there a few times. On a couple of occasions Mrs. Miller invited me to preach. The sermons were very short, possibly 15 minutes in length. I had no idea then that preaching would have anything to do with my future!

We also met once or twice at La Crosse, Wisconsin. At that time there was direct bus service to La Crosse from Richland Center and also from Tomah, but there was no direct service between Richland Center and Tomah. We stayed at an old and inexpensive hotel in the down town area. We visited the local serviceman's U.S.O., which had some reading, recreational, music and refreshment facilities. U.S.O.'s (United Servicemens Organization) were located all over the country during the war and were popular with servicemen on leave or on a short pass.

Late in the year, Maxine, who was by now very obviously pregnant, left by train and returned to Medford, Oregon. After I graduated on the fourth of January 1944 with honors, I was given a furlough and left for home to join her for a few days, and to visit with both our families.

This time Uncle Sam treated me with a better train. Always before the train cars provided were coach style. They had bench style upholstered seats. There was no place to lie down to sleep. When I was transferred from Fresno, to Sioux Falls, South Dakota, there were several days of travel. After two or three days of that kind of travel you were really ready for a bed!

The train I took from Tomah to Seattle on the Northern Pacific Railway was really first class! Instead of a coach car we had Pullman cars. They had coach type seats by day, which could be converted to berths with beds by night. There were upper and lower berths. There were also dining cars where we could go for our meals. The tables were spread with linen table cloths and set with china. This was really a nice leisurely and luxurious way to travel.

On this trip I saw the beautiful northwestern U.S. in style. I still remember the short stop at Billings, Montana, which was early in the morning. It was bitterly cold outside but we were warm and comfortable inside. It was so good to go home again after almost a year's absence.

My First Sermon at Home

While at home I was asked to give a talk to the young people in the church. The church pastor had heard that I had given sermons in Richland Center, Wisconsin. Possibly they were looking for new ministerial prospects; if so, they must have been disappointed as they never asked me again.

For some time I had serious questions about the church and finally came to the conclusion that either they would have to change me, or I would have to change them. As it turned out, neither happened. At the time, I was more interested in making music than preaching. Some years later those priorities were reversed.

The subject I chose was "Judge not that ye be not judged" (Matthew: 7:1). Afterward, a brother-in-law told me that it was the best sermon he had ever heard.

During the next few months I was stationed at several places. The first was Silver Lake, Washington. After that came the Grand Central Air Terminal at Glendale, California. This airport was one of the early airports in Southern California. Adjoining the airport had been an aircraft technical school. We were quartered in the dormitories of the school. After the war it was closed and the area was used for an industrial park. The control tower is still there. I was waiting for reassignment while at Glendale.

While on a hike to the nearby hills, now a part of Griffith Park in Los Angeles, I caught poison oak. I had always had a problem getting poison oak. It became so bad that I went on sick call. This was the only time in service that I ever did. The doctor immediately sent me to the Pasadena Area Station Hospital for treatment. This hospital was located in the beautiful former Vista Del Arroyo Hotel. Little did I realize that a few years later I would live about three blocks away and work almost across the street. Or, that I would be employed most of my working life there.

While at Glendale, Maxine and I were anxiously awaiting our first child. She was in Medford and I was about 700 miles away. I would call almost every day expecting to hear the news - which did not come while I was there. Larry decided to wait a month to make his appearance. When he finally did make it he was about half grown! He weighed in at 10 pounds, 4½ ounces. Twenty-three and a half years later his first born continued that tradition.

Larry is Born

In the meantime I was reassigned to the Ephrata Air Base in Eastern Washington State. Shortly after arriving, on April 7, 1944 I received word about Larry's birth. Years later we found that was also the Passover.

When he was about a month old I was able to get an extended weekend pass and hitch military airplane rides down to Medford. It was almost 600 miles by car.

I arrived at 219 N. Grape St. in Medford where Maxine was staying in a room at her parents' place. I walked in the door, saw no one in the front part of the house, saw the bassinet and looked for the first time at my first child. What a day that was!

I believe I had to return on the bus because military airplanes did not land very frequently at the Medford Airport, and finding a ride was unpredictable.

In a few weeks Maxine and Larry traveled by train to Ephrata to be with me. We found a one room cabin for rent at \$10 a week. It was a dump! For the first night we put Larry to bed in one of the bureau drawers. It was now summer, and sweltering hot. The only way to cook meals was with a wood stove in the "house."

After a few weeks we found a larger place out in the country a mile or two from the base. It was filthy dirty. We cleaned it up, did some painting and moved in. There was no inside toilet, and nothing was fancy! Another service couple lived in one bedroom, we in the other.

My work here finally involved aircraft, which was exciting to me. I worked on the flight line checking, removing and repairing aircraft radios. We worked mostly on the radios of P-38, P-39, and P-63, aircraft.

After that I was temporarily reassigned to the Redmond, Oregon, Air Base. Maxine stayed for awhile in a motel at nearby Bend and I could see her most nights. My parents drove over from Medford once or twice and visited with us.

But, this did not last very long. I was assigned for overseas duty after a short stay at Kearns, Utah. It was there during the Christmas season of 1944 that I first heard a live concert of the Messiah, by George Frederick Handel. It was inspiring to me then. It is still inspiring today.

Overseas Assignment

In early February I was sent to Camp Stoneman, at Pittsburgh, California for over-seas assignment. From January 16 to February 5, 1945 I was at sea on the U.S.S. Lyon, en-route to the far Pacific. This troop ship was also known as AKA 7. I thought that this must mean that it was the seventh ship built after the Ark of Noah.

We left San Francisco harbor in the late evening. After watching our passage under the Golden Gate Bridge and entering the ocean, I decided to get right to bed. We were to be awakened at about 4 a.m. to get ready for breakfast. Meals were in shifts because of the limited facilities and the large number of troops on board.

I was in the very front "hold" (possibly more aptly "hole") of the ship, right at the sloping bow. On our deck the canvas bunks were stacked 5 high, with just enough space between the aisles for one person at a time. Each bunk was barely wide enough for one soldier and his duffel bag. The canvas duffel bag contained about all the earthly possessions of each man.

When we were awakened the next morning I immediately arose and started for the "head" (toilet) which was one deck above. About the time I arrived at the stairs it hit me! I was sick - very sick. I barely made it to the head to vomit. I was sick for days after that, never quite getting my sea legs throughout the whole voyage.

After three days in bed, using my metal helmet to vomit in, some of my seaworthy friends encouraged me to go on deck where the air was fresh and where I could see the sun and water. They said I would feel better. Finally I got up enough courage to venture out. The friend was right. I felt much better.

My Best Meal!

I stationed myself right by the entrance to the mess hall. When the line was about ended, I went down, got the only food offered that I could carry out and hurried back top-sides. It was a boiled egg and an orange. I don't think I ever before or since have had such delicious food! That was my first experience at fasting - only in this case it was a forced one.

For the rest of the voyage I lived top-side. And, most of the troops on board did the same, especially as we crossed the equator and got into the heat of the tropics. We slept on the hard deck without a mattress. We were there, rain or shine, day or night.

We zigzagged the whole way across the Pacific. This frequent changing of direction was to hinder any enemy submarines from determining our course or destination.

We passed the Solomon Islands on our way. They had seen very recent fighting, some of the bloodiest of the war. After a short stop offshore at Finschafen, New Guinea, we journeyed up the coast and disembarked at Hollandia, New Guinea. At that time it belonged to the Netherlands, though that country was then occupied by Germany.

What a different world this was. Halfway around the world it seemed, in the tropics, surrounded by jungle. How different, and far from Medford, Oregon!

We traveled several miles inland in the back of "6 x 6" military truck on the dirt road which had been constructed by our military forces. We saw what looked like mountains and mountains of war material ready to supply the needs of the war. I have never before or since seen so many tires. We lived in tents and all the facilities were also in tents. Nothing was permanent. After a few days I learned that I had been assigned to the 320th Fighter Control Squadron. It was supposed to be at Wakde Island, just off the coast.

Assigned To An Elusive Squadron

Finally the day came. I was shipped out aboard a military C-47 "Gooney Bird" Airplane (also better known in civilian use as a DC-3). After a comparatively short flight we arrived at this approximately one by one-half mile island.

I was told that my outfit was long gone. No one knew exactly where it was. The next day I flew on to Biak, largest of the Schouten Islands to the north of New Guinea. At that time it was also a part of the Netherlands East Indies. There I was told that my outfit was somewhere in the Philippines. So, after a few days I departed, again by air transport. We had a fuel stop at the Pelew Islands, and arrived at Tacloban Airstrip on Leyte Island in the Philippines on March 2, 1945.

For a few days I was at nearby Tanuaun and then was flown to San Jose, Mindorro Island, where my outfit was now supposed to be located. On arrival there I learned that the outfit had moved to Puerto Princesa, on Palawan Island.

In a few days I went aboard a small U.S. Navy LCT (which was a landing craft for tanks) headed for Palawan. It was a full 24 hour trip and, again, I had sea sickness. Since then I have learned that this type of craft was flat bottomed. It was designed this way so that it could come close to the beach to land the tanks. This made it unstable in the water, which contributed to my sea sickness.

I finally was able to join my outfit. This squadron operated an "Information Center." The center was located in a large two story building. In the center, on the ground floor was a huge table map on which the whole island was mapped out in numbered and lettered grids.

Radar, which was still quite new, was used to locate enemy planes. Each minute any "sightings" were plotted on the huge map with markers. Friendly aircraft were plotted using our direction-finding receivers. The "controllers" of our aircraft were seated on the mezzanine where they could view the map and see where all the friendly and enemy aircraft were located. These controllers could then direct our pilots to intercept any enemy aircraft. This system had been developed and used extensively in the Battle of Britain. It was a major factor in Britain winning that particular battle.

My duties were to repair any telephone or radio equipment at the center that might not be working properly. I was on duty for six hours and then off twenty four. That meant that each day the work period was a different shift. If my shift was at night, I could sleep on a cot, but could not leave the building. I can only remember having to repair one thing during the months that I was there.

American Technology And Skill Fail

One night while I was on duty a "bogey" (enemy aircraft) was spotted and followed by radar as it flew towards Puerto Princesa. It would zigzag, double back, and go in circles to try and confuse our pilots.

We had just received the very latest in aviation and electronic technology in the Northrop Black Widow fighter. I believe it was called the P-61. This plane was painted black so that it could not be easily seen at night. It used radar to spot the enemy, then its guns would lock onto the enemy aircraft and shoot it down, possibly without the pilot even making visual contact.

I was a great believer in American superiority and know-how. The skill of our people was incredible for sure.

Two of these fabulous night fighters were sent up to shoot down the "bogey." I was right there in the Information Center and could see what was going on. It was more exciting than a movie. This was real life, not make believe. And there seemed to be no hazard to me personally.

Our vaunted fighters could not even find the enemy! They returned empty handed. But I knew where the enemy plane was. It flew right over our information center and we could see it in the moonlight.

The people at the airport saw it too! It turned out to be a small, single engine airplane with fixed landing gear airplane with bombs under the wings. It bombed and set some of our planes on fire, then flew back and landed on a jungle road in Borneo from where it had come.

The next day some of us heard Tokyo Rose, from Tokyo, Japan, on her short-wave radio broadcast boast about Japanese planes destroying B-29 bombers on Palawan. She had it right except the planes were not B-29s but the single-tailed U.S. Navy version of the well-known B-24 Liberator bombers. My confidence in the superiority of our men, technology and equipment was now deflated!

The Monkeys Have No Tails

In a few months I was transferred on detached service to Zamboanga, Mindanao. I had heard in a song since I was young that "the monkeys have no tails in Zamboanga." When I got there I found out what it meant. Sailors coming into the harbor would see what appeared to be monkeys running and playing along the waterfront, but they didn't have any tails. They were not monkeys, but they were little boys who were not taught the art of wearing clothes until they were five or six years old.

I was the N.C.O. (Non-Commissioned Officer) in charge of a small detachment of six or seven men. By this time I had only reached the rank of Sergeant. Each time I was transferred somewhere it seemed the "table of organization" was filled and there were no opportunities for advancement. I had been recommended for Staff Sergeant about the time the war ended, but that ended that!

We operated a direction finding station which was used to help lost aircraft find the airport. During the months that we operated this station around the clock, there were no such calls.

Our quarters were very close to the beach so I had opportunity to spend quite a bit of time at the beach. A friend had a face mask and snorkel which was a new device to me. Sometimes we would go snorkeling and watch the myriads of all kinds of fish swimming around the coral reefs. It was certainly interesting to see so many different kinds of beautiful fish.

On May 7, 1945 while I was in Zamboanga the war in Europe ended. It was called V.E. Day (for Victory in Europe). On Aug 6, 1945 the B-29 bomber Enola Gay dropped the first atomic bomb on Hiroshima. I remember the discussions we had afterwards about nuclear energy - what might happen. Most of us had never even heard of such a possible bomb, or of nuclear energy.

The casualties of this one bomb blast were 70,000 immediate deaths, 140,000 by the end of 1945. Some final death figures have been as high as 200,000.

Victory over Japan or V.J. day came nine days later on Aug 15, 1945, our third wedding anniversary. But, Maxine was half a world away.

In Zamboanga there was great rejoicing. The ships in the harbor set off so many signal rockets it was almost like the 4th of July at Disneyland.

While some were partying and getting drunk, a friend who was a Catholic, another who was a Jew, and I, a Protestant, went to the base chapel to give thanks as best we knew how in appreciation that the war was over and that we would soon be able to go home to family and friends.

Hitler had prepared for war for six years, waged war for another six. The Japanese war was a little shorter in time. Now all that was over.

The war had wreaked a terrible toll, in lives lost, people injured, money spent, labor expended. There were approximately seventeen million military deaths; thirty-five to forty-three million civilian deaths. In total then, up to sixty million deaths have been attributed to the war. That is more people than live in such countries as Britain, or Italy, or France.

What carnage! What a waste! How useless! Sadly, it did not bring lasting peace.

What had I really contributed to the war effort? Not very much. If it had depended on me and what I did, I guess we would still be fighting the war.

The time I was in service consisted of a lot of tearful good-bye's and some happy temporary reunions. Even though my wife and I wrote each other almost every day, there were long periods when I was lonely for my wife and son.

The work was sometimes very interesting and educational, the experience and travel was broadening. As it usually is in the service, it was often "hurry up and wait." Sometimes the wait was very long.

What happened when the war ended was anticlimactic. There were several months of waiting until soldiers in my priority category were returned home.

From December 17, 1944, to January 6, 1945, I was at sea again, this time on board the U.S.S. Bollinger. This time the ship was much better, I did not get seasick, I was headed home. I was on top of the world!

I was separated or discharged from service January 19, 1946 at Fort Lewis Washington, the place where I had started military service almost three years earlier. I was able to ride with friends in a private car to Portland, and then took a bus home to my lovely wife and handsome son that I had not seen in over a year.

CHAPTER III

The Post War Years

Now that I was home, what next?

First, I wanted a little time with Maxine and Larry whom I had not seen for over a year. We again rented an apartment from my grandmother for a short time.

Dad now had a 1941 Ford which had previously belonged to my grandparents. There was very little civilian travel by private car because of gas rationing during the war. Cars were only produced for military use during this time.

While I was overseas Maxine and Larry had not been able to travel very far. After a few days at home, my dad loaned me his car, and Maxine, Larry and I took a trip to Portland. This was a treat for all three of us!

On the way we drove through the mountains over very crooked roads. This was long before Interstate highways, and most of the roads were narrow and only two lane. We looked around in the back seat to see how Larry was doing. He was about as "white as a sheet," and very car sick, but he had not made any noise or complained. He was enjoying the first long trip - and in a car!

When I came home from military service I found there was a problem with Larry. While I was away he slept in bed with his mother. During the day his Aunts Doris and Mildred, or Grandmother or Grandfather Bostwick cared for him. He was with adults all of the time, received royal treatment and had his every whim attended to. When I came home he had a problem. Now he could no longer sleep with his mother, and he could not have his way with everything. He was "spoiled rotten," though he was a very affectionate and lovable baby most of the time.

I tried to correct him, easily at first, and then as necessary more intensely. During the summer we went to the Apostolic Faith camp meeting in Portland for a few days. There was a restaurant at the campgrounds. We had never been able to afford to eat there before the war. Now things had improved, so it was with much satisfaction that we went there for breakfast. For some reason Larry threw a tantrum, right out in public, at the restaurant. I don't know if I ever felt so humiliated in all my life.

I picked him up, carried him squalling and rebelling back to the tent and paddled him hard with my hand. After he quieted down I told him clearly and in no uncertain terms that he was never to act like that again. I then took him back and we joined his mother at the restaurant. He behaved like a model child and there were no more tantrums!

Times were different then than they are now. We had been reared by parents who believed in corporal punishment when occasionally necessary. It was clear in the Bible from several scriptures that it was a part of bringing up a child in love and concern. Proverbs 13:24 states: He who spares his rod hates his son, But he who loves him disciplines him promptly (NKJ)." If a parent does this nowadays, and is seen, he may end up losing his child and find himself in prison.

Maxine had been saving all the money she could while I was away. My pay was about \$35 per month, and then Maxine received a wife's serviceman's allotment of \$50 or \$60. This amount increased slightly as I was promoted to Private First Class, Corporal, and then Sergeant.

She worked at the Southern Oregon Credit Bureau most of the time I was away. Before our marriage, she had also worked there.

She had saved up several hundred dollars with which we were able to purchase a refrigerator and washing machine. A little later we purchased a bedroom suite on time. I had owned a console radio from before the time we were married. Slowly our home furnishings were increasing.

Some time after I returned home, Maxine was able to quit her job. This was the second time, as she had also done this sometime after we were married. I said for many years that those two days were the happiest days of my life! Then she could be a real wife and mother. That was a great blessing to me personally.

What Kind of a Job Could I Find?

Jobs for returning servicemen were scarce and not too easy to find. All of a sudden millions of servicemen returned. They were supposed to get their old jobs back, but much had changed during the war. First, the nation had to devote most of its resources to producing war equipment. Now there was another turn around - back to a civilian rather than war economy. These changes were not easy and took time.

During the war I thought a lot about what I might do after the war. Since I had about a year's technical instruction in electricity, electronics, radio and communications, I hoped for work in those or associated fields. One of my close service friends was Laverne Moreland. He was about 15 years older than I was and had owned and operated a gasoline station in Iowa before the war. Maxine and I became close friends with him and with his wife. We attended technical school together and had some other military assignments together.

He intended to open up a franchised Coast to Coast store after the war. He invited me to be a junior partner and to take care of the radio repair. The cities he had in mind as possibilities did not interest me as I wanted to return to Medford.

I also considered being a dealer for one of the new radio manufacturers. One I remember was Clarion. I saw some advertisements for dealerships after the war but decided not to pursue it. It would have certainly been beyond my financial means.

Another possibility was to be a radio station engineer. My father inquired at the local radio station about that. There was only one such employee in all of the Rogue River Valley where Medford was located. They did not need another.

Many servicemen joined the 52-40 club. The numbers may be incorrect, but here is the idea. Discharged servicemen were paid about \$40 a week until they could find a job, or until they had exhausted the maximum of 52 weeks. Many men just sat around and did nothing until the money ran out. I was anxious to get back to work.

I didn't want my old job back. It had only been temporary anyway. In thinking about it, I did not mention my last job just before going into service. I had worked for a while driving a wood fuel truck. The Medford Fuel Company had a fleet of old worn-out Model A Ford trucks. They were wood dump trucks, with the dumping done by hand crank.

My friend Clarence, his brother and I had left the painting business to work for this fuel company. The idea was that we would soon be in the vigorous activities of the military service and war. We wanted to get in good physical shape. This job required a lot of hard labor. We loaded the trucks with green slab-wood by hand.

I did not want to go back to this job after the war even if it was available!

We Go Into Business

At the time I received my discharge I received a wallet sized copy of my discharge paper. It was sealed in plastic. This was a new procedure that I had never seen before, and it appeared to have good business possibilities. I inquired to find out how this was accomplished and learned that it was done by laminating a photograph or piece of paper between two pieces of plastic. It was called plastic laminating. Pictures or documents were placed between two sheets of plastic, then heated and compressed together until sealed.

The equipment needed was expensive, at least to us. We bought the equipment for about \$400 and started into business. I sealed a number of family pictures, showed them to the photography stores in Medford, Ashland and Grants Pass. I left samples of the work with a printed sheet listing the prices for various sized pictures. The store owners said they would take orders for me.

It very quickly became apparent that there was little demand for this process. Our efforts and our investment did not pay off. In the large metropolitan area of Portland, others were apparently successful. In the small population of the Rogue River Valley it was just not a viable business.

The only job I could find was that of manager of the Crater Lake Poultry and Egg Co. There was nothing prestigious about this job! I bought and sold poultry, candled eggs, and wrote checks to pay for the eggs and poultry.

Finally, a "Permanent" Job

Thankfully, something better became available. A friend, Bob Hanlin had found a job with the Retail Credit Co. of Atlanta, Georgia, as their local representative. They have long since changed the name of the company to Equifax. It looked like a fabulous job. My friend apparently just rode around in his car a lot, talked to people, made some written reports. It didn't seem that he had to work hard or very long each day. Afterward, it didn't seem as easy as that to me. He was able to get me a job when an opening occurred. I worked mostly in Jackson County. I took a few brief trips to work for a few days at Klamath Falls which was about 80 miles away, and other out of county areas.

On this job I would talk to employers, associates, neighbors and references, and check various public records. The purpose was to find out about people who were applying for insurance, credit or employment. The work was interesting, varied, and more reputable than being a poultry and egg man. This became my principal job for the next 9 years.

Having this job brought two new changes. I had never taken typing in school, did not know the keyboard and expected I would never learn. Now all of a sudden I had to learn to type my reports each day as a part of my job. Thankfully, Maxine could coach me, and she could type some of the reports for me. I started typing by the hunt and peck method. I did not learn the keyboard or learn to use the proper fingers, but somehow I managed. I never have been a very accurate typist but I can type quite fast now, over 50 years later. Thankfully, I have a computer and word processing program now - with a SPELL checker!

The second change was transportation. I had to have a car for my job. There were no new cars, and good used cars were in short supply. My friend, George, and his father found a car for me. It was a 1933 Chevrolet sedan for sale at \$100. It ran, but looked bad inside and out. I bought it, and they painted it for me. We also put seat covers on the seats and installed a new roof lining. These efforts produced a nice looking 13 year old car. It served our transportation needs, and that of my job, for quite awhile.

After living for a short time at my grandmother's apartment, we found a real house to live in. It was a very small, three-room wood frame house, on Niantic Street in Medford. This was a step up, but by today's standards, this would have been the slums.

Our First Big Move

It must have been in the fall of 1946 that I transferred from Medford to Portland. I arranged with a friend, Fred Robinson who was in the moving and trucking business to have all of our earthly possessions moved. They stacked everything on the *tailgate* of a moving van. Then we were off to Portland! It was the largest city in Oregon, and many times larger than Medford. This was a major change for us.

Our first home was a shared house next to and above a plumbing store in a business section of Portland. The address was 2112 N. Union Avenue, if I remember correctly. In a short time we moved to Northeast Portland on 17th Avenue. to a nice two bedroom house. I believe it was a block south of Skidmore Street.

One big event - to us - took place while we lived there. The company I worked for had a fleet purchase agreement with the Ford Motor Co. The time had come when we could buy new cars, and at minimum prices through this agreement. There had been a few cars built in 1946, but it was almost impossible to get one. There was a very long waiting list to purchase one. We ordered a new 1947 "plain vanilla" Ford.

While waiting for the new car, we had to get by with the old 1933 Chevrolet.

What problems we had with that old car!

The first major problem occurred the year before, a few miles west of Central Point near Medford. All of a sudden the engine began to sound like a mowing machine. We stopped as soon as possible to try and determine the cause. The problem was that there was no oil! I had just had the oil changed, and apparently the mechanic did not tighten the oil drain plug enough. It had come out and all the oil drained out.

The only way to continue to use the car was to have a complete overhaul. That is what we had done.

The overhaul did not stop the problems. The engine had a proclivity, usually at the most difficult times, to have a connecting rod bearing go out. This problem usually occurred on a trip. What a sinking and desperate feeling it was. We would be driving down the highway at 50 or 55 mph and all of a sudden hear the unmistakable rattle when a connecting rod bearing went out! Beside the inconvenience, we were financially strapped. Any car repairs made the financial problem much worse.

Maxine's Brother Glenn Killed!

One time this happened was in May 1947 which was especially stressful. Maxine's 19-year-old brother Glenn had been attending college in Corvallis, Oregon. He had previously been the favorite football player at Medford High School while I was in the service. Now he was a football star at the University of Oregon. One night he was killed in a car accident near Corvallis.

We had hurriedly driven to Medford for the funeral and were returning home to Portland. Bert Bostwick, Maxine's father, was with us. He was dissatisfied with the sketchy information concerning his son's untimely death. He wanted to see firsthand where the accident occurred, and to see the death car himself.

Just north of Grants Pass a connecting rod went out. The best thing we knew to do was to call Maxine's Grandfather Middleton who lived near by. He towed us to Bert and Alfred Middleton's garage about 20 miles away at Jerome Prairie. Grandpa Middleton came after us in his new Buick sedan and towed us to the shop. It took most of the day to make the repairs, and then we headed north again for Corvallis.

As I recall, we had stopped to see where the accident occurred and were continuing on toward Corvallis when IT happened again! Another connecting rod went out. We limped along slowly into town where we had the car repaired. There were no Visa credit cards in those days. I don't remember how we were able to come up with the money to pay for the repairs. We probably had a major oil company credit card as I doubt that we had cash for such emergencies.

We saw the car that Glenn had died in. It was hard to see how anyone could come out alive, but two of the three occupants did. Glenn just happened to be sitting in the wrong seat - the death seat - in the front right.

Finally the new 1947 Ford that we had on order came. What a day that was! This was our first new car! I believe it cost \$1437. Money was worth a lot more in those days! The car gave us very good service and improved our living standards and comfort considerably.

My Musical Opportunities Improve

After the war and a three year interruption I took up my cello again. Things really changed musically for me when we moved to Portland.

On arrival in Portland, I was appointed principal (first) cellist of the orchestra, even being placed ahead of my former cello instructor. This opportunity to play with a full symphony orchestra pleased me, and I enjoyed it very much.

The conductor of the Orchestra was still Napoleon DuFresne. He had been a pupil of the famous Belgian violinist, conductor and composer Eugène Ysaÿe (1858-1931). After a few years he left and was in time replaced by Jascha Galperin, former conductor of the Vancouver B.C. Symphony orchestra.

From time to time I played solos with the orchestra. Selections that I played included: the Andante, or Introduction to the Overture *William Tell*, by Rossini; the *Poet and Peasant* Overture, by Von Suppe.

I also played with piano accompaniment. Selections included the well-known *Swan*, from the *Carnival of the Animals* by Saint-Saens; *Tarantella*, by Squire; *Arioso*, by Bach; and others. I also played in a trio with Harold Guddat Piano, and Ruth Allen, violinist. We played trio music such as the Haydn Piano Trio and others. In addition I played with other chamber groups such as a cello quartet. Especially enjoyed were the two or more annual full concerts by the orchestra.

We Buy Our First Home

In a few months I was transferred to work in the Washington County area of Oregon, which is just west of Portland. The principal towns there were Tigard, Beaverton, Hillsboro and Forest Grove. I needed to be nearer to my work so we looked for a place to live in the County. We found a "shack" for sale for \$1300 at Beaverton. It consisted of one bedroom plus a combination living room/kitchen. There was cold water to the sink, but no other indoor plumbing. The pit toilet was outside in a barn.

This was the best house we could find that we could afford to buy. But how? We didn't have much money. My parents had never given me any money that I can remember, before or afterwards. Maxine's parents were unable to help. I asked a banker friend, Jay Gibson, what he recommended. He advised me to make an offer. We would pay a few hundred dollars down. After that we would pay the remainder when a serviceman's bonus from the State of Oregon would come in a few months. That would pay the complete amount.

The owner agreed. We moved in about June of 1947. The first thing we had to do was clean up the place. It was filthy, inside and out. Then I began to remodel and improve the place in my spare time. Maxine would type my reports which gave extra time to do the work. I painted, added hot water for the kitchen, added a small bedroom to the back of the house and fixed up the outside. We continued to use the outside privy.

After we had lived there for a few months we found a dead dog under the shack. It had "tanned" or "cured" naturally so it had not putrefied or smelled.

We Build a Home in Garden Home

In the summer of 1948 we had an opportunity to buy a 1.67 acre lot a few miles away at Garden Home. The lot was covered with fir timber and underbrush. There was a small stream flowing through the lower part of the property. It was beautiful to us. I thought that we could develop it into a small park-like area, with possibly even a small lake.

The cost for the lot was \$3500 and was payable at \$35 a month. There was the beginning of a house already there. It consisted of an unfinished floor with trusses supported by pillar cement blocks in place. The flooring had never been laid. The owner of the lot was a builder. He agreed to frame the house and shingle the roof, with my help, for \$500. The rest would be up to me.

In a few days there were sub-floors, outside walls, and a shingled roof. I personally installed the electric, water, and sewage septic system. My years of drafting, architectural drawing, and shop training in school finally paid off. We sold the home in Beaverton for about \$2500 and moved into a house that was still far from being completed. I began a task that took years to finish. It would not have been possible if Maxine had not done the typing of my daily reports for me. This she did in addition to her regular household and family duties.

We lived in the forest now! The house, though just barely begun, provided a roof above our heads. It was larger, with indoor bathroom, and it even had a floor furnace! This was a big improvement over the place in Beaverton.

When the new 1949 model cars became available we had 40,000 or 50,000 miles on the 1947 Ford. So, in the fall of 1948 we got a new Ford. By now the price was about \$2300. What

a beautiful car this was. It was a maroon two-door sedan. This was the first really new car since the war, as the previous models were only slightly changed from the pre-war models.

It was not very many months before winter set in. We still had a house with unfinished exterior. There were still large cracks or holes visible in places, especially around the windows.

Carol and Donald Make Their Debuts

About this time problems increased. On December 27, 1948, Carol was born at the Good Samaritan Hospital in Portland. A few days later, she and her mother came home to a cold and drafty house. It was the middle of a very cold winter. It got so cold that we all moved into the living room next to the floor furnace to keep warm. We hung blankets over the two interior bedroom openings, which did not have doors installed yet. We stuffed newspapers in the cracks of the walls. It was not very warm, and there was not much room, but we got by. At least we almost got by. Carol was unhappy. She had the colic, and her mother had to be up a lot at night to take care of her. Pretty soon Mother was sick too.

After awhile, things improved. The weather got warmer. I was able to do more on the house. Some friends came and did some work on the house to help make things more comfortable.

In the meantime, we found that we were way over extended financially. We found that the new car payments were far more than we could afford. We had to retrench financially, and so we sold the beautiful new Ford and purchased a small inexpensive car, a British Ford Anglia. This was one of the little cars that were just then coming into the United States. They were very unpopular at that time, as almost everyone drove big cars that had big engines.

This little four-passenger car was transportation, but that was about all. It got a lot better gas mileage but we were very dissatisfied with it.

Before we bought this car I had looked at and had driven a British Austin. I thought it was a fine little car. The Anglia did not compare with it, though they were of similar size and appearance. In a few months we sold the Anglia, bought a secondhand Austin A-40 car. After the large depreciation was included, the Anglia was a very expensive car. We probably could have driven a Cadillac for the same money.

The Austin was a rugged car with an excellent little 4-cylinder engine, had leather seats, and a sun roof. I liked this little car, and a year or so later purchased a brand new one. I doubt that I ever liked any car better than this car. If I had one now, it would probably seem very inadequate. At the time it did what we needed in comparative comfort and with economy.

The next great event in our lives took place during the early hours of December 5th, 1950. During the night Maxine woke me and said that we had better get to the hospital - QUICK!

We got in the Austin and took the shortest but most crooked way to the hospital. She felt every little bump in the road and tried to keep from sitting on the seat because of the pain. When we arrived, she was rushed in immediately. In just a very few minutes our son Donald made his first appearance.

CHAPTER IV

A New Church, A New Beginning!

On a Sunday afternoon in January 1951 a memorable event occurred. Here is how it came about.

As usual, we attended church in the morning. We returned home and had lunch. We both enjoyed pipe organ music as you read previously. In the early afternoon there was a program of pipe organ music on a local station which originated at the Oaks Roller Skating Rink. We liked to listen to this program and so I turned it on.

In the past, when the program changed, I had always changed to a classical music station. On this particular day Maxine was washing the dishes, and I was drying them. So, when the program changed, I did not change the station.

The new program was about Russia. The speaker explained why we would not get into war with Russia that year. This intrigued me, because most of us thought that war with Russia was likely. We had recently fought a war, and in the intervening years Josef Stalin and his country seemed bent on starting another one.

The speaker gave many statistics. He contrasted several major factors concerning the U.S. and U.S.S.R., which he said would cause them not to attack. I remarked that I had never heard anyone who knew so much about this important subject.

About 20 minutes later he surprisingly started to quote from Ezekiel chapter 38 and 39. This was a shock, as it now became apparent that he was a preacher. I had never heard a man that seemed to have as much knowledge and sense as this man. He was Herbert W. Armstrong.

I had heard the name before from a friend and long-time acquaintance, Lee Neff. Lee was no relation of ours but we had known him as a church member since we first attended the Apostolic Faith in Medford. He had urged me to listen to Mr. Armstrong before, but I had no interest in listening.

For the next several months we listened most of the time to Mr. Armstrong's Sunday broadcast. We did not request any literature, but we did talk a little about it with the other Neffs.

In the spring Maxine asked me, "What do you think of Mr. Armstrong?" I replied, "I like to listen to him; he has some good points, but he is not right about some things." She then asked me, "What?" She had me there. I could not truthfully name one thing!

One big shocker about that time was the program "Easter is Pagan." There were some Jehovah Witness neighbors who had talked to us about Easter and said it was not Christian. We thought they were crazy, and pagan, instead of Christian. Now I began to check into the history of Easter celebration. I also checked to see what the Bible said about it. I found that the Apostles and the New Testament Church did not celebrate Easter. I found that it was of pagan origin and had been adopted by early church leaders and related falsely to Christ's resurrection.

The Neffs began to give us some of the literature and booklets. I began to learn things I had never known before. The Bible began to be a new and exciting book. It had to do with today, not just 2,000 years ago.

I had gone to church all my life. I usually read a couple of chapters in the Bible each day. I had attended Church services several times every week, had gone to Sunday School, attended summer Bible Studies.

For the first time Bible helps such as *complete* Bible concordances, Greek and Hebrew Lexicons, Bible dictionaries, and Bible commentaries came to my attention. I did not know there were very large concordances that listed *every* English word in the Bible alphabetically. I did not know there were Bible lexicons that gave the meaning of each word. And, there were concordances that listed every single place a Hebrew or Greek word was used in the Bible. I began to study to prove whether Mr. Armstrong was true or false.

In August the Neff's told us that Mr. Armstrong would be preaching at the local Radio Church of God congregation. The services would be held on the next Saturday!

That was another shocker. We had always looked down on sabbatarians. They were quite veiled to continue an Old Testament practice that we thought was changed by God.

The Neffs gave us two booklets: *What Day is the Christian Sabbath* and *Has Time Been Lost?* I read them carefully, looked up all the scriptures. Then, I carefully read the tracts on the subject published by the church I was attending. I found that the tracts did not accurately explain the scriptures. They only very poorly covered the subject. I found that they even misrepresented early church history on the subject. To me, the Bible showed clearly that Mr. Armstrong's booklets were true.

Our First Sabbath Service

Maxine and I attended the church service that Sabbath. The next day we attended services for the last time in the church we had attended since we were children.

Mr. Armstrong gave the longest sermon we had ever heard. He preached to an over flow crowd of about 40 people. What a change from the church of about 2500 we had been attending!

In his sermon he referred several times to the Days of Unleavened Bread, the Passover, the Feast of Tabernacles. These names were like Greek to me. I had hardly noticed them in my Bible before.

I began to study about the Holy Days. I looked up every place they and the Sabbath were mentioned in the Bible. I looked up every place in the Bible where Sunday, referred to as "the first day of the week" occurred. The answer became obvious to me. The Bible clearly showed that God's servants had always kept the Sabbath as a Holy day instead of Sunday. The real Lord's Day proved not to be Sunday at all! I read that Jesus said he was Lord of the Sabbath. He never said He was Lord of Sunday. I found where the Apostles kept the Holy Days, and instructed Jewish and Gentile Christians to do the same. That was a shocker to read in my own Bible!

Since childhood I was taught that the Bible was God's revelation to man. We were supposed to live by the complete Bible. I sincerely believed that teaching. The question was whether or not I would really live by the Bible, or what some people said the Bible said. I had now found that it did not always say what some people said it did.

This drastic change hurt our parents deeply. A mutual friend told us that one of our parents said they would rather we were dead.

My father gave me a paperback book entitled *Heresies Exposed*. He undoubtedly hoped it would straighten me out. Instead it helped me to prove the truth of the things I was studying. One chapter was on British-Israelism which he thought I had embraced. I had not, as that society

did not believe the same as Mr. Armstrong except in certain points. The article did not refute, and could not stand up to, the *U.S. and Britain in Prophecy* written by Mr. Armstrong.

There was a chapter on Seventh-Day Adventism. I was not a believer in that church, though I believed they were right on the identity of the Christian Sabbath. The chapter only reinforced my understanding and belief.

Many other doctrines were examined. Let me only mention one more. I had been taught that good people, or at least real Christians, went to heaven when they died. In searching the whole Bible I found that the Bible nowhere promised heaven as a reward of the saved or anyone else. I found in both Old and New Testaments that no one had gone to the heaven of God's throne. Jesus said that no man had ascended to heaven except He himself who had come down from heaven. I saw that Enoch and David did not go to heaven. Even Elijah had only gone to the heaven of our atmosphere and lived the rest of his life on earth. Several years later he was still on earth and wrote a message to the king. I read in the scriptures that the reward of the saved was something quite different. In fact it was a lot more wonderful than going to an imaginary heaven where there was little if anything to do for all eternity. God has a wonderful purpose in mind for all mankind.

It was not very long till I decided I wanted to go to Ambassador College. This college was sponsored by the Radio Church of God. It was then very small. By the time of the Feast of Tabernacles I had not completely proved that we should keep the Holy Days. Instead of going for the whole eight day festival I went for a weekend.

It was a little more than 150 miles to Belknap Springs located in the Cascade Mountains where the Church was observing the Feast. The area was beautiful with the mountains and the rushing McKenzie River immediately behind the lodge. About 100 people were there from as far away as Texas.

I asked to see Mr. Armstrong and told him that I wanted to go to the College. I had hoped that he would be glad to have me and would help make it possible. Apparently he was not impressed and said that we would have to wait for God to work it out. This was very disappointing.

We Go into Business Again!

Let me go back now and relate other subjects. A feed store businessman in Aloha, Oregon, that I knew, remarked one day about how well some of his customers were doing. They had been raising fryer chickens by a new and better method. The chickens were raised on wire mesh in cages. They were ready for market weeks earlier than chickens raised in the conventional way.

I read up on this revolutionary method. We decided to give it a try. We thought this should supplement my modest income and I could do the work after my regular hours. In fact, we might even be financially successful and make a very good living from it.

It must have been late in 1950 or early in 1951. In my "spare time," I built the chicken house, the cages, the watering system, the feed troughs, the incubators for the newly hatched chicks. We purchased all the equipment needed for processing.

We purchased day-old chicks, and in about nine weeks they were ready for market. I killed them and picked the feathers with the electric powered picking machine. Maxine and a neighbor lady cut them up, and packaged them for market. Then I took them to the stores where

we received a good price since they were "premium" fryers. We processed about one-hundred each week, expecting to increase that number as the size of our operation grew.

It took a lot of hard and dirty work plus a little bit of cash. The effort would be worth it if it succeeded. It did not succeed. There were many obstacles and problems. In the end, the chickens became diseased and some were deformed. We were in this business for only one year.

How much money did we make? Rather the question should be how much did we lose? Our calculations showed that we had made as much as we had invested. We had lost no money. We contributed our part-time year's labor for the experiences we received. We had learned how not to raise chickens. It was no "get rich quick scheme."

It was about this time when Carol was about 3 ½ years old that she was playing in the chicken house. She stumbled or fell against a piece of projecting chicken wire on one of the cages. The wire went through her eyelid and scratched the ball of her eye. We believed it was divine intervention that the wire did not pierce her eyeball and cause blindness. We are grateful that she was not injured more severely.

Another Job

My interest and background in radio and electronics brought me into contact with Cecil Sanford. He owned and operated the Beaver Radio Co. at Beaverton. He repaired radios, and later television when a T.V. station was established at Portland. He asked me to go to work for him as an outside repairman. This happened while we were still in the chicken business. For a while I had three jobs at once; the full time job with Retail Credit, the chicken business and radio/television repair. I have forgotten the amount he paid me though it was only a small fraction of what he charged for my work. He charged \$6 per hour for my service calls. There was also a \$6 minimum charge. That seemed unreasonably high to me for those days. Today the amount would probably be as much as ten times that amount.

This gave me an opportunity to use my military service training for a good purpose. It was work that I enjoyed doing. In addition, I learned a lot more about radio, and later about television.

It is a little laughable now to think about \$6 being high for a service call. Let me tell you how much income we had back in those years. In 1948, \$3,082; 1949, \$3,136; 1950, \$3,038; 1951, \$3,280; 1952, \$4,064. The last year included \$427 from the Beaver Radio Co.

I continued to work part time on this job until sometime in 1954.

Was I Going Crazy?

It must have been in the spring of 1952. I was intently studying a hard-to-understand point of religious doctrine. I had difficulty sleeping, was distraught and worried. My father had said that people went crazy studying the Bible too much. Was this happening to me? Of course some would have agreed that was the problem!

Sometime after praying about it, the subject of coffee came to my mind. When I was a child my parents never let me drink coffee. Coffee was for adults only, after children had become grown. It was not appealing to me until I was in military service. Many times there was little to do, it was always hurry up and wait. It seemed everyone else would drink a lot of coffee and smoke cigarettes. Thankfully I had been taught since a child that cigarettes were considered an evil and a sin. They never tempted me.

Coffee was distasteful to me, unless a couple spoons of sugar, and cream were added. That made it palatable, in fact it became an enjoyable beverage. I began to take stock. By 1951 I began the day with a couple of cups at breakfast. Possibly two more at midmorning. There were two for lunch, possibly two at mid-afternoon and possibly a cup or two at night. That was possibly 10 to 12 cups a day. I had coffee nerves - I wasn't going crazy after all. As soon as the coffee intake was diminished sufficiently, there was no more problem.

In time the strength of the coffee was also reduced to what some of my friends later called Neffcafe. Neffcafe is half coffee and half hot water, with a little milk or cream. That is how I like coffee to this day whenever I drink it, which is not very often any more.

Our First Two Family Feasts

The little congregation at Portland grew steadily as more and more people were baptized. At the beginning there were only about 25. Before we left Portland in 1955 there must have been over a hundred, but I do not remember how many.

In 1952 our family made our first trip to celebrate the Feast of Tabernacles. The church had outgrown Belknap Springs, and this feast was observed at Siegler Springs about one hundred miles north of San Francisco. The attendance almost quadrupled after the 1951 Feast.

Most of the Portland congregation chartered a Greyhound bus for the trip. It was exciting to travel together with other brethren on the bus. The children were having a new adventure. At the festival site, Donald especially had a big time in the swimming pool. He was not quite 2 years old but he quickly learned how to swim underwater.

In 1953 we had a much greater adventure. We made the trip from Oregon all the way to Texas. We went by way of Pasadena, so the trip was about 2500 miles one way. It was exciting to see the Ambassador College campus for the first time. Mr. Armstrong personally conducted us on a tour. At that time the College campus only consisted of three buildings. There was the main classroom building, later used as the Library. Also there was the annex which contained all the church offices. Lastly there was Mayfair, which was the student residence and dining facility.

On the way to Texas we saw Juarez, Mexico, and Carlsbad Caverns. We were very impressed with the "big room" at Carlsbad. It seems to me that this room was about a mile long, and all underground! Probably the most surprising part of the trip was East Texas. We envisioned it to be like West Texas, with wide open spaces, dry, and sparsely settled. We arrived at nearby Hawkins, Texas during a torrential downpour. We had to stop for awhile as it was about impossible to drive with so much rain. At Big Sandy the children were delighted to see a beautiful swimming lake.

The tabernacle building was only partially completed. The main part of the building was open on the north and south sides to wind and weather. The large room on the west consisted only of the cement floor.

Before leaving Portland we had purchased a 9' x 9' pyramid tent, sleeping bags, air mattresses, camp cooking utensils and tableware. Our first over night stop had been Seacliff State Beach on Monterey Bay in California. When we set up camp I immediately decided that camping this way was not for me.

We were assigned a site for our tent. The camp at Big Sandy had been prepared for camping a few days earlier. This meant that someone, probably Buck Hammer, had driven a

bulldozer through the area to clear out the brush. The camp area was located where some of the later women's dorms of Ambassador University were built.

We found out why they called it Big Sandy. There was sand everywhere, only it was more like powder. There was about 6 inches worth! That was where we camped. The children became dirty very quickly. Five-year-old Carol delighted in pouring the sand over her pretty dark curly hair. Our tiny tent had wall to wall people, with the five of us. Our small car and the tent had to suffice for all our clothing and camping gear.

Only one rest room was finished. The men's room had a wall in the middle, and the other half was used by the ladies. After about the second day of the Feast the ladies' rest room was completed. Then the men had twice as much room. The men's showers did not have hot water, but the ladies did.

There were problems with the new water system. It was on again, off again. Sometimes it went off when one was all soaped up in the shower and ready to rinse off. There were also problems with the new sewage system. Sometimes it was closed down until repairs could be made.

Most of the brethren camped. A few of the "rich brethren" stayed in motels at Gladewater or Longview. A few cooked their own meals, but most ate at the cafeteria type dining area located in the tabernacle building. The lines were long but we got a lot better acquainted with brethren from near and far.

There were about 600 of us at the festival. Services in the tabernacle building were very long. There were at least two services every day. We really had all-day services! The sermonettes, the announcements, the sermons were long! We had air conditioning in the building. It came and went through the open north and south sides, as did the Texas-sized bugs.

The weather was either very hot or very cold, and it was either very dry and dusty or very wet. We thought Texas was going to be hot. We had never heard of a norther, but we found out what one was in short order. It got very cold. People took blankets to the night services to keep warm. A few wore hats in church. Mr. Armstrong preached while wearing his heavy overcoat.

Maxine became so exasperated that she said she would never come to Big Sandy again. She soon realized she was in a bad attitude and repented. Ten years later we lived in a beautiful home on the same grounds!

Most of this sounds bad as it was not all easy. But what a wonderful time we had! This was the high point of the year. Before we left for home, we were already planning for the next Feast.

The spiritual part of the Feast more than made up for any inconvenience or discomfort. We found over the years that indeed each Feast was better than the last one. That does not seem possible, but it was that way to me for almost forty five years.

In 1954 we went back again to Big Sandy. This time we were traveling with more comfort. In fact we took the comfort with us. It was in the form of a 14 foot Aljo travel trailer. We had purchased it and were helping to pay for it by renting it out occasionally.

We all had beds to sleep on, a gas hot plate and oven to cook with, a small sink, an ice box, a wardrobe, and a dinette. On our first night out we stopped to sleep at a wayside park somewhere between La Pine and Lakeview, Oregon. Larry was sure he heard a bear during the night. I don't know if he did or not as I was asleep. It made a lasting impression on him anyway. He still remembers it to this day.

That year we were much more comfortable and the festival grounds were improved. The services were again very inspiring and helpful.

Two Important Lessons

It was probably during this year that I made an extensive study of the prophetic time periods of the Bible. No one else in the church had done so to my knowledge. This also required quite a bit of study in Bible chronology.

This study took most of the year. The more I studied, the more all the pieces of the puzzle fit together. After they were all put together, I sent the information to Mr. Armstrong. He didn't reply, so I sent the information to Herman Hoeh. He seemed to be quite a scholar. After quite a while he responded, but his comments were not encouraging. He had not accepted my material. I was disappointed. After thinking about it a lot and praying about it, I decided to put the whole subject "on the shelf." It was logical that if this was God's Church, then Jesus Christ was its head. If what I had learned was true, the church would accept it sooner or later. If it were not true, I would see the error in due time.

In time it became apparent to me there was something wrong in my paper. It was all wrong! If I had become bitter about it earlier, I never would have continued in God's Church. Now, many years later I still try and remember this lesson. It is as important now as ever. Possibly it is even more important now.

Another situation occurred during this year that taught us an important lesson. We had heard about a Biblical "third tithe" for the widows and poor soon after coming in the church. Apparently very few people saved it. Maxine and I decided to study the subject carefully in order to see what we should do. After the study it was obvious to us. God had commanded it, and it was no where rescinded or superseded as far as we could tell from the scriptures. We decided we should pay this third tenth or tithe every third year, no matter what others did. Maxine said that she believed we should pay the tithe even if we had to sell the furniture to do it. I agreed.

We decided on faith that we would do it, even though it appeared totally impossible. During that year we had plenty to eat, and clothing to wear. Our needs were taken care of and we ended the year as well off financially as we had started.

At income tax time I calculated what we lived on for that year. From the income for the year I subtracted income tax; regular tithes and offerings; a second tithe which we used for festival use; and the third tithe for the widows, fatherless, and the spiritual Levite. The amount left was about \$2000. Realize of course that dollars were worth more then than now. But even in the 1950's that was not very much money. We had lived comfortably for the year on that amount. God did honor our faith and took care of our needs.

1955 brought a great change in our lives. It is now necessary to go back and fill in some details that were not mentioned yet.

We Sell The House

After Mr. Armstrong did not help me to move to Pasadena and become a student, we decided we would do all we could on our own to go. It would be necessary to sell our home. With the money from the sale, we thought we could pay off all our financial obligations and have money left over to move to Pasadena.

We put the house up for sale and had a professional sign painter make an attractive sign to put in front of the house. It seemed that no one showed any interest. After a few months, we took the sign down. Later we listed the house with a realtor with no results. In time we put up the sign again. All of this was to no avail.

Almost four years later, in the early spring of 1955 we had about given up hope. It didn't look like we would ever sell the house. We decided to try one more time. We put up the sign again. In a few days there was a knock at the door. A woman asked Maxine if she could see the house. She looked through the house, said she liked it, and asked the price. On hearing the price she said, "I'll pay cash."

Now I will make some observations about this house. When the house was being built I cut every corner possible to save time and money. It was not a well-built house.

There was a drainage problem under the house. Whenever we had a hard rain the water would rise in the oil furnace hole. The water would put out the flame. We had no heat until the water level dropped and I could relight the furnace. I was careless about the dirt that filled in on the high side of the house from up above. This caused dry rot, and eventually places in the floor in the bedroom began to give way.

Since then I have learned that if a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing right. It is better to do things right the first time. Quality will pay for itself. Inferior or careless work will create problems in time.

We Prepare For College

With the house sold, we expected to be able to finally go to Ambassador College.

I was not going to college to get rich. There was no indication that any measure of prosperity was ahead. I wanted to go to college to learn how to serve God and His people better.

It was no secret that the church was having some very rough times financially. The few ministers were not paid very well. Their pay checks were often late, sometimes very late in coming. There were no fleet cars. Our pastor, Dean Blackwell, drove an old car with poor tires. The tires got so bad that you could see the fabric lining beneath the rubber.

How should we properly use the money from the house? We tried to figure out how we could live inexpensively in Pasadena. We thought that if we bought a trailer house or mobile home we could get by. Housing expense would at least be low. We bought and paid cash for a 35' Spartanette Trailer. It was built by the Spartan Aircraft Company of Oklahoma, and was built of the same kind of aluminum construction as aircraft. It was a well built quality trailer. All our debts including the car loan were paid.

We moved the trailer on a back lot that we had not sold with the house. All five of us lived in that trailer for a year and a half.

How would we move this behemoth all the way to Pasadena? That was about 1,000 miles away, and we would have to go over several mountain passes including the Siskiyou range in Southern Oregon. Our little Aero Ace Willys car only had a 90 horsepower engine. A pickup truck was needed. We could not afford a truck, even an old "clunker"! I wrestled with this problem for months. There was no easy answer. Finally, I decided to do the unthinkable. We would have to haul that heavy trailer with the little Willys.

I had the special equalizer hitch welded and bolted to the car. A quarter ton booster spring would take care of the heavy tongue weight.

All was in readiness. Friends were expecting me at college in Pasadena. The pastor, the church friends said goodbye. The night for departure came. We were ready to go. Or, were we really? The next chapter will give the facts, including some rather amusing details.

CHAPTER V

The Ambassador College Years

The night for departure finally came.

I had dis-assembled a "portable" room that adjoined the trailer. It was about eight feet by twenty four feet when assembled. It was now stacked on the car top carrier. In order to carry the added weight of the trailer tongue, I had installed what are called helper springs over the rear axle

Our friends Mr. and Mrs. Ivil Starkey, Joe and Juanita Gray were there to help us. We hitched up the little 90 horsepower Aero Ace Willys to the huge 35 foot trailer. The hour of reckoning had come!

As we cranked down the tongue jack of the trailer, the car began to settle. It squeezed the added five-hundred pound helper springs flat, the rear tires went flat, and the front end of the car rose up. We would never go anywhere this way. The weight of the trailer was apparently too much for the light car.

Joe had an idea. He just happened to have a one-thousand pound set of helper springs in his car. In a few minutes we had the heavier set installed, and had pumped up the pressure of the rear tires considerably.

This time these added measures took care of the weight. I then started the car and let it warm up. When it was warmed up sufficiently I put the car in low gear and let out the clutch. The engine promptly stalled, it just quit running. I tried again. This time I let the clutch out slowly, while pushing on the throttle.

Slowly the behemoth began to move. We waved goodbye to our friends and started down the road. I quickly found other problems. The equalizer hitch was out of adjustment. The electric trailer brakes worked only part of the time. On examining the connecting plug I found that the wires were not making good contact. When these problems were corrected we headed south on U.S. Highway 99W.

It soon became apparent that any slight incline made it very difficult to get moving again. Each start required a lot of slipping of the clutch which would normally ruin the clutch pads in a hurry. The car had the old planetary type overdrive. With this I had low, overdrive low; second, overdrive second; high and overdrive high. Usually I did not get up enough speed in low to go into overdrive. I had at least five, and sometimes six speeds ahead, almost like a truck. I don't know what I would have done without all those gears. Most people nowadays have cars with automatic transmissions and don't have much of an idea what it was like to do all that "clutching" and shifting of gears.

We could usually travel along about 50 mph on level ground in regular high without any problem and still have good control of the trailer. Of course, it took a long while to get up to that speed. The engine did not have enough power for overdrive high except when going down hill.

Any hill required a wide open throttle in low gear. That meant about 15 mph maximum speed on the hills.

We stopped overnight at Medford to visit with family. Doris, Maxine's sister expressed concern about our getting over the 4400 foot Siskiyou Mountain pass. We left in the evening when there would be less of a problem of the engine overheating. The Siskiyou grade of 6 percent

or more was a long haul. After about 15 or 20 minutes with a wide open throttle, in low gear, at about 15 miles per hour, the engine began to overheat. It was obvious that the engine would not make it to the summit without stopping.

We saw no place to stop. Finally we came to a place where there was a wide area at the other side of the road. We stopped, let the engine cool off and then proceeded to the summit.

At the summit we stopped and made a long distance call to Doris. We thought it only appropriate to call and relieve her mind. She was asleep, and when awakened, had forgotten about her previous concern.

On the way down this steep mountain I wondered if the brakes would hold. Without the electric trailer brakes, the car brakes were totally useless. The life of everyone in the family was dependent on good brakes. Thankfully, the brakes worked whenever they were needed.

At one stop other travelers asked if we were from the circus. At another stop other people told us we were being cruel to our little car.

I well remember crossing the Bay Bridge between Oakland and San Francisco. On approaching San Francisco I noticed a clock saying that it was 9:00 a.m. We were covering this part of the trip during rush hour. I had purposely taken this route to avoid the steep Grapevine section of what was then Highway 99, now Interstate 5. The coast route did not have any long steep grades except for the Camarillo grade.

It was now late July and we expected to arrive on Friday at Pasadena. As we were driving along the coast, I spotted a park in a beautiful cove. We stopped for the first time at Refugio Beach State Park and had an enjoyable lunch by the sea.

The final big test for the little car proved to be the Camarillo grade, east of Oxnard. It was afternoon and it was hot. The grade was very steep. As we neared the summit, the heat indicator was at maximum.

I didn't know what to do. We couldn't stop as we would never be able to move forward once we stopped. All of a sudden the engine started pinging and knocking loudly. The throttle was wide open and the car was in low gear. While traveling about 15 mph, the engine just quit! We were just demanding more from that little six-cylinder engine than it could take.

The only thing we could do was to back down the hill. Thankfully there was a wide place nearby on our side of the road, and the four lanes were not yet a separated interstate highway. We turned around and went back down the hill. We now had to take a different route right through the center of Santa Monica and Los Angeles. That proved to be quite a feat at rush hour on Olympic Boulevard on a Friday afternoon.

We arrived in Pasadena and went to a trailer park located on East Colorado. We parked the trailer, put the jacks under it, and hooked up water, electricity and sewage. We were all set in time for our first Sabbath as new residents of Pasadena, California.

Looking back now, several decades later, this trip under such circumstances was foolish. At the time we were still young, I was probably naive, but trusted God to help us. I prayed earnestly and asked God's help for the trip. I remember specifically asking that the car would not break down or be damaged by the rough treatment. It was obvious then and now that by God's grace and mercy we were helped through a very difficult situation. We needed to move to Pasadena, this seemed to be the only way we could do it under the circumstances because of our limited financial resources.

Part-Time Work

I started to work immediately for the Pasadena office of Retail Credit Company. I had been working for them on a salary basis in Oregon for about nine years. The work then was on a part time, fee or piecework basis. It was a few days before college started, and it was necessary to work in order for us to eat. We owed nothing, but we didn't have very much if anything in the bank.

Outside it was very smoggy and very hot. At times you could only see a block or two. I don't remember it ever being that bad since then. A part of my work required calling on people at home. Many people stayed at home because of the heat and smog. People came to the door in response to my knock and asked what I was doing out in such extreme heat. Here I was, a foreigner from the north, working in an environment where the natives thought it was too hot and smoggy to work.

My Difficulties In Being Accepted

I anticipated that my coming was expected at the college. After all Herman, (now Dr. Herman L. Hoeh) knew I was coming. But he had gone somewhere on a trip. I went to the registrar, Mr. Kenneth Herrmann. He did not know I was coming. He had no application from me! I was shocked! No one told me that I had to fill out an application to apply to Ambassador College to attend classes.

He lectured me on the need for "older" married people like me to work and support the work of the church. Going to college was an expense to the church. College was primarily for young single students.

For years afterward I said that if a married man could get by Mr. Herrmann he would be able to graduate! I quickly filled out the application and then waited anxiously. It would be a few days before Mr. Armstrong and the others would return and review the application.

I checked every day or so with Mr. Herrmann. Finally the application was reviewed and approved.

About four years later Mr. Herrmann wrote in the college year book about me. He said something to the effect that if you need to have something done, give it to a busy man. By then I guess I had proved myself to him. After all, I really did belong at Ambassador College.

Classes Begin

Finally the day for the first class arrived. It was thrilling to attend Ambassador College after a four year wait.

I excitedly went to the first class, but it turned out to be the wrong class. In my anxiety, I had tried to attend a Monday class on a Tuesday. That was an embarrassing start in what turned out to be Herman Hoeh's second-year German class!

I quickly discovered that the other students were just out of high school. They were used to studying and taking classes. I had not attended school for over 13 years. The other students had all taken college preparatory courses. Some had attended other colleges previously. I had taken a vocational course in High School as I never expected to attend college. And, I enjoyed the mechanical and construction classes more than scholastic subjects.

Most of my study time was at home - in the little trailer. It may have been big to pull behind a small light car, but it was small to live in.

Let me describe this trailer. It was 8 feet wide and 35 feet long from the tip of the hitch to the back. That meant that it had about 256 square feet of living space. There was a small living room with a fold-out hide-a-bed, and a curved dinette for meals. When the hide-a-bed was opened, there was little room left. Behind that was a small kitchen, possibly better called a galley. Next came the bathroom and then a bedroom across the rear. It had a full-sized bed, and above it, crosswise, I had installed a bunk bed. Larry, Carol and Don had the bedroom. Maxine and I slept on the fold-out bed in the living room.

My studying was done in these confined quarters, usually at the dinette. It was a good thing that there was very little T.V. in those days!

It was difficult to be a student under these circumstances. It was especially hard to learn French. That one class took more of my time than all the other classes put together. I did not think I had come to College to learn French and it took most of my time! Not only was I a greenhorn here but my teacher was new too. Mr. Dibar Apartian had known nothing about the church, and very little about the college. French was his first language, and I was rather late in trying to learn it.

An additional blessing to Maxine and me was to have Larry and Carol in the church operated Imperial Grade School. Before that time Larry had attended the Garden Home Grade School in Oregon. 1955 was the first year of school for Carol. A year later Donald also started school at Imperial.

Things went well financially during September. We had a little money to buy groceries, and I was working, though I didn't receive the month's pay until midway the following month. At the early October Feast of Tabernacles in Big Sandy, we had plenty of money from the festival tithes or *tenth* that we had saved for the occasion.

When we returned home there was little money left over. November was a very lean month. December was a disaster. One day after Maxine packed lunches for Larry, Carol and me, there was no food left in the house. I did not realize this at the time.

Maxine prayed about it in the morning after we left. About noon, the neighbor boy who was playing with Donald asked his mother for a sandwich. She gave them both sandwiches. So everyone had lunch except Maxine. That evening I had money for food.

On another occasion all we had to eat was potatoes. There was nothing to put on them except salt. I never ate such dry, tasteless potatoes in my life.

That Thanksgiving is one I will always remember. Rod Meredith was to be married to Margie McNair, and the church was having a wedding supper for them and the whole congregation. The college provided the turkey and some of the food. The brethren brought other dishes. Mr. Armstrong provided the wine.

What a fabulous meal that was. It was the best one we had in weeks. That was really a Thanksgiving to remember.

My First Job For the Church

At the end of November my part time job with Retail Credit Company came to an end. There was not enough work for them to assign me any more reports. In a few months there would probably be work, but if we waited until then we would starve.

I saw Hugh Mauck, who was in charge of the Mail Receiving Department, of the Church and told him I was looking for work. He said that he had something in mind and would check it out and let me know. In a short time he told me I could come to work in the Mail Receiving Department as a mail reader. On Dec. 1, 1955 I started to work for the department.

We read the incoming mail from members, co-workers and listeners. Part of the time we would remove the contributions from what we termed co-worker mail. Every letter was marked on the outside with literature requests and donation information.

The Mail Receiving Department office occupied two small rooms at the rear of the second floor of the Church Office building. Later it became the Ambassador College Library Annex, and still later the Pasadena Church Offices. This building had originally been a stable for horses, and later a car garage.

Other employees of the department beside Mr. Mauck included Bob Seelig, John Wilson, Ken Swisher, Carlton Smith, Dennis Prather, and Bill Glover. There were others making a total of about 12.

Also on the second floor was the Co-worker Department, Accounting Department, office manager and business manager.

At that time if you needed a pay check you had to put your name in ahead of time each week. Since it was necessary for us to have a check in order to eat, I always asked for mine.

Downstairs was a small office used by Mrs. Armstrong. She had various jobs, the principal one as I recall was women's guidance counselor. At times she also reviewed the mail that we read. She did this to make sure we were processing it properly and sending the correct literature.

The mailing office occupied the large central room. Behind that was a room for the Printing Department. In this shop were two Davidson Duplicators to print all the booklets. The Plain Truth and the Good News magazines were printed outside commercially.

The main building of the former McCormick estate had become the classroom building. It also housed the Library, Radio Recording Studio, offices for Mr. Apartian, Mr. Elliott, and Mr. Armstrong's small Penthouse Office. Later the building was used exclusively as a Library. Later, other larger rooms were constructed to make a complete third floor to the building.

Mayfair was the student dorm, with kitchen, dining room and Ambassador Club rooms. The girls were on the second floor and fellows on the third. Somewhere in the mid-fifties the men were moved to three old houses on Green Street, at Terrace Drive. The houses were converted to dorms.

There were tennis courts between the college building and Mayfair. A track of 1/8th mile, with playing field in the middle, was located approximately where a later underground garage and track were located.

That was the extent of the campus then. That was the humble state of the college in 1955. I can still remember the excitement in January of 1956 and 1957. We saw the arrival of some of the ministers from far-flung areas like Texas and Oregon. They had come for the annual ministerial conference. We saw them from our back office window as they arrived by car.

Here is Where We Lived

During this time we lived in a trailer park on East Colorado Boulevard that was located where the large Fedco Department Store is now located. It was directly across the street from a Bob's Big Boy Restaurant. They were famous for their big boy hamburgers. We would see people coming and going to the restaurant. Our finances did not permit such luxuries during this period. We would often talk about how nice it would be to go to this restaurant and have a hamburger sandwich.

Larry liked to read comic books and had quite a selection of them. I believe that they cost about ten cents each in those days. There was at least one occasion when he sold enough of them for a penny each so that we could buy a much needed loaf of bread.

Larry also would check the phone booths for coins and would occasionally find a dime to help out. I believe the price for a call then was ten cents, double the earlier cost of five cents. Now it usually costs about thirty-five cents to make a local call.

Our income was small and so was the college and church income. The first year our family attended services the total income for the church was \$285,057.

Over the intervening years the income increased by 74.8% in 1952; 56.3% in 1953; 28.8% in 1954; 20% for 1955. 1955 was the year I entered college and started to work. By then the income had increased to \$1.2 million.

I mention these things about the college and church as they were and are such an important part of my life. A second reason is that it contrasts the differences between what was then, and what it became later.

In early 1956 we sold the trailer house, paid off our few bills, and purchased some needed items. We were able to rent an old house at 308 Grove Street which was practically on campus. It is located where the gymnasium was later built. One item we purchased with the money was a Lee Flour Mill for home use. We still have it today. Having fresh stone ground flour at home was good for our health. It also saved considerable money compared to buying commercially ground flour.

After a few more months, we moved up the street to a nicer place, but considerably smaller. This was 350 Grove Street, Apartment D. This was a four unit apartment house across and up the street from the college Tempietto. From our large front window we could look out across the beautiful college grounds. The apartment had only one bedroom. Maxine and I slept on the hide-a-bed in the living room. Carol and Donald had the bed room which was partially partitioned, and Larry had a closet! Actually the closet was a very large one, adjacent to the dining area and located under the stairway that went to the second floor apartments.

While I am on the subject of our tiny apartment, let me go forward in time to about a year later, in August of 1957. A new married student was coming to college from Portland, Oregon. Since we had come from there, we were particularly interested. Actually we had not yet met this new student or his wife, however we knew some of his wife's family who were in the church when we lived in Portland. They arrived on campus in their old Kaiser Fraser car. Most people today have never heard of such a car, but it was well known in the late 1950's and 1960's. They were probably as poor as we were and had no place yet to stay. So, while Les and Marion McCullough looked for housing, we invited them to stay with us. In our tiny one bedroom, one bathroom apartment, with the five of us. There were three of them, or should I say four? They had a daughter, Kimberly and a tiny dog. I remember that they slept on the living room hide-a-bed.

Maxine and I slept in the bedroom with Carol and Donald, and Larry slept in his cubicle. I don't know how we eight managed getting into the bathroom. We must have had a schedule of some kind. After a week or two, they found a nearby apartment, and both families could then enjoy less cramped facilities.

My First Supervisor's Job

In August of 1956 Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong and Mr. and Mrs. Ted Armstrong returned from a tour of Europe. Ted Armstrong told me that I was the new supervisor of the Mail Receiving Department.

That was my first job as a supervisor or manager for the church. Some of the things I learned on my previous job with Retail Credit Co. were put to good use here. Periodic reading checks were instituted to see how each employee did. The result was improved efficiency and accuracy in the department.

I also established a monitor system for the radio broadcasts. We had been receiving complaints that some stations were not airing the program every day. Some listeners told us that some stations were only broadcasting the program about two thirds of the time. We selected Monitors who were church members in each city where the broadcast was aired to listen to each program. They filled out a simple form each week which gave details of any discrepancies. As a result of the monitor program we knew if the program was aired, and if it was the correct program for that day. This produced better results from the radio broadcast, and brought refunds when the station did not perform properly.

It was the summer of 1956 that I gave my first sermonette, or what some would call a short sermon of about 15 minutes. It was given to the Fresno, California, congregation. The subject was *Our Calling*, based on I Corinthians 1:26-31. A few weeks later I gave the same sermonette at the San Diego Church.

Over the next several years I gave sermonettes every month or two at one of the Southern California churches.

Financial Problems Continue

We had a struggle financially most of the time I was in college. At first the pay was hourly. It was \$1.40 per hour and the work schedule was 32 hours a week. This was at the same time I was taking a full four-year college course. After a few months, it became apparent that we could not continue any longer at such a low income. I talked to one of my supervisors about it and told him I would have to go back to work outside. He asked if a salary of \$62.50 would take care of our needs. I thought it would, and so I was put on a weekly salary.

During most of the college years we never had enough money except for the barest of essentials. This included clothes. We must never have bought anything new in the way of clothes except for underclothes. If anything else was purchased it must have been at the Salvation Army Thrift Store, or some similar store. It became very apparent at one point that I badly needed a new suit. I wore my one and only suit every day of the week. Mr. Armstrong had mentioned about his need for an overcoat many years before. He prayed about it and received one from a relative almost immediately.

I decided to pray about this need too. In my prayer I reminded God of Matthew 6:33, "But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; and all these things (*the necessities of life, verse 30-32*) shall be added to you."

My efforts were devoted to trying to seek God's kingdom and serve His people. Therefore, I asked God to supply me with a suit.

A few days later Selmer Hegvold asked me if I would like to have a suit that he had. His brother Sid originally had the suit but didn't need it or did not want it. He gave it to Selmer who didn't need it or want it. Of course I considered this a godsend, and an answer to my prayer. I do not remember anyone offering to give me a suit before or since.

The suit had a different style and pattern than I liked. But, it was a suit! I tried it on and it fit perfectly! It needed cleaning so it was sent to the cleaners. While the suit was in the cleaners the old suit split right across one of the knees and was no longer usable. Truly, I did need a suit, and I needed it then!

On another occasion Maxine needed a pair of shoes. Her only pair was worn out. They were no longer repairable. Again we prayed. A few days later a church member asked me how we were doing financially. I answered honestly and was promptly given \$100. This money bought the new shoes and a lot of other things we needed at that time.

It must have been the first check after the Feast in 1958 that my pay was increased again. This check was \$80 gross which was considerably higher than before. That seemed like the greatest pay increase I had ever received. It came when we sorely needed it. This possibly was the increase that ended what seemed to me as seven very lean years. Finally, it seemed that God was beginning to bless us financially.

Guest Speaker

In January of 1957 I was invited to attend the annual ministerial conference. This was the first such conference I ever attended. The Sabbath during the conference, Theology students were sometimes invited to go out to the various field churches to speak while the regular pastor was in Pasadena. I was asked to go to Colorado and Kansas to take the three church circuit then pastored by Raymond C. Cole.

In order to make the circuit it was necessary because of prevailing schedules to leave on Thursday. I flew to Denver on what was then a fast DC-6B propeller airplane, as jet planes were not yet available. After that, the trip was by DC-3 to Garden City, Kansas. I stayed in a small hotel Thursday night, and then conducted services Friday night for the small Garden City Church. Late that evening I boarded a fast Sante Fe train headed for Pueblo, Colorado, arriving very early in the morning. I had to wait several hours until about mid-morning for services in Pueblo. Dwight Webster from Lyons Colorado had driven down to Pueblo to drive me back to Lyons for the afternoon service. After that I was taken by church members to the Denver Airport where I boarded another DC-6B for the flight back to Los Angeles. That was a full Sabbath with three sermons in distant towns and the travel in between, followed by the flight home.

When I arrived home in the early evening, having benefitted by the hour's change in time zone there was no one home. I was surprised. Where was Maxine and our three children? I found out a little later. After Sabbath afternoon services they were invited out to dinner and had not returned. Here I was at home from Church before they were. That trip was a memorable opportunity for a new ministerial trainee.

An Unusual Experience

During June of 1957 an unusual experience occurred. Early one morning Ted Armstrong called me at work. He asked me to come to his small study office behind his home as soon as possible. This was quite out of the ordinary.

On arrival I found that George Meeker, an ordained elder of the church was there. George had graduated earlier and because he was still single he sometimes went out on baptizing tours during the summer. Listeners to the World Tomorrow radio program of Mr. Armstrong who wanted to be baptized would write in requesting that a minister come and counsel with them and baptize them. That was the purpose of these tours since there were very few field ministers yet in the United States. George had left a week or two earlier on such a tour. It was surprising to find him back in Pasadena.

What had happened was this. The student who had gone with George to assist him on the baptismal tour literally disappeared. I have never heard what happened to him. They asked me to take his place for the remainder of the tour. This was highly unusual as married men didn't normally go on such tours.

I was pleased to have this opportunity. In a few hours we were on our way to Phoenix, Arizona, for our first appointment. We traveled to most of the western states during the next six weeks.

An opportunity to go on such a tour has come to comparatively few people in the Church. It was educational, interesting, and profitable to me personally. I'm sure I never will forget it.

Now back to the office.

We finally outgrew the old Administration Building and moved all the mail processing activities to a former furniture warehouse. It was located at the corner of Camden and Vernon Streets. Vernon is now St. John, and Camden long ago was closed and became a part of the campus. It was near the present east west walkway on the north side of the Auditorium. This new building was two stories high and rather spacious for that time.

Mailing addresses or labels were processed by a new and improved method. It was the Addressograph - Multigraph system using small metal plates. The earlier Elliott Stencil system was a poorer system which used a mimeograph like procedure to address the magazines.

A number of people got their start in a job with the church typing out addresses on these metal plates. The machine was noisy and not glamorous to operate. I can still remember seeing Dr. Clint Zimmerman at work on one of these machines. He had left his successful Chiropractic practice to become a student at Ambassador College. This humble job was probably his first for the church. He is now a retired Evangelist. Over the years his family and ours have been close friends.

On June 7, 1958 I was ordained a local elder. This brought ministerial responsibilities, which was an inspiration and blessing to me personally.

There were occasional opportunities following the ordination to give sermons in addition to sermonettes in the area churches.

It must have been in 1958 that Dick Armstrong established a church visiting program for the greater Los Angeles area. The program was conducted by elders and a few students. We would visit members and prospects at their homes. This activity was very challenging and enjoyable. I still remember some of the visits. Maxine and I visited Mr. and Mrs. Robert Spence.

She was not a member of the church at the time. She was very hesitant to let us in as she did not know us, and her husband was not yet home. Later she became a member, he became a student at the college. Now, many years later, he has retired as a church pastor, having served many years in the ministry.

My Big Desk

Mr. Armstrong's first penthouse office was quite small. I believe there was a small sitting room, a small efficiency kitchen and his small office. He only had room for what he called a small "woman's boudoir" table for a desk. In Volume II of his Autobiography he refers to this table.

In 1958 a senior field minister transferred back to Pasadena. He proceeded to order some nice furnishings for his office including a desk with a top far larger than any others on campus. Possibly it was a prestige thing for him; at least Mr. Armstrong must have thought so. From time to time Mr. Armstrong would refer to having to use a "small woman's boudoir table" for a desk. This seemed to imply that others had gone beyond what was appropriate in the size of their desks.

The reason I mention this is that in January 1959 I inherited that same big desk. I didn't ask for it or the additional job that went with it. From time to time Mr. Armstrong visited my office. Each time I felt a little uneasy as a junior department manager sitting behind the biggest desk on campus!

The job that went with this desk included several responsibilities. One responsibility was supervising the Special Services Department. We handled all correspondence that related to military and selective service questions. In addition we took care of the office details for the U.S. and Canadian summer baptizing tours.

During the first part of 1959 I had three or more jobs, in addition to being a student.

While in college I had opportunities to play with the tiny college orchestra during its annual concerts. There were also opportunities to play solos or duets at church. At times I played with Dwight Armstrong, Kathryn Meredith (now Ames), Shirley Nash (now Apartian), and others. For a couple of years I sang bass with the college chorale. For the last few months of college I was the assistant director of the Ambassador Chorale under Mr. Ettinger. Since Mr. Ettinger was not a church member, he sometimes had me direct the chorale when they sang at church service. In this way he did not have to come to our services as often as he had done previously.

In the spring of 1959 the Willys car began to give us problems. It was the car that pulled the big Spartanette trailer a thousand miles from Portland to Pasadena in 1955. I mentioned before how I prayed that God would take care of us and the car, specifically that we would not damage the car by pulling such a heavy load so far.

There had been no problems in the intervening years. The new problem occurred when the transmission was put in reverse. It would not stay in reverse gear.

We began to look for another car. It would have to be a used car as we could not afford a new one. Al Portune knew of our problem. He saw a late model Edsel car for sale at a very good price. It was such a beautiful car, and deluxe inside and out. There were a number of features not found in any other car. Some people called it "the poor man's Lincoln." I will have more to say about that later.

We bought it and enjoyed the luxury and quality immensely - for awhile! Of course you already should know the end of the story. Today the name Edsel is often equated to a lemon. The next chapter will tell you what happened.

It was also about this time that we moved for a short time to a larger private home on Wagner Street.

As summer drew near we became excited with the soon-coming graduation. Because there was so much to do and so little time, I had carefully planned all my college courses. At that time 120 class credit hours were required for graduation. There were also a number of other class requirements. By this time I had exactly that number of hours and had fulfilled the other class requirements. There were no more or no less.

I could graduate!

Our graduating class decided to invite Mr. & Mrs. Armstrong to a restaurant dinner to celebrate our graduating. Mr. Armstrong accepted, providing he could be the host and pay the bill! We accepted and he took all of us, and spouses of those married, to the elegant Honker Restaurant. It was located where the present Chronicle Restaurant is. It was a dinner that I always remember with fondness. I believe it was the first senior dinner Mr. Armstrong hosted. Many others followed in Pasadena, Bricket Wood and Big Sandy.

Graduation took place that year on Friday June 5. There were 13 of us who graduated. There were about 35 students in the beginning class four years earlier. Two thirds had not completed the course, though a few did so the next year. Each year I had been tempted to quit because of financial, family and other pressures. On some of these occasions I talked to the registrar, Mr. Herrmann who had tried earlier to discourage me from attending Ambassador. On these occasions he encouraged me to hold on. I am thankful that I did *stay the course*.

In the four years I had attended Ambassador College, there were many changes. The campus size had increased considerably. The properties named Terrace Villa and Ambassador Hall had been added. In addition there were many small lots or houses purchased in the lower campus area which later provided space for the major buildings to come later. The student body had increased greatly. The curriculum and faculty had been increased. The size and scope of the Church and its work had also increased greatly. I had many new friends from around the world. I would continue to work with some of them for decades to come. These truly were difficult but good years!

CHAPTER VI

Maxine's Illness, We Move to Texas

Immediately after the Friday commencement ceremony we left for Fresno and Oregon. I was scheduled to preach at Fresno for the Sabbath.

It was exciting to leave on a vacation, especially to Oregon. The fact that we had what seemed to us a fine new Edsel car made it that much better.

As we were traveling at about seventy miles per hour a tire blew out. After the spare was mounted, we continued on. At Fresno the service station man told me that the reason the tire blew out was that it had deteriorated badly from smog. He said we needed five new tires.

That really put a damper on things, as we were not very well off yet financially. I didn't want to drive on bad tires, so we bought five new ones with a credit card.

This car drove very well. It was a much heavier and deluxe car than we were used to. It was called by some people "the poor man's Lincoln." The implication was that it compared to the Lincoln in quality, but was affordable to poor people. I learned the hard way that the saying could be understood another way. If you were not poor, it would probably soon make you poor! It was a well-designed car, quite luxurious, but apparently shoddily constructed. There will be more later about this car.

In Portland we visited friends and relatives. On Pentecost we attended services at Battle Ground State Park. This is across the Columbia River from Portland in the State of Washington. We had attended Holy Day services a few times at this park before going to college. I had the morning sermon.

On this particular trip I visited a number of people who had written in for baptism. The trip was mostly personal, but there were some of these visits for the church of people who would be missed on the regular summer baptizing tours. One such visit was at Forks of Salmon, in the Trinity National Forest in Northern California. The last several miles were over dusty roads. The scenery was magnificent. While I visited the man who had written for baptism, Maxine and the children enjoyed the beautiful river. The visit was a waste of time, as the man had very little real interest. The side trip was an enjoyable interlude to a rugged wilderness type area that we have never forgotten.

Only a few things stand out in my mind over the next couple of years. I became an instructor at the college in Basic Speech. I wrote a booklet entitled *Basic Principles of Song Leading*. It was used by the college, and by ministers and song leaders around the world for many years.

On the subject of music, I am reminded of Anthony Buzzard from England who had graduated from Ambassador in Pasadena. He established a Church Choir for the Pasadena Church in the early sixties. He had a background in music and played the oboe. He was later transferred to the Bricket Wood Campus and later, when his father died, he inherited a knighthood. Now he is Sir Anthony. I succeeded him as the Pasadena Church Choir director. This continued until I was transferred to Big Sandy in 1963.

We continued to have major problems with the Edsel. It was really becoming our poor man's Lincoln. The biggest problem involved the hydraulic valve lifters in the engine. These

little devices were essential to the proper operation of the engine. On several occasions one or more of them would quit working. When this happened there would be a clatter in the engine, somewhat like a mowing machine might make.

It was expensive to replace these lifters with new ones. The new ones didn't last very long either. Finally other engine problems developed. It was going to cost several hundred dollars for repairs. We could not afford this so we sold the car to the dealer. Possibly I should say that we paid him to take it off our hands. We owed more on the car than we could sell it for. Now we were faced with new problems. We didn't have the money to get another car.

For a time we had no car. We rode with college employees who lived nearby or rode the bus. For a while we drove a large, old, black Fleetwood Cadillac. It was a grand old car, but it was tired and had difficulty getting over the hills. One time in Virginia City, Nevada, it could not go up a little hill. The solution - we backed up!

A little later we were able to buy a new Dodge Dart. It was a practical, modest, and dependable vehicle. I think that was the last car before we were provided with a Church fleet car.

I Learn to Fly

It was about this time that a group of four aviation enthusiasts and I decided to purchase an airplane so that we could fly. They were Charles V. Dorothy, Charles Hunting, Jim Kunz and John Wilson. We formed a flying club and incorporated in the State of California as the Del Mar Flying Club. We searched for awhile and finally settled on the purchase of an all metal Luscombe, Model 8E. I do not remember the exact price but we paid about \$2500 for it. It was a two passenger plane that cruised at about 100 mph.

I started taking lessons at the El Monte Airport and finally soloed the plane February 21, 1960. By July 1960 I had logged a little over 28 hours flight time. A few days later our flying of this plane came to an end. John Wilson, who was also learning, ground looped the airplane after landing at the El Monte Airport. This caused damage to the landing gear and the tip of one wing. The plane could not be flown. We had to take off the wings and move it on a trailer to near Long Beach where a friend who was an aircraft mechanic, Herb Magoon worked on it in his spare time. After a few months it was repaired and then sold. As I recall none of us thought we could afford to continue the venture. I'll have more to say about flying later.

I Receive a Masters Degree

After I graduated from Ambassador, I began to take classes and acquire credits toward a Master's Degree in Theology. A part of the requirement was a thesis. The subject selected was *God's Temple in Prophecy*. Dr. Hoeh was my faculty advisor. From the start Mr. Armstrong had objections to the subject but did not say I should not write about it.

Most of my spare time and some of my work time were used from the summer of 1960 to spring of 1961. This was a difficult subject to research. The available works on the subject mainly used their own ideas instead of what the Bible said. The Bible account was not very detailed and the definitions of some terms were not known. With great effort it was completed. The first edition totaled about 200 double-spaced typewritten pages. There were 19 illustrated line drawings included. Back then there were no computers. The thesis included an original plus

five other copies. The copies were made on onion skin paper using carbon paper to make the copies. Whenever an error was made, all copies had to be erased by hand, or a new page typed.

With great anticipation it was presented to the Thesis Committee. A few days later I learned that the subject was not acceptable to the college administration! This was a great disappointment.

Because of the comments of the time about the thesis, it lay on the shelf, un-circulated for 25 years. In 1986 it was slightly revised and published using computer and Xerox methods. Regular printing would be very expensive. An abridged article, based on the thesis was published during the summer of 1988 in two installments of the *Good News* magazine.

A second thesis was then written, *Should a Christian Fight*. There was a need in the church to know what the Bible had to say about Christians participating in warfare. This work included a lot of research and quotations from the Bible, as well as religious writers from the second century to modern times. It was published in about ten issues of the *Good News* during 1963.

Quite a few of my articles had been published by this time. The first article was published in February of 1957 in *The Plain Truth*. Other articles had appeared in that magazine and the *Good News*.

I was awarded the Master's Degree in Theology June 8, 1962. At the same time Mr. Dibar Apartian received his degree. We were the seventh and eighth to receive such degrees from Ambassador. Since his name starts with an earlier letter than mine, I believe he was the seventh and I was the eighth.

From the house at 1980 Wagner Street we moved to 3546 Milton Street, in the summer of 1960. This was near the trailer park where we lived in 1955 and 1956. By that time we had enough of being short financially. The expense of purchasing a partnership in the airplane, learning to fly, and having bad experience with the expensive Edsel had taken their toll. When we moved in to the house on Milton Street, we did not have a refrigerator or a cook stove. We decided that we should not go into debt for those items and get along without them for awhile until our financial situation was improved. We already had a pump-up camp stove and a camp ice box which we put into full time use at home. Some time later a friend visited our house, saw what we were doing and promptly delivered an old but serviceable refrigerator and a cook stove. God had provided for our needs in an unexpected way. After that we were able to move to a better home at 950 Palm Terrace.

In December of 1961 Ralph Helge and I were sent on a trip to Washington, D.C. We were going there to meet with Selective Service officials on behalf of the church. This was my first transcontinental flight. It was on a new Boeing 707 airplane. Such travel seemed almost incredible. Just a short time before it took days to travel across country. We did it in about five hours.

On the way we stopped at New York for the Sabbath and Sunday. I was able to preach to the Manhattan Church and meet with many new people. One is still remembered very well. He was the conductor of the church choir that sang on that day. He was Mr. Leo Bogdanchik who later moved to Big Sandy and became the music director of the new Ambassador College in 1964.

The trip proved a success in every way and helped us in our work in the Special Services Department.

In the spring of 1962 we made our last family trip together. This trip was to Denver, Colorado, where I gave several sermons during the spring Holy Day season.

By then the church had a fleet car program and provided the ministers with cars. We had a Chrysler 300 which was the finest car we had ever had to that time. It was a pleasure to have a new quality car. But, just south of Denver a problem developed in the engine so that it could not be driven. It was towed to a dealership and repaired. I don't remember having other problems with this fine car.

Since we did not need to own a second car we sold the Dodge Dart to Michael Germano. He drove it for awhile and then had an accident which totaled the car.

Larry Graduates from High School

Larry graduated from high school in 1962. That was a big event for all of us, but about the same time, Doris died. She was Maxine's sister who had been very close to all of us over the years. Her untimely death at age 32 was a shock. Just a few months before, she had visited us at the Feast site in Squaw Valley. At that time she lived not too far away in Carson City, Nevada.

It must have been in his junior year of high school that Larry said he wanted to go to Oregon after graduation. He wanted to be a logger and work for his uncle, Andrew Bostwick. We were very disappointed with Larry's desire. We wanted him to go to Ambassador College. There wasn't too much we could do about it but pray. That summer Larry went to Oregon with a high school friend, John Watson. I don't remember what all happened but the summer did not turn out well. After that Larry decided he wanted to go to Ambassador College.

When Larry left for college he didn't have to go very far. College was just across town and he came home frequently. It did make a lot of difference at home though. There was one less mouth to feed. The grocery bill went down immediately. There was one less plate to put on the table. There was more room in the car when we went somewhere. We all missed Larry but were glad we could see him frequently.

In 1961 and 1962 we went to the Feast at Squaw Valley, California. This was an inspiring and beautiful area. The area had been used earlier for the Winter Olympics. We stayed in Olympic Village, and had services in the Blythe Arena. This large arena was not heated and was open to the elements. The second year a large tarpaulin was installed to cover the open area. That made the temperature a little more bearable. It was bitterly cold at times, but it was an enjoyable Feast site except for one thing. The altitude was devastating to Maxine.

I was asked to conduct the Imperial Choraliers during the Feast by Kathryn Meredith (now Mrs. Richard Ames) who was the regular conductor. This was enjoyable as most of the hard work was done before the Feast by Kathryn and the Choraliers.

At the 1962 Feast, Mr. James Bald came to me during one of the services and said that Maxine was having a problem with her heart because of the high altitude. When I finally got to her she seemed to have improved enough so that there was no great alarm.

Maxine Stricken with Serious Illness

On the way home from the Feast we stopped overnight at Bishop, California. We were having dinner at a nice restaurant with the Portune family. Maxine said she was getting faint, and in a short time she thought she was going to pass out. Then she said her body was getting numb, starting at her feet. Finally she was numb up to her lips.

In the meantime we called for an ambulance. The medic gave her oxygen, which helped. We took her to the motel where she was anointed according to the scriptural command. We had a large oxygen tank and kept her on oxygen most of the night. Several times during the night we thought she was going to die. The next morning she was a little better. We decided she would be better off at home. We made a bed in the back seat of the car and drove back to Pasadena.

Dr. Owens, the college physician and Medical Doctor, came to the house, examined her, and checked her heart with some electronic instrument. He told us what had happened. In layman's terms we understood she had a heart attack. He recommended a number of food supplements that he said would help her condition, though they did not seem to make any difference. Possibly her problem was brought on by frail health, and the fever she had as a child. She had always complained about her heart. Now the worst had happened.

She was in bed about 10 months. During a part of that time we took her to live at the beach. For a while she was at Capistrano Strands, and for a while at San Clemente. She liked the fresh ocean air and the sunshine and I am sure that it helped in her recovery.

At times she couldn't lift her head off the pillow, she was so weak. It seemed she was going to die a time or two, but she kept holding on. Her muscles atrophied and the flesh of her arms and legs hung loose.

Eight or nine months later she finally began to improve. In July she had improved enough so that we thought we had better have her checked by a different doctor. We took her to a heart specialist in Arcadia.

After hearing her story he asked her to do some step exercises while he monitored her heart. She said she was afraid it might be dangerous. He insisted and so she complied. After checking her over carefully he said something to this effect: "Lady, there is nothing wrong with your heart and there never was. Women your age don't have heart attacks"

Probably many people would have believed him. We believed that she did have something wrong with her heart. Dr. Owens said there was something badly wrong with her heart. She didn't have enough strength at times to lift her head above her pillow. Her heart hurt and she was very sick. It was not a lot of imagination. We believed then and still do today that God had heard our prayers, as well as those of many other people. God had miraculously healed her. He did such a good job that there was no indication that she had ever had a heart problem.

The Move to Big Sandy, Texas

Maxine continued to increase in strength and improve in health. In August we were transferred to Big Sandy. The possibility of a third Ambassador College had been discussed for several years. There were a number of buildings there that could be used for college purposes that were only being used during the festivals.

Maxine was not strong enough yet to pack our things, so some ladies came in and helped Carol and me. I do not know what we would have done without their help. In a few days we were on the way. She was still not strong enough to sit up for most of the trip.

Donald already was in Big Sandy. He had gone there earlier in the summer for the Summer Educational Program. This must have been the second or third year that it was held. Conditions were rough! It was about like boot camp in military service apparently. Donald never wanted to attend another one.

We celebrated our twenty-first anniversary the first night after leaving Pasadena. It was a great blessing to me that I still had a wife, and that God had blessed us with that many years together.

It must have been the second day on the Arizona desert that the rains came. The rains produced flash flooding and there were rivers in many places across the roadway. We were unable to continue and had to turn back and stay overnight at Safford, Arizona.

The next day was beautiful. It seemed that the biblical prophecy of the desert blossoming as a rose had come to pass. Everything was green because of the recent rains.

The first thing we did on arrival was to pick up Donald at the home where he had stayed after summer camp was closed. The next thing we did was to drive over and see our new home. It was under construction and not yet complete.

After this we drove into Gladewater and checked into the Claiborne Courts. We had met Mr. and Mrs. Claiborne earlier and had stayed there two or three days after one of the festivals. The first night was very hot and humid. There was air-cooling with an evaporative cooler, but no air conditioning. I couldn't sleep and probably no one else could either. Finally I walked across the street to the air-conditioned Glade Motel and we checked in for the rest of the night. Then the family and I had a good nights sleep in air-conditioned comfort. By the next night Mrs. Claiborne had an air-conditioned unit available for us.

During the following days while I was at work at the business office Carol and Donald liked to walk around the area and see how the workmen were coming on our house. In about a month the house was completed and we moved in. At first we did not have enough furniture. We took a trip to Dallas where some good used furniture was located through the newspapers and purchased. We hauled it home in a rental trailer.

Some of that furniture including a nice heavy-duty pecan bedroom suite is still in use by the family.

My New Job

The new job in Big Sandy was that of Business Manager. The office I was assigned had previously been used by Mr. Armstrong at Feast time. It was located in the large metal tabernacle building which was later called the Field House.

One of the first things I had to do was to get a secretary. She was Jeanette Raetz, now Weinbrenner, who still lives in Big Sandy. We gathered together what few financial and banking records there were and began to establish accounting files. For the first time in my life I began to work with accounts payable, accounts receivable, inventory, and bank accounts. The bank accounts had not been balanced for many months. I asked the lady who had previously taken care of the bank account to come to the office and balance it so we could know how much money was in

the bank. Accounts for office and other supplies had to be established in Tyler, Longview, and Dallas.

Communications on campus were almost nonexistent. If you needed to contact someone, it might take many hours or a day or two. The grounds were very large, so very quickly I arranged for a C.B. radio to be installed in the major vehicles, with a base station at the switchboard. The switchboard was an old army surplus 40-extension manual plug-board. In a few months we had a small new automatic system installed, called a PABX. I believe that acronym stood for Private Automatic Board Exchange. These changes improved communications greatly. A couple years later a high quality business radio system was installed which expanded coverage to Tyler, Longview, and beyond.

In 1963 most activities were feast maintenance related. A few things were being done in preparation for the college but not much. Five new homes had been constructed. In geographical order they were occupied from East to West, by Hammers, Ruxtons, Neffs, Carnes', and Chapmans. Bob Ruxton had preceded me by a few months as Facilities Manager.

The new homes were all on the shores of Lake Loma, named after Mrs. Herbert Armstrong. This lake was quite small and was about doubled in size a few years later.

Eight years earlier we had left our little home in Oregon which was located in a beautiful grove of fir trees. We left so I could be trained at the College for work in the church. We had hoped to make a small lake on the property someday. We had given that up, but now God had blessed us with a much larger and nicer new home. It was located at a much larger lake than we had ever expected to have and in a beautiful grove of trees.

Late in 1963 I injured my back trying to start an outboard motor by yanking vigorously on the starter pull cord. We were with Richard Rice and his family on a barge at the Lake of the Pines. We tried for quite awhile to get the engine started but to no avail. We did not know that the leg of a folding canvas cot was on top of the gas line. This cut off the flow of gas and the engine could not start. Once this was discovered we had no further problem. A similar back problem had given me a lot of discomfort in 1957.

The new year of 1964 found me in bed with the bad back. Finally I was able to get up in time to go to Pasadena for the annual ministerial conference. At that conference I was ordained to the ministerial office of Pastor.

Preparations for Another Ambassador College

In the spring the work began in earnest to prepare for the new Big Sandy Ambassador College. Classes were to begin in the fall. Funds were very short, and we were on a shoestring budget. Only necessities could be provided for. The students and staff would have to rough it!

The booths that had been previously used for festival housing would become the dormitories. The only improvements added were gas heat, an oval braided rug on the floor, cotton curtains over the windows, metal bunk beds and a metal wardrobe. In the study booths, each student would have a small student desk. The desks were constructed in the Pasadena cabinet shop.

The old redwood tabernacle building would serve many purposes. It would be the library, the auditorium, the kitchen, student dining room, student store, classrooms, and also provide a few faculty offices.

The newer metal tabernacle would be the gymnasium and provide additional offices. Several more new homes were built for faculty families. At the beginning of summer the faculty began arriving. They included the Nelsons, Torrances, Bickets, Hegvolds, Kellys, Walters, and others.

A number of students were needed to help prepare for the college. During that first summer we decided that at least the women students should stay with faculty members instead of at Booth City. It was very hot, there was no air conditioning in the booths, and they were not all ready yet. Five of the women stayed in our home. They shared Carol and Donald's bed rooms, and Donald got the garage, which was only partially air conditioned. Three of them ate their meals at the student dining hall and only stayed at the house at night, the other two cooked their meals in our kitchen..

With summer came additional responsibilities for me. I was appointed acting Deputy Chancellor. Mr. Ken Swisher, the local pastor was transferred to Florida. I took his place as Big Sandy Pastor and Church District Superintendent for a several state area. In the latter capacity I was able to visit churches in Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Tennessee and Louisiana.

Early in the summer we received a call from Larry. He was in Oregon, his favorite spot on earth at that time. His plans for summer work had not materialized. There was more than enough hard work at Big Sandy, so he flew down there and worked all summer clearing trees from the pinegrove camp area. His coming added one more person to our already crowded house. Ten of us lived that summer in the house. I don't know how we managed it. I am sure that it was a lot harder on the others than it was on Maxine and me as we had a private bath - at least it usually was!

The time came for college to open. Students arrived from all over the country. We needed to have an appropriate place for the formal faculty or freshman student reception. There was no fine hall like Ambassador Hall in Pasadena. What could we do?

The best we could do was to hold it in the still unfinished lounge area on the west side of the redwood building. That area later became a student lounge and store, and still later a part of the Library. The light bulbs on the ceiling were bare bulbs. We found some decorative plastic covers for them. There were no carpets on the bare concrete floor. The place was cleaned as best as could be done. For decorations we used what we had the most of - pine trees. They were cut, brought inside and the limbs and small trees provided about the only decoration we had.

Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong and the faculty greeted the new students. Everyone was in formal, or at least their best attire. It was hot and sticky, the room was rustic, but Ambassador College Big Sandy, had officially begun.

There were seven seniors, twenty-two juniors, eighteen sophomores, sixty-two freshmen, making a total of about one hundred eight for the first year of the new college. The college began small, but it grew and improved much in the following years. Years later in 1990 the Pasadena Campus closed and the students and faculty combined at Big Sandy.

In addition to my duties as Business manager, Acting Deputy Chancellor, District Superintendent, and Big Sandy Church Pastor I taught classes. That fall I taught Principles of Living, World History, Old Testament Survey and Comparative Religion. Obviously I was busy, and was not able to do any job as it should be done.

Mr. McCullough was appointed Deputy Chancellor late in the year. He moved to Big Sandy at the end of the year. He also took over the duties as District Superintendent, Church Pastor and taught the Principles of Living class. That lightened my work load considerably.

I Fly Again

In October 1964 I arranged to take flying lessons again. My instructor was Johnny Walker of Longview, Texas. Most of the instruction was in a two place Cessna 150 this time. On December 27th I soloed again and on February 18, 1965 I went for my check ride, or examination for a private pilot's license. The examiner really put me through the paces! I couldn't seem to do anything that pleased him. Finally after about an hour of extreme pressure, when I was at the point that I did not care if he passed me or not, he said to return to the field. I had passed! Apparently he was trying to see if I would crack under pressure.

After that I began flying the larger four place Cessna Skylane. I made many trips to Dallas, other trips to Shreveport, Little Rock, Memphis, Oklahoma City, and Houston. In addition I had some instruction in the twin engined Cessna 310.

Some where about this time Mr. Armstrong told all the church ministers that private "week end" type amateur flying was hazardous and that we were not to continue. Any flying should be with professional pilots, not amateur. That was the end of my flying career. I had logged 122.6 hours in my Pilot Flight Record and Log Book.

I very much enjoyed flying, and appreciated the opportunity to learn to fly, and to learn some of the basics of aviation technology, weather, navigation and other related subjects. This experience also helped me greatly later when I was manager of the Flight Operations Departments in Pasadena and Big Sandy.

We Visit the British Campus

We had an exciting experience in the summer of 1965. Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong invited Maxine and me, as well as Les and Marion McCullough, to join them and others on a trip to the Bricket Wood Campus of Ambassador College in Britain. A number of students from Pasadena and Big Sandy would be going along as transfer students.

On June 7, we flew from Longview to Dallas, then on to New York City. The next morning we all met at the Idlewyld Airport, later called J.F. Kennedy. The Armstrongs, local ministers, the students, and the four of us had a good time visiting and talking about the flight to London.

The four of us had been given first class tickets because all the tourist seats had been sold out. Even a few of the students were in first class. The all day and evening flight was fabulous. This was our first over-water flight. The service on Pan Am was superb. I said they did everything but massage our feet for us!

We arrived in the evening and were met by many of the staff and students from the college. Mr. Armstrong invited the four of us to ride in the large Rolls limo, with Lawrence Harlingen (Lawrence of London) as the professional chauffeur. Lawrence is retired now, but still does a little chauffeuring. He has chauffeured us on quite a number of occasions over the years.

It was really "living" to ride in a car just like the Queen had. The ride was eye opening as the countryside and the city were different in so many ways from what we were used to. Of course, they all drove on the wrong side of the street too!

On arrival at campus we were entertained by a student program. We finally got to bed at about 2 a.m. local time. The next day we went on a walking tour of the magnificent and beautiful

campus. Of special note were the majestic Cedars of Lebanon, the Japanese and rose gardens. Memorial Hall, formerly owned by Sir David Yule, was the main college building and library.

After awhile I became drowsy, tired and ready for bed. Jet lag was catching up with me.

We were there for about a week. During this time we attended all the year-end school activities, including commencement. Bill Bradford, Frank Brown, Bob Dick, Bob Fahey, and many others were among the graduating class. Several of them married during the next day or so. On the weekly Sabbath Maxine and I were driven by car to Birmingham by Ron and Allie Dart so that I could give a sermon at church services.

We Visit the Continent

After graduation at Bricket Wood the four of us from Big Sandy took a flying trip around Europe. Our first stop was Dusseldorf. We visited with the Frank Schnees and the new German office. We next went to West Berlin, with Frank as our tour guide and translator. It was good to have him along, especially when we went into East Berlin. It was sobering to visit this city, to see the Berlin Wall. We also saw the Reichstag, the Brandenburg gate, Tempelhof Airdrome, and other places that we heard so much about during World War II.

From Berlin we flew to Munich. While in this famous southern German city we asked how to get to the Dachau Concentration Camp. No one we talked to had ever heard of the place, and yet it was only 10 miles away! That generation of Germans apparently wanted to forget such places. Our next stop was Rome.

It was educational and fascinating to view the sights here, especially the Vatican. We climbed to the top of the dome and had a magnificent view of the area. I believe it is about 500 feet above ground level. This famous church is incredibly large. One must see the place to understand how enormous it is. We took a one day bus tour to Pompeii. Here was a city that flourished during the time of Christ, and was wiped out almost instantly by an eruption of Mt. Vesuvius in 79 A.D. I was surprised to see water pipes, almost like modern plumbing, from so long ago.

Our next stop was at Geneva, Switzerland. We visited Mr. and Mrs. Colin Wilkins there, as well as the new office. With his translation to French, we were able to have a Bible study with the small number of members there. Afterwards we took a beautiful ride by train to Interlaken. From there Mr. and Mrs. McCullough and I took another train ride to the Jungfrau Mountain. Maxine did not feel well enough to accompany us, so she stayed in the hotel room. What a magnificent view it was from the top. It seemed we were literally on top of the world.

Next came a visit to Paris. The people were snobbish towards Americans. Prices were very high, but it was still enjoyable to see a few of the sights of "gay Pahree." We went to the Eiffel Tower, the Louvre, and a few other famous places.

From Paris we returned to the Bricket Wood campus. We had only been gone for two weeks on our whirlwind tour of the Continent. We were surprised at the change two weeks had made on campus. During that time, the roses in the rose garden had bloomed. They were indeed very beautiful. Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong delighted in walking through the garden and looking at the many kinds of roses.

The College athletic facility had been under construction when we left. There had been much progress in the intervening days.

On the weekly Sabbath I had the opportunity to fly to Glasgow, Scotland, to preach on the Sabbath. It was a surprise to see a man in kilts. I had seen them in parades, but never at other public places.

After about a week we bade the Armstrongs and British friends adieu and flew to New York. We arrived back in New York, on July the 4th. We were surprised by a very friendly customs and immigration officer. Usually you might expect a bad time at such places. Apparently because it was our nation's birthday, he said, "Welcome back to the United States." With that he waved us on through customs and immigration. Maxine and I stayed overnight, and the McCulloughs returned to Big Sandy.

After picking up our luggage at the airport terminal we were dismayed to find that there was a cab strike in New York. Surprisingly there was one available for us, possibly an independent driver. We expected heavy traffic going into town. Instead there was very little traffic. It seems that most New Yorkers leave the city or stay home on July 4. While we were driving down one of the main boulevards on Manhattan Island there was not one other car in sight. I took a picture, which I still have, just to prove it.

We took a circle boat tour of Manhattan Island, a taxi tour of the Bowery and other places of interest.

Our next stop was Washington, D.C. After a tour of the principal places there, we returned home to Big Sandy. It was good to be back home after a month of traveling. We, and also Carol and Donald were glad to be back together again. Donald had stayed with the Ray Dicks and Carol with the Buck Hammers during our absence.

That point seems a good place to end this chapter. The next year, 1966, was a very memorable and important one for our family.

CHAPTER VII

The Family Grows!

Late in 1965 we began hearing about a young lady named Linda Ann Sloan. She had been a student for over a year at the college in Pasadena. Our eldest son Larry had really fallen for her! Both of them talked to Mr. Apartian and other ministers about their interest in each other. Mr. Apartian called me and said we had better get out to Pasadena soon and meet her.

We went to Pasadena at the beginning of January 1966 for the annual ministerial conference. We met Linda, and of course we loved her immediately too! A few days later they were engaged. We were the first to hear the good news, and to see the engagement ring.

In late May, we were really busy. It was the end of the college year at Big Sandy and there was the usual flurry of activities connected with that. In addition, it was a very important time in Carol's life. She was graduating from high school. After that important event in her life took place, we all immediately left for Pasadena for Larry's graduation from Ambassador.

After Larry's graduation, there was more to come! Larry and Linda were married in the lower gardens of the campus. This was the same place the commencement exercises had taken place earlier. I had the delightful opportunity of officiating at the marriage. Donald was best man and Suzanne, Linda's sister was maid of honor. Among those attending were Maxine's mother and step-father Burton; her brother Gerald; my sisters Betty and Shirley. After a reception at the Portune's, some of us had dinner at a local cafeteria. After a brief visit at the cafeteria, Larry and Linda left on their honeymoon.

Larry had been assigned as a ministerial trainee in San Antonio, Texas. At that time trainees were provided with a new fleet car, so they left college driving a brand new Plymouth. They certainly started their marriage far ahead of us! You may recall that when we got married we didn't even have a car. It was another four years before we had one.

My Father Dies

About this same time my father became terminally ill. In June, just before his death I flew to Medford, Oregon, to see him. He still lived at the same place where I had lived from age 5 to 18. He was so sick that he did not talk much and seemed almost in a stupor. He was probably sedated to minimize the great pain. I don't know if my coming was a comfort to him or not. He had been a conscientious and good father who worked hard to provide for his family. I wish I had been able to see more of him during his later years, but we lived more than 2000 miles away.

I did have opportunity to visit with the rest of the family and with my grandmother Neff. My uncle Francis also visited at the same time. As a medical doctor he thought that Dad "was filled with cancer."

A few days after I returned to Big Sandy, on July 7, we received word that he had died. Since I had just been there, and it was costly to fly back to Medford, I did not go to the funeral. I am looking forward to the resurrection when Dad will be alive again, and when we can talk once again.

My father was a man who lived by Biblical principles as he understood them. He was a family man who taught his children to live according to those same principles. I believe he set a good example in the way he lived, both in the home and in the community. I wish that in his later years I had lived close by so that we could become better acquainted as adults. My close day-to-day relationship essentially stopped the year I married and then went into military service.

When we had the opportunity we drove to San Antonio to visit Larry and Linda in their nice, but small apartment. On our first trip, Larry, Linda, Donald, Maxine and I visited the beautiful San Marcos Springs. It must have been on our second visit that we visited them at Corpus Christi where they had moved in the meantime. We visited them again in February of 1967. On the way back we ran into a very rare snowstorm at Austin. We stopped for a few hours in a motel, until the roads were easily passable again.

On April 15, 1967 Mrs. Loma Dillon Armstrong, Mr. Armstrong's wife of 50 years died. This was a sad day for all of us who knew her so well. She had been a fine lady who set such a good example of a Christian woman of refinement and character. Her contribution to the church was great and she has been sorely missed.

A few days later we went to Greensboro, North Carolina, for the Passover and Days of Unleavened Bread. I enjoyed these opportunities to visit distant churches as a visiting minister and speaker. We had also been there a year earlier for this same Feast. This time we also visited and toured a textile factory. It was fascinating to see how cloth is woven. There were hundreds of very noisy mechanical looms. We also visited a restored colonial village at Salem, North Carolina. It was our first time to visit such a village.

The Caribbean Tour

A short time before summer, we learned that we were scheduled to go with Mr. and Mrs. Apartian for a baptizing and visiting tour of the Caribbean. This tour was scheduled for late June. A couple of weeks before it was time to go, Maxine became seriously ill. She had a problem that plagued her for at least fourteen more years. It was necessary for her to go to bed for most of that summer.

We suggested that another couple go to the Caribbean in our place. None seemed available. Maxine stabilized and improved a bit. It was decided that Mr. Apartian and I would go without our wives. This was a disappointment to everyone concerned. Carol stayed home with her mother and took care of her while we were gone.

The trip was exciting, educational, and profitable, though our wives could not be with us. I called home every chance I had to see how Maxine was doing.

Mr. Apartian and I met people who had requested visits on the islands of Jamaica, Puerto Rico, Antigua, Barbados, Grenada, Trinidad, Tobago, and Martinique. On the way home we stopped in Caracas, Venezuela.

In Barbados we met many people. After baptizing quite a few of them, we were able to conduct the first Sabbath service for them. There were 40 of the Barbadians and two of us, making a total of 42 people.

I thought Grenada was the most beautiful island of all. It is "the Spice Island of the Caribbean." The people were obviously among the poorest we saw on the trip, but living in what most would consider a tropical paradise.

In Martinique we visited the French Church, pastored by M. Louis Jubert. It was truly a delight to visit these poor, simple, but dedicated people. M. Jubert and the local members had constructed the church building themselves. Even though there were some language difficulties on my part, it was a visit I will always remember. While there we also visited the town of St. Pierre. It was destroyed in 1902, by the explosion of nearby Mt. Pelee, which caused 40,000 deaths.

Caracas was a surprise. Here was a very large, bustling, prosperous city. The difference between it and the island cities was remarkable.

We flew to Miami on Friday. The next day on the Sabbath Mr. Apartian and I gave "split," or shortened sermons at the morning Church service. Then we flew to New Orleans, having lunch on the plane. We again had sermons at the afternoon service. Afterwards we flew on to Shreveport, where we were picked up and taken to Big Sandy. It was a fabulous trip, but it sure was good to be home again with Maxine, Carol and Donald.

"Little Larry"

On October 16, 1967, just before the Feast of Tabernacles, we heard the long awaited news. Our first grandchild "Little Larry" or, William Lawrence, was born. He wasn't very little. He must have been about half grown when he was born, just like his father was 23 years earlier. Now in the year 2000 he is no longer "little" Larry to me. I think he is the largest in the family.

We were afraid that he and his mother would not be able to join us at the Feast. But, on the day before the Feast, they arrived by private light plane at the Big Sandy airstrip. This was practically across the street from our house. The whole Neff clan and most of Linda's family, the Sloan's, were in our home to keep the feast together in our new home on the lake. I believe there were 11 of us living under the same roof with only two bathrooms!

Another bonus came our way that Feast. Larry, big Larry that is, was ordained as an elder in the church ministry.

For several years, off and on, I had played the cello in a trio with Ruth Myrick, piano, and Kathryn Ames, violin. We had played at church and college occasions. We had also performed for the Faculty Receptions at Pasadena in 1961 and 1962. At Big Sandy we also played in faculty recitals. It was about this time that I decided to retire from the cello. There was so much to do that there was little time for practice. And, I didn't have the same interest in the instrument or music that I had when I was young.

Mr. Armstrong had other ideas, at least temporarily. In March 1968, the new Loma D. Armstrong Academic center in Pasadena, California was to be dedicated. Mr. Armstrong asked us to be the first musical group to play in the new Recital Hall. So, I came out of retirement temporarily and learned the cello over again. We and our spouses all got to fly out for the occasion. While people were looking through the facilities for the first time, we played the first music from the new stage. I'll have more to say about this subject when we get to 1987 in my story.

Grandma Gertrude Neff Dies

My grandmother Gertrude Neff died at the age of ninety years and five days on April 12, 1968. She had been an important part of my life, especially as a child. She had developed sugar

diabetes many years earlier and had taken insulin by injection every day since. She was on a very strict diet. In spite of this she lived many years more.

Whenever our family visited her, she always liked to take us out to dinner at a local restaurant. That seemed to be her one form of recreation. She would always give me the money for the meal in advance. She believed it was not proper for a woman to pay the bill when a man was present.

I still remember a talk we had many years earlier after my grandfather died. She told me what a fine marriage they had and how terribly she missed him. She said that one of the reasons she believed they had a good marriage was that they had a "bear" in the house. Of course I had no idea what she meant. She explained: "When we married we agreed that he would 'bear' with me, if I would 'bear' with him." So they put up with each others shortcomings and problems and thus had a happy marriage.

In late May, Donald graduated from Imperial High School at Big Sandy. He was the third in our family to do so. Both he and Carol had gone from the first grade through High School in Imperial. There have been some criticisms of Imperial Schools, especially concerning the earlier years. I was always appreciative of the fact that our children could attend there and saw a lot more good than bad in this church sponsored school. They learned many good principles and values there that they would not have learned anywhere else.

In the fall of 1968 Maxine's mother and stepfather Burton from Portland, Oregon, came to visit us at Big Sandy. They were surprised when they arrived on campus. Before they even got to our home, everyone they passed waved to them or said hello. They were sure that we had told everyone of their coming. I guess they had never seen such friendly people before.

Larry, Linda and "Little" Larry came up from San Antonio for Thanksgiving. It was the first time Avon saw her great grandson. It was a memorable and enjoyable visit.

Our Trip to Israel by Private Jet!

In 1969 we began hearing rumors that Mr. Armstrong was going to invite us to fly with him to Israel. He finally got around to inviting us. When the big day arrived we were driven to Longview, Texas, where we boarded the small Falcon Jet with Mr. Armstrong, Mr. Stanley Rader, Mr. Frank Inglima and the crew. It was a Sabbath, and our first stop was Kansas City for church services. Maxine was not doing well health wise; she was weak, having her usual problem. She was not able to go to services but stayed in a motel. Mr. Armstrong had the sermon and I gave the sermonette. After service we flew to Montreal, Canada. Janet Wilding, our "adopted" daughter met us at the airport with her small son Eric. It was nice to have an opportunity to have dinner with them.

Early the next day we started on the flight for England. The Falcon Jet did not have a very long range, and the pilots were very careful to make sufficient fuel stops so that there would be no danger of running out if there was a headwind, or the airport might close unexpectedly due to weather changes. Our first fuel stop was Goose Bay, Labrador, Newfoundland, Canada. This had been established as a joint U.S. and Canadian air base in 1941. It is way out in the midst of nowhere! Our next scheduled stop was Søndre Strømfjord, Greenland. This was located on the west coast of Greenland just north of the Arctic Circle. During World War II, this airport had also been a U.S. air base known as Bluie West 8. About halfway there, the pilots received a radio message that the airport had just been closed because of a storm. We turned around, returned to

Goose Bay, and refueled. Since there apparently was no suitable place to stay for the night we returned to Montreal. We spent all day traveling and got nowhere!

The next day we retraced our steps, so to speak, and went on to Søndre Strømfjord, Greenland. It was exciting to be so far from home, in such an obscure place. After takeoff we passed over the Greenland Icecap. Then we flew over the beautiful and rugged fjords of Greenland's east coast. From there we went on to Keflavik, Iceland, for the next fuel stop. Our final destination that day was Luton, England. We were met by "Lawrence of London" with the Rolls and were taken to the Ambassador College campus. Maxine and I stayed with Raymond and Leona McNair in their beautiful new and modern home a block or so away.

Finally - Israel

Then we were off for Israel, with a fuel stop at Rome. Charles Hunting joined us for this part of the trip. It was exciting to finally be in the land of Israel - in the Bible land. We were met by several friends including the Ray Dicks, and Ernest Martins. Ray Dick was the manager of the Church's Jerusalem office. Ernest Martin was in charge of our students who were participating in the "Big Dig."

The drive from the Lod Airport in Tel Aviv to Jerusalem was memorable. We first passed by the area where fierce battles took place in the 1948 war of independence. From there we drove up through the mountains. Along the road were the hulks of "makeshift tanks" used by the Israelis in that war.

We stayed at the Intercontinental Hotel on the Mount of Olives. We could look right down over the old city of Jerusalem. We could see the Moslem Dome of the Rock and the El Aksa Mosque. The former temples of God that I had studied about so much in 1960 and 1961 had been located on the same site.

The big event here was the archaeological excavation by the Israel Exploration Society, with the cooperation and assistance of Ambassador College. This was the first year of the "Big Dig." There must have been about 40 Ambassador students working on this excavation at the Temple Mount.

Our first visit to "The Dig" was the last day of July. That just happened to be Mr. Armstrong's 77th birthday. He seemed old then, now I am the same age!

On the weekly Sabbath we had special services at the local YMCA building, if I remember the location and name correctly.

Several of us drove down to the Dead Sea, passing through the desolate Wilderness of Judea on the way. It seemed there was hardly a blade of grass or anything green to be seen. We walked on the ruins of ancient Jericho and saw the many layers of settlement uncovered by earlier archaeological excavators.

In a day or two Mr. Armstrong returned to England. He graciously permitted us to remain another five days or so. We checked out of the hotel and moved in with Mr. & Mrs. Dick. We had known them and became good friends with them when he came to Ambassador college about 13 years earlier. The house where they lived had a downstairs floor where the Jerusalem office for the church and college were located.

From "Dan to Beersheba"

After we saw Mr. Armstrong off, the Dicks then took us on a southern tour of Israel. We went to Ashkelon, then on to the seacoast. We saw some old crusader ruins, and from there we went down to the Gaza Strip. Mr. Dick said that if we had a flat tire we would keep on going. The Palestinians there had no love for the likes of us.

At Beersheba we stopped for lunch at a cafeteria. We have never been in one like this before or since. We got in line to select the food. We were shocked to see Israeli soldiers in the same line carrying machine guns.

We got some coffee, but found there was no cream. We were then told the reason. The Jews interpret the Biblical injunction, "You shall not seethe a kid in its mother's milk," to prohibit having milk and meat at the same meal. In order to get around this prohibition, you had to go across the room where milk was available to drink. On that side of the room they had the milk. An imaginary line separated the two parts of the room. Since it was a "different room" and presumably a "different meal," you could drink milk there with your coffee, after you had eaten your meat on the other side of the room.

The next main area was Hebron where Abraham and his family were buried. This area was occupied by people who didn't like the Israelis or westerners, and so we did not linger. After this we saw Bethlehem, and the traditional place where Christ was born. It was below ground a considerable distance. I am not sure this was the correct location. Such "exact locations" were selected as being authentic centuries after the fact by others. The mother of the Roman Emperor Constantine, in the fourth century, "identified" a number of these places.

On the way back into Jerusalem we drove by the headquarters of the *Bible Advocate*, then published there by Andrew Dugger. He had been a leader in the Church of God Seventh Day when Mr. Armstrong was converted. The contrast between their meager facilities and those God had provided for Mr. Armstrong was quite remarkable to me.

Randy Dick, who was then a teenager, took Maxine and me on a tour of the city including Old Jerusalem. He took us to a man who made gold jewelry. This man handcrafted a beautiful opal and gold tie bar and cuff link set for me.

The next day we started on a two-day tour of Northern Israel and the Galilee. Mr. and Mrs. Dick and Ernest Martin were our tour guides. We saw Bethel and Luz, important to the story of Abraham and Jacob. We visited the site of ancient Shiloh where the Tabernacle was located for several centuries. There is nothing there today except for what I would call a pile of rocks. At Shechem we saw Jacob's well and visited the Samaritan Synagogue where we saw the famous Samaritan Pentateuch scroll. We passed by the ancient site of Samaria and followed the Jordan river for several miles.

We stayed overnight at a hotel in Tiberias, on the shores of the Sea of Galilee. The next morning we passed by the mountain where it is said the Sermon on the Mount was given. We saw the partially restored Synagogue at Capernaum that Christ possibly visited. We passed by Dan, went to the Golan Heights and saw the then "ghost town" of Quneitra. It had been captured from the Syrians in the war and the inhabitants fled to avoid being a part of Israel. The Syrians have said that there can be no peace with Israel unless all the Golan is returned to them.

We visited Nazareth and saw a restored synagogue there that Christ may have visited. After that we saw Panias, formerly Caesarea Philippi, where Christ visited, and the location of the headwaters of one of the tributaries of the Jordan. We saw Mt. Carmel, where Elijah confronted the priests of Baal, and visited the Roman ruins at Caesarea on the seacoast. The tour ended by passing through modern Tel Aviv and climbing back up and through the mountains to Jerusalem.

This visit to Israel was a high point of all the trips we have taken. It gave us a new perspective of this land, so familiar from the scriptures, and yet so foreign. It was different from what I had imagined. My conceptions of the land, from previous studies, were limited. Now the Bible took on new meaning. I had been there, from Dan to Beersheba, from the Dead Sea to the Mediterranean. I had walked where Jesus, Paul and the apostles and prophets had walked. We had been to the Mount of Olives where Christ will return.

The mountains of rock everywhere impressed me. So much of the land was just rock, with apparently no soil. The rains had washed the topsoil away, centuries ago. There were trees and sometimes crops growing from just rock, or at least that is what it looked like. The Israelis had planted many trees and were again making a desolate land fertile.

The country was even smaller than I thought it would be. Various biblical events took place just a short distance from other important events. It was interesting to learn that the Dick residence and office was just a few hundred yards from where Samuel the prophet had lived.

Back in England we stayed for a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunting in what is called the White House.

We flew back to California making an overnight stop again at Montreal, Quebec, Canada. On arrival back at the Burbank Airport we were met by Carol and driven back to the college campus in Pasadena. Later, we went with Carol to see Mr. Armstrong and again express our thanks for the trip. He then invited us out to a nice dinner at one of Pasadena's leading restaurants.

More Grandchildren

On January 31, 1970 our second grandchild, Deborah Lee was born at Corpus Christi. At that time we never thought that we would see the day when she and her brother were grown. It doesn't seem possible that they are now married. As I review and edit this autobiography in September of 2000, Larry is married and has a baby, our first great-grandchild, and Debbie is expecting a baby in about a month.

In June of that same year Carol graduated from Ambassador College. She was the third in our family to do so. Shortly after that on June 21, 1970, she and Michael Kusheba were married.

In April of 1971 Maxine and I flew to Flint, Michigan, to pick up a new Buick Riviera fleet car from the Buick factory. This has been the only time we picked up a car at the factory. On this same trip we stopped in Chicago, Springfield, and Little Rock where I had an opportunity to preach.

The next month another very important event took place. It occurred at a doctor's clinic on the south side of Tyler, Texas. Michael Charles Kusheba, Jr. made his entrance into the world on May 18, 1971. A few minutes later Grandfather Neff had his first opportunity to hold him. This was the first time that Grandpa had such an early opportunity to meet either children or grandchildren.

A New Job - a New Home

In June, twelve years from the day that I had graduated from college, I was in church service at Big Sandy. During the service I was called out for an urgent telephone call. It was Ted Armstrong. He said there had been some administration problems in Pasadena in the Flight Operations Department. He asked if I would like to be the manager of this department. I replied

yes! He said he would let me know what was decided. The next day I received a call from my boss, Les McCullough. He said that I should be in Pasadena the next morning, Monday, at 8 a.m. on the new job. I was there on time! In a couple of weeks or less I returned to Big Sandy to prepare for the move to Pasadena.

A nice house was purchased for us on California Terrace near the college. Maxine selected all the furnishings and decorative items. The result was the most beautiful home that we have ever lived in.

This new job was quite different from my previous job, though I had supervised the Flight Operations Department in Big Sandy, along with several other departments. I had a great interest in aviation since I was a child. After graduation from college I had obtained a pilot's license and had logged about 120 hours of flight time. Mr. Herbert Armstrong had told me in 1965 that I would have to decide if I wanted to be a pilot or a minister. He considered it was dangerous for ministers to be part time fair weather pilots. He wanted all of us to have a qualified professional pilot to do any flying for us. This didn't leave any choice as far as I was concerned, and I stopped flying. The interest in flying was still there, however.

Supervising a department with both a Falcon 20C and a Gulfstream II jet was very interesting to me. A year or two later the Falcon was sold and a new and better F model Falcon was purchased.. It came from the factory in France as what is called a "greenie." Most business airplanes are sold in this configuration. The exterior paint is an undercoat green which is why it is called a "greenie." The inside of the airplane was just an empty shell. I was able to frequently visit the outfitting plant in Van Nuys, California to see the avionics and other equipment installed. After that the inside furnishings were installed. Finally the exterior finished paint was applied. After the aircraft was ready to fly the pilots tested it for several hours. Then, the pilots were able to take several of us on a "joyride" flight to San Francisco. We all went to the Franciscan restaurant at Fisherman's wharf for lunch and returned to Van Nuys. After that the plane was officially accepted and delivered to Ambassador College and put in service.

Motorhoming

Early in 1972 we purchased a small Breeze Motorhome. At the same time our friends, the Portunes also purchased one just like ours. We traveled a number of places together. This was a new horizon to us. Being out of doors, away from home, with our own home on wheels was really a new class of travel.

On June the first, we were invited by Mr. Herbert Armstrong to take the inaugural flight on the new Falcon F airplane. We flew in it to Big Sandy, Texas. The occasion was more important from another point of view. We were going to be able to attend Donald's graduation from college. Don was our third child to graduate from Ambassador College, and the fourth in the family.

After graduation we returned to Pasadena and Donald joined us to go on a trip to Oregon. We took the motorhome, traveled Highway 1 up the California coast to the San Francisco area. From there we took Highway 101 through Santa Rosa, Eureka, and Crescent City to the Oregon border. We also visited the Oregon coast, and then Portland. We visited with Maxine's mother, and her brother Vyron. Afterwards, we went to Hood River, saw Mt. Hood, eastern Oregon, Crater Lake and then Medford. We visited my sister Barbara and the other Neff relatives in Medford. This trip took us through some of what I consider the most beautiful scenery in the world. Most notable is California and Oregon Coasts, The Redwood forests, the Columbia River gorge, and Crater Lake.

That Feast of Tabernacles we had a family reunion at the Lake of the Ozarks, in Missouri. I believe that was the last time that all our family was together at a feast. It was not long after that when another important event took place. Jeffrey Paul Kusheba was born on November 1, 1972.

Did Miracles Occur?

It was along about December that Donald went deer hunting with Larry near Llano, Texas. At the end of the day, as it began to grow dark, Donald decided to call it quits for the day and go back to the car and meet Larry. He had been watching for deer while sitting on a promontory ledge of rock. There was about a 20 foot drop behind him. As he got up and started to leave he heard the sound of a rattlesnake's rattle. Looking down he saw the rattler, about one or two feet from him, coiled and ready to strike. The snake was blocking his way off the rock. There was no way to avoid the snake striking at him, so he slowly raised his gun toward the rattler. He was not able to bring it to his shoulder and take aim. He fired the gun and it blew the head off the rattler. We believe he must have had some divine help in escaping a poisonous snake bite.

During that same winter of 1972-73 Larry and his family lived for a few months at a small town near Austin, Texas, named Elgin. During this time he pastored the church at Austin. They lived in a rented house. When the weather turned cold they began to experience flu-like symptoms. At the same time the whole family became extremely sick and some of them passed out. Every one of them had the same symptoms. It happened a second time, and even a third time. The first time, Larry was so ill that he had to crawl in order to get to the bathroom. It was also during this time that the family went to San Antonio for special church services. It became so cold and icy while they were there that they rented a motel and stayed overnight instead of driving home.

It was so strange that each time they all got sick they all had the same symptoms. I talked to Dr. Wilmer Parrish, the College physician at Big Sandy, and he said it sounded like carbon monoxide poisoning. With that bit of knowledge Larry turned off the furnace even though it was

cold. They had no more problem. They had the furnace checked by the gas company and no problem was found. We went to visit soon afterward and while we were there, a church member friend who worked with gas furnaces came to check further. He checked the furnace which seemed to have no problems. He then checked the attic and found that the chimney flue for the furnace was not connected between the ceiling and the roof. Somehow the flue had never been connected or got disconnected some time in the past. The carbon monoxide was not being exhausted outside of the house and was instead getting back into the living area inside the house and poisoning everyone.

The landlord did not seem to want to do anything about the problem. After the family moved, the furnace was seen outside the house leaning against the fence. Possibly there were other problems as well.

In looking back some things became obvious. It was a miracle that on one of the three occasions all four of them were not killed by the fumes. Also, if they had not stayed during the coldest night in San Antonio, the furnace would have operated more. This would have produced more carbon monoxide poisoning and possibly killed them all. Occasionally there will be an article in a newspaper telling about a family that died from carbon monoxide poisoning because of improper or defective gas heating systems. We believe that God miraculously protected them from such a terrible end.

The Cat Walk

The next summer we met Donald, Larry and family at Lake Roberts in New Mexico for a short vacation. By that time we had a different motorhome. It was a high quality unit made by a company that built fine yachts, called a Balboa. The new one was smaller, but more streamlined and with an exterior of molded fiberglass. From there we went to the Cat Walk near the Western border of New Mexico. This was the first of several times that we visited this interesting and beautiful place.

I still remember when we were leaving to go back to our respective homes. Larry and family were headed for Austin. Donald was headed for Big Sandy, and Maxine and I were headed for Pasadena. We were all saddened by the parting. As we turned north at Glenwood, New Mexico, Larry and the others turned south, and tears came to our eyes. I thought then - families should be together. That is God's way. In this present age, that is not possible for many families. I think that grandchildren need to be near enough to their grandparents so that they can visit with them regularly and learn from them. Grandparents need to become well acquainted with their grandchildren. And, the grandparents can learn from their grandchildren.

Little did we realize that two months later we would be living again in Big Sandy, back in the same town with Donald, Carol and family. Also within a few hours drive of Larry and Linda and family. In this transfer back to Big Sandy I had a similar job to the one two years earlier. I was Controller, a division manager, and college instructor. This time I again taught Principles of Living for a year or so, I also taught Bible Prophecy and Intermediate Speech.

A Summer Vacation

The next summer Maxine and I took one of our longest vacations. We went in the small Balboa motor home to the Grand Teton National Park, Yellowstone National Park, and Rapid City, South Dakota.

About the second day we were at the Tetons it snowed. This was the first week in June. It was hot in Big Sandy, and delightfully cool where we were. We called Carol and family at Big Sandy. They were as surprised as we were of a snowstorm in June!

This delayed for a day our travel on to Yellowstone. We enjoyed the extra day at beautiful Colter Bay, on Jackson Lake. Behind this beautiful lake was the backdrop of the Teton range of mountains. This is one of the most beautiful spots in the world in my opinion. Yellowstone was also a delight to see for the first time, though it was quite different from the Tetons. At the Black Hills, near Rapid City, we saw the famous Mt. Rushmore presidential carvings. Less known but also becoming spectacular was the much larger carving, still in progress, of "Chief Crazy Horse."

Our journey from there took us through the small town of Wall, South Dakota, world famous for its Drug Store. During World War II, I saw some signs in the South Pacific telling how many miles it was to the Wall Drug store in Wall, South Dakota. At that time I did not know what the signs were all about. Now I learned first hand.

This drug store started back in depression days. The owners saw a lot of traffic going up and down the highway with people going to and from Mt. Rushmore. Not many people stopped at the small town of Wall. In order to encourage people to stop, they put up road signs for miles in each direction advertizing free ice water. The signs gave the number of miles to Wall, where they could get the ice water. People began stopping and would often buy something. Business picked up and they had to expand. Now the business covers several city blocks and they sell about everything imaginable. And, they still have a place to fill up with free ice water.

Next we went to Sioux Falls, South Dakota, where Maxine and I had lived for a few weeks during World War II. We didn't recognize anything. Thirty years had erased all memory of places and things. From there we returned home to Big Sandy.

CHAPTER VIII

More Travels - More Moves!

During the winter college break of 1975-1976 we took an interesting trip in the Balboa Motorhome to Big Bend National Park. On the way we stopped in Austin at Larry's place, and also at the Coston Ranch, operated by Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Coston, near Rock Springs. From our perspective they lived on a huge ranch far from civilization.

The Big Sandy Ambassador bus also took a load of students to Big Bend. Some faculty took private cars. It was so refreshing to be in the real out of doors under the big sky, especially at night. We and the students also visited the ghost town of Terlingua, location of an annual chili cook off. On our return, we stopped for church on the Sabbath at Uvalde, Texas.

Other trips that year included the Wisconsin Dells in March for a festival planning meeting. It was cold and snowy there, quite a contrast to Big Sandy.

In May 1975, we vacationed with Larry and family, at a campground located on the Black River, at about 8,000 feet elevation. This is located in the White Mountains of Arizona. This area, near Alpine, is a family favorite. We have been back several times since.

Larry and family moved to Pasadena during the late summer so Larry could have a "sabbatical." He attended special classes at the college and the family lived in the Mockingbird Lane apartments.

In the fall we kept the Feast of Tabernacles at the beautiful Wisconsin Dells. This was the first of four times that I was the festival coordinator there. I always enjoyed the organization and administrative opportunities of such jobs. In addition it gave opportunity to travel a bit during years when we did not travel very much otherwise.

Carol and her family went with us two different times. The first time, we towed our little American Motors Gremlin behind the Balboa Motorhome. On the way we stopped for a few hours at a city park in Kankakee, Illinois. Michael and Jeffrey had a good time playing on the swings and teeter-totters. Jeffrey was especially fascinated by the name Kankakee. He would repeat the name from time to time, Kang-ka-kee!

In January we again towed the Gremlin behind the Balboa. This time Carol and family also went with us. We drove straight through to Pasadena without an overnight stop. We parked the motorhome behind the Mockingbird Apartments. Carol and family stayed with Larry and family upstairs, and Maxine and I stayed in the motorhome.

In May of 1976 Maxine and I had the opportunity of accompanying the Big Sandy graduating seniors on their senior trip. This was a trip to Mexico City. We had never been there before and so it was an exciting adventure. We saw the sights of the city as well as the Pyramids to the Sun and Moon. On the Sabbath I preached to the students in English, while Pablo Dimakis, a local minister gave a simultaneous translation in Spanish. The Spanish brethren listened to the translation over headphones.

Ten years later, in 1986, we again visited Mexico City. The city was recovering from the recent devastating earthquake. The hotel we had stayed in during the earlier trip was closed because of earthquake damage, and was in the process of being rebuilt. The Mexico City church had grown tremendously during the intervening time.

Our First Canadian Trip

Later in May 1976, we drove the motorhome to Pasadena in order to attend the ministerial conference for that year. After the conference, we left on an extensive trip through the western United States and Canada. Larry was just finishing his sabbatical and was being transferred to Tucson. He and his family joined us in a few days at Hope, British Columbia.

In the meantime Maxine and I took a leisurely trip, stopping at Medford, Portland, Seattle, Victoria, and Vancouver. We saw family at Medford and Portland. At Victoria we visited the fabulously beautiful and world-famous Butchart Gardens. These magnificent gardens were planted in an old stone quarry. The gardens were ablaze with all colors of the rainbows. We parked the motorhome in the driveway of the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Patrickson. He was the pastor of the local church and invited me to preach to the church on the weekly Sabbath.

At Vancouver we visited the regional office for the first time. Mr. Dean Wilson, whom we had known for many years, was the director. This was our first visit to Canada.

The next day we drove east along the transcontinental highway to a camp and trailer park where Larry and his family joined us with their travel trailer. From there we traveled north and east to Jasper National Park, where we camped one night. The next day we traveled south along the rugged Canadian Rockies. We visited a glacier, and saw quite a bit of wildlife along, and on, the highway. We stopped for a short time at the beautiful and famous Lake Louise.

That night we camped at Banff. This whole area is so rugged and beautiful that it almost became boring at times, there was so much of it. We had lunch at the old classical Banff Springs Hotel.

The next day we drove to Calgary where we parked behind Richard and Janet Wilding's home. We observed Pentecost there with the church. Larry preached at the South church, and I in the North church for the morning service. In the afternoon we switched. That evening we all, along with the Wildings and David and Gwen Register, had a memorable dinner at a Japanese restaurant.

Our next stop was Glacier National Park in the U.S. It too was breathtakingly beautiful. From there we drove to Big Fork, Montana, to visit Maxine's sister Ione and her husband Delos.

Next came Yellowstone National Park where Maxine and I had visited two years earlier. Our final stop together was at our favorite spot - Colter Bay on Jackson Lake in the Grand Teton National Park. This beautiful blue lake had as a backdrop the snow capped Teton Range. What magnificent scenery this was!

The next morning we left rather early for Big Sandy, Texas. Larry left soon afterwards going to Austin to arrange for moving some things to Tucson, and from there they moved to Tucson.

This trip was one we will always remember. We have had many enjoyable trips, but not like this one. We were able to be with family, during this long trip, and through such incredibly beautiful country.

A Surprise Move to Houston

I would like to make some comments concerning my work in Big Sandy before telling about our next move. We had moved back to Big Sandy from Pasadena in August 1973. I was

Controller and a Division Manager. In addition I taught several college classes and also some night classes for local church members.

At first things went well. I was older than most others in college administration, and in time it seemed that more and more of my responsibilities were given to younger men. In time I had very little to do.

In August I was asked if I would like to pastor the Houston North Church, and be the Senior Pastor for South Texas and Southwest Louisiana. I told Maxine that if we moved, at least I might be able to be of help to someone. It did not seem I was doing any good where I was.

I accepted the offer, and in a few days we were living in a home we were buying in Houston. The routine of church pastor was quite new to me. I had pastored churches in Long Beach and Los Angeles, California; Big Sandy, Texas; and Shreveport, Louisiana. This was the first time I was a full-time pastor. Always before my principal job had been administration and/or that of a college instructor.

We really enjoyed being with the brethren in Houston. We were received warmly and affectionately. During the 2½ years we were there, the church grew considerably. Once a month we would usually visit one of the other six churches I supervised as Senior Pastor. This gave a nice change to the usual routine.

While we lived in Houston we received word that we had a new granddaughter. She was Melissa Ann, the third child of Linda and Larry, born at Tucson on April 21, 1977. This brought the number of our grandchildren to five.

During part of this time we were in turmoil over Carol's marriage to Michael C. Kusheba and the divorce that followed.

We Buy a Trailer

The Balboa Motorhome had been a source of pleasure and enjoyment since we purchased it early in 1973. By 1978 it had gone more than 100,000 miles. At about 50,000 miles we began to have engine troubles. The engine was overhauled, and from there things went from bad to worse. It immediately used much oil, and in due time we bought a remanufactured engine. This one was hardly any better. In due time, after much complaining, it was exchanged too. The exchange engine was not much better than the other remanufactured engine. I don't know what kind of "remanufacturing" process produced such bad engines.

Finally, I decided that we should either get a brand new engine, which we could not afford, or sell the motorhome. After trying various ways to sell it, we finally were able to sell it to a dealer in Corpus Christi.

We thought it would be financially better to own a trailer instead of a motorhome. We settled on an Argosy Minuet, built by the Airstream Company. This was a scaled down version of the Argosy. It was built with the same airplane type construction. It was an above average quality little trailer. On our first family trip to the White Mountains we decided that it was too small. On that trip we had Michael and Jeffrey with us. Donald was also there. Maxine wanted to cook for most of the family, but the dining and cooking area was not large enough.

On the way home we stopped at Abilene, Texas, to see the dealer where the Minuet was purchased. A trade was arranged and we soon had a full-sized 26 foot Argosy. It was a lot more trailer, and of course a lot heavier and longer. We kept this trailer for many years and finally sold it in the late 1980's. We did not have time to use it very often during the last years we had it. By then we had a pickup type camper.

A Most Astonishing Event!

The most astonishing event in my life up to that time started on January 2, 1979. Donald who was living in Pasadena and working at Data Processing for the Church and College called on the telephone. He said that a Deputy Attorney General of the State of California, with a court appointed receiver, had taken legal control of the church and college. The receiver had been appointed secretly by the court, without the knowledge of church or college officials.

We learned in considerable detail, over the next year or so, what had happened. Six disgruntled church members, or former church members, had convinced various officials that Mr. Armstrong and others had "siphoned off millions of dollars of the church money for their own use." Some published accounts inflated the number to hundreds of millions of dollars. There were also accusations that the college was selling the Big Sandy campus for much less than its value. Other properties were reportedly sold below market value. The implications were that someone was gaining special financial benefits or under-the-table money from these transactions.

There were large front-page headlines telling the world about the evil deeds of these church leaders. Accounts were on national T.V. news almost every day for a while.

The church leaders were accused, tried, condemned, and sentenced by the prosecution and in the news media. I was shocked that such could happen in the United States. This was a free country, I thought, and a man was innocent, until proven guilty. Such things as this only happened under a cruel dictatorship.

Our principal bank, without church knowledge, took operating funds from the checking accounts and paid off the balance owing on the Church fleet cars. This caused the bank balance to have insufficient funds for outstanding checks. Church and college checks were "bouncing" all over the world. The situation was desperate, to say the least. Financially speaking we were almost bankrupt in a few days.

All lines of credit were stopped. Most vendors required cash on delivery. Most of the friends in business and in the community deserted us.

Some miracles did prevent a collapse. On the very day that a very large sum of money was needed to continue operation, the sale money of the Ambassador College Bricket Wood, U.K., campus arrived. If it had come a day earlier, it would have been controlled by the court-appointed receiver. He would have used it in ways that would have prevented us from paying the necessary bills.

An attempt was made to print subscription or member lists from the computer. The people operating the computer were either employees or former employees and knew how to operate it. The computer miraculously would not work! They never got the list!

Mr. Armstrong was able to get a letter to members, asking them to send their tithes and offerings directly to him in Tucson. The receiver tried unsuccessfully to stop the letter at the post office. Almost immediately there were no funds coming into Pasadena for the receiver's use. The bills were then paid from Tucson instead of Pasadena.

For a long time, the legal battle was extremely difficult. There were almost no victorious battles for a very long time. The facts presented to the court, which showed how ridiculous and false the charges were, did not seem to help much. We were guilty, until the court believed we were proven innocent.

Thousands of church members rallied behind Mr. Armstrong. Slowly, almost imperceptibly at first, this trial began to turn around.

Arthur Andersen and Company, one of the world's largest and most respected auditing firms of that time was retained to audit the books. Their audit was extremely thorough and proved that the financial charges were simply untrue. I know, because later, after I became treasurer I had my own copy of their audit. I have talked to the auditors many times. They knew from the facts, that Mr. Armstrong and the others were not guilty of the accusations.

The accusers could never prove their accusations. Finally, primarily because of this suit, the California legislature changed the law. The Attorney General withdrew from the suit.

The reputation of the church leadership and the church had been defamed. A few who had been dissatisfied with the church left. During this long ordeal the church membership grew much closer together. It was a difficult time but the church became spiritually stronger as a result.

Secret Operations

There were events relating to this whole affair that not many people know about. It has been quite a few years since they took place, so there should be no problem in commenting about them now. After becoming treasurer of the Church and College, it was necessary for me to be informed about these details. One of the main reasons I was told was because these projects were under the treasurer's supervision.

The church membership knew that there was an office in Tucson where mail contributions were processed. The funds were then banked in a local bank. When the church first opened a bank account, the bank officers were apparently suspicious of our operation and asked us to go to another bank. Speculation on the part of some of our people was that the bank people were afraid that the money was being laundered from illegal activities. If this was the reason, they were totally wrong.

When the State of California took control of the property in Pasadena, based on false charges, it became apparent that our greatest protection was in the detailed financial and business records. These records, except for recent transactions were contained in the office archives. Therefore, the archives were secretly moved to another state for protection. One of the church employees "quit" his job at Pasadena and moved to this city in the other state. He then began working for another corporation, which was financed indirectly by the church. In this other city the man worked daily as the church archivist. He routinely would supply copies of requested archived documents for the offices in Pasadena. The office employees in Pasadena, except for just a very few people had no idea that the archives were no longer on campus, instead they were in another state.

Another man who was skilled in the computer field "quit" his job at Pasadena. He too moved to this other out of state city. He then began to work for this same new corporation. A large office space was rented, under the other corporate name. A small main-frame computer was purchased and installed. This computer was compatible and could process the same material that was being processed in Pasadena on the main-frame computer there. This was done so that if the church office was forced out of California, we would have an operational computer and necessary office space for the church offices. Also, if Pasadena had a severe earthquake or other disaster, this computer and office space could be used to carry on the business processing necessary.

I visited these places on several occasions. The men operating these offices and their wives attended the local Worldwide Church of God services. The members thought they had quit their jobs for the church and had gone to work for outside companies. In time these offices were no longer needed so the offices were closed. One man did not return to work for the Church. The other man went on to get a doctorate and became a faculty member at Ambassador College in Big Sandy.

We Move Back to Pasadena

I want to go back a short time to February 1979. At that time we still lived in Houston. I had a phone call from Dr. Roderick Meredith in Pasadena, newly appointed director of Church Administration. He asked if I would like the job of Area Coordinator for Southern California, Arizona, and parts of New Mexico and Nevada. Of course I said yes, as this was an opportunity of greater service to the church.

In less than a week we were on the way. We took the trailer, stopped in Big Sandy to visit with Carol and family, then on to Tucson to visit Larry. While there, we also visited Mr. Herbert W. Armstrong in his Tucson home. He was still recovering from a heart attack.

When we arrived at Pasadena we could not find a suitable home to rent, at least in our price range. For the first two months we lived in a trailer park on east Colorado Blvd in our Argosy trailer. It was just a few blocks from where we lived in a trailer 24 years earlier. We next lived for a short time on campus in one of the very nice South Orange Grove apartments. Finally, we were able to move into a state owned (freeway) home on Waverly Street.

I enjoyed the new job of supervising pastors and churches. Frequently, we would visit churches in the area. This gave many speaking and travel opportunities.

One day while we lived there, Maxine had a sudden and very serious hemorrhage. She was all alone at the time, and it was very frightening. She immediately prayed asking God for help and immediately the problem was gone. She had been healed!

This had been a serious problem since 1967. In 1972 a gynecologist told her she would not live another month without an immediate operation. She chose not to have the operation. Many times this condition seemed life threatening. At times we didn't know if she would live through the night. We had prayed about it all the intervening years, asking God to heal her as He promised in James 5.

As a result her health was much improved. This is very evident to all those who knew her. We are grateful for God's intervention, after a wait of 14 or more years.

Another New Job

In August of 1979 I learned that Mr. Armstrong had reorganized Church Administration. Mr. Tkach became the new director. Messrs Denny Luker, Dean Blackwell, Burk McNair and I were appointed Mr. Armstrong's Regional Assistants. I supervised and visited churches and pastors in what I called the middle eastern United States, from Canada to the Gulf.

About three out of four week-ends a month, we would visit churches in the assigned area. During a one-year period I preached at about 70 different churches. This was about the most interesting, varied and enjoyable job I have ever had.

For the first day of the Feast of Tabernacles that year, Maxine and I were in Pasadena. I spoke on the subject of peace during the morning sermon. The next day we flew to Maui, Hawaii. Carol and sons were already there. We had an enjoyable time with them for the remainder of the Feast. Afterwards we stayed for two or three days at a Waikiki Beach hotel. We visited the famous Polynesian Center, and the north shore of the island, famous for its large waves. We parted company at the Honolulu Airport. Carol and sons flew nonstop to Dallas, we to Los Angeles.

Maxine and I were asked to go to Tucson and see Mr. Armstrong on October 25th. Larry and Linda were also invited and there were several evangelists present. I was ordained to the office of evangelist.

During the summer of 1980, we had a vacation with four of the grandchildren. They were Larry, Debbie, Michael and Jeffrey. We all went in the car, towing the trailer behind. Stops included State Parks at Carpinteria Beach, Morro Bay, New Brighton Beach, and then on to Donald's place in Union City. We were joined there by Larry, Linda and Melissa. They accompanied us to San Francisco and Santa Rosa, where we visited with Ed and Sue Mauzey (Linda's sister) and family.

The Mauzeys went with us to the Korbel Champagne plant where we took a tour of the plant. After that we went to a camp on to the Russian River where we stayed overnight. After leaving the Mauzeys, we continued south with Larry and his family. We again stopped at Morro Bay, Solvang, and home. The next day after we returned home young Larry participated in the annual YOU athletic events at Pasadena.

It was a couple months later, on September 9, 1980 that Carol married Gary Hegar. This again increased our family with a new son-in-law and two step-grandchildren, Daphne and Misty.

In November, Carol, Gary, Michael and Jeffrey came to Tucson where we had a Thanksgiving family reunion. That was the last Thanksgiving reunion we had together for some time. Living in scattered areas makes opportunities for all of us to get together at one time very rare. This is especially so since several of our grandchildren are now married.

And, Still Another New Job!

1981 brought major changes in our lives and in my work. Here is how it came about. In February, Mr. Armstrong asked me to become his personal assistant. This required our moving to Tucson where he lived at the time. This was pleasing for us in several ways. Larry and Linda lived there, and I considered it a great honor and privilege to work directly for Mr. Armstrong. I had worked directly under him on several occasions, but not as closely as personal assistant.

We towed the Argosy trailer to Tucson, parked it in Larry and Linda's driveway and hooked up the utilities. This made it convenient for all of us. It was only a 15 or 20 minute drive

to Mr. Armstrong's home and office. We intended to look for a permanent home, but never had time to do much about it.

Mr. Armstrong's files were very disorganized, and so I began to alphabetize and combine various files together. There were also many duplicates, mostly of long FAX's, which were separated out and shredded. In addition there were also many ways in which I could help Mr. Armstrong in whatever project he was working on.

Even before I started to work as Mr. Armstrong personal assistant, he told me he was considering me for the job of treasurer. This job did not interest me very much, though I had been Business Manager, and later Controller, at Big Sandy. I told him that others were more qualified for the job than I. He asked, "Who"? When I named a couple of others he did not respond. That was the end of that.

About two weeks later he made up his mind. I would be the new treasurer. He wanted to announce this and other changes to the regional directors, Pasadena ministers, and administrators. In order to do this, he asked me to arrange for all the International directors to fly secretly to Pasadena for the meeting. They and the Pasadena people were to attend the meeting, not knowing what it was for, or that Mr. Armstrong would be there. I don't think he had been on campus since the State legally took over the Church and College in January 1979. He had been given legal advice not to return to California because of the suit against the church by the California Attorney General.

I called all over the world to locate the directors and give them instructions from Mr. Armstrong. Even their wives did not know where they were going, or for what. There was a reason for the secrecy, which I will not explain. The meeting, on Wednesday 25, 1981, called *A Congress of Ministers*, went off without a hitch. The Church publication *The Worldwide News* devoted much of the next issue to the details and I believe also a transcript of the meeting.

Even though the meeting went well, Maxine and I had a rude shock when we arrived home, after being in Tucson with Mr. Armstrong about two weeks. Our house had been burglarized and the house was in a mess. A few valuables had been taken. The worst part was the thought that someone had invaded our home, and might do it again some day.

A few days later, on March 2, 1981, I became the acting treasurer, and later the treasurer of the various corporations worldwide. Other responsibilities included that of board member for all corporations, secretary of the various Executive Committees, and member of the Advisory Council of Elders. The office I inherited at the Hall of Administration in Pasadena was huge, and very nice.

It was difficult to find a secretary, as I did not know the Pasadena secretaries very well. I asked Donna Patillo, who had been my secretary in Texas if she would accept the job. She did, and moved to Pasadena to work for me. She was a great help to me for the years she worked, sometimes in very difficult times.

On Tuesday, March 31, Mr. Armstrong left Tucson and moved back to his home and office in Pasadena.

In July, Carol and family came to visit. By then we had a new Chevrolet pickup with a sleeper camper attached. We towed the Argosy trailer to Jalama Beach County Park, near Lompoc, California. It was enjoyable to be at the beach for a few days with family. Donald came down for a couple of nights to be with us.

Europe, Again

The next day after returning, Maxine and I boarded a British Airways 747 for London. We were in the first class cabin, with all the attendant luxuries. We did not sleep very well even though the seats were large and would recline.

We were there for a board meeting and other business matters. Mr. Armstrong was also in London, and we stayed in the historic and elegant Dorchester Hotel. Our trip was a quick one, only lasting about six days.

As if that were not enough travel for the summer, we visited Big Sandy and Carol in August. From there, we went to Miami for Donald's wedding. The marriage only lasted a few days, and then I believe annulled. This was another sad, but in this case, a short chapter in our family history.

In October Mr. Armstrong flew to Big Sandy on the Church's Gulfstream II airplane, and I went along. He was considering whether or not to reopen the college there. The decision was to reopen. The next year, after a few years of being mothballed, the Big Sandy campus reopened.

That year we had Thanksgiving day high up on the Mogollon Rim of Arizona at a forest camp. Larry and family were there as Larry wanted to hunt elk. It was cold, but we had a very good time together, in our respective trailers. We heard on the radio that snow was coming and so Maxine and I left a day ahead of schedule to avoid the slippery roads. After we left, just before they were to return home, Larry got his elk!

Alaska and Hawaii

The next spring we had an opportunity to fly to Alaska for the first part of the Days of Unleavened Bread. This was an exciting trip. We had always heard about the beauty and grandeur of this far northern area.

We stayed in the very nice Captain Cook Hotel in Anchorage, with a beautiful view of the harbor. I conducted services at Anchorage, Fairbanks and Soldotna, on the Kenai Peninsula. We enjoyed our visit with Earl Roemer and his family. He had been a classmate and friend of Larry in high school and college. He and his wife had been students of mine at Big Sandy. In addition we visited with Karen Treybig Doig and her husband, Glen. We had known her, her brothers, and her parents in Houston where she had grown up.

In 1982 we again went to Hawaii for the Feast. This time we went to the beautiful "garden island" of Kauai. Our hotel, the Waohai, was in a choice spot right on Poipu Beach. Poipu is considered one of the two best beaches on the island. The open air dining room overlooked the beach and was a delightful place to visit and eat, especially for breakfast.

Now as I revise this section of the Autobiography, I am reminded that since we were there, the Island has had two severe hurricanes. The first one caused much damage to the first floor of this beautiful hotel. I have heard that the last hurricane destroyed it.

We took a Papillon Helicopter tour of the island which was a "once in a lifetime" opportunity. We saw the Waimea Canyon, also known as the Grand Canyon of the Pacific, and the rugged Na Pali Coast. We saw the place that has the most rain of any where on earth, and many other spectacular views.

It was soon after the Feast that we learned of the birth of our sixth grandchild. Stephanie Nicole Hegar. She was born November 19, 1982.

During the summer of 1983, Carol and her family, Larry and his family, vacationed with us for several days at Greer, Arizona. This was a beautiful area of the White Mountains that we had not visited before. On the way from Pasadena, Michael and Jeffrey accompanied us. We made an enjoyable but brief side trip with them to the Grand Canyon. On this occasion we flew over and into the canyon by light plane. One of the most interesting sights was a formation that looked like the cartoon character Snoopy, lying on his dog house.

Our Visit "Down Under"

For the Feast in 1983, we traveled to New Zealand and Australia. New Zealand was indeed green and beautiful. We only saw the environs of Auckland on this trip. The main purpose to go there was to visit the office. In addition we attended church where I preached at the Day of Atonement services. We also enjoyed a sea plane flight over the harbor and over the island where the Church S.E.P. (Summer Educational Program) camp for New Zealand was located.

In Australia we first visited the office at Burleigh Heads on the Gold Coast. The beaches there are among the best in the world. It was a little cool on the beach to us, as this was early spring for the Southern Hemisphere. We also saw the strange animals and the different trees that inhabit this down under continent.

We visited Sydney, saw the world famous Opera House, the Sydney Bridge, beautiful Botany Bay and many other sights. While there we had lunch with Chris and Denise Hunting at a revolving restaurant atop a high tower. We had known him since he was a child. Now he was a grown man, married and a minister in the church.

Our Feast started at Adelaide in the south. I became sick on the afternoon before the feast. As a result I was only able to fulfil my speaking assignments, but not socialize there. It was a disappointment to be confined to bed most of the time we were there. I began to feel better in time to fly to the Gosford feast site on the southeast coast, north of Sydney. The last part of the feast we were in Caloundra, on the Sunshine Coast in Queensland. I was the principal guest speaker at all three places.

From there we flew to Manila, the Philippines. The next day after arriving, which was a weekly Sabbath, we attended services where I spoke to a very large audience of Metro Manila churches. We found the Filipino church members to be the warmest, friendliest, and most respectful of any area we ever visited.

On Sunday we took a hovercraft boat in Manila bay to ride to the island of Corregidor. It had been the headquarters for General MacArthur and the U.S. Army forces at the beginning of World War II. The fall of Corregidor was one of those sad moments in world history. At the time it occurred Maxine and I were young and very impressed. Now we were able to see it for ourselves. It brought back many poignant memories.

From there we had a short stop at Hong Kong. The men usually like to shop for watches and electronic gadgets there. The women usually shop for clothing, particularly Diane Freis dresses. We came back with something for everyone in the family. If memory serves me correct we had a watch for just about everyone of the family. At that time they were less expensive than in the States. That is no longer the case.

The Low Countries

In May of 1984 we had a trip to the Netherlands, Bonn, Geneva, Paris, and London. We visited the offices, and I had an opportunity to preach to the church in Bonn. There was a simultaneous translation into German for all the German speaking brethren, through infrared headphone detectors.

We took a train from Utrecht, Holland to Bonn, Germany. The train systems in Europe are excellent, and sometimes it is just about as fast to travel by train as it is by airplane. Mr. Bernard Andrist from Geneva, Switzerland, took us for a visit to his home village of Rougemont. This was a delightful "storybook" alpine village, surrounded by the Alps. From Geneva we took the ultrafast T.G.V. train to Paris. The letters stand for *tres grande vitesse*, if I have my French right. It just means "very fast." I don't remember how fast they go, but it is somewhere around 150 mph.

The Paris pastor was Mr. Sam Kneller who took us on a tour of some of the sights in Paris. His wife, Marilyn Williams Kneller, gave us a professional guided tour of the fabulous Versailles Palace.

From there we flew to London. We were to meet Mr. Armstrong there for a meeting of the English boards of the Church and College. For some reason he could not come, and so I was asked to chair the meeting. The corporate secretary, Francis Bergin, had typed out a point by point outline of what I was supposed to do. So, I just conducted the annual board meeting "by the numbers."

On the Sabbath I spoke in place of Mr. Armstrong to all the London area churches. There were about a dozen congregations assembled in Westminster Hall, across from Westminster Abbey for services.

Yosemite Family Reunion

It was a short time later, in July that our whole tribe, which now consisted of fifteen, headed for Yosemite National Park. Larry and family were in the process of moving from Tucson to Sacramento. This was their last stop before arriving at their new home. We all met at White Wolf Camp Ground, in the high country. This camp is over 8,000 feet in elevation. This was a beautiful spot with a nice stream that went through the campgrounds. It was one of the most enjoyable places where we have camped. The grandchildren had fun catching many native trout, and we all enjoyed the fish-fry.

On this trip we towed the trailer behind the pickup. Not only were we pulling the twenty-six foot trailer, but there was a full sized camper on the pickup. The engine was probably pulling 13,000 pounds or so. The worst part was the long steep grade up and over Tioga Pass. A few times I wondered if the truck could make it with all that weight. This reminded me of towing the 35 foot trailer from Oregon to California in 1955. I wrote about that in an earlier chapter. Now we were better equipped, but the grade was steeper and much longer than those of 1955.

South African Safari

The fall of 1984 we went to South Africa for the Feast of Tabernacles. Our first stop was London for the Day of Atonement. From there we flew to Johannesburg where Bryan Mathie, business manager, and his wife Ina met us. The next day we flew to Cape Town where we were

met by Dr. McCarthy, Regional Director, and his wife Tina. We visited the new office, famous Table Mountain, and toured the Cape area. From there we flew to Durban where we remained for the first four days of the Feast. From there we went to George for the last half of the Feast.

After the Feast, we went to Cape Town for services on the Sabbath. On Sunday we flew to Johannesburg with the McCarthys, and from there by car to the Kruger National Park. The first night I believe we stayed at the Satara Camp, and the second night at Lower Sabie Camp. We stayed in either a hut or cabin in a protected compound. During the day we went lion hunting! What we were really doing was to look for game animals of any sort throughout this very large game reserve. We saw many baboons, elephants, giraffe, cape buffalo, hippos, and a pride of cheetah. The last are rarely seen. But, we saw no lion!

Our trip to this amazing country was certainly a delight in every way. The people, especially the church members, were warm, friendly and helpful. We saw none of the racial tension there that was being reported over American television. I am sure that it was there, but we did not see any of it. Of course we were there in 1984. A lot has happened since. I write this revision on April 26, 1994. Today for the first time in the history of South Africa, elections are being held for all residents, and not just white. At this juncture in world history, the future is uncertain for this country. We have many friends and brethren there whom we pray will be protected and blessed whatever may happen.

Our trip back to London was the longest flight we ever had. It was about fourteen hours, nonstop. The South African Airways planes were not permitted to over fly any other African state in 1984. So, the planes had to fly most of the way over water, all the way around the bulge of Africa. We were in first class seats. They were the most comfortable for sleeping we have ever had on a flight. Believe it or not, we slept for eight continuous hours on this flight! We were really tired and the location of our two seats were in a rather private area of the cabin.

We remained overnight at the Heathrow Airport Holiday Inn in London. The next day we flew home.

A couple of months later we had another memorable trip. This time it was to visit the churches at Melbourne and Ft. Pierce, Florida. We stayed a couple extra days so we could visit the Disneyworld EPCOT center and the Kennedy Space Center.

We had visited Disneyland in California several times, and Epcot Center had some similarities. It also had many educational as well as entertaining features.

The Kennedy space center was very fascinating, from both a scientific and historical perspective. The scientific and space accomplishments at and from this site are incredible. We saw the museum, the assembly buildings, the launch pads and many other items of interest. The terrible tragedy of space shuttle Challenger came just over a year later on January 28, 1986.

The accomplishments at this and other space complexes show the incredible ability of man. It is so sad to see that while man can do such great things in science, he cannot control himself and bring peace to the world.

"My" Computer Age

Thanksgiving weekend in 1984 started a new era in my life. Some of my friends had been trying for several years to get me to buy a personal computer. I kept asking them, "Why should I get one, what use would it be to me"? Their answers never convinced me to purchase one.

In November, there was a special sale of IBM PC Jr. computers. Apparently they weren't selling very well so they were offered for \$1,000. This included a color monitor. I couldn't resist any longer. In addition I purchased an inexpensive thermal printer.

Donald visited us that weekend and helped me get over the initial learning curve. His patient guidance in operating the machine and learning the programs was a great help. I immediately started entering records of my thirty years of sermons. I also started using the word processor program.

My life has never been the same since. I don't know what I would do without a computer today. In fact as the words of this section are written (1994), they are being written in long hand. How crude! I am in South Carolina for a Church visit, and the computers are in California. I would like to carry along my "notebook" computer on such trips, but because we took carry on luggage there was not room enough for the computer. This section will have to be typed into the computer later. That means it will have to be done twice. How wasteful of valuable time! This autobiography has been typed and will be printed using the computer.

Once I made the plunge the computer changed the way I do many things. No sooner had the basic skills been acquired than the PC Jr. "needed" to be upgraded. In a short while it needed to be replaced with a newer, faster, smaller, better machine. Then programs had to be upgraded or changed. I found that the computer manufacturers and software publishers have the squeeze on people like me.

From the original PC Jr., I went to a regular "PC," then to an "AT," then a "386," and then a "486," then the "Pentium". Then came the "laptop," afterwards the "notebook." Apparently the next step is the "sub-notebook." If you don't understand some of those designations, don't worry about it. It is just a bit of PC history. New and better things will come in due time and these designations may be forgotten.

PC's are incredible tools that make my work and my writing much easier. It is a tremendous improvement over the way I used to write and keep records. And, several of the family have benefitted with computers I have passed down, or purchased for them. Now all our children are active computer users and also all of the grandchildren.

I would like to add a little more about this as I re-read, edit and add additional information in August 1997. Last fall I upgraded to a new Pentium desk top computer. The amount of memory, size of the hard drive and speed of the processor and modem are incredible compared to those earlier computers. Then in the spring, prior to a two month trip I purchased a new notebook computer with a CD ROM drive. With this last gadget I can carry a whole library of theological, historical, factual and miscellaneous material in a small case, about the size of a small bible.

We meet a Queen

In March of 1985, as a result of Mr. Armstrong's efforts, Her Majesty, Queen Sirikit of Thailand came to Ambassador College for a visit. She had a large display at the Hall of Administration of memorabilia and historical objects from the Kings of Thailand. In addition there were displays about the present King and Queen's projects to promote the arts and crafts of the Thai people.

It was really a royal affair. Her Majesty spoke to the students and staff in Ambassador Auditorium. Later a reception was held at the Auditorium and Maxine and I were presented to the

Queen by Mr. Armstrong. Also, a luncheon for the ladies was given by Ambassador College and Ambassador Foundation in honor of Queen Sirikit. There were many wives of local dignitaries including the Governor's wife, the mayors wife and others. This was Maxine's second time to meet Her Majesty.

Later we were invited to a banquet at the hotel in Beverly Hills where the Queen stayed.

Since then we have been to Thailand and found that both the King and Queen are held in high esteem by the people there. Because of the Ambassador Foundation projects in Thailand, we had an unusual and fine relationship with the Royal family.

Just before the Passover and Days of Unleavened Bread we had a unique and very interesting dinner invitation. Mr. Armstrong had as a house guest Mrs. Anwar Sadat, the widow of the late President of Egypt. Her husband was a world figure as President of Egypt for many years. More importantly he was one of very few heads of state to make peace with another country. In this case it was with what was considered in the Arab world an age old enemy. That took a lot of courage on his part and led to his ultimate assassination.

Mrs Jihan Sadat, his widow was also well known in world and educational circles. She was visiting Mr. Armstrong for several days as a result of Mr. Armstrong's previous meetings in Egypt with President and Mrs. Sadat. Mr. Armstrong was hosting a fine dinner for her. Also present was her "bodyguard," whom we were told was an Egyptian general. I believe the date was Wednesday, April 3, 1985. We were also invited to the dinner. The dinner was also attended by I believe two other couples from the Church and College. It was a fabulous affair as Mr. Armstrong's dinners always were. Rona Martin cooked a superb meal which was formally served by several waiters who assisted on such occasions. It was truly a meal fit for a king, or in this case, for the widow of a head of state.

We were invited back for another similar occasion a few days later, however we had to decline because we were scheduled to leave the next morning, (Thursday) for Miami and the Caribbean.

CHAPTER IX

Church Leadership Changes

In the spring of 1985 Maxine and I traveled to the Caribbean. The main purpose was to visit the San Juan, Puerto Rico, office. Such visits to our international offices were helpful to me as treasurer, and for the staff of the various offices.

We tried to make the most of such visits and so we visited a number of churches as well. This particular trip occurred during the Days of Unleavened Bread. We stopped in Miami, Florida, for the Passover and observed the first Holy Day in Kingston, Jamaica. Mr. and Mrs. Stan Bass, the Regional Director and his wife, met us there. From there we flew to San Juan to see the office and staff. While there we also visited with Mr. and Mrs. Pablo Gonzales, the pastor of the Spanish church there. I held a Bible Study for the Spanish and English speaking brethren. There was a simultaneous translation over headphones for the Spanish brethren.

From there we went to Barbados for services during the last Holy Day. Eighteen years earlier, Mr. Apartian and I had a service there with only 40 attending. Now there were about ten times that many present.

The next day we flew to Trinidad for weekly Sabbath services. When Mr. Apartian and I were there before, there were only four members. Now there were about 600 in attendance.

It was encouraging to see how much growth God had given the churches in this area since I was last there. It was also good to meet again with some of those that we had talked to or baptized so many years before.

From Trinidad we went to the French-speaking Island of Martinique. On the way, the plane made a short stop at the Grenada Airport. This airport and island had been much in the news as a result of the U.S. military action in 1983.

The church in Martinique had also grown tremendously since my previous visit. They had also built a new church building. It was not yet quite finished. Some of the children I had met before were now married and had children of their own. Mr. DuBois translated my comments during a Sunday Bible Study into French. Afterwards, there was singing and dancing - Martinique style. It was a delightful time that we spent with these remarkable but poor people.

Our Forty-Third Anniversary

In August 1985 Maxine and I decided to go back for a visit to Medford, Oregon, where we grew up. We thought it would be nice to celebrate our anniversary where we married.

This memorable trip by car took about a week. We stopped on the way to Medford to visit with Don, who lived in Fremont, California, and then with Larry and family in Sacramento on the return trip.

For the first time in over 35 years, we visited the places we knew and enjoyed during our youth. We saw some of the homes where we had lived. We went to McKee Bridge on the Applegate River where we used to go swimming. We went to Crescent City, California; Grants Pass, Rogue River, Central Point, Ashland, and Jacksonville. We also visited the graves of some of our immediate families and ancestors.

It was a memorable trip for both of us. After so many years, it was good to visit the familiar places of our youth. There was much change, but some things were still somewhat the same.

A Canadian Feast

For the Feast of Tabernacles that year Debbie and Melissa accompanied us. We flew to Sacramento, then took them with us. First we flew to Seattle where we rented a car. From there we drove to Bellingham and had a short visit with my sister Betty and her husband Bill. At Vancouver, B.C., we stayed in a nice hotel. The girls had a very good time, as they had not had many opportunities for such travel.

We introduced them to Caesar salad, as they had never heard of it. Debbie had an opportunity to have steak, at least once a day. I believe she would have liked to have steak three times a day!

We viewed the sights of Vancouver, including beautiful Stanley Park and the Lions Gate Bridge. Afterwards, we dined at Salmon House on the Hill. This was a delightful meal that we had with Mr. and Mrs. Adair and their son Andrew. Not only was this salmon at its best but there was a fabulous view of the ocean and harbor.

The next day we drove to Penticton. The route took us through a rugged and beautiful area. The name Penticton had been familiar as a Feast site for many years, but this was our first time to be there. It is situated in a narrow valley between two large lakes.

We were there the first part of the Feast and then went to Victoria. This trip involved a delightful ferry ride from the mainland to Vancouver Island. We all enjoyed this and then saw world famous Butchart Gardens. Maxine and I had been there in 1976. We didn't expect the gardens to be as beautiful in the fall as they were in the summer. They were just as colorful as before, but with different flowers.

At the small hotel we were given the Presidential Suite on the top floor. The girls especially enjoyed our luxurious and spacious quarters, the jacuzzi tub, the excellent view of Victoria's downtown and harbor.

They flew on home for the last day of the Feast to be with their parents. After the feast was over we took the ferry to Port Angeles, drove on to Seattle, and then took a flight home.

We Visit Belgium

In October of 1985 we traveled again to Europe. We wanted to visit the Dutch and British regional offices, as well as the church and office in Belgium. We traveled this time on KLM, the Dutch Airlines, direct from Los Angeles to Amsterdam.

We had dinner with Mr. and Mrs. De Bree, and stayed overnight in Utrecht. After a brief visit to the office, we caught a train for Brussels, Belgium. This is a relaxing way to see the countryside. The trains are fast, on time, and the first class compartments are comfortable. It was surprising to see the many family gardens located along the railroad right-of-way.

M. Carion the local pastor, and his son-in-law Reese Ellis met us at the Brussels train station. They took us to the hotel. It was old, but nice, and in the heart of the city. That night we woke up sometime after midnight and could not go back to sleep. We had not adjusted yet to the time change, and were suffering from jet lag. We were hungry and the hotel restaurant had

long since closed. There was nothing to eat in the room except a small unopened box of fine chocolates that Mr. and Mrs. De Bree had given us in Holland. I decided to eat one piece, and gave one to Maxine. After a few minutes, she took another one. That did it! We ate the whole box, (remember it was a small box), and then we went back to sleep.

The Carion family, and M. and Mme. Roland Verlagh, were most gracious hosts for the time we were there. We had met them before in Pasadena at the Ministerial Refreshing Classes, but did not know them well. I knew Fanny, the Carions daughter better, since she used to work in our accounting department in Pasadena.

The next evening they insisted on our joining them for dinner in their home. It was about an hour's drive away. On the way we had a brief tour of the countryside, including a visit to a small abandoned castle nearby. The dinner was an excellent Belgian banquet. Their home was really a fascinating one. It was a comfortable, large, two story stone house. They liked to find and purchase antiques. There were many of them in every room. It was delightful also to hear of the real war stories (from World War II) by M. Carion. He had been a Belgian resistance fighter during the war.

We attended services there in Brussels on the Sabbath. There was a simultaneous translation into French, which the audience heard over headphones. There were more than 400 people there. That evening we took the Carions to dinner. We ate in a restaurant in an old part of the city, near the central square.

On Sunday we drove out to the site of the famous battle of Waterloo, where Napoleon met his "Waterloo." It was fascinating to visit such important places in history. From Brussels we flew to London for an office visit there.

We visited the office at Borehamwood and our friends there. Also, while in London, we became acquainted for the first time with the London Underground. That is the fine underground railway system for the London area. We have used it many times since.

MACH 2!

On this trip we had the most remarkable opportunity in travel that we have ever had. Because of mileage credits from the American AAdvantage plan, we were able to upgrade our tickets and fly on the British Concorde. This airplane cruises at twice the speed of sound, at 1340 miles per hour. It flies at up to 55,000 feet above sea level. That is more than ten miles high.

The plane is comparatively small in circumference, with two seats on each side of the center aisle. The seats are ample, but not large. The accommodations and service are excellent. The windows are quite small. The plane holds 100 passengers.

When we took off, it did not seem all that much different from a conventional jet. There was a little more thrust at take off. When we reached the speed of sound and also twice the speed of sound the captain told us. We would not have known how fast we were going otherwise. The only sense of speed was to look down at the clouds below. They moved by rather quickly. The trip was completed in a little over three hours. I wish all planes, at least the long distance ones, could fly this fast and this high. As I review and edit this section in September 2000, this incredible airplane is now out of service. Because of the tragic crash of one of the French Concorde's recently, they are all grounded. It looks a little doubtful if they will ever be back in service again.

We visited four of the New York area churches on the Sabbath. Two of the churches met in the morning on Manhattan Island, and another two met in the afternoon on Long Island. After the weekend stop in New York, we flew back to California.

A couple weeks later we were in Yosemite with Donald and Larry and family for Thanksgiving. It was cold, and it snowed, to our delight. But, we were comfortable in our R.V.s. We had an enjoyable time visiting and viewing the winter beauty of Yosemite. While we were there, we had a nice dinner at the classic Ahwahnee Hotel.

Mr. Armstrong's Death

For quite some time, Mr. Herbert W. Armstrong, then 93 years old, had been in poor health. He died January 16, 1986 at his home in Pasadena.

The grave side funeral was attended by an estimated 4,500 people. They included church members, friends, neighbors, and dignitaries of many kinds. I was privileged to be one of the pall bearers. Condolences were read from Kings, Queens, Prime Ministers, Presidents, world renowned musicians, and others. A few who come to mind were President and Mrs Reagan, the King of Thailand, and the Secretary General of the U.N. There were many other condolences including several leading officials of Israel, China, Japan, and Jordan.

There were many articles in publications throughout the U.S. and abroad about his death. One obituary in the Daily News, stated that Mr. Armstrong "was more popular than the Billy Graham and the Oral Roberts organizations combined."

We had known Mr. Armstrong since 1951, and he had a major impact on us and our lives. Looking back I recall many pleasant memories. We had some enjoyable times together. Of those times several come to mind. I may have mentioned some of them before, at any rate I would like to mention them in this context again.

In 1959 our graduating class of 13 decided to invite Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong out to a nice restaurant to celebrate our commencement. Mr. Armstrong accepted, on condition that he pay for the meal! He took us, graduating class and spouses, to the finest Pasadena restaurant at that time, the Honker.

In 1965 we were invited to accompany Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong and others to the Bricket Wood campus in England. One personal event was especially enjoyable. Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong took Mr. and Mrs. McCullough, Maxine and me to Scots Restaurant for lunch. At that time the restaurant was located at Piccadilly Circus in downtown London. This was an especially nice restaurant. We had Scottish Salmon, and for dessert, Peach Melba. The food was excellent, the view down the street was interesting, and the conversation was delightful. Later they took us to the world-famous Harrods department store to select a couple of paintings for the college home we lived in at Big Sandy.

It was early in 1967 that I had an especially bad time with my back. It had given me problems off and on since 1957. I had been in bed several weeks. At times I was in intense pain and could hardly turn over in bed. For days I was unable to even go a few steps to the bathroom. I really felt worthless and good for nothing. It was a low point in my life.

One day the doorbell rang and Maxine answered the door. She came back to the bedroom and said that Mr. Armstrong and Mr. McCullough would like to see me. This was a shock! Mr. Armstrong gave me an envelope, asked me to open it and read it. It contained a large bonus

check, the first I had ever received. It also contained a personal letter of commendation and some instructions to use some of the money to buy clothes for both of us.

From one of the lowest points in my life, suddenly I was enjoying one of the best!

In 1969 Mr. Armstrong took us with him on a trip to Israel in the church Falcon Jet. Since I gave details about that earlier I will not comment further except to say it was one of the most memorable trips of our lives.

In 1981 I worked for a couple of weeks as Mr. Armstrong's personal assistant in Tucson. After that I was the treasurer or Chief Financial officer under Mr. Armstrong. From then until his death we had frequent business and personal talks, usually in his office. I got to know him very well during this period.

A Spiritual Legacy

The most important and profound effect Mr. Armstrong had on Maxine and me was spiritual. When I first heard him I thought of a Bible text, "No man ever spoke like this man" (John 7:46). He had more truth than anyone else, and it was often shocking. I could prove it in the scriptures. Of course there were a few things that I did not understand, or agree with. He did not have perfect understanding, neither does anyone else. Most other ministers, probably without knowing it, preach a lot of human tradition instead of the scriptures.

Tens of thousands who became members of the church had the highest respect and love for him. In addition millions enjoyed his writings, his radio and television programs.

Some people hated him as much as the others loved him and said all manner of evil against him. We heard and read many of the accusations. From my personal knowledge I knew that much of it was false, or only partially true. Some personal or private matters I had no knowledge of. I do not believe the accusers did either.

Mr. Armstrong was not perfect, and never was. He tried to find error in his understanding of the scriptures, and then correct the error. He made mistakes, and he sometimes paid dearly for them. He did not have all the truth, but what he had he made PLAIN! He had infinitely more of the truth than any other minister I knew.

I heard him say on several occasions that he had made many mistakes, but that God had never let him make a mistake that would wreck "the work."

I would like to comment here about some of his critics. When I think of this, I am reminded of criticism against those in politically high offices. It seems that whoever has a high office of any kind, or who has accomplished much, there will be criticism. Such a person is usually in a position that whatever he does he is criticized. It has been well put by saying that they are "dammed if they do, and dammed if they don't." Of course, constructive criticism is justified, as no one is perfect. And, when it comes to holding any high office, no one is capable of doing a perfect job. On this point, Theodore Roosevelt put it wisely. "Show me a man who makes no mistakes and I will show you a man who doesn't do things."

In most cases much of the criticism is not valid. Some of it is infantile and ridiculous. The other day I saw Barbara Bush, the former First Lady on Television. Someone asked her about the criticisms she received when she lived in the White House. One of the comments she made was that you have to consider the source. I have noted that very often, the source is from miserable, ignorant people who can only say negative things about those who have accomplished much.

They are usually wrapped up in themselves. As an old saying goes, "People who are wrapped up in themselves make small packages."

In some cases it seems that people have devoted their lives to trying to tear down what others have built. They seem to have some perverted delight in finding "dirt," or what they think is "dirt" about other people. They have little if anything to say that is good. All is bad. Every motive of those being criticized is evil.

I have pity for such people as they must live miserable lives. One of the greatest joys in life is to do something constructive and beneficial for others. If one is not able to do something that is constructive and helpful to others, life surely must be boring and uninteresting. The joy we receive in life comes primarily from doing good and helping others. The person who spends all of his time looking for "garbage" in other people is really a garbage collector. I am not talking about a man who is employed to haul peoples garbage to the local dump. That is an honorable occupation. These people are in a dishonorable occupation, and in my opinion at the bottom of the social ladder.

Bernard Baruch, the advisor to Presidents said: "Two things are bad for the heart - running up stairs and running down people." I try to look for good things in a person, rather than the bad. Of course you sometimes can't avoid seeing some of the bad, but you don't have to advertise it to the world. This principle is brought in Proverbs 17:9 "He who covers over an offense promotes love, but whoever repeats the matter separates close friends, (NIV)."

Jesus said that "you will know them by their fruit." I believe Mr. Armstrong's fruit was GOOD!

I knew some of his chief accusers personally. I have been classmates of some, college instructor to others, supervisor of some. Their fruit was not good!

He gave me a legacy of knowledge and truth that is of inestimable value. It has led to a relationship with the Creator God that is most precious to me.

Mr. Joseph W. Tkach

In my personal conversations over a period of many months, it became clear that Mr. Armstrong had selected Mr. Tkach as his successor. I believe God guided him in that decision, but for reasons I never understood for several more years.

I had known Mr. Tkach since the late 1950's on a very casual basis. In 1979 we became closely associated at Pasadena when he was put in charge of Church Administration.

More Travels

In March of 1986 we took our second trip to Mexico City. The first had been ten years earlier. This was the first visit to the church office. Tom Turk was now office and area manager. We had known him since before he came to college, and had known Jody his wife since college days. It was nice to visit with them as well as the staff and church there.

A severe earthquake had occurred a few months earlier and much damage was still evident in certain parts of the city. It was strange to see some buildings still standing and in good condition, while the next building had collapsed in rubble. Obviously good design and good workmanship saved many buildings.

In June we had an interesting church visit to Canada. We flew first to Edmonton, Alberta, where we visited the worlds largest and possibly most famous mall. From there we drove to Red Deer where we visited with the Woosters, former Big Sandy students. We visited the church there and at Wetaskiwin on the Sabbath. This was very interesting country to us. Will told us all about the fabulous hunting, especially of elk, moose and deer.

The next day we were in Calgary for Pentecost services. We had been there for Pentecost 10 years earlier. Several Calgary area churches were together for this special occasion. The next day we went with Mr. and Mrs. Grahame Marshall to beautiful Banff. We had also been at this place ten years earlier with Larry and his family. We had lunch at the classic Banff Springs Hotel, and a trip to the top of a nearby mountain by cable car. We drove back to Calgary that afternoon and flew home the next day.

In July we had another family reunion. This time we were all together for several days at Morro Bay State Park in California. Most of us had been there several times before. This was the first time the whole family was there at one time.

In August Maxine and I, with Donald, Larry and family, attended the Middleton family reunion at Grants Pass, Oregon. Maxine's mother was a Middleton. This was the first time we had seen the Middleton branch of the family for many years. Everyone had a good time reminiscing about the past. We also had an enjoyable picnic meal with the Medford branch of the Neff family.

In September, Maxine and I visited Niagara Falls for the first time. It really lived up to the advance billing! Especially interesting was our *Maid of the Mist* boat trip. The boat went very close to the falls. This gave us an entirely different perspective of the power of water and of these tremendous falls. On this trip, which was primarily for a church visit to the London and Sarnia, Ontario, churches, we visited with Richard and Janet Wilding and family. Richard was the pastor of the two churches. We had visited them ten years earlier at Calgary. We had become especially attached to Janet after she came to Ambassador College. She adopted us as parents, and always sends us Mother and Father's day cards. We have not been able to visit with them very often since their graduation and marriage in 1966.

In January of 1987 we went to Yosemite National Park. The reason we went was to see one of Donald's paintings which was on display there in an art exhibit. Donald had his motorhome and we had our camper. Larry and family drove up for part of Sunday. We again enjoyed a winter visit to Yosemite, as well as a nice visit with the family.

Another Trip to Asia

Late the next month we took our second trip down under. We first visited the Auckland, New Zealand office. On Sabbath morning I spoke at the local church and then we flew with Mr. and Mrs. Bill Hutchison to Wellington for afternoon services. On Sunday we had a tour of this, the capital city. On Monday we flew to beautiful Queenstown on the South Island where we relaxed for a couple of days. This is one of the most scenic areas of New Zealand, in the midst of the Southern Alps. In the 1950s we had seen the first Cinerama movie which introduced us to the beautiful scenery in this area. We had always hoped we would have a chance to see the area sometime. Most of the time it was overcast and we could not see the tops of the mountains. That is the way things happen sometime!

Our next stop was Rotorua where the Feast was usually held each year. This area is more populated and is famous for its geysers and hot springs.

From New Zealand we flew to Brisbane, Australia, where the Bob Faheys, Bill Winners, and Rob Kellys met us. We stayed in a beautiful new, not yet formally opened, hotel. We visited the office, saw the regional director's new home, and carried on some business discussions.

On Sabbath morning I spoke to the local church, and in the afternoon we had combined services for the Brisbane area churches. On the last night we invited the office supervisors and local ministers to a dinner on the top floor of the hotel. The view was spectacular, the food excellent, the fellowship even better.

We had a non stop flight from Brisbane to Hong Kong. This is certainly a fascinating place to visit. This small geographic area has many high-rise apartment and business buildings. The streets are filled with people. I doubt you will see so many shops with so many things for sale anywhere else in the world. Many of them are selling the same things, and the prices in most stores are subject to negotiation.

From there we flew to Manila where we stayed at the world famous Manila Hotel. It had been the residence of General MacArthur after World War II. This is a grand old hotel, with a rather new section where we stayed. We visited the new church office in Makati. On the Sabbath we drove to San Fernando, about an hour and a half away. Several churches came together for this special occasion. They apparently had never had anyone here before representing church headquarters. One of the Americans attending was a former classmate of Donald and Carol, from Big Sandy, Texas.

In the afternoon I spoke to the Manila area churches, with over 1500 in attendance. Afterwards the people lined up in two directions, several abreast to meet us. As we found out in our previous visit, the church members were the warmest, and friendliest of any area we have ever visited.

Soon after returning home, we had a church visit to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and Vineland, New Jersey. This gave us our first opportunity to visit the area where my ancestors first settled in America. We drove to Stouchsburg and saw the old Lutheran church where some of my ancestors attended. We went to the Lebanon and Lancaster Historical Societies to look for information.

It was very interesting for me to see the area where the Neffs of our line lived 250 years ago. Our time there was brief, so I hope we can go back again some day.

Family Reunion at Morro Bay

In July we had our second family reunion at Morro Bay State Park. This time Gary, Daphne and Misty were not able to come. We had a good time visiting this interesting and delightful community. Of course, the best part was being able to be together again as a family.

Maxine and I kept the Feast that year at Saratoga Springs, New York and Mt. Pocono, Pennsylvania. We were surprised when we arrived at the Civic Auditorium in Saratoga Springs to see a large sign out front which said "Welcome Worldwide Church of God and Leroy Neff." We had never had such a public greeting before! The fall colors peaked about the time we arrived and were beautiful the whole time we were in the area.

In late October and early November we took advantage of TWA mileage credits and had a free trip to the Caribbean. While there, we visited the new office in San Juan as well as the church there. We also visited Barbados where we stayed at Sam Lord's Castle. This was a nice Marriott Hotel on the grounds of the old castle built by the infamous, Sam Lord. He had lights installed by his slaves to lure unsuspecting ships onto the nearby reef. The ships were then ransacked by Sam Lord's men. He ended his life at the end of a rope in England for his misdeeds. The castle is still there and serves as the office and reception area for the hotel.

On the Sabbath we flew to the beautiful, small, and poor island of Dominica for morning services. This is a very lush and beautiful tropical island. It has 365 rivers, one for each day of the year. In the afternoon we had services on the island of St. Lucia where Mr. Apartian and I had visited in 1967, twenty years earlier.

We returned to Barbados, where we had a leisurely two or three days of relaxation. It was hot, humid and uncomfortable during the day. Maxine went to the beautiful beach for an hour or so each day. Most of my time I spent writing on this autobiography. We returned home in time for the annual regional directors conference. Immediately following this, the annual budget preparations began.

In April 1988 we began the Days of Unleavened Bread in eastern Iowa with three of the churches. I believe this was our first church visit to Iowa. It is always enjoyable to visit churches that we have not visited before. By now, (1994) we have visited churches and I have preached in all but three or four of the fifty United States.

About this time we started another cycle in our lives, as happened in 1966. In Chapter Seven, I said, "Late in 1965 we began hearing about a young lady named Linda Ann Sloan." In 1987 we began hearing about Josie Carpio. Donald had found someone that he wanted to spend the rest of his life with. At the end of the year we met her. Donald and Josie visited with us and we all attended the Pasadena Rose Parade. She has been an important part of our lives and family since.

CHAPTER X

More Royalty, More Travels

This chapter begins where the first edition ended, and is written, starting in 1994. I have gone through the old text, made minor revisions and added a few things. As I have reviewed the old material I am struck by the fact that in the later chapters it is practically a travelogue of our many travels. The reader may wonder why this is so. It is this way for two reasons. My memory of dates and events is not the best. Over the years I have computerized a list of our travels from my annual date books. This has been the basis of much that I have written about.

In addition we have traveled extensively for the church as a part of my job. In the 1960's and 70's I traveled two or three times a year in connection with my duties as a festival coordinator. Starting in 1979 we made many assigned church visits in the U.S. and abroad. Over the years this has included visits to about 400 churches. From 1981 to 1990 I made many business trips in the capacity of treasurer of the Church, College, and the several corporations, domestic and international, under the Church umbrella. We have traveled many times to be with our children and grandchildren. At times there were family members from one coast to the other. And finally, Maxine and I have liked to get away by ourselves for a few days at a time in our recreational vehicle of the time.

We did not spend all of our time just traveling, though it may have appeared that way from this Autobiography. Probably we traveled longer and farther in 1993 than any other year. I believe we were away from home 107 days, and we traveled about 50,000 miles, mostly by air. The rest of the time I worked every day, unless I was sick. The daily routine is not so interesting to write about, though many things are going on. I will try and comment a little more about that part of our lives and not so much about the travels. That is I will try, but possibly will not succeed as we have had so many interesting travel experiences.

An unusual opportunity happened in late February of 1988. The Duke and Duchess of York, better known as Andy and Fergie, came to town. There was a Royal Dinner at the Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles. Maxine and I were invited as a part of Mr. Tkach's party. It was a gala occasion, with everyone in their finery. There was one long corridor that we all had to walk through so that the gathered crowd could see the "Royals" and the other "bigwigs." It was interesting to be in this parade. Maxine introduced herself to the Duchess, but I was a little more retiring. It was an enjoyable, sumptuous meal held in somewhat royal splendor. There was musical entertainment and short speeches. This was the second time that we had attended Royal occasions. The previous occasion was with Queen Sirikit of Thailand. We still read comments and see pictures occasionally about the gaudy dress that the Duchess wore that evening. It is sad to note that Andy and Fergie did not live happily ever after.

I Come out of Retirement!

Sometimes people ask me if I am retired. At the time I write this section I can truthfully say yes, or no! I work every day, usually at the office, unless we are traveling on a church trip or on vacation. Some people are surprised to learn this because they think I retired several years ago. Some have gotten this idea because I am no longer the Treasurer of the Church. They don't know that I am still the Corporate Secretary and board member of several different church related corporations, with other additional duties. Of course many people much younger than I have retired. Mr. Tkach has said that if I retire it will be to Altadena. I rather suspect that he has reference to a place on North Fair Oaks Avenue in Altadena where a lot of my friends are. It is the Mountain View Cemetery. Of course times change, and one can never know what a day will bring forth.

In one way, I have retired, not once but twice. Let me explain. For many years of my life music and the cello were very important to me. This was especially so prior to 1951. After I came into the Church my music was pretty much in the background, but I still did play from time to time. On March 17, 1968 our trio, which included Kathryn Ames and Ruth Myrick, had played at the opening of the Loma D. Armstrong Academic Center, in the Recital Hall. This was reported earlier. In 1969, we played for a faculty recital in Big Sandy. That was the last time I played for nineteen years, except for about a half hour one time when I played for our grandsons Michael and Jeffrey. They talked me into it. Otherwise I was retired! With many duties in the intervening years, I thought I did not have enough time to practice sufficiently to play well. I didn't want to play poorly, and I lost some interest in playing since it is so easy to listen to the finest musicians and cellist's in the world right here at Ambassador Auditorium on campus.

Early in 1988 it came to my mind that the twentieth anniversary of the opening of the Academic Center was near. The last time our trio played, audio and video recording were not as readily available. And, in the intervening years great advancements had been made. I thought it would be good to come out of retirement and perform at a Twentieth Anniversary Recital. That is what we did. For a couple months before the recital I started practicing and on the anniversary we played. It was recorded on audio and video.

The recital seemed to go all right, especially considering I hadn't played for 19 years. But, when I saw the video and heard the audio tape, it was disappointing. My part was amateurish. Of course I should not have considered it should have been better under the circumstances. The video was even worse. It was done on a home video camera. I looked like I was about ninety years old, and sounded even worse. So much for that!

At any rate I retired again. At this writing (2007) I have not played one note since.

Should Headquarters Move?

Early in 1988 Mr. Tkach decided that we should consider the advisability of selling the Pasadena properties of the Church and College. So in February this was discussed on a confidential basis with a few leading executives of the church.

Conditions in Pasadena and elsewhere had changed greatly since Mr. Armstrong selected Pasadena as a headquarters for the church and a location for Ambassador College more than forty years earlier. The main question was, would it be wise to sell the property at a good price and then relocate the Church Headquarters and the Pasadena College campus to Big Sandy, Texas.

Since the 1940's a number of problems had developed at Pasadena. Smog had become a serious problem and increasingly stringent requirements were being placed on larger institutions in this area. The crime rate for Los Angeles County had increased greatly. The cost of living in this metropolitan area had skyrocketed. Many employees were having financial difficulties, especially because of rising housing costs and the inability to keep salaries in pace with inflation. On the plus side, the value of Church and College property had increased greatly. At this same time we had many hundreds of acres of undeveloped property at our Big Sandy, Texas Campus that were not being used.

The input from those in the discussion was positive. All agreed that we should investigate the possibilities. But, it was essential that all of the activities be handled in a highly confidential manner. If this information became public, it would be detrimental to our efforts in both Pasadena and Big Sandy. I was appointed as the coordinator of these efforts. As I write this in 1996 quite a few years have passed and conditions are completely changed. Since I was personally involved and knew the details I decided to write about it.

A licensed realtor, who was also an instructor at a well known major University in Los Angeles, and a financial advisor, was retained as a consultant. He was asked for his evaluation as to what the Pasadena campus might sell for. Also, if the campus did sell, what would it cost to construct the necessary buildings in Big Sandy for the College and Church Headquarters?

In March of 1988, the consultant presented an over-view report. Later in the month a second report gave estimated relocation costs. This report was based on costs to replace about 930,000 square feet of floor space, then in use, or anticipated for expansion.

In July an appraisal firm was engaged to further evaluate the possible worth of the Pasadena property. In November they completed an analysis.

At the same time another study was conducted concerning properties adjoining the campus in Big Sandy as to ownership and value. If the college and headquarters were to move to Big Sandy, there would be certain adjoining properties that we might wish to purchase if they were available.

Through a third party, a number of property owners were contacted and several additional tracts were purchased over the next year or so. This expanded the campus to almost 2200 acres.

Consulting engineers in East Texas were retained in 1989 to assess utility needs for an expanded operation at the Big Sandy campus.

In June 1989, a conceptual Master Plan of the Big Sandy properties was presented for evaluation as a possible Worldwide Church of God Headquarters, and a combined Ambassador College. This was an elaborate plan which doubled the size of the College golf course. Streets and houses were "roughed in" taking advantage of the beauty of both Lake Loma and the enlarged golf course. The housing would be for employees who might like to live on campus.

The College would be expanded with necessary academic and administrative buildings, as well as student housing. The airstrip would be closed and removed to make room for necessary buildings. A new larger airport would be constructed in a different location, and oriented for prevailing winds.

A report on the electrical and telephone distribution system for the Big Sandy campus, was presented by the consulting engineers in November. In time, a major campus underground utility distribution system was designed and then constructed on the College campus. It was designed so that it could be extended and connect to a future Church Headquarters complex. This system had

the sewage, water, gas, electric and communications utilities in one major corridor that went across the campus to all the major buildings.

While all this was going on, conditions were changing with the College. On November 16, 1989, Dr. Ward, President of Ambassador College addressed the Advisory Council of Elders of the Church, and the Church and College boards concerning the concept of combining the Pasadena and Big Sandy College campuses in Big Sandy. It seemed like current and anticipated future conditions made it wise to make such a change.

On November 19, 1989, The Board of Ambassador College, a California Corp. resolved "that the College operations at Pasadena, California, shall be transferred and merged with those of Big Sandy, Texas, to effect a single campus of Ambassador College."

The result of this decision by the board and the subsequent move by Ambassador College in Pasadena to Big Sandy are well known and mentioned in other parts of this autobiography. Therefore, no further comments about the move are mentioned at this point.

In August 1990, a proposal was presented for a possible Administration Complex for the Church at Big Sandy Texas. This complex was in the form of a "Quadraplex" for the Headquarters offices. Four separate buildings, each about the size of what was then the large metal Festival Auditorium were planned. The buildings would be arranged in a quadrangle. Construction would be two story, tilt up cement walls. The interior first floor would be constructed at the beginning. A second floor could be added later to double the usable space. This huge complex would be connected by underground walkways so that employees could walk from building to building without have to go out in extreme heat, cold, or rain to go between the large buildings. In addition, underground utilities would be located in these same corridors. The total floor space would exceed the combined space then existing in Pasadena.

After the announcement in the press that Ambassador College would move to Big Sandy, Texas, there were numerous inquiries, either directly, or through local realty firms about the possibility of purchasing all or part of the Pasadena properties. Our attitude was that if we were given a satisfactory offer we would seriously consider it. There was a follow-up on those inquiries that appeared promising, and some proceeded to the preparation of contracts, however none of them ever came to completion. It seemed that it was either not God's will that the property be sold, or it was not yet the right time.

Other possible locations for the headquarters of the church were also considered. Cost of living, location, tax incentives or tax costs, and other factors were considered. Since the property did not sell, no specific location was ever approved.

There were some amusing incidents relating to all of these confidential activities. Two in particular come to mind. When the engineering consultants were selected from East Texas they were not told who the principals were in the transaction, or what the exact project was that they would be working on. This was done so that these activities could remain confidential. The principal engineer was sent airline tickets and instructed to meet his contact at the Los Angeles airport on arrival. The engineer, who was also a church member, and had been in Pasadena before did not realize until about the time he and his contact arrived on campus who he was working for. What a pleasant surprise he had!

On another occasion the realty and business consultant was in East Texas relating to these activities. He happened to meet the Deputy Chancellor of Ambassador College in a drug store at nearby Gilmer, Texas. Both knew each other and the Deputy Chancellor, who did not know what

was going on, expressed surprise at seeing the consultant. He asked, "What are you doing here in East Texas?" Needless to say, the answer was quite vague.

Since none of these plans to move the Church headquarters came to fruition, I will end that part of my story.

Donald Marries

An important family event occurred on April 23, 1988. Donald and Josie were married in San Jose. They invited me to officiate, since I was in the family and an ordained minister for many years. I am sure that our short marriage ceremony was quite different from what Josie, her family and friends were used to.

I believe that all of our children, their spouses, and our grandchildren attended. In the evening Donald had arranged for an elaborate dinner at a nice Chinese Restaurant.

Donald had not followed his parents example when it came to an early marriage. He was cautious and patient until he was in his late thirties.

In June, Maxine and I made our first trip to Northern Saskatchewan in Canada. I spoke at the Prince Albert and Tisdale Churches. To me this place was at the edge of civilization. From there on to the North Pole there is almost nothing but wilderness, ice and snow.

In the month of August most of the family went to the Fallen Leaf Campground at Lake Tahoe. It was the first time some of the family had seen this beautiful area.

At the Feast of Trumpets we visited churches in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, and Fargo, North Dakota. This was a special treat to Maxine and me because we had both been here in 1943 when I was stationed at the Sioux Falls Air Base. Forty five years later almost nothing looked familiar to us!

With Debbie in Czechoslovakia

We had a fabulous trip that fall for the Feast of Tabernacles. We were able to take Debbie, our granddaughter with us. Our first overseas stop was at Bonn Germany. We visited the office and friends there. From there we were taken by car by Wade and Kay Fransson to the feast site at Bonndorf. On the way we stopped at two places where some of my Neff ancestors had lived.

At Michelfeld, Germany, we met the local Lutheran pastor who was the custodian of the original church records from the mid 1600's. I had already read copies of some of the same records in genealogical books back home. The pastor had a previous appointment so he graciously offered to let us look over and make xeroopies of any of the old historic records. It was quite an experience to view the original records of some of my family. Some time later he made a quick visit to see if we were getting along alright, and left a plate of chocolates for us. We never expected such hospitality and friendliness here and other places in Germany.

We also visited Cappel Switzerland, near Zurich. There is a one room museum on the old Adam Näf estate there. He was one of our family who lived in the 1500's. He was in the Battle of Cappel (or Kappel) where the famous Protestant reformer Zwingli was killed. During the battle, Adam recaptured the flag of Zurich. Because of his bravery he was given a house at Cappel which is still there. We took pictures and learned more details about the family.

We began the feast at Bonndorf, located in the beautiful Black Forest region of Southern Germany. I did not feel well for the few days we were there, but began feeling better when it was time to travel to Brno, Czechoslovakia.

We were a little anxious about our visit to this Communist country, which was still under the strong domination of the U.S.S.R. We had never been in a communist country before except for a short visit to East Berlin in 1965. Conditions were not very friendly between the U.S. and the then Communist Block of nations.

On arrival at Prague we went through customs and immigration. The woman behind the desk appeared to be cold and disagreeable. She quickly stamped Maxine and my passport. Then she took a lot of time looking at Debbie and her passport. I have no idea why. We were all a little nervous and wondered if she would let Debbie in. But she finally admitted her.

A woman tour guide met us at the airport. She had been sent to take us to Brno, several hours drive away. We were surprised when she put us in a taxi. The car was jammed, the luggage compartment lid had to be tied down, and we had to hold some of our luggage on our laps.

The car seemed ancient and in terrible condition. The driver, who spoke no English would coast down all the hills and then would climb slowly and laboriously up the next hill. I am glad that the tour guide, who seemed like a very nice person, spoke English. A few hours later I asked if we could stop at one of the roadside rest areas. By now we were "full." It was not like any rest stop we had ever seen. Before we could get to the "necessary room," we could tell where it was by the smell. Debbie was shocked beyond belief at the filth.

We were not sure if the car would ever make it to Brno. I asked what kind of car it was. It seemed to me the tour guide said that it was a Volga, made of course in Russia. We finally arrived at the entrance to the Veronez Hotel in Brno. The car engine immediately stalled. I presume they got it started again for the long drive back to Prague.

We enjoyed meeting many of the brethren who had come here for the Feast. The main purpose for having the feast here was so that brethren from "behind the iron curtain" as it was called then, could attend the feast. They were not permitted at that time to go to Germany to attend the feast. I believe we met people from Poland and East Germany, as well as Germany, England, the U.S. and other countries. Services were conducted alternately in German and English. This meant that in every other service, we would listen to a translation through headphones.

We did not have opportunity to visit the area except for a couple fascinating tour visits to a huge, fabulous Hunting Lodge for dinner, and a Castle for another dinner. They had been built back during the time of the Hapsburg Empire.

After the feast we were able to ride in a private car with Mr. & Mrs. Bob Berendt to Austria and Germany. When we passed through customs leaving Czechoslovakia, and entered Austria it was with a great sigh of relief. We had a two day visit at Vienna. It was fascinating and interesting to see the Schonbrunn Palace, the Hapsburg Jewels, the Vienna Opera House and many other sights.

Our next stop was Salzburg. It was only a few miles from there across the border into Germany where the Berendts lived. We were there for two days. We saw where the famous (and my favorite) composer Mozart was born. We saw some of the places where the *Sound of Music* was filmed. We saw the castle on the hill, I have forgotten the name. One especially interesting visit was to famous Berchtesgaden in the beautiful Bavarian Alps. We had heard a lot about it during World War II, since Hitler had a home there. We saw some of the old buildings,

the tunnels connecting them, and we could see the Eagles Nest, high up on the mountain where he sometimes stayed. This is a remarkable beautiful and scenic area. No wonder the Nazi elite liked it so well.

Our First Visit to Jordan

After a Sabbath visit to London, and a whirlwind automobile tour of London, Debbie flew home to California. Maxine and I flew to Jordan. We went there to visit the students on the several Ambassador Foundation projects in Amman. We also visited Jerash and Pella, two ancient cities that were a part of the Decapolis or ten cities during the time of Christ. The Jerusalem Church went to Pella before Jerusalem was destroyed by Titus in 70 A.D. There were only a few restored ruins at Pella, but there are many restorations at Jerash.

After that we drove to Aqaba, and then to famous Petra. We had heard a lot about this place for decades. Because of several scriptures about the protection of God's people in the rocks, many in the church thought that during the Great Tribulation the church would be protected here. I had written about this place in the Good News Magazine many years before. At that time I said that if this was the place it would not be a very nice or comfortable place to be for three and a half years. The visit was fascinating and enlightening. My previous comments about Petra came from personal research. Now they were confirmed by personal experience. It is a rugged, primitive, very hot or very cold place to live, especially if that is in caves. If this is the place God will take His people it will be no picnic. After another Sabbath visit to the London area we flew home again, after a four weeks absence.

There is only one last event that I find in my date record for 1988. On December 2, Maxine and I were invited to accompany Mr. Tkach on a visit to Washington, D.C. We stayed at the famous and fine old, and renewed Willard Hotel on Pennsylvania Avenue. President Lincoln had stayed there over a century earlier. The occasion of our visit was prompted by the annual Kennedy Honors gala. On this occasion each year, several notable performers in the arts are honored. In addition to viewing the affair from box seats, four of us were invited to the White House for a reception. The place was crowded with famous guests. The four of us, Messrs Tkach, Art Neff, Wayne Shilkret and I, met President Reagan and his wife Nancy. Later we received an official photograph of our individual meetings with them. On the Sabbath I was invited to speak to one of the Washington Churches. The whole long weekend was an exciting and illustrious occasion.

We Locate Some Ancestors

Our last grandchild made his appearance on March 14, 1989 at San Jose, California. He was Justin Leroy Neff. The name was selected to include initials of his mother and father. Justin, for Josie, and Leroy for father Donald Leroy, and I think Lester Leroy had some influence here! Grandma flew to San Jose on the 16th, and a few days later on the twenty-fourth, grandfather Neff had to visit San Jose and take a look. Of course both approved whole heartedly!

The first sentence in the paragraph above is not to be considered final, as no one knows in advance about these things, but it appears unlikely that there will be more than seven grandchildren. What we are wondering, and have for a long time is when will the first great grandchild come along? So far our adult grandchildren have not been very cooperative. None are married yet.

In April we had a rather interesting trip to Minnesota and South Dakota. I was asked to go there for Church visits during the Days of Unleavened Bread. We first went to the St. Paul -Minneapolis area. For some time I had known that my great grandfather James Anderson Neff had died there and was buried at St. Paul, Minnesota, in the Forest Cemetery. I told one of the Pastors, Vic Kubik, that I would like to see if I could find his grave while we were there. Vic knew where the cemetery was, as it was not too far from where he grew up. He checked at the cemetery office and confirmed that it was the one where my Great Grandfather was buried.

After arriving Vic took us to the cemetery. The people in the office did not know exactly where his grave was but they directed us to the old section where he likely would be buried. However, they said that the head stones often sank into the ground over the years and became covered over so that they could not be found. We went to the area and could see that not many stones or markers were visible. It did not look encouraging but we began to look anyway. After we had been there only a few minutes, Maxine saw a part of a marker but the name was not visible. She took a stick and began to dig away the dirt and what she saw had some of the letters of James Anderson Neff. After clearing away more dirt and sod, there it was. She had found the right one, and probably within five minutes of our beginning to search. It was interesting to uncover a little more of our family history.

We had a very enjoyable visit with all the ministers, wives and brethren there and afterwards in Rapid City, South Dakota. We had hoped to visit some of the historical areas near Rapid City, but the weather did not cooperate. It snowed and some of the roads were closed. So, we mostly stayed indoors at the hotel.

In May we had an additional opportunity to look up some of my other ancestors graves. I was sent on a church visit to Roanoke, Virginia. We had known the pastor, Britt Taylor since his College days in Big Sandy. He was one of Donald's classmates and close friends. When he learned that we wanted to visit the area where some of my ancestors lived, he offered to drive us there. My great grandfather had been born and reared in Wythe County, Virginia. This was in the southwestern part of the state. A year or so before, we learned about Mr. & Mrs. Ronald Druihn who lived at Rural Retreat, Virginia. They are church members that we had learned about through his brother who is a local church elder. This is the same town where my ancestors lived, and where my great grandfather was born. I learned that several of the family had been buried at

a private cemetery on what is called the Greek Neff farm, and others nearby at St. Pauls Church Cemetery.

We went there with Britt and the Druihns, and saw the grave markers. Michael Neff, who was in the Revolutionary war, was buried at the farm Cemetery. His grave had an old and a new marker. The Daughters of the American Revolution had installed a metal marker stating that he had been in the Revolutionary war.

It was very interesting to see where some of my ancestors were buried. In the St. Paul Cemetery I noted that other members of the same Neff family had died at the Battle of Manassas, or Bull Run. It was sad to think that brothers and cousins, of the Neff family were fighting on different sides of the terrible Civil war.

We Miss the Big Quake

That year of 1989 I was assigned to speak at the Feast of Tabernacles at Redding, California. This gave us one of the rare opportunities to be with some family at the Feast. This was Larry's assigned Feast site, and he was also the Festival Coordinator. We were able to visit with his family and also with Maxine's aunt Vera who lives there. During the feast we visited, Lake Shasta, Whiskeytown Lake, and Mt. Lassen, three beautifully scenic areas.

We normally went to the next feast site at the mid-point of the feast. This time we decided to delay one day so that we could hear Larry's sermon. We scheduled our departure one day later, and were scheduled to land at San Francisco at 5:00 p.m. From there we would fly to Tucson, for the last part of the feast.

It was exactly the time we would have landed in San Francisco that a terrible earthquake struck the Bay area. We were glad that we had delayed one day because of Larry's sermon. If we had landed at the time of the earthquake we would not have been able to get out of the airport until the next day. We would not have been able to stay in a hotel, we would probably have slept on the floor in the terminal building. We were pleased that our schedule was changed because of Larry. The next day our flight was able to get through, even though things were a mess at the airport and only about one-third of the flights were getting through. Needless to say, I was very relieved when the wheels of the plane bound for Tucson left the runway at San Francisco.

Another interesting trip occurred in November. I was asked to visit the Church in Spokane, Washington. It so happened that Maxine's sister Ione, her husband and daughter Rosalie also lived there. So, we were able to combine business with pleasure and visit them while we were there.

The College arranged for a Class reunion late in December, 1989, for classes that graduated in 1959, 1969, 1979 and 1989. Since this included me, and it was our thirtieth anniversary of my graduation it was much anticipated. There were only about half or less of our original class of thirteen who were present. One of these was my friend John Wilson. We had known each other for more than thirty years. I believe a brunch was scheduled on Sunday, December 24. At this occasion, John was not feeling well. He did not know what the problem was. We found out later that he went to the hospital that night because of a heart attack. John never really recovered from that and died a few years later. I'll have more to say about that at the appropriate time.

For Pentecost we had a long trip to Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada. This was the first time we had ever visited this beautiful eastern shore of Canada. Gary Moore, the Pastor and his wife

Tamara, took us to Digby for the weekly Sabbath services. We also saw the unusual Bay of Fundy where there is a tidal hydro-electric plant. This is one of those rare locations where the tides are so large that electric power can be generated from the tidal movement. Tides normally are from forty to fifty feet high. I had read about this before, which made it especially interesting to see. As usual we enjoyed our visit with the local churches.

Donna Moves Back to Texas

During the summer an event took place that I should mention. For background, I would like to go back to 1973. That summer I was transferred from Pasadena back to Big Sandy. I had been in charge of Flight Operations for two years at Pasadena, and was reassigned as Business Manager or Controller for the College in Big Sandy.

Jack Bicket had recently had this job and he was being transferred to Pasadena. His secretary was Donna Benedict (now Patillo) who became my secretary. She did an outstanding job in helping me from 1973 to 1976 at which time I was transferred to Houston.

When Mr. Armstrong appointed me as Church Treasurer in 1981 I asked Donna if she would move to Pasadena and work again as my secretary. This she agreed to do, so she and her husband Jerry moved to Pasadena. In the summer of 1990 that all came to an end. Donna and Jerry decided to move back to East Texas.

She had been a great help to me from March 1981 to the summer of 1990. I do not know what I would have done without her professional expertise, her calm steady demeanor, even when things were hectic.

The summer of 1990 seemed to be even busier than usual with children and grandchildren coming and going. The whole family seemed to like to come and visit us in the summer. I know that one major attraction was the swimming pool and jacuzzi. Of course I suppose that they liked to visit with Grandma and maybe even Grandpa.

At the end of August we planned a vacation at the White Wolf Campground, in the high country of Yosemite National Park. We had been there several times before with family. We were to meet Don and family. This time we had a brand new large Lance pickup camper with all the comforts of home, including our own electric power plant, air-conditioning, and even a microwave oven.

The Big Blowout!

About an hour after leaving home, we were just starting into the mountains north of Saugus, California on very busy Interstate 5. All of a sudden the left rear tire blew out. The tire hit the brake cable and locked the emergency brake. I tried desperately to get the truck to the side of the road. It stopped short of the edge and would not move any farther under its own power. The left rear corner was sticking out into the edge of the right lane of traffic. This was the lane where the big eighteen-wheel trucks traveled. At this point they were trying to get up as much speed as possible to climb the mountain.

We got out safely and waited beyond the guard rail for help. A Highway Patrolman came by in a few minutes and called for help. The first tow truck could do nothing but tow us to a wide place beside the road so we would not block traffic. He did not have the right kind of equipment to jack up our rig and change the tire. A second emergency truck came and the man was able to

get the tire changed. We had to return home, get new tires, and repair enough of the damage so we could travel again.

This was one of those times when we believe God intervened to protect us. It was a miracle that one of those big trucks did not hit us immediately after the blowout, as we were in the second lane and had to cross one lane of traffic to get to the side of the road quickly.

From White Wolf we made coastal stops at New Brighton Beach, Morro Bay, and Gaviota Beach, on our way home.

The Philippines Forty-five Years Later

The festival trip that year was memorable for several reasons. One reason was that we would be visiting one place where I had been forty-five years earlier, during World War II while in the U.S. Army Air Corp. We first flew to Singapore and attended Atonement services in nearby Johore Bahru, Malaysia. From there we flew to Manila and then to Cebu City, in the Philippines. We attended services there the first couple of days of the feast, and I gave two or three sermons. We had never been there before, but as usual the brethren were unusually warm and friendly.

The next day we read in the local newspaper of an uprising in nearby Mindanao Island. A former Army officer had attempted some sort of a coup, and had taken over the area of Cagayan de Oro, where another of the festivals was being held. Our friends Gene and Barbara Hogberg were there. They had to flee inland by car for several hours to where they were able to arrange to be flown by light plane to Cebu. Their story was quite hair-raising!

We also learned from the paper that an associate of the man in Mindanao had also planned a similar uprising at Cebu City, and planned to bomb the hotel where we were staying, and where the Feast services were being held. The man was captured by the police early on the morning we arrived. If they had not captured him, I suppose the hotel would have been bombed, and who knows what might have happened to us and the other people attending the feast.

This reminds me that we originally were to attend part of the feast at Baguio that year. The assigned hotel was the Hyatt. A few months before the feast there was a severe earthquake, the hotel collapsed, and many people were killed. We are grateful that the earthquake happened before we went instead of while we were there.

I asked some of the ministers how much most of our Philippine brethren had in festival tithes to pay for the feast expenses. I was told that they averaged about \$40 U.S. dollars. How a family could travel to the feast, pay food and lodging expenses with that amount of money is beyond my understanding. Obviously their living standard for the feast is quite different from the U.S. In spite of such a small amount of money, these people always appeared clean and neatly dressed. In fact they would put to shame some of their brethren in other parts of the world when it comes to appearance. A few brethren seem to have little concern about how they appear before God on a Sabbath or Holy Day, but not these people.

From Cebu City, we flew to Tacloban, on Leyte Island. This is the place where I had been stationed temporarily forty-five years earlier. I had flown to Tacloban from New Guinea during World War II. The airport is located on a narrow strip of land jutting out into the strait. I immediately recognized it, but nothing else.

During the last part of the feast we were in Manila. The festival site had been changed from Baguio because of the earthquake. We returned home by way of San Francisco and San Jose so that we might visit with Don and family for two or three days.

Surprising Job Change

November 1990, brought another change in my life. Prior to the feast, I heard from a friend that another person was going to be appointed to replace me as treasurer. That is what happened on November first. Steven Andrews was given the job. He was a CPA, and an Attorney. It seemed a little amusing to me that I was preceded and followed by men with these same credentials. My professional qualifications in business and accounting were practically nil. I had not excelled in mathematics in public school, and had not taken business courses in college.

I am not sure why Mr. Armstrong appointed me as treasurer, except that I had been business manager for about eleven years in Big Sandy. Even though I did not have professional qualifications I did have a little savvy. I knew that you need to keep the outgo less than the income. And, keeping a business bank account in order is much like a personal account, only the numbers are a lot larger. Dr. Hoeh made a comment one time that I was the treasurer because I had an honest face. The problem with that logic is that sometimes my face was not considered to be honest. I thought of that especially one time on going through customs in Los Angeles. We were returning from Hong Kong. I am sure the agent thought we had not declared all of the items on the customs forms. We and our luggage was thoroughly checked. By the way, we had declared everything!

Here's What I Tried to Do

Maybe I should make a few more comments about the nine and a half years I was the treasurer. Before my time, some people were suspicious and critical of the way the church finances were handled. I suppose that some people felt that way about whoever had charge of the church finances, since the time of Judas. "... 'What you are about to do, do quickly,' Jesus told him, but no one at the meal understood why Jesus said this to him. *Since Judas had charge of the money*, some thought Jesus was telling him to buy what was needed for the Feast, or to give something to the poor," (John 13:27-29).

I encouraged the publishing of the annual audit in the Worldwide News. It was published most years, but not always, as some on the staff thought that it should never be published. I also gave a brief report each month in the Worldwide News giving income information. In addition I tried not to take advantage of the office by "feathering my own nest," or favoring myself in any financial way.

Even though I was no longer treasurer, some of my previous responsibilities remained. I was still a member of all the various Church and College related corporate boards worldwide. In addition I was still board secretary and the secretary of the executive committees for the major corporations. Mr. Tkach announced that I would also be his Executive assistant and advisor. However, I do not remember his ever asking me for advice, and he did not use me as an assistant.

Even though I had been told that it was coming, it was a shock when it happened. I guess I felt that I had not done the job like it should have been done. But there were some benefits in having less responsibilities. There would be no pressure any longer as a result of difficult financial circumstances. Someone else could have the responsibility of trying to fit all of the many expense budgets each year into the estimated income. The day to day work load was lightened, which at my age may have been needful. During my time as Treasurer the income

increased each year. Afterward it decreased each year. I'm glad I wasn't the one who had to balance the budget under such circumstances.

Jeff's Congenital Defect and Surgery

In December our family went through what I call a traumatic event. Here is a little background. Our grandson Jeff had always had some strange problems from the time he was very small. He frequently fell, had accidents, or physical problems even though he was agile. When he would run, his legs would sometimes give out and he would fall down. We couldn't understand why these things happened. As he grew into his teens, he had difficulty in running very far. His legs gave out quickly.

Somewhere along the line it was determined that he had very high blood pressure. This was very unusual for an athletic teenager. Then in time it was determined that one side of his body had more normal blood pressure. They also learned that there was hardly any blood pressure in the lower part of his body. Finally one smart doctor figured it out, though the others should have known. His aorta had never formed properly. The lower part of his body had never received blood in the normal way. Somehow the body had partially compensated and some blood was reaching his legs. When he ran, his legs quickly ran out of blood and he couldn't run any farther. To us, it was a miracle that he had lived until his late teens with such a handicap. We were told that he could have keeled over and died at any time.

Open heart surgery was scheduled for Tuesday, December 11 at Baylor Medical Center in Dallas. Maxine and Carol stayed at the hospital during the time he was there. The doctor cut out the bad spot and spliced in a connection so that the blood could flow normally to the lower part of his body.

We are grateful that he came though all of these problems, and the operation, and now his body is able to function normally.

I see that this chapter has also turned out to be another travelogue. Sorry about that. I hope it was still interesting anyway.

CHAPTER XI

Our Golden Wedding Anniversary

In May of 1991 we went on a church visit to Boise, Idaho. What made it more special than the usual church visit was the fact that Maxine's niece Rosalie had recently moved there from Spokane. She was employed by the Hewlett Packard Company, and had transferred there. We had an opportunity to visit with her as well as with the Boise area churches.

Also in May we were invited to a luncheon and private reception with Her Majesty Queen Noor, of Jordan. She was the second queen we have met. No Kings, yet! She is a lovely and gracious person from the many good comments we have heard about her, and from our own personal observation.

Late in the month Jeff and Daphne graduated together from the Big Sandy High School. The next day, Larry and Linda celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. We were sorry that we were not able to celebrate the occasion with them. They still lived in Sacramento, but were being transferred to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where they were house hunting at the time. It didn't seem possible that they had been married that long!

We had a family reunion in July at Morro Bay State Park, one of our favorite places to go. A short time later Maxine and I made another trip north to visit family. We visited family in Oroville, Redding, Ashland, Medford, Sutherlin, McMinnville, Portland, San Francisco and San Jose. You could say that was a "family" trip.

We had an unusual feast trip that year that I am sure we will never forget. We were in the London area for the Day of Atonement, and then we flew to Amman, Jordan for the feast. All the feast goers stayed at the well known Amman Marriott Hotel. Services were held in an auditorium in the hotel. It was not a very large group as the Gulf War had not been over very long and some people who might have come did not because of the recent war.

There was quite a bit of touring included in the schedule. We had seen some of the places scheduled in our earlier tour, so we did not repeat them. We did go back to Petra, it is such a fascinating place. This time however it was a lot hotter and not so enjoyable as before. One trip took us to Mt. Nebo where Moses viewed the promised land just before his death. The account is recorded in Deuteronomy 34. This was a rather inspiring place to see, since it was mentioned so prominently in the Bible, and so very long ago. Even though the view was somewhat obscured by haze, it gave one a little sense of what Moses saw. It also prompted thoughts of how Moses must have felt, realizing that what he had looked forward to with great anticipation, would not be realized.

Because of a mistake he made, Moses could only see the promised land, not enter it. It is easy for us to make mistakes that may prevent our doing some things we may want to do. The Bible says "What you sow, you reap." Another saying comes to mind. "You made your bed, now you will have to lie in it." When we make mistakes or sin there is a penalty. Even if we repent and God forgives us, there may still be penalties long afterward. Witness the example of King David and his great sin. Thankfully God is sometimes merciful and removes penalties we otherwise would suffer.

We also were invited to a private reception at the home of Prince Ra'ad, and his wife, Princess Majda. We had met her during our earlier visit to Jordan. It was a delightful and scintillating evening. The Prince made a few remarks to all of the guests. He said that what was needed most of all was peace. We all agreed, and look forward to the time when Jesus Christ will bring peace to the whole world. In the meantime there will only be more and more violence and more wars because the world does not know the way to peace.

One special treat during the Feast was a visit to the Palace. The entire group attending the Feast were invited by Her Majesty Queen Noor for this visit. We were taken by bus, through the guarded entrance, and up the hill to what must have been the main reception hall for distinguished guests and dignitaries. We were permitted to take pictures, and were served unusual and delicious hors d'oeuvres.

After awhile we were ushered into an auditorium. Then the Queen came into the room followed by Joe Locke, leader of our group. He was well acquainted with the queen having visited with her on several occasions. On this occasions she sat at a desk and gave a speech concerning her perspective of the recent Gulf war. This was the second time we had seen the queen, the first time was in Los Angeles. We had an opportunity to meet her again and exchange a few words, as did all the other people in our group.

After the feast we toured Egypt with about thirty-five of those who were with us at Amman. This was our first visit to this very interesting and historical land. In Cairo we visited the Cairo Museum which is one of the most outstanding museums of ancient artifacts on earth. Then we visited a number of other historical places of interest. The next day we flew south to Luxor for a few days visiting among other things, the Temples of Karnak and Luxor, the Valley of the Kings, and Valley of the Queens, some of the tombs, and then Queen Hatshepsut's monument called Deir el Bahari. The last was the most interesting to me because of my past studies concerning it.

Our stay in Luxor was at a nice hotel on the banks of the Nile. We could look out our window and observe the passing parade of many kinds of boats, including some that must have accommodated large numbers of people for extended tours.

On our last day there we all took rides on small boats several miles up the river. We saw native villages, people bathing, washing their clothes, or their dishes in the river.

We returned to Cairo and visited the Pyramids of Gizeh. We went into the Pyramid of Cheops. I only went as far as the grand gallery, as it seemed oppressive to me in the small passage getting there and I was anxious to get back to fresh air and the wide open spaces. Maybe I had a little claustrophobia. Maxine went on to the King's Chamber, but coming back down it was somewhat scary when a woman in front of her kept stopping. Since it is very narrow and impossible to pass it took quite a while to get out. Next we saw the famous Sphinx. Our return home was through London.

The Mother Lode Country

In 1992 we combined business with pleasure, combining a short vacation with church visits for the Days of Unleavened Bread. We had never seen the scenic and historical Mother Lode area of California. We first went to Mariposa where we stayed overnight. Then we proceeded north on State Highway 49, which was named after the 1849 gold rush. We saw a number of old mining towns and stopped nights at Twain-Harte, Auburn, and Twain. These

were the areas where authors Mark Twain and Bret Harte had lived for awhile. One of the most beautiful areas was Downieville located high in the Sierra Mountains. Two rushing rivers come together at this small town. It is said that during the gold rush days, some people even found gold in the dirt floors of their cabins.

After about a week traveling in this area, we went to Chico for the Passover, and then Redding for the first Holy Day. Donald and family joined us in Redding and we drove over to the coast, staying overnight at Trinidad. This was a beautiful spot on the rugged Northern California Coast. We stopped overnight at Richardson Grove, in the heart of the Redwoods, and then the next night we stopped near Mendocino. The next day we parted company with Don and family near Petaluma. Justin was heart broken that they could not continue on with us. He cried for a long time. Donald talked to us on the C.B. Radio and we could hear him plainly, crying loudly. After this we journeyed to the Santa Rosa area where we observed the last Holy Day with area churches. The next day we went to Sacramento for weekly Sabbath services and a visit with grandson Larry.

In May I was scheduled to go to Texas for the semi-annual board meeting and year end college activities. This time we took the camper instead of flying, and parked in the Pinegrove Camp, right on the Big Sandy campus. We had a nice visit with Carol and family as well as with many friends. The College activities were exciting as always. Jeff came home with us and worked for most of the summer on the Pasadena Campus.

In August I made a solo trip to England for the Annual General Board meeting. In addition to visiting the Bristol Church, I saw the underground War Rooms where Winston Churchill and other British leaders directed affairs during World War II. I also visited a Mosquito Museum. For those not acquainted with the Mosquito bomber of World War II, let me explain. This remarkable aircraft was made of plywood. It was a high powered twin engine plane with a faster speed than most fighter planes of the day. It was able to deliver (over shorter distances) as much of a bomb load as the famous B-17. These two visits brought back many memories of that era of our lives.

The Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary

Our three children and their children, with the help of a few others planned and put on a very delightful reception for our anniversary. It seems to me that there were about 100 guests. There were friends we had known for forty years, others for a few years. There were several family members including Gerald, Maxine's brother, Dolores, her niece, my sisters Joan, and Barbara with their spouses. Dolores had not seen her cousins, Larry, Carol and Donald since we lived in Garden Home, Oregon, about forty years earlier. It was a beautiful affair, with a buffet meal. And, of course there had to be speeches! Larry told a little bit of history about his parents and their idiosyncracies.

When we married fifty years earlier, we were in a war, and the future was most uncertain. Much had happened in our lives during the intervening years as this Autobiography attests. There were many joys, some sorrows, and many blessings, both physical and spiritual. Maxine and I are very grateful that God has given us all these years and all these experiences together. In 1942 such a future was not likely.

Festival in the Orient

The Feast trip for 1992 was filled with especially interesting variety and activity. The trip part of the feast started at 2 p.m. on Sunday, October 4. We boarded a huge Cathay Pacific, Boeing 747-400 at the Los Angeles airport. At the time I was reminded of one other trans-Pacific trip I took. In January 1945 I went from San Francisco California, to Hollandia, New Guinea on a Navy troop transport ship. Because of the danger of submarines, the ship frequently changed course, zig-zagging across the Pacific. It took 21 days for the crossing.

After arriving at Hollandia, New Guinea, we passed by an airbase and I noticed a DC-4 airplane parked there. It was a new four engine transport plane, a successor to the famous DC-3. It was incredible to me to think that it had traversed the vast Pacific in three or four days, where we had taken 21 days.

Our 1992 flight ending at Hong Kong was very different. It was non-stop, 7,247 miles, and lasted 14 hours and 26 minutes. There had been tremendous improvement in trans Pacific travel since my crossing forty seven years before. At that time, Larry was not yet one year old!

The trip was pleasant in Business Class, with two excellent meals, and three movies enroute. I believe we both slept about four hours. Our friends Mr. & Mrs. Colin Adair were on the same flight. Our seats were on the second or top deck. It was like we were on a small airplane of 36 passengers instead of 362.

We arrived Monday evening at 8 p.m., and we four were met by a Daimler Limousine which took us to the Regent Hotel. Some rate this hotel as the best in the world. It is about 6 years old, overlooking Victoria Bay and Hong Kong Island. We had a gorgeous view of the harbor and the multitude of high-rise buildings on the Island. There was a continual parade of ships and boats of every kind and description passing under our window. I had chosen this hotel for its reputation and location as I thought we could afford to splurge this time. Our room, the service, the meals were tops in every way.

I ordered some tailored shirts the next day and we did a little shopping and relaxing on Tuesday. On Wednesday we joined about 30 people for Atonement services. This included some Hong Kong members as well as other members in transit to various Asian feast sites. After the Holy Day was over, about a dozen of us had a delightful and delicious multi-plate Chinese dinner including famous Peking Duck.

On Thursday we picked up the shirts, took the ferry to Hong Kong Island, (we were staying in Kowloon). We took a cable car up the mountain for a fantastic view of Hong Kong and Kowloon. On the way back we stopped for high tea at the Mandarin. It is another one of the best hotels in the world. We had stayed there on a trip several years earlier.

On Friday we left on Thai International Airways for Bangkok, where we had arranged for a hotel car to pick us up. On arrival we were met by a young man and woman from the Montien Hotel. They helped us with our luggage and took us to the car in the parking lot. The car turned out to be none other than a Rolls Royce! What a surprise to be treated so royally. The trip to the hotel took 1½ hours in stop and go traffic, mostly stop. Later the same trip took about 20 minutes when the traffic was light. I don't think we have seen worse traffic than Bangkok. By now it may be worse in a few other cities such as Mexico City.

Our arrival was quite different from what we expected. We were received like royalty. The manager and other top hotel people greeted us and offered their services and that of the hotel. We were taken to our room, which turned out to be on the top floor. On arrival we saw that this

was not just an ordinary room but the Imperial Suite. It was Imperial too! The suite must have literally been larger than our home. It was designed for entertaining, among other things.

One of the first things we saw was a watermelon. Carved on it was the following: "Welcome Mr. & Mrs. Neff - 50th Wedding Anniversary - The Montien Hotel." It took us about an hour to become accustomed to where everything was. There were at least six different fresh floral arrangements in the suite.

On the Sabbath we had church services in the hotel, and then on Sunday we joined over 200 other feast-goers for a tour of the Buddhist Wat Po Temple. After that we saw the Grand Palace, including the Throne Room of the Kings of Siam. Access to the throne room was by special permission. It was granted because of the Ambassador College Thai projects, and the relationship Ambassador Foundation has with the Royal family. Normally it is not possible to have such access.

We were back at the hotel for lunch. During lunch we were surprised by an announcement that Golden Tours, who provided all of our transportation and tours in Thailand, wanted to present us with a large bouquet of flowers in honor of our 50th anniversary. Since we were leaving in a few minutes for the airport, and since we would not be able to carry the large bouquet, we gave them to another couple who had recently celebrated their 53rd wedding anniversary.

We then flew south to Phuket, which was about an hour's flight. This is an Island off the west coast of Thailand where the Malaysian Feast site was located. On the first evening I talked about our early feasts (1951-1953) and how different they were from the present. I also talked about the spiritual meaning and significance of the Feast.

There were almost 500 people at this feast site. It was good to see a few people we knew, especially the family of Yong Chin Gee. We had become acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Yong and children in Pasadena when he was attending Ambassador College. There were quite a few people from Australia, a few from the U.S. and England, several of whom we knew. We also saw and talked with Felix Johnson, Local Church Elder and employee of the church at Pasadena. He spoke glowingly of our grandson Jeff who had worked for him at times during the past summer.

After the first Holy Day we had a delightful *al fresco* dinner in an exotic beach setting. The locale was the Amanpuri Hotel, a small luxurious resort that had recently been featured on the T.V. program *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*. Beside the two of us were the following men and their wives: Messrs Randy Dick, and Lloyd Register, from the U.S.; Messrs Yong and Low from Malaysia.

On Tuesday morning we flew back to Bangkok, and then that evening we all flew to Chiang Mai, where the group would remain for the rest of the feast. This is about an hour's flight further north. This time we stayed in another very fine hotel, the Empress. We had another excellent, though smaller suite, than the one in Bangkok. We were again surprised by gifts. The hotel presented us with a huge multi-layered wedding type cake in honor of our anniversary. After we cut a piece, the rest was cut for all the feast goers to enjoy. Also, Golden Tours presented us with a nice bottle of French champagne.

We Visit the Karen's Village

We have a small group of members in Thailand from the Karen ethnic group. Since Burma (now Myanmar) became independent in 1948, the Karen's have been at war with the Burmese in an effort to become a separate independent state. They have been unsuccessful in that effort. Our members had been associated with the Karen army, some for as long as 21 years. After learning about the church and the Bible teaching about participation in war they separated from the Karen Army.

The leading man, Moo Law Shi, learned about the church through the booklet *The Resurrection Was Not on Sunday*. In due time he was met and baptized by John Halford. Others followed him until now there are four families and about 25 people. They are stateless. The Burmese would probably kill them if they went back there, the Karen "Nation" would not accept them back because they will no longer fight in the war, for religious reasons. The Thai's don't want them and will permit them to only travel short distances from their small village. For some years now Ambassador Foundation has sponsored a small experimental type farming project for their benefit.

They were not permitted by the Thai government to join the other feast goers at Chiang Mai this year, so the feast was taken to them. Jonathan McNair was in charge of our activities in Thailand. He, his wife and in-laws stayed with the Karen's and conducted a daily church service for them.

Eight of us from Chiang Mai joined them on Friday for services. We had to fly to the town of Mae Sot, about a 35 minute flight by prop-jet aircraft. We stayed there in a motel for two nights. From there we had an hour and fifteen minute drive by car and about a 20 minute walk over a muddy road to their small village.

Most of them understand English but a few do not, so my sermon had to be translated into their language. That evening we had dinner with them at a nearby village. It was very interesting to visit with these people, and see what they are doing. They are educated people and one has completed three years of dental school. It has been difficult for them to become farmers, not having that kind of a background. But, they are industrious, hardworking people. It was inspiring to get to know them.

On Saturday we returned to Chiang Mai to rejoin the Festival group of about 225. There were quite a few of our acquaintances in the group. Here are the names of a few: The Jim Chapman's, Fred Stevens', Frank Fish's, Carlton Green's, Mrs. Harold Jackson, Tina Kuo, and Nina Rogers.

We stayed over for a day after the feast because of airline schedules. During this time a new tailored two-piece Safari Suit was delivered to me. When I first saw the tailor, he measured me in what seemed like a minute or two. When the suit was delivered it fit perfectly. He obviously knew his business. It cost an unbelievable US\$72.

Sri Lanka and Ceylon Tea

On Wednesday the 21st, we flew to Colombo, Sri Lanka where we were met by Dan Thompson, Director of our Waterfield Institute. We joined he and his wife with some other relatives in a small bus. Our first stop was an Elephant Orphanage. The elephants were having their daily bath in a river. Then we were taken to the city of Kandy where we stayed at the one

hundred fifty year old Queen's Hotel. What a contrast to the luxurious top quality hotels we had been staying in. Luxurious hotels are not always available, especially when you get away from the principal cities in third world countries. The worst part of it was the next day, when Maxine discovered that the sheets on her bed had not been washed for a long time. There was still some loose mud between the sheets.

On Thursday we continued on, driving on narrow, steep mountain roads. At first there were many rice paddies, produced and prepared by hand, foot, or animal labor. As we continued up the mountains there were fewer rice paddies and then the tea plantations began. In time they filled most of the mountainsides. We stopped for an interesting tour at a tea processing factory. One thing they said was that the poorest tea is what is used in tea bags!

Finally, after about a five and a half hour drive from Colombo, we arrived at Nuwara Eliyeh (pronounced *noor-eliya*). The elevation there was about 6,200 feet above sea level. The days were warm, the nights chilly. The mountain countryside was lush and green. The air and the environment was invigorating. What a contrast to hot and humid Colombo which is at sea level.

We visited Waterfield Institute which has been sponsored from its inception by the Ambassador Foundation. It is a school where quite a few subjects are taught, with emphasis on English, business and computer skills. At that time there were about 100 Sri Lankan students, and the next year they expected about 130. Nine Ambassador College students taught the classes.

That evening we hosted a dinner at a nearby hotel for 6 of the students and our fellow travelers.

On Friday we started down the long road to Colombo. What a ride it was. Narrow, crooked, bumpy roads with heavy traffic at times. The drivers must have to be crazy to get by under such conditions. At the end of the trip I said that the driver should be complimented because he didn't hit anyone, and no one hit us.

Dan Thompson had arranged for us to stay in the Meridien Hotel at special rates. It is a first class International Hotel. We had a very nice two room suite in this luxurious hotel for US\$100.

On the Sabbath we had services with the Colombo Church. It was larger than usual as there were still possibly a couple dozen Feast goers from England, Australia, and the U.S. who had not yet left for home. The newly assigned Pastor was Bharat Naker, whom we had known at Pasadena while he was a student and employee in the Accounting Department. That evening we had an enjoyable dinner with Bharat and Urvashi, his wife, the Thompsons and three of the Ambassador student teachers that had not had dinner with us at Nuwara Eliyeh.

Hong Kong and Home

On Sunday the 25th we started home. We arrived at our stopover in Hong Kong just before midnight. We again stayed at the Regent Hotel. The desk clerk said that they were going to upgrade our room at no extra cost. We have no idea as to why that happened unless they had rented out all the rooms of the class we had reserved. It turned out to be another suite which we found to be outstanding. We were on one of the top floors with the magnificent harbor and Hong Kong Island view. In addition to the bedroom and living area, there was an outside terrace area with shrubs, lawn chairs and tables, and a jacuzzi or spa. After we got home I was going through the November National Geographic Magazine. About 6 pages from the back cover was an ad by

the Hong Kong Tourist Association. It was a spectacular view of Hong Kong Island at night. In the foreground was a hot tub on a hotel terrace. It was undoubtedly the very same one where we stayed! I could say that this was the feast of the sweet suites!

On Monday I ordered three more tailored shirts and we did a little shopping in the adjoining shopping area. That evening we had dinner with several of the local members and the Paul Suckling's who arrived just in time to join us. They were on their way from the feast in Australia back to England. After dinner we took them to our suite so that they could enjoy it with us, and they did too!

On Tuesday we boarded another Cathay Pacific, Boeing 747-400 for the trip home. Traveling eastbound takes less time because of the prevailing winds. The flight lasted right at 12 hours non-stop to Los Angeles. The flight departed at 2 p.m., and landed about 3 hours earlier at about 11 a.m. In other words we arrived before we left. That is fast. Of course the reason we were able to do this is because of the International Date Line. We lost a day on the way over and gained it back on the return. We were only able to sleep about an hour on the flight.

It took several days to adjust to the time change. It had been a grueling trip, with a lot of time spent in airports, airplanes and cars. We were in quite a few hotels, feast sites and churches. It was probably the busiest feast we have ever had.

But what a time it was! Spiritually rewarding and inspiring. We got to visit with a lot of people and see many new things. We saw a lot of poverty and wretched living conditions, which helps us to appreciate the bounty that we are now blessed with. It will also make our prayers more enthusiastic for God's Kingdom to come soon.

An Unusual Spring Festival

Our spring Holy Day season for 1993 was very unusual. The reason had to do with the recent Feast of Tabernacles. On that trip we had flown on Cathay Pacific round trip to Hong Kong. This qualified us to receive a special promotional offer made by Cathay Pacific and Virgin Atlantic Airways. The special offer was a free round trip "upper class" trip to London from Los Angeles. Of course we could not pass up such an opportunity. We decided to take the free trip and fly to England for the Days of Unleavened Bread.

After arrival we visited the Northampton Church where I gave the sermon. We kept the Passover with the London Church and then flew to Dublin, Ireland for the first Holy Day, and for our first visit to that country. Services were held an hour or so drive to the west. All three Irish Churches met together at Portlaoise. We had a very enjoyable visit with our Irish brethren, and liked the green countryside.

Following this we flew to Edinburgh Scotland. I had been at Glasgow Scotland in 1965 for services, but Maxine had never been to Scotland. On the weekly Sabbath we were driven to Glasgow by the Pastor, George Delap and his wife. The Irvine church combined with Glasgow for the services, and again for morning services on the last Holy Day. For afternoon services on that day we drove to Dundee on the east coast, where the Edinburgh, Perth and Aberdeen Churches met.

In between times we visited Edinburgh Castle which is both famous and ancient. It is located on a hill overlooking the city. We also visited Holyrood Castle which is the Queen's residence when she comes here each year. The city and environs are very interesting. Mr. and

Mrs. Delap also took us on a one day tour north to the highlands. This is a beautiful green country with many mountains, lakes and rivers.

After the last Holy Day we traveled by fast express train to London. That gave us an opportunity to view the country from a different perspective than one receives when flying. The next day we flew home.

In July we were back in England for the annual board meeting. This time I spoke at combined services for five London area churches at the Watford Town Hall. Twenty-eight years earlier we were in this same hall to listen to the Bricket Wood Ambassador Chorale with professional soloists and other musicians perform Handel's Oratorio, The Messiah. It was good to be back again and meet with these church brethren, quite a few who attended the previous occasion.

Later, we had a short family vacation at San Simeon State Beach in California, however Larry and family were clear on the other side of the country this time. We had a church visit for the Feast of Trumpets back at Houston where I had been a pastor in 1976 to 1979. It was enjoyable and inspiring to see many brethren we had not seen for several years.

Around the World in Fifty Hours

Our Feast trip for 1993 was again unusual, in fact to this time, it was unique. We were assigned to go to New Zealand. We had been there before but not for the Feast of Tabernacles. We made reservations, intending to stop on the way home at Fiji for the weekly Sabbath. We had never been there and hoped to see Mr. and Mrs. Epeli Kanaimawi, the local pastor whom we had gotten to know during their visits to Pasadena.

The day before we were to leave, Mr. Tkach asked me to go to London after the feast for the scheduled annual board meeting. I told him that it was less expensive, as strange as it may seem, to go around the world than to fly round trip to London from Los Angeles. So, our plans were changed at the last minute and we were scheduled to fly around the world. This was something new for us.

I had always heard that the earth was round, but a few people disagreed and said it was flat. Now I would have an opportunity to find out for myself and not take anyone's word for it. I figured that if we kept going in a westerly direction and arrived back home, the earth must be round. We of course proved what we knew all along, the earth is a sphere, just as the Bible indicates in Isaiah 40:22. "He sits enthroned above the circle of the earth..."

We observed the Day of Atonement in Christchurch on the South Island and then flew to beautiful Queenstown for three nights. We had been there some years before and I gave some details earlier in the Autobiography. This time we were able to fly over to Milford Sound. This is a beautiful fjord, on the southwest coast. We first were able to see the area while on the small DeHaviland Otter airplane, and then we took a boat tour through the sound out to the Tasman Sea. I believe it was about 12 miles one way. It was truly gorgeous scenery.

The first part of the feast we were at Christchurch and the last part at Rotorua on the North Island. We had an inspiring and uplifting feast as usual.

After the feast we flew to Sydney, Australia where we met together with the three area churches. They had planned to meet together after the feast for this Sabbath. In addition to the local members, there were a number of traveling feast goers from various parts of the world who had not yet left for home.

Our plane was scheduled to leave late the next day so we decided to take a walk around the harbor and Sydney Opera House area. We had a splendid view of the area, high above, from our hotel room. I decided to take a picture of Maxine with the famous Sydney Bridge as a backdrop. Someone behind me called our name. I turned around, and to my surprise there was Jennifer Hanway Zvalbe and Leslie Carlson. We had known both for many years, and now Jennifer lives in Melbourne, Australia, while Leslie lives in Pasadena. Sometimes the world does seem a little small.

From Sydney we flew non-stop to Bangkok. The hotel had special rates here, based on our age. Sometimes age does have its privileges. Several of our friends were staying at the same hotel. The Vic Kubik's had attended the feast in Thailand and were still in the country. The Randy Dick's had been in Europe I believe and were going home through the Orient. The Bob Dick's had been in South Africa for the feast. Since round-the-world flights were less expensive than round-trip fares both Dick families were able to be in Bangkok.

We had one or more of these people with us at meals in the hotel, and then most of us went for a pizza dinner where the Ambassador students stayed. We enjoyed getting to meet them and see where they lived. They were here for about a year under the auspices of Ambassador Foundation. They taught English, and possibly other subjects at certain local institutions and in the Palace. We were surprised that the new director Aaron Wiley, and Rhonda his wife had just arrived from the States. Rhonda (Lohr) was a good friend of our granddaughter Debbie. She had been in our home several times when Debbie was attending Ambassador College. Her parents had been students of mine at Ambassador Big Sandy. It was interesting to see her half way around the world in a strange country, now married and on a new job.

We enjoyed the evening visit, which was followed by a taxi ride to the airport. From there we flew non-stop to London. This was a long flight of about 6,000 miles, flying over parts of Afghanistan and the former Soviet Union. It was late at night when we left so it was dark most of the way. All we could see were occasional lights. There was a lot of blackness, and I saw no cities of any size when I looked out the window. It seemed strange to be flying over former Soviet air space. A few years earlier we might have been shot down.

In London I attended a board meeting, and on the Sabbath we went to Maidstone where that Church and the Brighton Church met together. This was the first time we had visited these churches. The Pastor was David Magowan. His wife Mary (Parrish) had been our next door neighbor in Big Sandy before she went to Ambassador College in Bricket Wood, England. We had a delightful visit with them and their children. The next day we flew home non-stop on British Airways. I figured that the total flying time around the world, including our visit to New Zealand was a little less than fifty hours. That was a lot quicker than *Around the World in Eighty Days*.

In November our friend and long time acquaintance and colleague, John Wilson died. He had been in bad health for several years, as I mentioned earlier. The family asked me to officiate at the funeral. I was pleased to have such an honor, but it was one of the most difficult services for me to conduct.

We visit Hawaii again

In March of 1994, Mr. Tkach was scheduled to make a church visit to Honolulu, Hawaii on the Church airplane. On this particular church visit he invited the staff of the executive office to accompany him. Earl Roemer, the local Pastor had been able to arrange very special rates at a

Waikiki beach hotel through a church member who worked at the hotel. The cost was about half the regular price. It was an enjoyable opportunity for all of us to meet the Hawaiian brethren on the Sabbath, and to see a little of Hawaii. On Sunday we were all invited for an hour and a half cruise off Waikiki beach, in a yacht owned by Wayne and Kathy (Grede) Avery. They had done a lot of sailing in the South Pacific in recent years, and were about ready to embark on a two year round-the-world tour. It was a delightful experience for all of us. A trip for two around the world in a twenty-six foot yacht had no appeal for me. I hope they have a safe trip.

During the beginning of the Days of Unleavened Bread we were at home for a change. We usually were off alone somewhere on a church visit for this special annual occasion. We had a pleasant and enjoyable Night to be Much Observed with Gary and Gloria Wehrings and some of their friends and family at the Huntington Sheraton restaurant. The food was superb and we had an opportunity to become acquainted with church brethren we either had never met, or whom we did not know very well.

For the last part of the spring feast we were pleased to be sent to Macon and Dublin, Georgia, where Ken Martin pastored. We had known Ken and Barbara since their Ambassador College days, which made it quite special to us. It seemed remarkable that exactly a year earlier we had been in Dublin for the same Feast, only then it was Dublin, Ireland.

In May I took off a couple days of vacation time and we had a long week end in Morro Bay, one of our favorite spots, with Don, Josie and Justin. We were in our Lance Camper and they were in their Lazy Daze motorhome.

For the Pentecost weekend that year we had an enjoyable visit to Greenville, SC and Asheville, NC. We were very impressed with the natural beauty of the Asheville area. Also, we had a chance to see several friends we had not seen for quite some time.

During Ambassador College graduation weekend we were again given the opportunity to be in Big Sandy. I was there primarily for the semi-annual board meeting. While there we had another delightful dinner with other board members and some faculty at President & Mrs. Don Ward's home. Especially memorable was music provided by Ross Jutsum, Roger Bryant and Ruth Myrick.

In June I was invited to be special guest speaker at the twenty-fifth anniversary service of the Monroe, Louisiana church. I had been asked because I was pastor of the Shreveport Church in 1969 and at that time the brethren from Monroe attended Shreveport. Also, I had conducted some Bible studies in Monroe before the Church was established. There were quite a few people there that we remembered from many years before. We were pleased to see that so many had been faithful all these intervening years. The pastor, Dave Johnson and his wife Becky, had been students of mine at Ambassador College in Big Sandy.

It was also in June that we received the news that Ambassador College had been accredited by the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools. This came as the result of much work on the part of the faculty, and especially Dr. Ward.

Vacation in the Grand Tetons

On Wednesday, July 27 was the start of a three week vacation. We had planned this for some months and we expected all of our children and grandchildren to join us at the Grand Tetons National Park in Wyoming. This would be the third time Maxine and I had been there, but the

first time for some of the family. It also would be the first time all our family would be together in about three years.

We expected to leave early in the morning. As often happened just before a trip we both had trouble sleeping. Finally a little before midnight we decided we might just as well be on the way. So, we left about midnight, which was about six hours earlier than we had planned. About five hours later we had an early breakfast in Las Vegas, Nevada.

The next day we visited my half-sister Shirley who lives north of Salt Lake City at Layton, Utah. Donald and family arrived from San Jose just a short time after we did. Shirley and her family have a nice home in a comparatively new section of town. One of her daughters was visiting and another who lived nearby also joined us. She had prepared a delicious dinner for us. She and her twin brother Stanley were born after Maxine and I married, so we had never gotten well acquainted with her. This was the first time we had ever had an opportunity to visit her. We were pleased and impressed by the whole family.

The next day we drove along with Donald and family towards the Tetons. Donald was in his 26' Lazy Daze Motorhome, we were in the 1981 Chevrolet pickup, with the 11.3' Lance Camper. Grandson Justin got to ride with grandma and grandpa on quite a bit of this stretch of highway. There is much beautiful scenery between Salt Lake and the Tetons that we enjoyed. And, it was nice to be able to travel along with family.

All the family arrived at the KOA Campground east of Moran Junction on Friday and Saturday. Carol and Stephanie who drove all the way from Big Sandy, arrived first. Michael and Jeffrey arrived by air from Florida. They brought their lady friends Andrea and Heather whom we enjoyed getting to know.

On Monday we all took a boat ride across Jenny Lake and hiked to Hidden Falls and Cascade Canyon. What gorgeous scenery the Tetons have. On Tuesday we all took a full day trip to Yellowstone National Park. This park is probably better known than the Tetons and has some very remarkable sights not seen elsewhere. However, I like the Tetons best. Yellowstone does not have spectacular mountains like the Tetons. I have said that about the most beautiful place in the world is there at Colter Bay on Jackson Lake. In the foreground is the beautiful blue lake, surrounded by green forest, and then in the background are the huge, high, rugged, and jagged mountains. This scene is especially beautiful when there is snow on the mountains.

For the first few days we had reservations at the KOA, but on Wednesday we were all able to move to the Wilson Ranch nearby. It has been in the Wilson family for a long time and Phil Wilson has been a Worldwide Church of God member for many years. He has permitted YOU and other Church and College groups to use the camp located at the ranch. The camp was improved and maintained by the local church congregation. While there, Wil Berg, the local pastor and his wife stopped by for a pleasant visit. We have known them since about 1955 when we moved to Pasadena. In the late 1950's and early 1960's he worked for me in the office at Pasadena. We thoroughly enjoyed our stay in this private rustic campground.

Another interesting outing was a float trip down the Snake River. Some of the family went white water rafting, but Donald, Justin, Carol, Stephanie, Maxine and I took a more gentle stretch of the river. We saw a number of wild animals and birds and of course the magnificent view of river and mountains.

Maxine's Illness

On the weekly Sabbath, Larry and I had been invited to preach at the small local church by the pastor. Maxine was not feeling up to attending service. When Larry and I arrived back in camp after Church service, she complained that she had trouble breathing. She had this same problem in high altitude before. She had not had a good night's sleep for a long time, and at times there was quite a bit of dust. All these factors and the altitude had just about done her in. I decided we had better head for a lower elevation and so in about an hour we sadly left the family behind. We had planned on leaving the next morning, but were disappointed to have to leave early.

We stopped at a campground in the Twin Falls area for a couple days and she seemed to feel better. After that we drove to Boise and parked one night in front of the home of Maxine's niece Rosalie. We had an enjoyable visit and dinner with her. The last time we had seen her was on a church visit to Boise in May 1991.

From there we drove to Portland where we parked for the night at my sister Betty's place. She prepared a tasty dinner for us. I don't know how she was able to manage so well since she works full time. During the night Maxine again had trouble breathing and she was just worn out. The excitement of being with family, the stress of trip preparation and travel, the many sleepless or little sleep nights, the altitude, the dust and possibly other factors had just been overwhelming to her. This time I decided to head for home as fast as possible. We made an overnight stop at Redding, arriving home Thursday evening.

Maxine seemed to be recovering well on Friday, but on the Sabbath she was much worse and so with the help of our friend and nurse Traule Sautebier we took Maxine to the hospital. Times like this, when Maxine was very ill have been the most difficult of my life. With the help of God and the prayers of many people we both made it through the ordeal. One great disappointment was Monday the 15th. That was our 52nd anniversary. How sad to have to celebrate such a happy occasion with a loved one so ill! She was able to return home on Friday the 19th.

As I write these words about a year later, our world has changed drastically. We are in Maine for the summer. In a few more days we expect to celebrate our 53rd anniversary. I'll have more to write about the momentous events that occurred in the intervening months.

Back to 1994. Maxine was slow in gaining back her strength. We realized that it would be impossible for us to make the planned feast trip to Malaysia and Sri Lanka. Instead we asked if we could be assigned to Eugene, Oregon. That would make it possible to have a leisurely instead of a strenuous feast trip.

Oregon Feast of Tabernacles

The request was approved and so we left by car for the feast on Wednesday September 14. We stopped at San Jose to visit Donald and family. In addition I had an opportunity for a short sermon on the Day of Atonement at the local church. We then drove to Medford where I again had opportunity to give the sermon at church. We also visited with the Neff's and Bostwick's in the area. At Eugene we had about the most relaxing feast ever. We both needed the rest and relaxation, and felt better as the Feast progressed. It was enjoyable to be back in the State of our birth for the Feast. I had attended the Feast alone at Belknap Springs, Oregon in 1951. This was the first time both of us attended a feast here.

We stayed in a nice hotel, on the banks of the large Willamette River, and were able to sit on our small balcony and view the river. There was a paved foot and bicycle path adjoining the

hotel and so we were able to make refreshing daily walks along the banks of the river. We had enjoyable meals with friends including Dr. Lynn Torrance who had recently retired from teaching at Ambassador College. He was joined by his son David and family. We also lunched with the Paul Andersons from McMinnville, Honor Wolverton and friends from Vancouver, Washington, and the Tiffany's from Las Vegas, Nevada.

On the way back to Pasadena we drove by scenic Odell Lake, then through beautiful Crater Lake National Park. That is always such an inspiring place to visit. There is nothing equal to it in the world that we have seen. The beautiful deep blue color of the water is impossible to describe. One can only see it to appreciate it. We also stopped at the natural bridge on the upper Rogue River. We had a brief stop for lunch at Medford with Maxine's brother and sister. Then it was on to Redding for the night. The next morning I talked to our long time friend Jim Chapman who told me that our friends the Vernon Hargrove's were staying at the same hotel. I left a message for them and a few minutes later he called. We were only able to have a short visit of about 10 minutes while we loaded up the car. They had been at Redding for the feast but had not yet left for their home in the Midwest.

After that we traveled on to San Jose to see Donald and family. The next day we drove to Monterey where Don and his family joined us. We stayed for about three nights right at the beach. We always enjoy the ocean and this time we were again able to enjoy it with family.

London and Birmingham

We arrived home Monday afternoon, and then I went on to work in the office on Tuesday morning, October 4. That afternoon Maxine and I boarded a British Airways 747 jetliner for London. I had been asked to chair the board meeting of the two British corporations scheduled for Friday. On arrival at the London Heathrow Airport, we were met by chauffeur Lawrence Harlingen in the Rolls Royce. That really is traveling in style! We enjoyed our visit with Lawrence, whom we had first met in 1965 when we went to England with Mr. & Mrs. Armstrong. He is an interesting person with much knowledge about things British since he had always lived there.

This time we again stayed at the London Hilton, Park Lane. It is located within walking distance of Harrod's famous department store and other fine stores. We always enjoyed visiting Harrod's and looking, never buying much because of the high prices. We also like to have lunch in their dining room. The hotel is also located across the street from famous Hyde Park. This gave us opportunity to have almost daily walks in the large and beautiful park. The hotel was also a couple blocks or so from the London Underground, or subway system. We made good use of this convenient and rapid transportation system.

Lawrence took us to Elstree House where the office is located north of London for the board meeting on Friday. We had an enjoyable lunch with our very good friends Les McCullough and Francis Bergin.

On the Sabbath we took the morning fast train from London's Euston Station to Birmingham. The pastor Peter Shenton and his wife met us at the depot and had lunch with us in a nearby hotel. It was the same hotel where we stayed with Mr. & Mrs. Ronald Dart in 1965, almost thirty years earlier. It had been so long that nothing about the city or the hotel looked familiar to me. The Shenton's took us to services where I had the opportunity of speaking to the

Church again, twenty-nine years later. After church service we returned to London and then to California on Tuesday.

About five weeks later we had a pleasant invitation to visit the Pittsburgh Church. Larry was the pastor and he and his family lived there so it would be a special treat for us to go, even though we would be there only about twenty-four hours. We had an enjoyable family dinner in the hotel restaurant. After services, the next day we had refreshments with church elders and deacons and then flew back to California.

We had an enjoyable Thanksgiving with Donald and his family, and Gerald, Maxine's brother, at our home in La Canada.

That brings me to the end of 1994 in my story.

CHAPTER XII

Larry's Accident - Church Turmoil

On November 29, 1994 we had one of the shocks of our lives. We received a call from Debbie. She said her father, Larry, was hunting in southwest Pennsylvania and had fallen and was badly hurt. I will now quote most of what I wrote on December 2, based on the information as it came to us and as we understood it.

Tuesday, November 29, 6 p.m. PST. Debbie called and said that her dad did not come in from hunting. They looked for him and found that he had fallen from a tree about 20 feet and had been unconscious. He was sent by helicopter to Morgantown WV and was in the Ruby Memorial Hospital. Mark Welch, his associate was with him.

Tuesday, 7 p.m. We called Debbie since Linda did not call back. She said her mother had talked to someone at the hospital. They said that Larry had a concussion, and that x-rays were being taken to find out more detail. Linda had left about 20 minutes earlier for the hospital.

We then called the hospital. Apparently none of the nurses had time to talk so they called Mark Welch to the phone who had arrived earlier at the hospital. He said Larry had a concussion and apparently a broken wrist. Larry was not well oriented and answered some questions correctly but others incorrectly. Mark thought there was some bleeding under the skin on the head wound, and that possibly his head hit a branch of the tree during the fall.

We learned the following details from Mark.

Larry, Mark Welch and Ray Kurr were hunting at the Garrison place. Larry left camp to hunt about 6:30 am on Tuesday and was expected back a little before noon. When he did not return at noon they just thought he had gone on a little further than he expected and so did not return. Ray went looking for the stand where he thought Larry was, but there was no one around. There was no thought of any problem.

When Mark returned at dusk, Larry was still not there so he told Ray that they had better go and look for him. Other church friends were in the camp also, but apparently they had been hunting in some other nearby area.

They did not know exactly where to look. They went to the stand that Ray had checked earlier in the day. They had flashlights and as they looked they yelled for Larry but there was no answer. In a little while they realized that if he were out in the woods and injured their chance of finding him was practically impossible at night. They got down and prayed that God would help them find him.

Immediately they heard him moaning. They followed the sound about 100 yards where they found him lying on his stomach, with his gun nearby. He could talk. It was now about 6:30 p.m. and pitch dark. They could not tell, and Larry could not tell them what had happened. They thought he might have a concussion as the

front top of his head had been scraped and appeared swollen. They found a board "step" which had broken off from the tree on the ground. It was next to the top rung of the "ladder." They theorized that he was probably coming down before lunch time to return to camp. The board broke that he was holding on to and he fell about twenty feet to the ground.

They immediately fired three shots, which was the signal to the others at camp to call for an ambulance. Mark left Ray with Larry and ran to the camp so that the others would know where he was. It was possibly a mile to the camp.

The ambulance arrived a little after 7 p.m. and got to Larry about 7:30. They could not drive to where he was so they took one of the vehicles, which had four wheel drive, but they could not go all the way because of the rough terrain. The medics walked the rest of the way, put him on a stretcher, carried him to the car, then to the ambulance. He was then taken to Allegheny High School, where he was picked up by the helicopter. It was about 50 miles from there to the hospital. Mark went by car which was about an hour and a half drive.

Tuesday, 10:30 p.m. Linda called and said Larry had bruises on the brain and that he was under a 48-72 hour watch. They were trying to wake him up every hour because of the head injury so that he would not go in to a coma. His breathing and heart were OK. They were going to take more x-rays. His left wrist was broken and in a cast. He is not under intensive care, but just below that category. The nurse and Linda were not able at that time to awaken Larry. Linda said she would stay at the hospital and then go home the next day. We asked what the day time temperature had been that day and she said about 50 degrees, and I believe that she said it was below freezing at night.

Wednesday, 7 a.m. I called the hospital. The floor nurse said he was better oriented, and that he had improved. Linda called a few minutes later. Larry was having x-ray's taken of his neck. She had seen Larry at 3 a.m. and again 9 a.m. Larry told her he wanted the cast off as it apparently was bothering him. He had a CATSCAN. He does not remember what happened. She expected to see him again at 12 noon. She then expected to go home and get Larry's clothes. Larry's left eye is black and his left face bruised and there are small cuts on his chin and cheek.

Wednesday 12:10 noon. Called the hospital and the nurse put Linda on the phone. She said Debbie and Melissa were coming that night. She would then follow them home in the car, and return on Thursday to the hospital. Larry had two sets of x-rays taken. Larry is still disoriented. They asked him where he lived. He answered, San Antonio, Corpus Christi, Austin, Tucson and Sacramento. They asked Linda where they lived and she told them that they had lived in all those places. They asked him what year it was. He replied, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday. He got the day right but not the year.

Wednesday, 10:35 p.m. Larry was awake for 5 to 10 minutes this evening. This is the longest time so far. He had a head CATSCAN and they said that there were five bruised places on the brain.

Thursday, 7:37 a.m. Talked to Linda. She said he is improving normally, but is still drowsy. Sometimes still disoriented. .

Thursday, 11:20 a.m. Linda called and said he now has a private room. He is now on a liquid diet. There has been a little improvement.

Thursday, 2 p.m. Maxine called the room and Linda answered. She said there has been great improvement. Then she asked Larry if he would like to talk to his mother. He said he did and they talked briefly. This was the first time we were able to talk to him. He seemed very tired and not his normal self.

Thursday 7:35 p.m. Talked to Linda. She said they were going to x-ray the bone between the shoulder and spine tomorrow. Tomorrow they will try and get him to walk for the first time. Linda said that the doctors were calling it a "closed head injury" which is said to be worse than a concussion.

Friday, 7 a.m. Called Mark Welch who said he had been at the hospital earlier that morning. He said that he and Linda were told that Larry also had a crack in a bone in his lower spine. This was the first time they knew about this. Apparently it should heal normally without a problem. We later learned that this was a hair fracture in his sacrum.

Friday, 2:45 p.m. Linda called and said that Larry had a very bad night. He did not sleep much and was delirious at times. He is now coherent. His neck brace has been removed. The wrist is a bad fracture and so the cast extends up to his armpit.

It is now August 1995 as I write this section and I would like to add a little more about Larry's recovery. He went home from the hospital the next day, Sabbath, December 3. He was not able to get upstairs for a few days, had considerable pain, especially from the sacrum fracture. After a few days he improved, was able to get around a little more, go upstairs and check on his e-mail messages. He then began doing some of his duties. In summary, his injuries included five bruises to the brain, a fractured left wrist, and a fractured sacrum.

It is now eight months later and he is still having pain in his wrist. He is again wrapping the wrist to protect it and expects to go back to see the doctor about it.

This was a great trauma for the whole family, and of course especially for Larry. We are thankful to God that he did not die from the fall, or from exposure afterwards. We believe that God answered the many prayers that were given on his behalf.

He now remembers being in the tree blind and talking to a passing hunter. He had intended to go down from the blind about 9:30 a.m. He does not remember anything until after he arrived home from the hospital. The four days in the hospital are blank in his memory. Apparently he fell when the ladder cross piece gave way. He was apparently on the ground for about ten hours.

About the middle of January we were able to fly to Pittsburgh for a short visit with Larry and his family. By then he was doing much better, though he was limited in his activities. He tired easily, required an hour or more of extra sleep.

The Church in Turmoil

Momentous events climaxed in the church during December 1994. These events have changed us, changed all of our friends in the church, and will undoubtedly affect the church until the end of the age. In order to write about this I must go back several years and recount a number of events from my perspective.

When Mr. Armstrong died it was evident things would be different. I realized then that it would be a "new ball game" to use a popular vernacular phrase.

For the first year things continued in many ways like they had before. Of course the managerial style of the new administration was different. There were also new appointments and removals of some operation and major department heads. The location of many offices around campus were changed for efficiency reasons.

My duties as Treasurer and board secretary continued. At first Mr. Tkach sometimes referred to me as the second one in charge when he talked to some outside dignitaries. He also commented in this way to me and Maxine privately. He wanted me to always be at Pasadena when he was away traveling, in case of serious problems. That did not last long.

In time the managing of the Data Processing Department and Purchasing Departments were removed from my supervision. The reason given was that I did not resolve a personnel problem in the Purchasing Department fast enough. Then in 1990, as mentioned in an earlier chapter, I was removed from the position of treasurer. The reason given to me was that "now we are going to have to play hard ball in our dealings with the banks." My efforts had not produced needed financing for the Big Sandy campus construction project, or a line of credit for the church. Also, I was told that I had not handled currency exchanges properly with the London office, and thereby had lost considerable because of fluctuations in the exchange rates.

In a year or so after Mr. Armstrong's death, a doctrinal committee was appointed, of which I was appointed as a member. Very quickly it was apparent to me that we were not of one mind and could not come to agreement on important issues. It reminded me of the doctrinal committee of 1972 and 1973 of which I was also a member. At that time, about fourteen years earlier, we had the same problem. Recent Church history was being repeated. Once again there were opposite views of important subjects. This went on for some time. I began praying that we would not have any more meetings unless we could all be of the same mind and could come to the same conclusions as a body.

Some of the doctrines of the church were changed. Most of these changes did not result from discussions in the Doctrinal Committee, and none of them came as a result of discussions by the Advisory Council of Elders. The Council had no legal or Church authority and was supposed to give advice only when requested. Meetings could only be called by the Pastor General. That body did not meet for several years, and the two or three times it did meet, the subject related to legal or business matters, never about doctrine. I agreed with some of the changes as they seemed biblically sound. Most did not seem sound, or the issues were not clearly stated or sufficiently proved.

The Pastor General's Report

I was also one of several who reviewed a preliminary form of the Pastor General's Report, a publication for ordained ministers. It was circulated to about two dozen people so that they could make recommendations for any changes before printing. Most of these reports, in some form would appear a week or two later in the Worldwide News.

Some of the statements made in the "PGR" seemed good, others seemed incorrect, even appalling to me. I would write up comments to encourage changes in the text. Usually I never heard anything about my recommendations. It was just as though I had not even gone to the trouble to write about it. On a couple of occasions my suggestions were accepted and incorporated, or at least the text was toned down or modified.

The preliminary PGR usually came out every other Friday afternoon. We would have the week end to review it and make our comments on the following Monday or Tuesday. I remember on several occasions that my whole week end became practically a disaster as I struggled to write something that would help the editors to see their error and change the final copy. This was a very stressful exercise for me, and usually nothing was accomplished.

Finally, after one such bad weekend, I did receive my memo back with comments written in the margins. My recommendations had been completely rejected. During several years time I wrote the Pastor General about seventy pages of material in an effort to show the error in what was being taught.

I asked myself, "why should I go through all the stress in researching, writing, praying, to make changes in what was being written, when it was rejected anyway?" I decided not to read the preliminary copy any more and just return it without comment. As time went on, I read less and less of even the final PGR. And, the same became true for the Plain Truth, the Worldwide News and other Church publications. All these publications progressed further and further from what I considered good and true.

What a sorry state of affairs this was! I had devoted forty five years of my life to a church I believed to be the Church of God. I believed the doctrines deeply and sincerely. I thought we must be in error on some points and there was much more truth to learn, as did Mr. Armstrong. But not the kind that was now taking place. Now all these doctrines of the Church were one by one being denigrated, trashed, and often exact opposite conclusions took their place. What I had disproved decades ago from the scriptures, now become official church teaching. It seemed that the Church we loved so much had been stolen away. Now a new church, with a new religion was taking it's place.

Many of the people in the church were confused. Others accepted and embraced the new theology excitedly. Still others did not believe these new teachings because they saw them disproved in scripture. It is strange that people can look at a particular scripture or topic and come to opposite conclusions. Most of the people in the church found these events to be the most difficult during their years in the church.

The Climax

The climax came at Atlanta, Georgia, on December 17, 1994. The new "truth" which I believe was centuries old error, stated that under the New Covenant, the Old Testament laws, in their entirety were done away. Only New Testament commands are now expected of Christians.

The Sabbath, the Holy days, the law of unclean foods, tithing, and all the other such laws are no longer commanded, but are optional depending on one's own belief. In effect, the definition of sin which the Bible stated was the transgression of the law (I John 3:4; Romans 3:20 & 7:7) was now changed. These "new" teachings were among the doctrines that I had seen proved wrong forty-five years earlier.

Now it was taught that God the Father and God the Son had different commands and laws, though they were proclaimed to be **one**. A form of the Trinity doctrine became official. At first, the Father, Son and the Holy Spirit were claimed to be three *hypostases*, and later this was changed to three "persons." Whenever any commands were mentioned in the New Testament, they were not supposed to refer to those spoken and written by God at Mt. Sinai, II John 4-6 notwithstanding.

Emphasis was made that under the New Covenant the laws of God are different and are not the same as those spoken by God personally and written on stone with His own finger. All laws written in the Old Testament had been abolished in one fell swoop.

When I read in Jeremiah and in the New Testament about this New Covenant, God is quoted as saying, "I will put **my law** in their minds and write it on their hearts (Jeremiah 31:33, NIV). God did not say that He would put different laws in their hearts and minds. I believe the scriptures make plain that the same law, based on love, applied to both Old and New Covenants. It is love first to God, as explained in summary by the first four commandments, and love to neighbor as explained by the last six commandments. It is further explained in its spiritual purpose and intent by Jesus Christ.

Reference was made about our "freedom in Christ." This seemed to mean that we were no longer shackled by any of the bad laws God gave His people prior to Christ's first coming. Grace was emphasized, with the implication that we never understood it before. The result of these teachings was to give license to do some things that God's law said was sin.

It reminded me of Mr. Armstrong's comment that some believed Jesus Christ was a "smart alec" young man who did away with His Father's commandments.

The centrality of the scriptures became Jesus Christ. Though God was proclaimed as three persons in one being, the Father to whom the Son prayed, who is over all, and "who gave his only Son," to the world as a sin sacrifice (John 3:16), as well as the Holy Spirit, was almost ignored.

The next Sabbath (December 24, 1994) the sermon was repeated at Ambassador University in Big Sandy, Texas. Maxine and I were there because of a board meeting scheduled on the 23rd. That service reminded me of President Franklin Roosevelt's comments to the U.S. Congress and to the world on December 8, 1941. He referred to the attack of the Japanese on Pearl Harbor the day before as a date "that would live in infamy." The December 1994 meeting in Big Sandy was to me another day "that would live in infamy." The next Sabbath a tape of the sermon was played in all U.S. Churches and the following week in most of the international churches. I was appalled! I felt like I was in perpetual mourning.

That evening, Bill Jahns, a visiting minister from Salt Lake City, Utah asked me what I thought would happen now. I answered "disaster." Later this sermon was referred to by some as the "Christmas Eve" sermon.

In a short time the lines were drawn. Some ministers were required immediately to take a stand one way or the other. Others were given more time, or apparently ignored. Ministers were asked if they would teach these doctrines. If they would not preach these new doctrines, many were told clearly and specifically that sooner or later they would have to leave. Some were told

they must "enthusiastically preach" these new doctrines or they would not remain in the ministry of the Church.

What should I do?

I was not under as much personal pressure as many local pastors. I could not in good conscience before God teach these things, but I did not believe I should speak out against them either. I reasoned that since I believed God had placed, or permitted, Mr. Tkach to lead the Church, and since God had not removed him from office, I should respect and uphold the office. God had the power and could easily remove him if that is what He wanted done.

I felt like David did concerning Saul. He did not lift his hand against "God's anointed." I believed then, and believe now that God will take care of this problem in His own way and time. It is not my responsibility to try and correct what is God's responsibility. I decided I would try and preach about non-controversial subjects and not create division. But, speaking opportunities for me in the Worldwide Church of God were fast diminishing.

To a few who asked if I believed these things I just said that we all would stand alone before the judgement seat of Christ some day to give an answer for what we had done, based on what the scriptures said. They could read their own Bibles, just as I could, to decide whether these teachings were truth or whether they were error.

The membership became divided into several pieces, with some being scattered to the four winds. Some of our very close friends affiliated themselves with other churches. I suspect this scattering and dividing will eventually bring about prophecies concerning the Church at the time of the end. Even though this period of time in the church is devastating, I believe God is working out a great purpose in it all. Everyone is being forced to make decisions one way or the other. God is learning what is in all our hearts and minds.

I did not believe the true gospel was being preached by the church any more. I do not believe that the leadership understands any more (if they ever understood) what the gospel really is. The telecast which in the past blanketed the U.S. was now gone. The Plain Truth circulation which had been as high as eight million was now a small fraction of that number. The trend of church income continued its nosedive. Ministers were retired, terminated, or pressured to resign by the scores. People began to leave the church. First in trickles, then in droves. Massive layoffs of employees began.

My "private letter" made public

In this environment I decided to write a private letter on February 1, 1995 to the Pastor General of the Church as a last effort to help him see the error in all this. Here is what I wrote.

Dear Mr. Tkach,

In 1990 you appointed me as a counselor. I have rarely been asked for counsel, especially regarding doctrinal matters. I feel it is time to again write of my concerns.

Many, if not most of the employees are in shock. Some departments are described as in chaos over this weeks events which are affecting their livelihood. They are grasping for a few more dollars to tide them over while they seek other employment. Many other church employees around the world believe that they will possibly soon join the unemployed. These are people in the main who have devoted their lives, or at least most of it to God and to this church. The income is down 30%, and even the press has announced it to the world. A large percentage of baptized members don't know what to do. It appears to them that any one of the splinter groups have more truth now than we have.

None of this is news to you or anyone else around here. The question is why?

The answer: False doctrine!

You are teaching doctrines that many (including me) perceive as blatantly false. One thirty year minister called it appropriately "outrageous."

You said that if you were wrong you would apologize to the whole church. I implore you to follow the wise advice of Solomon: "Where there is no counsel, the people fall; But in the multitude of counselors there is safety." (NKJ). I pray that you will seek wise counsel, admit where you are wrong, and save what is left before all is lost.

With love and great concern,

The next afternoon an all employee meeting was unexpectedly called. The primary focus of the meeting was to read my letter and denigrate me and the letter in the strongest terms. About a dozen very favorable letters were read to offset my letter. My name was not mentioned, but on the way out of the Hall of Administration a couple hours later, several thanked me for the letter. It expressed their belief too. It was easy for them to figure out who wrote the letter.

The next day I began receiving large beautiful floral arrangements at the office, and even at home. Over the next couple of weeks I received fifteen of them. About half were sent anonymously. Several included letters of appreciation for my standing up for truth. Several just had the words "hang in there." One said "Hanging there." That is the way I felt some times! Probably the florist misunderstood what the sender said on the phone when the order was placed.

Video tapes of the employee meeting were being prepared for rush shipment to all church pastors. It would be played at the next Sabbath service. All of a sudden this was canceled, possibly because of the unexpected support given to me.

In a short time I was removed from the Headquarters preaching schedule. In effect that just about ended the few ministerial duties I had. I still had duties as secretary of the various Church and related corporations, but that was not full time work.

At the beginning of 1995 the Church owned home we had lived in since 1982 was put up for sale. Very soon we would have to move. We were told that we could move on campus if the home sold. If we moved there it was doubtful that we would be able to stay there very long.

I Request Retirement

I finally decided that the honorable thing to do was to request retirement. Quite a number of older ministers and employees had already been put on retirement, in some cases because they did not agree with the new doctrines. Some were much younger than I was, and some were only in their late fifties, with a few in their sixties. I thought I would be asked to retire soon anyway if I did not request it.

On May 1, 1995 I wrote the following letter.

Dear Mr. Tkach,

This afternoon we are scheduled to have a board meeting of the Worldwide Church of God to approve five new members of the Board of Ambassador University. Because of the nature of this meeting it seems a proper time to send you this letter.

You know that the house the church has generously provided for us for the past 13 years is in the process of being sold. Maxine and I have very much appreciated being able to live there.

This means that we will soon have to move. You know that moving is a very laborious and lengthy task and one that we do not enjoy or look forward to. One thing worse is to move twice. It seems likely that if we move on campus it will not be long until we will need to move again.

At the same time this is happening, I am reminded that in a few months I will be 72 years old, and will have worked for the Church and College for 40 years.

In view of these factors it seems best to Maxine and me that we request retirement. My duties are now very few and mostly revolve around secretarial duties for the boards. At the May 14, Board meeting my term ends. That would be a good time to assign another secretary. Therefore you may wish to discuss and approve a replacement in this afternoons meeting.

After that date, if not before, I would like to direct my full attentions toward the move, if you will grant us the retirement.

Sincerely,

I personally gave the letter to him. He read it in my presence, asked a few questions and then said he approved it.

This would bring about a major change in our lives. It had never been my desire to retire. I guess that came from Mr. Armstrong's strong feelings against ministers retiring. He continued to work until his death at age 93. As I write these words several months later, it is still my hope that sometime in the future there will still be more work for me in God's church. I do not enjoy sitting on the sidelines if there is work for me to do for God's Church.

The next chapter will start the period of my retirement.

CHAPTER XIII

Is This a New Beginning?

I was saddened by the possibility that retirement might bring an end to my service for the church as a minister. Maxine looked at it in a positive way and said it was a "new beginning." In time I hope it will bring about the beginning of a new phase of service to God and His Church. Only time will tell, but for the time being, there is not much I will be able to do as a minister.

We had no idea what we should do or where we should go. We knew it was only necessary to leave our home in Pasadena. Because of earthquakes, high taxes and congestion we were not anxious to move elsewhere in California in spite of the many beautiful areas in the state. We thought about moving to Oregon, the land of our youth, or to Texas, but where in those states? We were so unsure that we thought maybe we should buy a large trailer and travel awhile until we could decide what to do and where to do it. Carol offered us the use of an old house she owned in Big Sandy, Texas, as a place to store our furniture, household goods and personal effects. That would solve one immediate problem. We decided to accept her offer and move our belongings there. Then we would buy a trailer and travel awhile.

I had a few things to finish in the office that took a day or two. Then we began packing everything in the house for the move. A board meeting was scheduled at Ambassador University in Texas that I needed to attend so we left on Wednesday the 10th for Big Sandy by car. While driving to Big Sandy we received a message that Mr. Tkach had taken ill and was in the hospital for surgery. I didn't know it then but I would never see Mr. Tkach again. Because of Mr. Tkach's unexpected illness the meeting was canceled. We were at Big Sandy for the year end University activities including the commencement exercises.

While we were in Texas we looked at a new trailer Carol had located at Lewisville, Texas. It was just what we wanted so we bought it.

We arrived back in Pasadena from Big Sandy on Tuesday the 16th. That afternoon I had the brief "employment exit interview" at the Human Resources Department. Then we hurriedly packed the rest of our things. We had about 200 boxes which we loaded, along with all of the furniture into the truck trailer that was to take our things to Texas. But, we had help from a few friends including Gene and Barbara Hogberg, Mrs. Werner Jebens, Pam and Matt Morgan with his father-in-law, John Cooper and two of his friends. We would never have made it without all their help.

We leave Pasadena

Monday May 22 was the day to depart. By the time we had taken care of all the essentials, hooked up the car to an automobile dolly behind the pickup, and were ready to leave town it was about 5 p.m. We didn't get very far that day, just to Indio.

On Thursday we arrived at Lewisville, Texas. where we began to move the pickup load of boxed items into our new 31.5 foot Westport fifth wheel trailer. It took days there and elsewhere in order to get everything put away in the proper place.

Sunday, the 28th we were ready to move on to Big Sandy where we parked our new Trailer in the Pinegrove camp at Ambassador University. There was much to do there also. The truck and trailer hauling our belongings had arrived before we did, and was already off loaded and everything was now in storage at Big Sandy. We have our daughter Carol, her husband Gary, and his son-in-law to thank. We continued trying to get everything placed properly, and began invading some of the stored boxes to get items we could not get on the pickup, or forgot to put on.

We also had to arrange for new cellular phone service at Tyler, change the titles to our vehicles to Texas, get new drivers license and other things. We saw very few of our friends in Big Sandy because of the rush to complete everything in time. We had a deadline because we wanted to arrive at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in time to attend our grand-daughter Melissa's graduation from High School.

Next stop Pittsburgh

On Thursday June 1, we left for Pittsburgh. Pulling a 12,000 pound trailer is not an easy task yet. Not only is it heavy, but it seems very large when it is being towed behind the pickup. It weighed almost twice as much as the 26' Argosy trailer we used to own. The new trailer trailed very well, was not affected by passing trucks like the Argosy, and other conventional trailers. The old 1981 Chevrolet pickup which had served us so well in the past was underpowered for this trailer. On the hills we could only travel about 45 mph, sometimes as slow as 30 mph depending on the grade. We decided that our old truck with a 350 cubic inch engine needed to be replaced with a new truck and larger engine. That would take some of the money we hoped to use toward the purchase of a house some day.

On Friday morning we stopped for about an hour and had breakfast with friends Fred and Lucretia Kellers in Nashville. On the Sabbath and Pentecost we attended the Kingsport, Tennessee church. I was invited to give two sermons. We had a very nice visit with the pastor, Dave Dobson and his wife Denise, and I appreciated the opportunity to preach again.

Our daughter Carol and grand-daughter Stephanie joined us there Sunday night and we traveled on to Pittsburgh on Monday, arriving after 11 p.m. We were very tired, had big problems trying to get our trailer home set properly, and ended up sleeping in the house. The details of what happened because of my inexperience in handling the trailer is embarrassing, so I won't give the details.

The next day our son Donald and family, and grand-son Larry arrived. All our children and grandchildren were together again except for two grand-sons Michael and Jeffrey who live in

Tampa, Florida. On Wednesday evening the whole family attended Melissa's graduation. At home afterwards we had cake and punch to celebrate the occasion.

We began looking for a new truck to replace the old, and underpowered Chevrolet. The Dodge V-10 pickup seemed to be the best choice. We looked in the newspapers, called all the local dealers but we could not find exactly what we wanted new or used. Those new ones that were near what we wanted were very expensive.

Larry picked up a local Trader magazine and found a year old pickup that seemed just what we wanted, except for the color -- a bright red and silver. The next day we looked at it. It was well equipped, really deluxe, had been well cared for, and only had about 8,000 miles on the odometer. It was just what we needed to pull our big trailer. The price was right, so we bought it immediately. We could not take possession for some time because of the money transfer, insurance, and license complications.

The family visits the Nations Capitol

On Friday we drove in the car with Carol and Stephanie to Washington D.C. Donald and his family drove separately, as he had to make a business stop at Hagerstown, Maryland. We were joined on Sunday by Larry's whole family.

We stayed at the Holiday Inn, Key Bridge, in downtown Arlington. This hotel was ideally located close to the Metro, or subway. There were good restaurants within a block or two. It was just a few minutes ride to all the places of interest in the Capitol. The hotel price was surprisingly low for such a metropolitan area.

It was a very interesting three day visit to the Nation's capitol, the first visit for most of the family. Some of the highlights we saw were the Capitol, The Air and Space Museum, and Mt. Vernon, George Washington's home.

On Tuesday we returned back to Pittsburgh. Donald, Josie, and Justin drove directly to the airport and flew home to San Jose. The next day young Larry left for his home in Sacramento by air, and Melissa left on Sunday the 16th for Sacramento.

Niagara Falls was next

Carol needed to make a business trip to see a woman near Erie, Pennsylvania, so we decided to go with her and then drive on a couple more hours to Niagara Falls with her. We stayed at the Skyline Foxhead Hotel which is on the Canadian side of the river. Carol had some special deal where she could get a room for half price. Our room provided a beautiful and spectacular view of both falls. This was the same hotel where Maxine and I had stayed in 1986 when it was called the Sheraton Foxhead. We all had a grand time seeing the sights including a tunnel walk behind the falls. We could look out on the cascading water a few feet away. We just stayed the one night, but it was very enjoyable. Carol and Stephanie left Pittsburgh by car for Big Sandy on Monday.

Things were a lot quieter by then with only Larry, Linda and Debbie at home. We were still living in the trailer down the hill from the house. After all of the frenetic activity of the previous seven weeks, it seemed almost, but not quite, like I was retired.

Because of the money and title transfer details, we did not receive delivery of the new truck until Thursday the 21st. And, with Pennsylvania laws, we almost had to go back to Big Sandy on a 30 day temporary license. The problem was getting insurance that the State of Pennsylvania approved. Our AAA insurance in California was not acceptable. We finally arranged for insurance coverage at Big Sandy which was approved. The next day the big fifth wheel hitch, and trailer towing mirrors were installed on the new truck

We are off to Maine

Since our first destination after retiring was to get to Pittsburgh and be there when Melissa graduated, the next question was, where should we go from there? We like the ocean -- and cooler climate, especially in the summer, so why not Maine. So Maine it was. That is about as far as you can go in the U.S. from where we started this trip in California.

I started to hitch up our new V-10 Dodge truck early Sunday morning. There was a problem. It had rained hard during the night. The result was that it was slippery and muddy in front of the trailer. It took an hour or two to finally be able to hitch up. We had to do some digging, spread some gravel, and make a lot of tries but finally we made it. Once connected it was not difficult to pull the trailer onto the street.

We said our goodbyes to Larry and Linda and we were off for Maine. The first hour or so we were on Interstate highways, then for about 40 miles it was up hill and down dale over narrow twisting roads. That was fine for a small race car, but not a huge six-ton trailer and tow truck with a green horn as a driver. As we traveled eastward on the Interstate highways, it became so rough at times that we had to slow down to about 40 mph. This was especially so in some places in Pennsylvania and New York. Also, it seemed that every few miles there was a long stretch of narrow one lane road because of construction. With a behemoth behind the pickup, this was sometimes a problem to the driver. I'm glad I'm not the driver of a big eighteen wheel truck.

On the third day we arrived in the Boston area where we stayed for two nights. We called Dave and Gwen Register who lived in the area. We had known him since we moved to Pasadena in 1955. His family had moved to the same trailer park where we lived, so that his father could also attend Ambassador College. They were our tour guides and provided transportation service so we could see the places of interest. We saw Plymouth Rock, which is really not much to see, also some of the sights of Boston, and a spectacular panoramic view of the whole city from a downtown office tower. We also had a delicious fish lunch at a place on the waterfront that I believe was called Anthony's.

From there we were off to the Portland Maine area at 5 a.m. so we would avoid the heavy morning traffic. About midday we parked the trailer behind the John Kennedy home where we stayed for about six days. We had known them well since we moved to Pasadena in 1979. They moved to Maine several months previously. Their house is very old but has been modernized and improved by the Kennedy's. They live in a small village across the street from a lake (called a pond). There are plenty of stores, shops and restaurants three or four miles away. The view out our window was restful because of all the green foliage. There were many trees,

including apples and other fruit, shrubs including blueberry and other berries on the Kennedy's four acres.

Who would have thought six months ago that we would be in Maine for the summer? Certainly we never would have guessed it, though we had thought it would be nice sometime to visit with the Kennedy's.

On the Sabbath we attended services, but we hardly knew anyone. We had met four or five at various times in the past, but most of the people were unknown to us.

Our month at Boothbay

On Wednesday the fifth of July we hitched up again and moved about two hours away near the coast. On the way we stopped at the famous L.L. Bean store in Freeport. It is open 24 hours a day. I bought a rain jacket, and we lunched at a nice old restaurant next door. We continued on to Boothbay, which is about three miles from the small resort town of Boothbay Harbor. It is a busy place during the summer tourist season. It has a small picturesque harbor area with interesting old buildings, and narrow crooked streets.

The campground is a large one with many beautiful wooded sites. But we were not in one of them. We were in a new area that is open, no shade, not beautiful, but with all the hookups we need. We even had cable TV. We could even have a phone if we wanted to pay \$45 to the telephone company for a hookup. That is too much for us, especially since we only expect to be here a month.

On the Sabbath we drove back to Portland for services. It took about two hours even though it is only about 60 miles. Traffic was very slow and we had stop and go, mostly stop, for the first thirty miles or so. John Kennedy invited me to speak and so I gave a sermon on the subject of patience. We all need more patience, so I thought it might be helpful.

Janice Dion Russo was at services. She worked for me in the office at Pasadena several years earlier while she was a student at Ambassador. It was nice to see her again. She had come north from the New York City area to visit her parents. She also has a sister who attends the church.

It really does seem now like I am retired, or -- on an extended vacation. So far I have been actively occupied most of the time puttering about the trailer, going over and sorting out our files, writing letters, updating this autobiography, working on sermons that I hope can be used in the future. Also I have been doing computer odds and ends. We have also taken short drives in the area. It is a beautiful area, but different from most of the areas we have been. If you drive down a road that appears on the map to be on the bay, you may not even see water because of the trees.

One example is Southport Island which is nearby. We went all the way around the island and hardly saw water. This is where Rachel Carson lived, and where she wrote *Silent Spring* and other books. We also drove out to where we could see the open sea. There was no beach, only huge rugged rocks.

We have had good food, eating as much as we want. For the first time ever, I can take a nap after lunch if I want. We don't have any schedule to meet. Most days we both go for a brisk half hour walk. Sometimes we walk through the forested part of the campground, and down onto

a small island. On other days we go down to the harbor and walk there. There is a long wooden footbridge that makes a nice place to walk that we like.

Being away from the stress of the office environment, having a slower pace, good rest, regular exercise has been good for me. For many years I have had problems with what is called reflux, or discomfort from stomach acids invading the esophagus. This has been especially troublesome for the first few hours after going to bed. Sometimes it has been bad even during the day. From the symptoms it appeared that I had a hiatal hernia. At bed time it was always necessary to take an antacid, sometimes even during the day. Now the problem seemed to have disappeared, or at least the problem was greatly diminished. I presume this change in life style, with no work related stress as the principle reason.

Acadia National Park

After a month at Boothbay Harbor, we drove to Ellsworth, Maine. This is located just a few miles from Acadia National Park. This section of Maine, and major parts of Northeast Canada were originally called Acadia by the French who settled here. This is where the name of the park originated. We have been taking drives in various sections of this park as well as in other parts of the island on which it is located. It is certainly a beautiful park with many varied vistas.

I thought it would be a good idea to celebrate our fifty-third anniversary by taking the large ocean ferry from Bar Harbor to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. This is a six hour one way trip, so we arranged to stay over-night on the Canadian side. There was a good package deal available and so we got it. It had not occurred to me that I might get sick, though I have had that problem in the past. It so happened that because of Hurricane Felix, off the coast of the Carolina's, that there was a "moderate swell" on the ocean. That meant that it would not be as smooth as usual. In about an hour I was sick and spent the rest of the time in misery. That evening in Yarmouth I did not feel well either and so I went to bed very early. The next day we both took motion sickness pills and so the return trip was pleasant.

The return voyage was in the late afternoon and evening so we took advantage of a two hour tour of the city and environs. It was a delightful and informative tour of the area. We saw many of the old restored homes of a century and more ago when the more prosperous men were sea captains.

As I write this section of the Autobiography I am right up to date. Today we took our second walking tour on some of the Acadia National Park, Carriage roads. There are over fifty miles of these roads throughout the park and island. They were constructed by the Rockefeller family, who also donated about a third of the land for public use. I believe they continued to maintain these roads until 1960. These road are one lane graveled roads that are well maintained. They may only be used for walkers, joggers, and bicyclists, and in a few areas by equestrians. They provide an opportunity to walk out in the woods on good roads.

Today we took our longest walk so far, a total of four miles. Our road followed the eastern shore of Eagle Lake. We had an early lunch at the halfway point. After that we came back to the trailer where I continued to work on this Autobiography.

We have taken some hikes in the Jordan Pond area. This is a large lake, about three miles in circumference. Our first hike in the area was on a carriage road. Most of the walk was in the trees with a few beautiful views of the lake. The second hike was on a "trail" that went around the lake at waters edge. I put the word "trail" in quotes as there is hardly any trail for long sections over rock slides. I should say boulder slides as these were really very large boulders instead of rocks.

We took the hardest and roughest part of the trail first. About one third of the way, right in the middle of the boulder slide Maxine had a slight sprain of her right ankle. She was able to continue on with difficulty. If it had been worse we would really have been in a "pickle." She would have had to be carried on a stretcher over the boulders and back to the road a distance of at least a mile, depending on which direction we would go. We were very grateful that she was able to make it back to the truck.

Even though we had the problem, this hike along the lake was the most beautiful and scenic hike we have had yet.

So far I have kept myself occupied. I don't know what I will do when I run out of things to do. Maybe that will be the time to move on.

The Fast!

And move on we did! That is the life of full time RV'ers. I will now continue the story while we are at Big Sandy.

Our month's rent was up on September 4, at Ellsworth, Maine, so we headed south. We had an overnight stop at famous Old Orchard Beach, Maine. The next day we arrived at the KOA near Plattekill, NY. This is a little over an hours drive from New York City.

On Friday we took an enjoyable and educational guided bus tour of the New York, City area. We went to the Statue of Liberty, saw Ellis Island, the Empire State Building, where we went to the top for a spectacular view of the city. Even though this building is no longer the highest, it was still very high! I believe it was built about the time we were born. At least it was quite famous as the tallest building when we were young. We saw many of the other sights on this long all day tour. Even though we had been to New York City several times, this was the most thorough view we had ever had of the city.

The next day we attended services at Westchester where I had been invited by the Pastor, Steve Botha to speak. We were inspired by the good attitude of many of the people and thought the visit there was very profitable. The next morning we were joined for breakfast by Mr. & Mrs. Botha. It was a delightful occasion. We had other meals together during previous years in South Africa and Pasadena.

From there we drove to Larry's home near Pittsburgh where we stayed for almost a week. It was good to be back with family again. Then we headed for Virginia Beach, Virginia to see that part of the world and attend the Feast of Tabernacles. We rented space at the Holiday Trav-L-Park about two miles from the Ocean Boardwalk. While living here we enjoyed very frequent walks along this ocean walk way.

A week later we were shocked by the news of Mr. Tkach's death. When we last saw him in early May he seemed hale and hearty. In fact if I had guessed, I would have thought he would

outlive me by ten or fifteen years. Not only was he two or three years younger, but he seemed to exercise more than I did and didn't have the extra weight that I had. Exactly twenty weeks to the day that he preached his sermon in Atlanta that the New Covenant did away with all the Old Testament laws, he had his operation, then in twenty more weeks to that day he died.

We could not afford to fly clear across the country to attend the funeral, but we were provided tickets and a place to stay on campus by the church. On Monday we flew to Los Angeles, where Amy Pieper, my former secretary, picked us up and took us to campus. It was a sad occasion even though we saw many friends we had not seen in a long time. We saw friends from the Global Church of God, the United Church of God, and the Worldwide Church of God. Also there were some we had not seen in decades. Here were people who had been taught by Herbert W. Armstrong over the past fifty years, attending the funeral of his successor, and now divided in to many splits and divisions.

We also had opportunity to visit privately with several long time friends before leaving Friday to visit in San Jose with Don and family. On Monday we flew back "home" to our trailer at Virginia Beach, Virginia.

We attended services for the Feast at the large Scopes Arena in downtown Norfolk. They originally expected over four-thousand attendees. In the past there had been up to seven or eight-thousand attending. This year there was less that two-thousand. Because the nature of the church had changed so drastically we only attended four services. Some asked afterwards if we had a good feast. I responded, "I have attended forty-four feasts and one fast." The usual inspiring, uplifting sermons of the past were now dull "lectionaries" given by ministers, but prepared by someone else in Pasadena. The focus was on "Christ," however that "Christ" was one who did not believe in all His Fathers commandments. It was a Christ who did great things two thousand years ago but who must have retired long ago. Nothing was said about the real purpose and meaning of the Feast, and of the tremendous destiny for God's children in the coming Kingdom of God on earth.

On to Big Sandy

After the feast we headed south. First to Myrtle Beach to purchase some items from Camping World for the trailer, then on to Tampa, Florida. Michael and Jeffrey lived there and Carol and Stephanie were visiting them for a few days. We had a very enjoyable time with all of them. We even had an opportunity to go to nearby Clearwater Beach for a few hours.

On Monday the twenty-third we headed for Houston to visit some of our friends there. We found a trailer park at Greenspoint near where we lived in the late 1970's. We were in a familiar neighborhood, though much had changed in twenty years. We had enjoyable visits with the Harold Treybig's, the Jim Frank's, and the Bob Bell's.

On Sunday we drove to Lewisville, Texas, north of Dallas where we bought the trailer a few months earlier. We went there to have some maintenance and repair work done. The work took longer than expected and we were not able to leave until a little over a week later. On Monday morning we drove to Big Sandy and parked at Carol's place. She had done a lot of work in preparation of our coming to make the place better for us. Soon after arriving we arranged to have underground utilities installed. It was the best place we ever had to park our trailer.

We were in Big Sandy for seven weeks. Not only did we have an extended visit with Carol, but we also had an opportunity to visit with several friends including the Les McCullough's, the Leon Walkers, the Melton McNeely's, the Arthur Sucklings and Bob Herrington. In addition we were able to visit with Mrs. Pyle, Mrs. Williams, and Mrs. Biedler. There were a few others, too many to mention.

We thought that because Carol lived there, and we had so many close friends there, maybe we should buy property there for a permanent home. If we did, we could travel with our trailer to cooler climates during the heat of the summer. We looked at several places and almost bought one but decided to wait, at least until our next visit to Big Sandy.

The Trip West

On Monday, December 25 we awoke at 4 a.m and were on the road at 6 a.m, bound for Phoenix. That is the time to travel, especially through Dallas and Fort Worth where traffic is normally heavy. By nighttime we arrived at Van Horn in West Texas and stopped for a short night at a roadside rest area. By noon we were in Tucson for a lunch at Furr's Cafeteria and a little later we arrived at Picacho Peak State Park about an hour's drive north. This has been a favorite desert stop for us for many years. The next day we drove to the Phoenix area to stay for six days. We had planed this visit for several months since Chuck Zimmerman had invited us to attend his parents fiftieth wedding anniversary which would be January 1.

We stayed in a nice park reserved for seniors. We decided that we did not want to live in a seniors community where there were just "old folks" like us. We like to be around people with a variety of ages. It seems to keep one more balanced in outlook. The next day we visited with Dr. & Mrs. Zimmerman and took them to lunch at a nearby Chinese restaurant. We had just been seated and had not yet ordered when in came our mutual friend of several decades, Myrtle Horn. So, we invited her to join us. It was good to visit with her and the Zimmermans.

On New Year's day we went to the Wigwam Resort, a high class hotel and restaurant where we joined sixteen others for lunch. This was the lunch to honor the Zimmerman's golden wedding anniversary. After lunch we all went to the Zimmerman's home. We got to see all the children and grandchildren in the family as well as a few special friends. A little over three years earlier the Zimmerman's had attended our fiftieth anniversary celebration at Pasadena. The occasion was delightful.

The next day we left very early, while it was still dark so that we would miss the morning traffic. We arrived early in the afternoon at Arcadia, California. We parked around the corner from the new office of the United Church of God and I called Gerald Seelig who worked there. I called him because we were well acquainted and he had worked for me almost ten years. He was gone from the office for awhile so I left a message to let him know where we were in case he would like to give us a visit. A few minutes later about a half dozen people from the office showed up at the trailer. We were surprised to see them, and even more surprised as other friends arrived and departed from time to time until about 17 had visited with us. Most of them had worked for me previously at Pasadena. It was enjoyable and inspiring to talk with all of them.

At dinner time we had a delightful dinner in a restaurant next door to the office with Gerald and Connie, and with Dave Evans and his wife Marguerite.

In the evening we left for Pasadena. We were there for almost a week and visited quite a number of friends from the offices there. We had delightful dinners with the Hogberg's and Helge's and another with Laura Reimann, a former secretary.

On Wednesday the 10th we again left very early to miss the morning rush hour and drove to one of our favorite parks, Morro Bay State Park. We were there four days and had a couple good fresh fish dinners at favorite local restaurants.

We Visit Don, Josie and Justin

On Sunday we drove to San Jose for a month long visit with Don and family. We were only able to find a suitable RV Park at Morgan Hill, about a 25 minute drive from Donald's home. It was the Maple Leaf R.V. Park. One feature this park had that we liked was hookups for our telephone. So, for a month we had a telephone. A few parks now have this very helpful feature. We always try and keep in close contact with family and friends. Without a telephone in the trailer we have to rely on public phones. Sometimes, when it is cold or hot, or noisy, public phones are quite a problem. This is especially so if the calls are long. And, without a phone, it is not easy for someone to contact us. I had very little success trying to send or receive messages from the computer with pay phones using an acoustic coupler.

We have a pocket size cellular Motorola "flip phone" which we carry with us. It is fine when we are in East Texas where there is little cost beyond the monthly fee. Away from there we have found the costs are unreasonable. I would call them horrible. We have learned to only use them in emergencies or when there is a real need. It has been very helpful on several occasions when we had flat tires or truck problems that required AAA road service.

Every other afternoon or so we would drive to San Jose and visit with the family. One weekend they came down to visit us in their motorhome. Another weekend we drove to Santa Cruz and stayed overnight at a hotel on the beach. It was nice to be able to look out over the ocean, and to have the fresh ocean air. It rained so we were not able to spend time on the beach, which was a great disappointment to Justin.

During our stay there we were able to attend a school function and see Justin's class, his classroom, and the school buildings.

While we were in San Jose, we also had nice visits with my sister Joan and her husband Rod, Glenn and Karen Doig and children, and also Bill and Jennie Bradford. We had known all these people for a very long time and it was very nice to get to visit them again.

On February 14 we traveled to northern California where we stopped at Redding for several days. Maxine's Aunt Vera was to be 80 years old and a reception was being held in her honor. Some of the Middleton family and friends were expected. We were very surprised and pleased when we arrived at the Red Lion Inn where it was to take place, to find many more people than expected. Maxine's niece Debbie Forde, her daughter and grand-daughter had come all the way from McMinnville, Oregon. Other relatives we had not seen for years came from Oregon City, others from Southern Oregon. Of course there were others from Northern California. It was an enjoyable occasion, almost like a Middleton family reunion.

While in Redding we also had an enjoyable opportunity to visit with Jim and Barbara Chapman and Mrs. Walter Johnson. We had known the Chapmans for many years. He is also a good friend and hunting companion of our son Larry. Mrs. Johnson had lived next to us in Big Sandy during the early 1960's.

Back to Where We Started

From there we drove to Medford where we stayed eight days. This was about the longest time we had been in Medford since we moved away in 1947. We had opportunities to visit with all the relatives on my side and on Maxine's side of the family.

Our next trip was to the Portland area where we visited with my sister Betty and Maxine's brother Vyron and her sister Mildred. The last day there we were able to have breakfast with the Dean Wilson's who lived nearby. This was followed by several days at McMinnville Oregon to visit with Maxine's niece Debbie Forde. We retraced our route back through Medford, Redding, Sacramento, San Jose again visiting family and then on to Pasadena.

This was our first opportunity to compare the performance of our Dodge truck with the old 1981 Chevrolet truck in a long and steep hill pull. Our route would be on Interstate 5 which goes over what is called the grapevine. This is a steep 6% grade which goes from about 1,000 feet to about 4,000 feet elevation.

The Chevrolet with it's smaller engine and large Lance Camper, would take this grade in second gear and about 3,000 rpm at about 45 mph. On this occasion we had to stop at the bottom of the hill for gas. When we started out I used full throttle and then stayed in second gear at about 3,000 rpm. It climbed that grade at around 50 mph. I thought that was very good pulling a trailer that weighed almost six tons.

After a one day stop in Pasadena visiting friends, we went to Phoenix for one night. We parked in front of the Zimmerman's home, and had dinner with them in a nearby restaurant. The next morning we left early while it was still dark in order to get out of town before the morning traffic rush began.

Our next stop was Lewisville, Texas for more minor maintenance on the trailer and then on to Big Sandy arriving at Carol's R.V. Park on March 18. Our trip to the west had been one week less than three months.

This was about two weeks before the Passover. We had wanted to get back about that time to Big Sandy so that we could arrange to observe the Passover with another couple. For that important annual observance Dr. & Mrs. Kermit Nelson joined us at our trailer where we had an inspiring and meaningful service.

We are waiting for God to show us what we should do about the church. There are a few other Churches of God that we believe are teaching truth. We hope that the time will soon come when we will be able to again fellowship with brethren of like mind and spirit.

A few days later we went to Galveston Island State Park for a week's stay. Carol and Stephanie joined us there for the whole week. The weather was pleasant, except for a couple days of rain. That did not bother Maxine or me but Carol and Stephanie were rained out of their tent and had to stay inside the trailer with us. That made it a little cramped but we got along just

fine. The trailer was parked right next to the beach. We have enjoyed the several stays that we have had at this beach park.

We Buy a House

We have been living in the trailer now for one year. It is small, but has been sufficient for our real needs. One of the main reasons why we bought it in the first place and started this nomadic life-style was because we did not know what to do or where to live. Many factors were involved in where we should go or what we should do. One major factor was cost. Most of the places we might like to live have high property and house values. Another factor was that in most places we don't know very many people, if any. In Big Sandy we have quite a few friends and acquaintances. Also our daughter and her family live here. The cost of property and housing here is much less than California or Oregon, or other places that we might consider.

We had looked for a place in Big Sandy last winter before we went west for three months. Nothing seemed appropriate that we looked at. After we had been here this time for a few weeks a nice older home was offered for sale on the next street over from Carol's place. We knew the original owner and the present owners. The house has been well maintained. It is larger than we had expected to be able to afford. We were not sure if the price was right so we engaged an appraiser to appraise it. When the appraisal was completed we offered the appraised amount, which was one thousand less than the asking price. The owners accepted it so we are buying it, and now it is in escrow.

When we applied for the loan we were told that it would take about three days for approval or rejection. About three hours later we received a call saying it had been approved. We had been praying that if it would not be the best to buy the property that the loan would not go through. We did not have our heart set on having it. Since we do not know the future we do not know what might be best. We wanted to make the right decision. The quick approval on the loan has given us more confidence that this is the best thing to do for now.

If I stay retired we expect to continue to travel part of the year with the trailer. After we get settled we hope to go to visit with Larry and family in Denver, then to Oregon and California to see Donald and some of our other relatives and friends.

The next big event we are looking forward to is young Larry's marriage to Natalie Orsak. They are to be married July 20, in Houston, Texas.

CHAPTER XIV

New Home, New Eyes, New Marriages

On Thursday, June 20, 1996 we began to move into our new home. All our personal belongings had been stored in Carol's old storage house for about 13 months. We had been concerned about how they had survived in this storage area without heating or cooling for so long. And, we wondered if the rats or insects might have damaged anything. I hired a couple of Ambassador students to do the heavy work. We began to haul the boxes and furnishings with the pickup truck from storage to the house.

Thankfully nothing had been damaged except for three or four boxes which were infested with large black carpenter ants. After they were cleaned out, we found that the contents were all right except for slight damage to one wood picture frame. A week later we stayed in the house for the first time. It was quite a change after living in the small trailer for so long. We enjoyed the much larger space, and the furniture and personal effects we had not had in the trailer. Maxine enjoyed having her kitchen appliances, a larger oven, laundry appliances and china once again.

For quite some time my eyesight had been deteriorating. Before we moved from Pasadena, I had begun using magnifying glasses to read small print, and sometimes I had to use one even to read the newspaper. It seemed that I gradually needed more light in order to read. When traveling, if the sun was in my face, it was very difficult and sometimes impossible to read road signs or tell the color of signal lights. Maxine had to help me frequently in reading signs in strange cities we were traveling through.

I had gone to a recommended ophthalmologist in Pasadena about another eye problem, and the doctor did not know what caused it and said that I had no eye disease. We were concerned that I may have some incurable eye disease in spite of what the doctor said. Since the vision continued to deteriorate I knew that my ability to drive the car was coming to an end. I went to an ophthalmologist in Tyler, Texas. After a thorough examination he said that my problem was cataracts in both eyes. I have no idea why the previous doctor could not detect that and tell me about it since this is such a common problem, especially with people my age.

My New Eyes

He explained how the lens of the eye could be removed surgically and a plastic lens implanted in it's place. I was very apprehensive about having the operation, but since it is done so successfully and frequently I decided to proceed.

The surgery was scheduled at the hospital very early in the morning. The wait was long and I was apprehensive. Finally I was placed on a hospital bed, covered with warm blankets and the attendant began periodically putting eye drops in the eye. Just before going in for the surgery I was given some sort of relaxant intravenously. They wheeled me into the operating room, and

while conscious, the doctor did the delicate microsurgery. In about 15 minutes it was over. The worst part of the whole procedure was the wait!

An attendant wheeled me out of the hospital in a wheel chair to Maxine and the waiting car. We went to a nearby restaurant for breakfast and then Maxine chauffeured me home. The next morning we were scheduled back at the doctors office. On the drive to Tyler I was amazed. Everything was bright, beautiful and colorful. I could see white again! I had forgotten what white was like.

During the first week I was not permitted to drive. After that there were no restrictions. About a month later I had the same surgery on the other eye. In a checkup some time later the doctor said I now had 20/20 vision. What a blessing to be able to see well again!

Larry & Natalie Marry

A week after the first eye surgery we drove to Houston for the wedding. All our children and grandchildren were there. This was the first time we had all been together for about two years. Now the family was growing again and Natalie had become a part of it. Our elder son Larry officiated at the beautiful wedding service. Now he had the same opportunity I had in officiating at our children's weddings. Thirty years earlier I had officiated at Larry and Linda's wedding. It had taken place in what was called the Tempietto, in the lower gardens of Ambassador College in Pasadena. Most of the commencement exercises of the College had taken place there.

After the wedding there was a dinner for many of the guests. We had an opportunity to see many friends who live in the Houston area that we had known when I was pastor there in the late 1970's.

A few weeks later on September 1, we were on the road again. We had a short visit with the Zimmerman's in Phoenix. We stopped again at Pasadena where I visited with friends and former associates from the accounting department including Dennis Stauffer, Pete Rowe, Clarence Huse, and Harry Smith. Also we visited with Gerald and Connie Seelig, Ted Budge, Eileen McKinley, Jane and Paul Coleman. Other friends visited included the Gene Hogberg's, and Ralph Helge's.

We next stopped for two nights at Morro Bay and then on to Morgan Hill where we visited Donald and family as well as other friends and family for almost two weeks. After that we went to Redding, California where Maxine and I observed our first Feast of Tabernacles by ourselves, after about 45 years observing it with the Worldwide Church of God. Now the church claimed that these days that God made holy were no longer holy. They were just like any other days of the year, except we had observed them traditionally for many years. That was the only reason as far as I know that they still had services on those days, and an opportunity to take up offerings on the first and last day. I wrote earlier about the 1995 Feast in Norfolk and how depressing it was to see what had happened to God's wonderful and meaningful Feast.

We did not attend services but we had many sermon tapes to listen to. Afterwards we were able to visit with friends attending the United Church festival. We had the most social feast since the early years of our attending. In recent years we had traveled widely to speak at various feasts around the world, sometimes two or three places during the Feast of Tabernacles. Now we

were at one place, I had no speaking assignments and we could visit with brethren. Not only did we have lunch or dinner with various families, but some came to visit us in our trailer. On one day we had eleven people at once. Our trailer was crowded, but it was nice to see long time friends. Some we had known in the church since 1951.

Ray Robinson Dies

After the feast we drove from Redding to Medford where we both have several family members. About the fourth day in Medford, my sister Barbara's husband, Ray Robinson died. He had been in failing health for several years and finally required full time care. Barbara had tried for a long time to take care of him by herself, but this had become physically impossible. It was sad in one way, but at least now he was no longer sick and unable to care for himself.

The funeral service was held at the Apostolic Faith Church. This was the church Maxine and I attended when we were young. In the intervening years they had a built a new church building at a different location. After the service the family and close friends attended a luncheon provided by the church on the premises. We saw some people we had not seen in over 45 years. It was hard to recognize most of them as they had changed so much. I am sure we had changed as much too. Time changes all things.

We had intended to go on to Portland to see family there, however now that we were delayed a few days and with winter approaching we decided to go directly to Denver and see Larry and Linda. This time we parked our trailer in a storage lot nearby. Larry had opportunity to eat his mother's cooking again for a few days because Linda was in Ohio visiting with her parents. She came back a couple days before we left for Big Sandy. After an enjoyable visit there we drove on home to Big Sandy, arriving home October 30.

It was good to be home again and continue our "settling in." Actually we had not completely emptied all of our stored boxes yet. There were still little things that needed to be done with the house. In November I bought a new desk computer. It was greatly improved over the one I had purchased several years before. Great strides had taken places in the computer field in those few short years. Maxine wanted the old computer. She now had her own office-sewing room just off the kitchen. Now it also became her computer room.

On Thanksgiving day Carol, Gary, Stephanie, Michael, Jeffrey and his girl friend Carrie, joined us in a traditional Thanksgiving dinner. Michael and Jeffrey's other grandparents Mr. & Mrs. Charles Kusheba also joined us, as did Misty Hegar, Gary's daughter, her fiancée and small child.

The Closing of Ambassador University

Things were quite routine during these months except for occasional visits or luncheons with longtime friends. Monday, December 30, 1996 was an exception. On that day we heard that Ambassador University was going to be closed. It had been announced that day to the faculty, students, employees and the press. What a sad day that was! To me it was an announcement of an ignominious conclusion to what had been a grand and fruitful institution. It had started with only four students in 1947, and was ending after having almost 15,000 students.

After fifty years it was being closed, ostensibly because the Worldwide Church of God could no longer afford to subsidize institutional expenses. Apparently the college, which had recently become Ambassador University could not survive without this financial assistance.

I am sure that it was best to close the institution since the original purpose for the college was no longer being fulfilled. Mr. Armstrong had closed it once before because he said that it was no longer God's college. Now it appeared to me that it *really* was no longer God's college and so God closed it. He had allotted 50 years for Ambassador, and now the time to close it was at hand.

As I write this section in the summer of 1997 I am reminded of related subjects concerning the church. Doctrines that most church members proved from the scriptures many years before had been rejected by the new church leadership. Opposite teachings that were proved false long ago now took their place. Some people left very quickly and began forming new churches. Others waited patiently for many months, or a year or two and then did the same. Others quit attending, some scattering to the four winds, so to speak, and others continued to obey God, still observing the commandments and the days He made Holy. Some continued to attend, occasionally or regularly with the Worldwide Church, while not believing the teachings now taught. I suspect that the main source of income was from this latter group, who still believed God expected them to tithe. Those who believed the new teachings had little reason to tithe except that it had been "traditional" to do so, or that the leaders had finally asked them to start tithing again.

It seems that everyone is doing what is right in his own eyes, just as ancient Israel did during the time of the judges. "In those days there was no king in Israel; everyone did what was right in his own eyes (Judges 21:25 NKJ).

Some of these new churches provide a temporary *lifeboat* for some, and are doing a good work. They are having an opportunity to try one kind of administration or another. One person observed that some are learning by experience how "not to run a church."

God is trying, sifting, sorting, and separating sheep from goats, wise from foolish, Philadelphia and Laodicea. Some are labeling others in one category or another which is not wise in my opinion. I suspect that some in the end will find that they became what they labeled others.

Who was right in all this confusion brought on by the false teaching? I believe we should be slow in criticizing and condemning those who do differently than we do. Each one of us have been forced to make decisions. Some acted quickly, others slowly, some not at all. In all this confusion we need to make our calling and election sure, rather than being quick to criticize what others have done or not done.

In early January 1997 we had guests for dinner. This was our first opportunity in our new home to entertain, using our nice china and silverware. We had Gerald and Connie Seelig, Les and Marion McCullough, David Hulme and Steven Andrews. It was the first time we had seen some of these people in about a year and a half, and it was an enjoyable visit. A couple nights later, in spite of very icy roads, Doug Horchak and Jim, Franks also came for dinner. It, too, was an enjoyable occasion. Before I retired in May, 1995, we were around people most of the time, and we had many social opportunities, which we enjoyed. Now such opportunities are infrequent.

Mrs. Bertie Zimmerman Dies

On February 22, our long time dear friend Bertie Zimmerman died in Sun City, near Phoenix, Arizona. She had been in poor health for 25 years or more, but had been worse recently. We left by car a couple days later to attend the funeral. I was pleased that the family asked me to officiate, though it is always more difficult to give a funeral sermon for a close friend. Our family first became acquainted with the Zimmerman's in the late 1950's when Dr. Zimmerman came to Pasadena to attend Ambassador College. We now look forward to see her and many of our other deceased friends at the resurrection, when Jesus Christ will return.

In April we began to get ready for our next trip. We were going to Denver for Debbie's wedding. Afterwards we expected to go to Oregon and California to see family and friends. We also hoped to stay a few days on the Oregon Coast and a few days at Howard Prairie Reservoir near Medford, Oregon.

By then I had become used to the new Hewlett Packard desk computer and the CD-ROM based Logos program. With that program I have a whole library of Bibles and theological books. The Toshiba notebook computer that I had bought several years earlier did not have CD-ROM, and therefore it could not use this new Logos program. In addition the technology had increased greatly in the intervening years. I decided I needed a new notebook computer.

They are very expensive so it took a while to convince myself that I should purchase one, and even longer to convince Maxine. I bought a new Toshiba 435CDS computer in mid-April. That would be the computer used most days for one thing or another for the next two months while traveling. It is incredible what one can do with these machines. With a few CD-ROM's that I took along, I not only had a theological library but two large encyclopedias, and several hundred other books and articles going back to about the sixth century B.C.

Four friends joined us for a private Passover service in our home. How different that was from the many Passover services we had attended with hundreds of others. Conditions in the church had drastically changed in the past few years. For the *night to be much observed*, we were invited to the Fred Patton's. There were possibly a couple dozen people there. It was a most enjoyable evening, and one with church brethren had become somewhat rare in our lives. On the first *Day of Unleavened Bread*, we took a couple widows to a high class restaurant, and then on the last *Day of Unleavened Bread* we were invited by Ruth Myrick and Rochelle Boyce for a potluck luncheon at their home with other church brethren. This Passover season provided us with delightful opportunities for fellowship. Such opportunities have been rare in recent times.

The next day we started on our long trip.

The Truck and Trailer Trouble Trip

Debbie was to be married May 3, 1997 in Estes Park, Colorado, near Denver. We decided to take the truck and trailer, stop a few days in Denver, then travel on to friends and family in Utah, Idaho, Oregon, California and Arizona. This would be about a two month trip covering a little over 5,000 miles.

First, I will write about all the problems we had on this trip with the truck. They are almost unreal! By the way, prior to this trip we had comparatively no problem with the truck. It gave good service and was an excellent truck to pull our trailer with.

Prior to the trip I had heard some new noises from the serpentine belt which powers such accessories as the alternator, air-conditioner compressor, water pump, and power steering. I asked the service representative in Longview to look at it. He said that it appeared to be OK, and that such belts usually lasted about 50,000 miles. We had a little over 30,000 miles on the truck at that time so he thought we should have no trouble.

The trip started at 4 am at Big Sandy on Tuesday, April 29. About an hour later there were noises from the engine compartment, I stopped, looked, and discovered that the serpentine belt was in shreds. I pulled over to a wide place in the road and parked. Then we called for AAA emergency road service on our cell phone. They sent a tow truck which arrived in about an hour.

We had to unhitch the trailer and leave it alongside highway 80. Then the tow truck towed us to nearby Canton Motors, at Canton Texas. In a couple hours, they determined that one of the pulleys had been freezing up, which destroyed the belt. They replaced the pulley and belt and we were on our way in the early afternoon.

A few hours later we met Carol and Stephanie at Denton, Texas. They were driving our car and accompanied us all the way to Denver. A short time later I began hearing a thumping sound from a tire. On checking I saw that the tire was separating badly and that we were about to have a blow-out. We stopped at the next exit and asked at a convenience store if there was a place to have a tire changed nearby. They said there was one a couple of blocks away. So in a half hour or so we were on our way again. The old tire was discarded and the garage provided an old "bald" tire as a temporary spare. At Amarillo we bought a brand new tire and trashed the old baldy.

When we got to Denver I took the truck to a Dodge dealer as the shredding belt had wrecked the windshield washer pump. While they were replacing that, they discovered that the new belt, with less than a thousand miles was already frayed and had to be replaced!

We left the campground near Denver a little before 6 am, Sunday, May 11. About 70 miles north of Denver the new belt started disintegrating. When I stopped to check it, only about 2/3rd's of the width of the belt was still left, so we drove on in to Cheyenne at about 35 mph. The belt didn't seem to get any worse at that slow speed.

We stayed over-night at a trailer park, and the next morning I was at the local Dodge dealer about 7:30 a.m. to get it fixed. They quickly discovered that the bolt which holds the bottom pulley on the crankshaft called a harmonic balancer was so loose, it could be turned by hand. The pulley had moved forward, which caused the shredding of the belt. They installed a new belt and tightened the bolt. We were on our way by 8:35 am.

About a half hour later we were stopped on Interstate 84 because of construction work for about an hour. After we started again I heard noises that I thought might be the belt coming apart again. We stopped at Laramie (47 miles from Cheyenne) and sure enough it was shredding. The Dodge dealer there said that the bolt had come loose again. They had to order the belt from Denver, so we stayed overnight in their car sales lot. They tightened the bolt and installed the belt. We were on our way again. Surely our problems were now over.

About 300 miles later I began hearing new noises. It sounded like it might be a bad bearing on the alternator or water pump. We pulled off the Interstate at Evanston, Wyoming. About that time the power steering quit. I stopped, checked and found that one of the belt pulley's was broken. We called AAA again. They came about 50 minutes later, towed us to their service and repair station where we stayed the night in the trailer. The next morning they got replacement parts and installed them. We were on our way a little before noon.

After that we had no serpentine belt problems. But our truck problems were not over!

More Engine Problems

Everything went well until we started up the steep grade on U.S. Highway 101 east of Camarillo, California. The engine power was all of a sudden reduced, we could only go about 35 miles an hour in second gear. Normally we would probably be traveling over 50 miles per hour on this grade. The engine was running rough. We drove on to Pasadena in this condition. I supposed we had a bad spark plug so we had a tune-up and ten new plugs installed at the Ward service near campus. They had done work on our vehicles before when we lived in Pasadena. We supposed all was well but the next day the engine was running rough again. We went to the Dodge dealer. They put in some new parts and we were on our way the next morning early. The truck ran well for about 150 miles. We went up the steep and long Indio grade at 50 to 60 MPH. That is very good while towing a six ton trailer!

A few miles further the engine started running rough again. We stopped at the Dodge dealer in Blythe, California. The mechanic said that we needed a new right oxygen sensor, but they did not have one in stock. They said it would not hurt the truck to continue on to Phoenix where the part should be in stock.

The next morning I was at the dealer in Phoenix at 7 a.m. for repairs. By mid morning they had replaced the sensor and we were on our way. Everything was working well. But, a few miles later the engine started missing again. We drove all the way to Tucson, about a hundred miles in that condition. The Breck Dodge mechanics said that two cylinders were not receiving any electricity to produce the spark. They ordered parts which had to come from Los Angeles.

The parts were not there on Thursday or Friday. On Monday by late morning they said one part had come, but the other had not. I was told to come back at 1 p.m. At that time they said that the part should have arrived but they couldn't find it. I went back to the trailer intending to return late the next morning. A few minutes later we received a message that they had found the part and to come in at 7 a.m. the next morning. I was there by that time and by about 9 a.m. they had installed the parts. We finally left Tucson after a six day wait. The truck worked well for the rest of the trip so they had found the trouble and fixed it.

On arrival in Big Sandy I noticed that one of the trailer tires had a ply separation for about a foot. I went to have the spare installed the next day. But, the mechanism that held the spare tire would not release. The mechanic had to cut the cable with a bolt cutter to release it. He found that the problem was caused by a missing cotter key where the shaft connected to the mechanism. After installing the spare tire on the trailer he said that the tire immediately in front of the damaged tire was bad too! I remembered that while we were driving near Fort Worth on

Interstate 20 that we had hit a bad hole in the pavement. I was glad that we did not have a blowout while still en-route. It was almost 100 degrees, and an AAA truck might not have had bolt cutters that were needed to remove the spare tire.

We considered ourselves blessed to arrive before we had more trouble. So, this trip of 5,309 miles for the trailer and 6,691 miles for the truck will be remembered as the Truck and Trailer Trouble Trip!

There was some good news on arriving home and checking our mail. The Chrysler Company had sent a check for \$622 to cover the serpentine belt problems.

Debbie Marries David

Now let me tell the rest of the story. As I mentioned earlier we traveled most of the way from Big Sandy to Colorado with Carol and Stephanie following behind in our car. We stopped at the cemetery at Fountain, Colorado, just south of Colorado Springs. Maxine and I had been here before with Larry to see my great grandmother Mary Ellen Neff's grave site. From there it is a short drive to Larry & Linda's home at Highlands Ranch. We parked on the street that night and the next day we took the trailer to Chatfield State Park where we parked during our stay in Colorado. Each day we went over to Larry's house which was full of family! In addition to our side of the family Steve and Mary McNeely, Linda's sister and brother-in-law were there. I don't know where they all slept, but they seemed to manage somehow.

On Friday we all drove to the Golden Eagle Resort at Estes Park, Colorado. All the family and many of Debbie and David's friends stayed there that night and the next. This resort hotel is in a beautiful mountain setting above the village of Estes Park. The wedding took place the next afternoon. Debbie came up the aisle with her father, he "gave her away", and then read the marriage ceremony. It was a beautiful ceremony. I imagine there were few dry eyes before it was over. At the end there was a long and passionate (?) kiss. I had never seen the like at a wedding before. I hope that such kisses continue throughout their married life together. Immediately there was a lot of laughter, which went on from time to time for the evening as there were other long kisses.

After the wedding we were all treated to dinner by the bride's parents. I'm sure glad that when our only daughter married we didn't have to do that. At least in our circle of friends at Ambassador College in 1970, it was not expected, for which I am thankful. The dinner and dance that followed was a very enjoyable affair. We hope that David and Debbie have a happy and long marriage.

The next morning all the friends and family began to leave. We went back to Highland's Ranch. In a couple days about everyone was gone except for Larry and Linda and Maxine and me. Then a short time later we all had a terrible shock. Larry and Linda had word that Linda's mother had died. Before Larry and Linda left for Ohio and the funeral, we had dinner at a nice nearby restaurant. Our visit to the Denver area was then over and we headed north and west with our truck and trailer.

We had a lunch stop at Layton, Utah with my half sister Shirley. The next day we had breakfast with Rosalie Hughes, Maxine's niece at Boise, Idaho. Our visit this time to Portland was short. We saw Maxine's sister Mildred, my sister Betty and the Dean Wilson's. We were

unable to contact Maxine's brother Vyron. After that we were in McMinnville, Oregon where we visited with Maxine's niece, Debbie Forde, her daughter and grand-daughter. Also we had a visit with the Oliver's whom we had met at the 1994 Feast at Eugene. Our friends the Paul Anderson's were away so we did not see them.

Our next stop was Sunset Bay State Park near Charleston, Oregon. We had never even heard of this town or this park until it had been recommended to us a year earlier. We were very pleased with it. It was about the most beautiful park we had ever been in. We had full hookups for the three nights we were there. It was a delightful respite from the long trip and the numerous truck problems. It was right at the coast, just a couple blocks from the bay and the rugged Oregon coast. Nearby was Shoreacres State Park which had a beautiful arboretum originally a part of the Simpson estate. Mr. Simpson was a wealthy mill owner and lumber man who built this estate starting about the 1920's, which had since been turned into a state park. Nearby was a marine refuge where hundreds of sea mammals congregated. It was fascinating to see so many in one place in clear view. We always thoroughly enjoy the beautiful Oregon coast, and this was among the best places.

Andrew Bostwick Dies

While at Sunset Bay we received an emergency message that Maxine's oldest half-brother, Andrew had died. Because of this we left a day earlier than we expected, but stopped one night at Gold Beach, Oregon. The next morning we took a fascinating trip that I had wanted to take for many years. This was a trip by mail boat up the rugged Rogue River to the little town of Agnes. The round trip was 64 miles. The mail had been carried by boat to Agnes since 1895. Of course at first it was by row-boat, not a twin-engined high powered hydro-jet boat like we rode in. Along the way we saw a number of wild animals and birds including a bald eagle. There were many fishermen along the way who were fishing for salmon. We saw one man catch one, and several other large salmon that had already been caught. There are roads to Agnes now, but for many years the only way in was by boat.

We drove on to the Medford area and stayed again at a nice R.V. park in nearby Phoenix. Friday evening we attended an Elks Lodge memorial service for Andrew. It was the first time we had ever attended such a service. It was very different from any other memorial service that we had attended.

Our Stay at Howard Prairie Reservoir

While in Medford we visited with most of the Neff and Bostwick clans still in the area. For the last few days in the area we were at Howard Prairie Reservoir. This is located in the mountains, at about the 4500 foot level, some 30 miles southeast of Medford. There is a very steep climb to get there, but the truck did a good job in pulling the trailer. We had been here for three days in August 1991. It was such an enjoyable and relaxing occasion that I always wanted to go back. This time we stayed for 5 days. This is a beautiful lake, about five miles long and about one mile at the widest spot. From out in the lake there is a spectacular view of snow capped Mt. McLaughlin, a cone shaped mountain about 7700 feet high. The lake is very popular during

the summer season and the large campground has 130 improved sites for R.V.'s in a forest setting with many additional tent sites.

It had been decades since I last fished. In fact I cannot remember the last time I went fishing it has been so long ago. All three of our children and most of the grandchildren like to fish and do so at about any opportunity they have. I gave up fishing long ago because I caught very few fish and it didn't seem worth the effort. This time my half brother Raymond, who is quite a fisherman, said he would provide all the fishing equipment and boat for me. So, I bought a one day license. Raymond brought his boat to the lake and we went fishing. He prepared the pole and fishing gear, baited the hook, reeled out the line and gave me the pole. In a few minutes I caught a nice trout, about a foot long. He repeated this several times and in two hours I had five fish which was the limit for the lake. That is the lazy man's way to fish. I cleaned the fish and Maxine cooked them over the next few days. They were delicious! Some of the family from Medford came up for a visit most days that we were there, and the last day we had quite a group for pot luck lunch.

Very early Sunday morning we reluctantly headed down the mountain. Before mid morning we were at the mall in Redding. We took Maxine's aunt Vera to lunch and then went to dinner with the Jim Chapman's. The next day we had a late breakfast in Oroville with Maxine's Aunt Vada and cousin Pauline. By dinner time we were at a KOA in Placerville and our grandson Larry joined us for dinner in the trailer.

A Surprise Gift

The next day we drove to San Jose to Donald's house where we parked over-night. After dinner Donald, Josie and Justin told us that they had something to give us. Donald reminded us that a month or so before in Denver he had told his mother that they had a mothers day gift for her, but would not give it to her until we came to San Jose. Now was the time, and it would be a fathers day gift too! Justin brought a gift wrapped box and Maxine opened it. There was a comic mother and father's day card, signed by the family with a short "Happy cruising," at the end. We thought that had to do with the fact that we were on a trip. But, there were several ship cruise brochures in the box. They were all for Alaska cruises. Finally we figured out that this gift was more than just a card and brochures.

Donald said that ever since he and Josie went on a cruise for their honeymoon he said he wanted to send us on a cruise some day. We knew nothing of his desire to do this, but finally it was coming to pass. When Maxine realized that they were sending us on a cruise, she said "Could you go with us too?" Donald replied, "I was hoping you would ask." So it was decided that all five of us would go.

In casual conversation a month earlier with the family in Colorado we both had expressed our desire someday to take an Alaskan cruise.

Donald was very busy with the business so he asked us to work on the arrangements for the cruise. I called my friend Frank Fish who was in the travel business. He had started out as a travel agent for the church a few years earlier when I also was temporarily involved as an officer of the agency. He had been on similar cruises and arranged many of them in the past. We were able to arrange a seven day cruise north on the inside passage from Vancouver, Canada, to

Seward, Alaska, with motorcoach connection on to Anchorage. Boarding date is August 10. We expect to be on the cruise during our fifty-fifth wedding anniversary. In addition to it being a mother and father's day gift, it is also an anniversary gift.

The next morning we drove on to the Maple Leaf R.V. Park at Morgan Hill, which is about 25 miles away. We had stayed here several times before and liked it. About every other day we would go visit with Donald Jose and Justin, and during the several days here we had some fine meals at their house and at area restaurants. It was enjoyable to visit with them again in their nice home. Justin, especially, seems to enjoy our infrequent visits. His other grandmother is deceased, and his grandfather has not been in the U.S. very much during his eight years. We also had an enjoyable time with Bill and Jenny Bradford, Glen and Karen Doig and their sons. We observed Pentecost by ourselves and then went to dinner with Don and family.

The next day we drove to Pasadena, stopping for lunch at a favorite fish restaurant in Morro Bay. We were able to visit with several friends.

The next leg of our trip was to Phoenix where we had an enjoyable visit with Dr. Zimmerman, Chuck and Joy. We had not intended to stop at Tucson except for a meal, but because of the truck problems mentioned earlier we stayed there for six days. This gave us an unexpected opportunity to visit with Steve and Terri Buchanan, Mrs. Bobbie Velasco, Ellis and Gwen LaRavia, Walter, Ann and Mark Tannert. It reminded us of the many pleasant visits we have had to Tucson. I was the festival coordinator twice in the early 1970's, also our son Larry and family lived there for eight years. For a short time I had worked here as an assistant to Mr. Armstrong. It was very hot, the temperature was over 100 degrees most days, and at that temperature the inside of the trailer was 85 to 89 degrees or more in the afternoon even with the air-conditioner operating constantly.

We left Tucson about 9:45 a.m. on Tuesday and arrived home in Big Sandy about 5 p.m. the next afternoon. We were tired, glad to be in our comfortable home at last after a long trip. It was hot and humid as expected, but comfortable inside with the air conditioner on.

The Alaska Cruise

A little over one month later we left by air for San Jose. We stayed overnight with Don and family. Then, the next day Don, Josie, Justin and the two of us left for Vancouver, B.C. We stayed for a couple nights at the Quality Inn, Metrotown. Saturday evening we all went out with one of Josie's relatives for a nice dinner at a place called *Brothers* in the *Gastown* section of downtown Vancouver. The next day, after a leisurely morning we went to the dock at Canada Place where we boarded the Holland America ship, the *Noordam*.

After we were shown to our cabins we went to the *Lido* Restaurant three decks above for an enjoyable cafeteria style meal. A few hours later the ship moved away from the dock and headed west under the beautiful Lion's Gate bridge, and then in a northerly direction up the inside passage. After that all passengers took part in an emergency drill to learn what to do in case we had to abandon ship. Everyone put on his life jacket, reported to the assigned ship station where

instructions and details were given. A few of the large life rafts were partially lowered, their engines started. When the drill was over the lifeboats were returned to their racks and we went to our cabins to prepare for the "Welcome on Board Dinner."

At dinner our party of 5 had a reserved table next to the port (left) side windows in the first seating at 5:45 p.m.. I believe I had as an appetizer the *Fresh Fruit Cup with Kirsch*, then *Cream of Broccoli Soup*, *Chopped Romaine with Parmesan*, *Pan Seared Red Snapper with Balsamic Tomato Sauce* and *Passion Fruit Cake Delight*. For the whole voyage we had excellent meal service. The food and the service was five star every day. There was only one thing they could not do - serve bad food! At the end of the voyage they gave us a copy of all the dinner menus. From time to time we can now enjoy again the memories of 7 days of superb dining.

After dinner we went on deck for awhile and watched the scenery. During the night it became necessary to go out to sea as the inside passage was foggy. This caused the ship to be a little unstable for a landlubber like me. I felt a little uneasy the next morning so I took a tablet of *dramamine*. That seemed to solve the problem. During most of the rest of the voyage the water was smooth, at times with hardly a ripple.

Our first stop was at Ketchikan, Alaska. We took a walk through the small town, saw Creek Street, the former infamous, or famous depending on your point of view, red light district. The houses are now occupied by stores selling all kinds of wares to visiting cruise passengers. We also saw many fish headed up river to spawn, as well as a fish ladder where they could go further up stream.

The second stop was at Juneau, the capital of Alaska. It was raining there, which is the normal weather condition along the inside passage. Don, Justin, Maxine and I went on a tour in the area of the former gold rush. We got to pan for real gold, and took home what we found. I suspect that a few gold flakes were planted in each of the small pans of dirt, sand and gravel that we were all given. At least we got to actually pan for gold! In the afternoon Donald, Justin and I took a tram ride up Mt. Roberts for a spectacular view of the area.

At the next stop, Sitka, Donald and Justin went on a salmon fishing excursion, while Josie, Maxine and I took a short walking tour of the town. The fishermen both caught a salmon. Each fishing boat carried four people beside the boat operator. The small fishing boat Don and Justin were on had two other people who also each caught a salmon. They turned out to be Mr. & Mrs. Joel Sheldon of Pasadena, California. He is the manager of Vroman's Book Store and his wife is a member of the Vroman family. Maxine had met Mrs. Sheldon before at the luncheon honoring Queen Sirikit in March 1985. They sat at the same table on that occasion. The Sheldon's expressed great appreciation for the Ambassador Concert series that they had attended many times. In the evening we had an enjoyable short visit with them in one of the lounges.

The next day, August 15 was an important occasion to Maxine and me. It was our 55th anniversary. During the day the ship traveled into Yakutat Bay and stopped for quite awhile at the magnificent Hubbard Glacier. Where this glacier enters the sea it is 6 miles wide. What a spectacular view we had. That evening was one of the two dinners where formal wear was requested, and where formal portraits were taken of the cruise passengers. Our portrait turned out well and we bought copies for our three children and one for ourselves. The dinner that evening was called the *Farewell Dinner* even though we had dinner on board the next night as

well. This particular dinner was the top dinner of the cruise including a fancy parade of waiters carrying *Baked Alaska* with lighted sparklers.

For about an hour and a half the next day Donald, Justin and I took a tour of the Alaska Pipeline terminal near Valdez. This was the terminus of the famous \$8 billion engineering and construction project which carries crude oil from the Alaskan north slope at Prudhoe bay. Oil from 9,000 wells travels about 5.5 miles per hour and takes about 6 days to transit the whole 800 miles. At this place the oil is off loaded into huge sea going tankers.

A few hours later the ship headed to Collee Fjord and a view of several glaciers including the Harvard Glacier. This was smaller than the Hubbard Glacier, but still very spectacular.

Our cruise ended early the next morning at Seward, Alaska. After a very early breakfast we disembarked and traveled about 3½ hours by Motorcoach to Anchorage. Maxine and I had been here before in the spring of 1982. There had been major changes downtown in the intervening years.

We stayed at the Comfort Inn on Ship Creek Street. This was located next to the creek where we saw scores of fishermen trying to catch the biggest or the most fish in a month-long fishing derby. That evening we had dinner at the top of the Hilton Hotel. We could see Mt. McKinley, the highest point in North America, in the distance. Anchorage had changed drastically since our last visit. The town had multiplied in size from what had seemed like a frontier town. The next day we walked around town for awhile and then drove to Portage Glacier about an hour away. Maxine and I had visited this place on our earlier visit. The glacier was clearly visible from the visitor center before, now it had retreated considerably and was out of sight. In order to see it, a boat trip was necessary, but we were too late to take the boat. That evening we had a superb dinner with a spectacular view from a restaurant high above the Westin Alyeska Lodge, at the terminus of the tram.

On Tuesday the 19th we flew to San Jose, stayed the night at Don's place and returned to Big Sandy by air on Wednesday.

Our long-time friend Sidney Hegvold died on September 25, 1997, after a lengthy and painful fight with cancer. We had been personal and family friends since we first lived in Pasadena forty years earlier. We had known his older brother Selmer and his family since we met in 1952 at Siegler Springs, California, for the Feast of Tabernacles. Sid and his wife Mary were faculty members in Big Sandy while we lived there in the 1960's and 1970's. And again we were closely associated in the 1980's when we both were working for the church and college at Pasadena. I officiated at their daughter Theresa's wedding to Niall Fenton, August 15, 1982, at Ambassador Auditorium in Pasadena.

We drove to Pikeville, Tennessee, where Mary grew up and where the funeral took place. Rod Meredith of the Global Church of God officiated. Charles Bryce, long time minister and I were invited to be pall bearers. We will miss Sid and look forward to seeing him again in the first resurrection. As I write this section of the Autobiography, it is September, 1997, and a good place to stop and end this chapter.

CHAPTER XV

Two Great-Grandsons and More

We decided to go to Snowmass, Colorado for the Feast of Tabernacles in 1997. Larry and his whole family would be there to attend the feast. Even though we did not attend we were able to listen to the services on cassette tapes. We enjoyed visiting with many long time ministers, their wives and friends during the feast. In addition we had a chance to visit with family.

This was a beautiful area, near famous Aspen. While we were there John Denver, who had lived there was killed in an airplane crash. This brought a large influx of people to the area as a result. There were daily articles in the newspapers and television throughout the U.S. and overseas about the occasion.

We stayed at a place called Basalt which was about 25 minutes drive from Snowmass. It was quite a bit lower in elevation, which made it a little more comfortable and easier for us to breath. Our motel window looked out over a beautiful river, which is one of the better trout streams in America.

The weather was ideal for the first seven days. We were expecting to leave the morning after the feast, and drive to Larry's house near Denver. On the last day of the feast an early winter storm developed. Much colder weather, snow and ice were predicted. I don't like driving under such conditions, especially in the high mountains so we decided to leave about 5 p.m. that day. We got as far as Vail. It was snowing hard, the temperature was at freezing, and we had two passes of about 11,000 feet to cross before we got to Denver. We decided to stop and stay the night in a warm hotel room and then fight the snow the next day.

The Blizzard of 1997

By 10 o'clock the next morning the traffic seemed to be moving, though slowly up the Interstate. We started out and found that the roads were snowy and icy the whole way. The traffic was slow, moving about 35 to 45 mph. It took four hours to get to Larry's place. Finally we arrived but were unable to get in the house. We went to a nearby mall, had dinner, then went back to the house about 7 p.m. Larry and Linda had still not arrived. I think they arrived home a couple hours later. The weather was bad because of the heavy snowfall, so we decided we had better find a safe place for the night so we went to a motel about two miles away. The next morning there was two or three feet of snow in the parking lot. We were unable to move our car, and even if we could get out of the parking lot I don't think we could have made it to Larry's house.

The next day the parking lot was plowed so Larry and Steve McNeely came and helped dig us out of the snow bank. We then drove the short distance to Larry's place. We had survived the unexpected, premature, blizzard of 1997! After a couple of days or so we headed home to Big Sandy for an uneventful trip, arriving Wednesday the 29th.

In early November Donald came to Big Sandy for a reunion of Imperial and Ambassador alumni in nearby Tyler, Texas. We did not plan to attend, but after coaxing by Donald and Carol we went. It was well attended and so we got to see many people we had not seen in years, some for twenty years. It was an enjoyable occasion, but it was sad to think how many different ways we had all gone as far as the church was concerned in the intervening years.

We had a houseful of people for a traditional American Thanksgiving dinner. There were fifteen of us including various Hegars, Kushebas and Neffs.

In February 1998, Don visited us again for a few days. He had a business trip to Dallas, then came here for a change in pace and for an opportunity to do some computer work with less distraction and interruption than he has at the office.

In April we were invited to attend a reception honoring the Harold Treybig's on their fiftieth wedding anniversary at Houston, Texas. We had become good friends during the time I pastored the Houston North Church in the late 1970's. We were there over the weekend. There were many people at the reception that we knew and had not seen for years. Also we had opportunity to visit with all of the Treybig's children, most of whom had been students of mine at Ambassador College. On the way home we stopped and visited for an hour or so with Richard and Kathryn Ames who live just off the freeway north of Houston at Spring, Texas. We have been good friends and associates for many years. Kathryn, Ruth Myrick and I, used to play our instruments in a trio. I referred to that long ago in the Autobiography so won't comment further.

We were invited by Mr. & Mrs. Don Bjoraker for the *Night to be Much Observed* on the first day of Unleavened Bread. It was a delightful affair with about twenty five people present. The dinner was fabulous and one we will remember. A couple days later we flew to San Jose for a weeks visit with Don and family. We do not have many opportunities to visit there and keep acquainted with grandson Justin. We went to the beach at Monterey for a couple days. We stayed at a motel and had nice restaurant meals and enjoyed the area including the famous Aquarium. This was a treat to us from Don and Josie.

In July we made a special flying trip to Pasadena. The occasion was the eightieth birthday of our good friend and long time acquaintance Dibar Apartian. It was to be a surprise affair at Mr. Apartian son's home. Mr. Apartian was very surprised by the affair and seemed a little shocked to see us. We had a very close business and personal relationship for many years but since retiring in 1995 we had not seen each other. It was a delightful occasion and we again had opportunity to visit with quite a few long time friends. It seemed such an accomplishment to live to be 80 years old. It does not seem so special as I write this section since I am now only a few days less than 77 years old.

Another Trip West

The day after our fifty-sixth wedding anniversary we started another trip to the west coast. Early the second morning as we were passing through Sierra Blanca, Texas, the left rear tire on the trailer blew out. We called for AAA Emergency road service and an hour or so later we were on our way again. We stopped at El Paso to replace the blown out tire and then found that the front left tire had been damaged in the process and so we had to replace the two tires. There was also some body damage to the trailer from flying parts of the blown tire. That had to be repaired later.

On this trip we went through the San Diego area for the first time since I retired. We stayed in an R.V. resort at Escondido. This stop gave us another opportunity to visit with the Apartians, and the Fred Dattolos. He formerly worked for me in the accounting department in Pasadena. We also had lunch with Mr. & Mrs. Raymond McNair whom we also had known for many years. Maxine's brother Gerald lives in the San Diego area so we visited with him twice during our stay.

On Sunday we drove to Pasadena where we stayed about a week. We also took advantage of the time and visited the dentist for necessary dental work. We had used this same dentist for most of the time we lived in Pasadena. From there we drove to Sacramento where we had a nice visit with our grandson Larry and his wife Natalie in their new home.

We next went to Medford, Oregon, and visited family again, only this time it was for a partial Neff family reunion. Don and his family flew up from San Jose. Carol and Stephanie flew from Texas to San Jose where they met Jeffrey. Michael flew from Tampa Florida and they four drove up to Medford. Larry and his family were not able to come. Others had come from Utah and Texas for the occasion, so we were not the only ones who had come a long distance. On Sunday all the relatives met at Emigrant lake near Ashland for a family picnic.

After that occasion was over Carol, Michael, Jeffrey and Stephanie drove along with us to the Oregon Coast. We stopped at the Harris Beach State Park near Brookings, Oregon. This was the first time any of them except Carol had been to the beautiful and rugged Oregon coast. After a couple days Carol and her family left for San Jose and then flew home. Maxine and I went back to Medford and then home.

In October we observed the feast at Redding where Larry and Linda as well as young Larry and Natalie were attending. Natalie's parents were also there and we had an enjoyable time with them one afternoon at Whiskeytown Lake on a barge they rented. In addition to the family we were able to visit with other friends who were also attending the feast there.

After the feast we headed directly for home with a brief stop to see Dr. Zimmerman. While we were traveling between Phoenix and Tucson I thought I saw a piece of tire tread flying off the right trailer tires through the rear view mirror. I stopped to check and found that both practically new Cooper tires had lost all their tread. It is not just Firestone that has such a problem. Thankfully these did not blow out. We drove slowly to Casa Grande where we had two new tires installed. Later, when I returned the tires to the dealer who sold them to us, the total amount for the tires was returned. At least it didn't cost us anything except for a delay. During this 7,000 mile trip we replaced all four trailer tires. Ford Explorer's are not the only

vehicles with tire problems. It seems we have had far more than the normal tire problems in our travels.

As usual it was good to be home again and continue in the normal uninteresting routine at Big Sandy. For Thanksgiving dinner this year we were joined by Larry and Linda, 'the Senior Kushebas and Hegars: Mrs. Marsh, Mrs. Hegar's Mother; Carol and her whole family; and Misty with her family.

The Investiture

An unusual occasion occurred on the first of January in 1999. It relates to James Worthen, of the Big Sandy family by that name. I had known the family since they moved to Big Sandy from Conroe, Texas, in the 1960's. James father was a master brick mason who previously had a job at the college. James was a student at Ambassador College and attended some of the classes that I taught. After graduation he continued his education at Houston where he received a law degree. During the time he was in Houston he attended services where I served as Pastor. After graduation he moved back to the Big Sandy area and worked with a firm of lawyers in Tyler. After a number of years he decided to run for a vacancy on the Texas Twelfth Court of Appeals. He won the election and became an Associate Justice of this court. His Investiture was scheduled for New Years day.

He surprised me by asking if I would close the Investiture with prayer. He thought that it would be appropriate to ask me since I was his former pastor, now retired. I was pleased with his request and accepted. A number of his friends, including the church, and the legal profession attended. It was enjoyable to see a number of people there that we had known for a long time but had not seen in recent years. James is now His honor, Judge James Worthen, Associate Justice.

Later in January we had another elegant and delicious dinner in our home for Burk McNair, Gary Antion, Larry and Carolan Darden who were visiting in Tyler for the United Church of God Council of Elders meeting. We had known all of these people for many years, Mr McNair since the early 1950's. We were inspired by the love and affection Mr. & Mrs Darden had for each other. She is an invalid and her husband was very attentive to her needs and gave her great care. In her condition she can barely talk but he would explain to us what she said. We pray for her healing and look forward to God's Kingdom when people with such handicaps will be made well.

Late in January we flew to San Jose to visit with Don and family. The event which prompted our going was Grandparents Day at Justin's school. It was interesting to see where Justin went to school and to see his teacher and school friends. We were also treated to a couple nights at the Monterey Plaza Hotel at Monterey. We had interesting and enjoyable meals at Bubba Gump's and the Chart House where we enjoyed a good fish dinner.

For the *Passover* we were joined by three other brethren for a private in-home service. The next night we had an enjoyable *Night to be Much Observed* at the Ray Dick's home where some of their family and friends joined in with us for the occasion. We much appreciated such social and spiritual opportunities as they have been rare for us since May of 1995.

Health Problems

First, good news. I had two inguinal hernias since about 1975 and for about 20 years I had worn an uncomfortable hernia belt. All of a sudden I did not need the belt anymore and have not worn one since. I am grateful for this healing, especially after so many years.

Early April brought about the beginning of a long and trying period for Maxine and me. It started with chest discomfort on my part. As always, I was anointed by a minister of the church according to the instructions of James 5:14. I also saw a doctor and from what he said the problem boiled down to a possible heart problem, or discomfort from a possible hiatal hernia. I had what for me seemed extensive tests over a week or two. The tests included blood analysis, electrocardiogram, also a cardiolute stress test. Before and after the stress test the heart was visually monitored. It was determined that I had a partial right bundle block in my heart. From what I could learn this was of concern but not serious enough for the doctor to recommend surgery.

As a result I tried to improve my diet, refraining from foods that produce or cause blockage of the arteries. I also began to take certain supplements including vitamins C, and E.

I felt somewhat poorly but never had any real pain. This continued for a few days and during this time I was mostly inactive. Gradually over a period of weeks I improved and the discomfort went away. There will be more on this subject later. We were facing time constraints because I had been asked to officiate at the wedding of grandson Jeff to Aurelia Horga on May 8 in Portland, Oregon.

On Thursday April 29 we departed for Oregon with our truck and our big fifth wheel trailer. We encountered heavy thunderstorms on Friday and the weather report indicated they would continue through Saturday. It seemed advisable to stop and wait out the severe storms at Clayton, New Mexico. We had a relaxing time until early Sunday morning. By then the rains had passed and it was time to move on.

Surprisingly I learned that the trailer batteries were almost dead. When I tried to start the pickup, it would not start because the battery was also dead. We called AAA Emergency service and in an hour or so we had jump started the pickup and trailer batteries and we were ready to continue on our way. The reason the batteries were dead was because the trailer battery charger had failed, as it had done before and would do again several times. I bought a portable car battery charger and it provided the necessary electricity to keep the electrical system operating in the trailer.

We had a breakfast visit with my sister Shirley in Utah. By the time we arrived at the Town and Country R.V. Park in Portland, Carol and Stephanie had already arrived. They, along with Aurelia and her mother came by the trailer to visit with us. Friday afternoon we had a wedding rehearsal and then a rehearsal dinner for all the family at Saylor's Restaurant hosted by Carol.

The Wedding, and Visit to Garden Home

The next day I officiated at the wedding in a Church where Aurelia's family attended. This was the first wedding I ever conducted for a grandchild. This was followed by a dinner in the basement of the church. It was a huge affair. It was good to have all our family together in

one place even though some had to leave the next day. In addition to our immediate family, my sisters Joan, Barbara and Betty were able to attend.

On Sunday morning several of us went to Garden Home in southwest Portland to see the home we all lived in from about 1948 to 1955. It was vacant so we were able to look around the house and yard. The place had been enlarged slightly. Presumably it was going to be sold or torn down. Donald looked up on the Internet to see if a value had been placed on the property. It seems to me that it was near \$150,000. Times had changed since 1955 when we sold it for a little over \$4,000. I am glad that Larry, Carol and Don could see the place where they lived during their earliest years. Don and family had to leave for home later in the day and the rest of us including my sisters had a Mother's day lunch in a restaurant. It was located a few blocks from the Apostolic Faith Campground where our family attended camp-meeting and church services from the time we were children.

On Monday Larry, Linda, Debbie, Dave, Carol, Stephanie, Maxine and I drove over to Seaside and Cannon Beach. That was the first time any of us had been there since we moved from the area in 1955. The next day Larry and family flew back to Colorado. Carol made a business visit with a local company and the next day Carol, Stephanie, Maxine and I drove to the Columbia River Gorge for the spectacular views there including Crown Point, Multnomah and other beautiful falls. We drove down on the old scenic highway and came back on the river grade Interstate highway.

On Wednesday Carol and Stephanie flew home and we traveled on to McMinnville to visit our friends there and Maxine's niece Debbie Forde with her daughter and grand daughter. After that we took a few days along the beautiful and rugged Oregon Coast. This coast is a favorite of ours since we traveled there in our youth, and after World War II. We stopped in Medford to visit family. At times I was still not feeling well.

More Truck Problems

About this time noises developed in the truck engine. It sounded as though some of the valve lifters were not getting enough oil. This caused a sort of light clattering noise which was noticeable at low engine speed. As the engine gathered speed it was no longer noticeable, possibly because more oil was being circulated. I took the truck to the Medford Dodge dealer. They changed the oil, put in some cleanser and did other minor things that they thought would correct the problem. There will be more about this as we continue.

From there we went to Redding for a few days where we visited with the Jim Chapmans and Maxine's aunt Vera. After a brunch stop at Oroville to visit Maxine's Aunt and cousin we visited Larry and Natalie at Rescue, California, for the first time in their new home.

Next we visited with Don, Josie and Justin for a few days. During our visit we toured the famous Winchester House, owned by the widow of the man who manufactured the guns known by that name. She had some compulsion to spend a considerable fortune and the remainder of her life continually adding additions to her home.

While in this area I took the truck to the Dodge dealer in nearby Gilroy, as the engine noise problem persisted. They kept the truck several days, replaced some of the valve lifters but the problem was still not corrected. After all this trouble they concluded that we needed a new "long

block.” In lay mens terms this practically meant a whole new engine. We did not have time to have such extensive work done and decided to go back to Texas and have the work done there.

We left San Jose area for home making stops to visit friends at Pasadena and Phoenix, arriving home June 16.

In a few days I took the truck to the Longview Dodge dealer. The problem with the engine was in cylinders 1 and 6. They decided to change the “short block” which included most items of the engine except for the heads and accessories. In a few days we had the equivalent of a new V-10, 8 liter, 300 horsepower engine in a 1994 truck that had 56,000 miles on the odometer. The best part was that this was within the 70,000 mile drive line warranty and it did not cost us a penny.

In July we decided to try and sell the trailer. We had lived in it for over a year in 1995 and 1996, and had traveled with it from a month to three months every year since. We had pulled it from sea to sea and almost border to border in the United States. By now we had traveled with it almost 35,000 miles. We had become tired of pulling it, especially when our health was not as good as when we bought it. I’ll have more to say about that shortly. Our first ad only brought 2 responses. We advertised it several times and were not able to sell it until March 2000. It had been a comfortable small apartment when we were stopped, but when traveling it had become a bit of a chore to get ready to go, then every time we stopped and started again there were chores to do. Prior to 1995 we had several different truck campers and I thought another truck camper would serve adequately for our travel needs. I’ll have more to say about that later.

Health Problems

In about the middle of July Maxine awoke one night and thought she was having a stroke. The next day she was quiet and uncommunicative, and did not feel well. I knew something was seriously wrong but she did not seem to want to talk about it. About three days later she finally explained to me what had happened. As an elder in the church I anointed her and prayed for her according to the scriptural instructions and asked God for her healing. We knew that God would heal her as He promised, however we also knew that God did not promise when or how He would do the healing. Her over all health and activities degenerated. For awhile she continued to be less social and in time she was practically confined to bed. Over the next several months her condition varied. Most of the time she felt miserable but at times she would perk up. At feast time she was not well enough to go to Colorado as we had planned. During the feast we had some pleasant meals and visits with Church brethren who had stayed in Big Sandy for health or other reasons.

We saw the doctor at the Big Sandy clinic. He recommended we go see a specialist. It took two or three weeks to get an appointment. Some medication was prescribed which seemed to help for awhile and then she seemed to get worse again. The doctor prescribed complete blood tests as well as an MRI brain scan. Her doctor then asked her to be examined by a neurologist. The neurologist then recommended another MRI as well as a battery of other tests to determine blood flow to the brain as well as other concerns.

The conclusion was that she indeed had some “small strokes.” We don’t know why they were called that when they caused such drastic consequences. Possibly they call them that since

the part of her brain that controlled body movement did not seem to be affected. Even though her walking, talking, and movement was not hindered, her strength diminished and she was unable at times to do any of her usual home duties. Over many months she got worse and then finally in the late summer of 2000, she began to improve slowly. On two occasions she passed out and fell down, possibly from new strokes. The first time she was in the bathroom and in the fall, she cut the back of her head. She was bleeding and I did not know how to take proper care of the cut so our good friend and nurse Fay Carwile came over, cleaned up the blood, disinfected her head, and put on some sort of bandage. The second time she passed out I happened to be right behind her and as she slumped to the floor I was able to break her fall. She immediately came to and did not know what had happened. It has been many months or the most part of a year since those episodes. I hope and pray she never has a repeat. I'll have more to say about that when we get to August in my story.

I would like to go back now and make some comments about my health. A problem that has caused me concern is the old man's disease of prostate enlargement. I believe the majority of men my age have the problem. And for some this leads to cancer. For years I have taken certain well known herbs for the problems associated with this ailment. So far this has minimized the problem and made it manageable, though at times it has been uncomfortable or painful.

I previously made comments about my chest discomfort in April and how that I had not felt well at times for some time afterwards. Slowly I improved and was almost back to normal for me except for a couple problems. On several occasions I felt as though I were going to pass out. Most of these times I was at rest, around the house, sitting at my desk, and not involved in much physical activity. The Big Sandy doctor could not tell what the problem was, though he suspected some heart condition. In about 1976 I had a time when I had similar problems and thought I had a heart attack. Our good friend Dr. Parrish, who was then the College physician in Big Sandy checked me over. He said that it apparently was caused by an occasional irregular heart beat. He told me to stop drinking coffee as that would sometimes cause *arrhythmia*. I stopped drinking coffee for many months and the problem went away. Later I went back to drinking about a cup of coffee a day.

In April 1999 I concluded I had better mend my ways and stop drinking coffee as well as being more careful about my diet. I started drinking a cup of herb tea instead of coffee in the morning, and as I mentioned earlier adding some vitamins and minerals to my diet. After awhile I had no more problems of feeling faint. But, the concern for Maxine brought about considerable stress. As I write this part of my autobiography in late October, 2000, she has still not recovered though she is much improved over her condition a year or so ago. This period in our lives with all the health problems has been the greatest and longest trouble we have ever had. I know that God must have known we needed this kind of a trial for some reason. That reason is not evident yet, except that I know that as a result our love for each other has grown considerably. We realize more and more how much we need each other in times of stress and trouble. Since she has not yet recovered I am sure that I will have more on this subject later.

Mildred Dies and Will is Born

During the midst of all these troubles on Friday, August 20, 1999 Maxine's brother Gerald called and said that their sister Mildred had just died. Mildred was the youngest in their family but Glenn, and Doris who were older, had died many years earlier. Mildred had been in very poor health for many years and had lived in various homes or health care facilities. It was always distressing to see her in such health and circumstances. At least now she was out of her misery. Her next conscious thought will come in the resurrection when she will be able to learn for the first time about God's great plan of salvation for all who will live His way of life.

An important event occurred in the Neff family on September 8, 1999, On that date our first great grandchild William Lawrence "Will" Neff was born. This was our first grandchild Larry's first child. I am sure he and wife Natalie were as proud of little Will, as we were with his grandfather Larry, our first born. Will is the first born son (of young William Larry), who was the first born son (of Lawrence Dale [Larry]), who was the first born son (of Leroy), and the first born son (of Asher).

For Thanksgiving in 1999 we decided that Maxine and I would treat the family to a restaurant dinner since Maxine was not well enough to have the meal at home. There were 18 of us at the Village Tea Room, better known from previous years as Annie's Tea Room. I believe all our family was there except for young Larry, Natalie, and baby Will who came later in the day for a short overnight visit. That was our first opportunity to see our new great grandson. It would be a long time before we would be able to see that part of the family again.

The Millennium Arrives

The new millennium was supposed to bring dire consequences because of what was called the Y2K bug. Most computers at that time used only 2 digits for the year and would not recognize the year 2000 properly. Most everything by then was affected directly or indirectly by computers. Some "experts" said that problems would be minimal and others said that it would produce chaos. I thought the problems were over blown.

When New Year's eve came, I did what I usually did on that evening. I went to bed early and hoped that all the noise at midnight would not awaken me. After all, the beginning of the

years and months and hours, as they are used today were devised by men. They do not coincide with such accounting of time as established by God in the Bible. When I awakened in the morning the world was still here. As the hours and days went by no Y2K bugs appeared or caused any serious problem that I ever heard about.

But we were not only in a new century as men count time but a new millennium. I had heard a lot since I was a child about the millennium. Only this was not the same millennium or thousand years that the Bible refers to in Revelation 20. That millennium will be the time when Jesus Christ returns and will rule over the whole world with the assistance of the saints. The Kingdom (government) of God will be established that will finally bring peace, prosperity and happiness to the whole world. It will be a utopian earth because the world will no longer be deceived by Satan and everyone will have the same religion. God's spiritual law will be the way of life for all mankind.

During the first week of January we took an overnight trip to Jefferson, Texas, and stayed for the first time in a "Bed and Breakfast" establishment. The place was known as the Excelsior House which was built in the 1800's and had some illustrious guests in the past including as I recall a couple early U.S. Presidents, Jay Gould famous wealthy railroad owner, and former first lady, Lady Bird Johnson. It was an interesting first time experience but not as delightful as I had hoped.

In February we learned that Larry and Linda would be making a church visit to Tulsa, Oklahoma. We had not seen them since Thanksgiving, and Tulsa was less than half as far away as Colorado. We decided to go there on Sunday the 13th. We had a nice visit at a local motel, had some enjoyable meals together and then drove home on Monday.

On Friday, March 24 the Big Sandy Campus of Ambassador College sold to the owners of the Hobby Lobby chain stores. In turn it was leased to IBLP. I have forgotten what the initials stand for. According to the newspapers the campus would be used as a place for an international orphanage and a place to train young people for emergency rescue. It was with sadness that we learned the news. The campus had been an important part of our lives for many years and we had lived there on two occasions for a total of about twelve years. I was a little sad as we drove through the old campus, now owned and operated by a different institution than Ambassador College.

We buy another Camper

On March 23 we finally sold the fifth wheel trailer. We had lived in it a little over a year, had traveled extensively with it. It was almost five years since we bought it in May 1995. I previously commented on why we decided to sell it. We had not been without a recreational vehicle since about 1971 and I knew I would really miss not having one. We had many enjoyable trips to many places, especially to campgrounds in the desert, in the mountains, or at a beach somewhere. In our present circumstances I thought another slide in pickup camper would serve our use well.

Most campers are not very well insulated, not very streamlined, and not as substantial as I liked. There was a comparatively new camper called *Bigfoot* that is built in Canada that was well insulated, more streamlined with exterior molded fiberglass. That is what we purchased.

It has all the conveniences and appliances that motor homes and travel trailers have except for floor and cabinet space. It is completely self contained with air conditioner, power plant and other useful equipment. I hope that it will serve our needs well for whatever time we will be able to use it.

April 13 we left on our first trip with the camper. We expected to see friends in California, visit with Don and family in San Jose, then on to see Larry, Natalie and Will in Sacramento. From there we expected to go to Colorado, see Debbie and Dave, then to the Denver area to see Larry, Linda and Melissa. After that we would be homeward bound.

We soon learned that the camper power plant would not start so we had to stop at a dealer in El Paso to have it fixed. They determined that there were internal problems with the new unit and arranged for us to have a new one installed at San Jose while we visited Don.

At Pasadena we visited with friends and observed the *Passover* with a few friends in a private home. For the *Night to be much Observed* we met with a large group of friends in one of the better Pasadena restaurants. We then went on to San Jose and had an enjoyable time with Don and family including three days at a high class hotel on Monterey Bay. When we were about to leave for Colorado Maxine was not feeling well again and so we headed directly home arriving back on May 5.

The Alaskan Cruise

In early July Maxine's blood pressure was normal so she was able to stop blood pressure medication. We have monitored her condition for several months now and it has not returned to the earlier high condition for which we are grateful.

Her health otherwise from the result of the strokes was not good. In August we had hoped to go on a seven day Alaskan Cruise. Don and Josie were treating Larry and Linda, Carol and Stephanie, and Maxine and me to an all expense paid trip. Until the last day before we would have to leave Maxine was still doing poorly. The family encouraged us to try anyway and we finally decided to do just that and go. Maxine did well on the flight to Vancouver, B.C. where we all met at an elegant hotel across from the dock where we boarded the Celebrity Cruise Line ship, Mercury, the next day.

What a fabulous trip it was! The facilities were excellent, the food first class, and it was so enjoyable to be with family! Maxine especially enjoyed the food, which was 5 star all the way. From then on her condition improved, for which we are again very grateful to God. The "inside passage" itinerary was very beautiful including some fjords and several glaciers. We could sit on our own outside private balcony and view all the beauties of nature. While on board we were able to celebrate our fifty-eighth wedding anniversary in style with our three children and family with us. After a short stay in Anchorage we flew home to Texas.

A New Great Grandson

On Sunday, October 8 we left home for Colorado to observe the feast and to visit with family and friends. The next day was the Day of Atonement which we observed by ourselves at Clayton, NM. We arrived at Larry and Linda's home in Highlands Ranch a little while after lunch on Tuesday. The next day we drove to Redstone, Colorado, to visit with grand daughter Debbie and her husband Dave. They live in a comfortable, very well insulated new three bedroom modular home. It is located out in the boondocks as some would say. Even though there are close neighbors, the home is located in a rugged Alpine like setting. From their front window they have a magnificent view of nearby 13,000 foot Mt. Sopris. Larry and several of his friends have hunted deer and elk on the same side of the mountain, and the place where he and others got their elk is in sight of the house. We had a pleasant visit with Debbie, who by this time was great with child and expecting late in the month. When Dave came home from work at Aspen, we went to the Redstone Inn for a delightful dinner.

We had wanted to visit Debbie in her new "wilderness" home since she and Dave first moved here. Because of health problems we were not able to visit until this time. That evening we said our good bye's and went to a nearby Carbondale motel for the night, expecting to leave the next morning for Loveland, Colorado.

At about 6:30 a.m. the next morning we had a call from Larry. He said that Debbie was in labor and had gone to the hospital at Glenwood Springs. Linda and Melissa had made the three hour trip during the night and were also at the hospital.

An hour or so later we went to the hospital. The birth process progressed slowly throughout the day and so we decided to stay the night at a motel about a block from the hospital instead of going on to Loveland. Finally at 10:40 p.m., Tristan David Magruder expressed his first complaint and our clan had now increased by one! He weighed 6 pounds, 13 ounces. He was a little premature and there were some complications that gradually were corrected over the next hours and days.

The 2000 Feast of Tabernacles

The next morning we again visited the new mother, father and child. Tristan was doing a lot better than the night before. Grandma Linda stayed with the new family. Maxine and I took Melissa with us about a three hour drive back to Larry and Linda's place. From there we continued on to Loveland, about another hour and a half away.

The next day we drove through the spectacular Big Thompson canyon to Estes Park. The drive takes about fifty minutes on a slow and crooked road. We had been invited to the home that Larry and Linda had rented for the feast. It was a social and dinner for ministers and wives attending the Estes Park Festival. It was a delightful time to visit with good friends that we had not seen for a long time. Steve and Vivian Moody remarked that the last time they saw us was when they visited our home in La Canada, California during a Ministerial Refreshing Course many years earlier. I looked up the record on the computer to find that it had been February 5, 1986, more than fourteen years earlier.

Larry's rented home had a golf course for a back yard. When we first arrived there must have been a couple dozen elk just a short distance away on the golf course. There was a man playing golf right in the middle of them so they must be quite tame, or the man was a little crazy.

The next day we were back at Estes Park for an enjoyable dinner with Larry at one of the local restaurants. While there the Steve and Mary McNeely family from Hawkins came in so we were able to have a brief visit with them. Mary is Linda's younger sister.

Wil and Gay Berg, from Wyoming came by the motel one afternoon. We have known them since 1955. We worked together from about 1959 to 1963 in Pasadena. We had an interesting visit, Bible discussion, and a dinner afterwards. He and I have similar interests in Biblical research. Later in the week Stan and Judy Erickson, Bruce Anderson and his wife came down from Estes Park and treated us to a nice lunch. It was enjoyable to see all these people after a number of years.

After the feast was over we stopped by Larry and Linda's place for overnight and then headed home for the two day drive back to Big Sandy.

In September Maxine had a SPECT brain scan at Shreveport. The doctor thought that this would indicate brain activity so that a more accurate evaluation of her condition could be made.

Finally about a month later the report was in. As I understood the doctors comments, the bilateral frontal lobe of the brain, has "diminished perfusion," or, is not getting a normal amount of blood. This part of the brain is sometimes called the "executive" part. That is where the planning, executing, and figuring things out apparently take place. Maxine has said that she sometimes feels in sort of a fog and cannot remember how to do some complicated things.

We are still praying for her, and expect a complete healing. We hope that time will be soon, so that we can return to a normal life that we have not had since July 1999.

On Thanksgiving day most of the family was able to join us for the festive occasion. We had family from California, Florida, and Colorado. Larry and Natalie, Dave and Debbie were not able to come. We did have as special guests the Steve McNeely family. Carol volunteered to cook the dinner, with help from others. It was of course a very enjoyable occasion.

On Wednesday, December 13, we had an unusual ice storm. As a result we were without electric power for about 30 hours. The only heat in the house was from the fireplace. Many homes were without power much longer. Since it was also very cold it was not a very enjoyable time. We now have a better idea of what it was like in past times when electricity had not yet been discovered and provided to homes.

This brings me to the end of this "millennial" year which is a good place to end this chapter.

CHAPTER XVI

The Octogenarians

It has been about 7 years since I last added anything to this Autobiography. It is time now to continue. I have mentioned in detail some, but not all of our health problems. Over the next years our health problems have continued and increased. Such problems are common in people our age and in fact when we look at other people our age many are far worse off than we are.

By this time we had long passed what God gives as the normal life span of 70 years. "The days of our lives *are* seventy years; And if by reason of strength *they are* eighty years . . ." Psalm 90:10. As I write this chapter Maxine and I are nearing 84 years.

A few years ago I learned that my teen age friend George Shults had died. A few years earlier my other close friend Clarence Stelle had. My mother died when she was 34 years old and my father when he was 62. When I reflect on such things it is obvious that God has blessed us with a long life and a long happy marriage. In a few more days we will have been married for 65 years.

When I wrote the previous chapter we were still traveling a lot. In this new chapter I will try and write less about our travels, skipping many of them and relating other events that I hope will be of interest. I will try and mention the highlights, with fewer details than previously.

In 2001 we again observed the Passover with a few friends in California. For the *Night to be Much Observed* we had dinner with quite a few friends in one of the better restaurants. A few days later we were enjoying three days at the rustic, but excellent Awahnee Hotel in Yosemite National Park. This was courtesy of Don and Josie. We had a spectacular view out our second floor windows of the majestic mountains near by. In August we had a family reunion for a whole week in one of our favorite spots, Morro Bay, California.

On January 3, 2002 I noted in my date book that we had a low temperature of 18.7 degrees. That is too cold for me! I am glad that the power didn't go off on that day.

In April a remarkable event happened. We had just visited with our grand daughter Debbie and family who lived near Montrose, Colorado. We were on our way to visit Larry and Linda in the Denver area. About 9:15 in the morning we were driving just East of Gunnison on a two lane, slightly crooked, up and down road at 70 miles per hour. All of a sudden a deer jumped in front of our car and we hit it. Thankfully we hit it with the left front of the car instead of the whole front of the car. If it had been a split second later we surely would have hit it broadside. When we stopped and checked the car there was some animal fluid on the front of the car but no damage to the car. A guardian angel surely must have been looking out for us. Otherwise, we could have had a major accident, with tragic result.

Our 60th Wedding Anniversary

The big event in 2002 was the celebration of our 60th wedding anniversary. We had celebrated the 50th at Pasadena. Now we thought it would be good to go back to where we were

married and where some of our family still live - Medford, Oregon. All of our children, grandchildren, great grandchildren and spouses were there. We all camped at the beautiful Lake of the Woods an hour or so from Medford. Some of the Medford relatives came up to visit with us several times and the main celebration was in the Red Lion Hotel ballroom. Our family really went all out to treat us and guests to a grand occasion. There was a catered buffet lunch and some family comments about Maxine and me. Don had a prepared about a half hour movie that gave a brief history of our lives and marriage. It was certainly an enjoyable affair. It seems to me there were about 50 present. One lady had attended our wedding 60 years earlier, and another lady had driven Maxine to the hospital for Larry's birth.

Afterwards, Donald and family went with us on a side trip to Harris Beach State Park near Brookings Oregon. It is located on a beautiful rugged coast line for which the Oregon coast is noted. Along the way we also stopped at Grants Pass and took an exciting jet boat ride down the Rogue River to the famous Hell Canyon.

For the feast that year we stayed in Big Sandy and had nice social activities with those who were not able to go to a regular feast site. The services from Kerrville, Texas were connected by telephone and speaker set up at the Hillcrest Manor auditorium.

On Thanksgiving we joined Carol and family at Galveston Beach State Park. Carol prepared the food, mostly at home and brought it with her. That made for a unique and enjoyable occasion at the beach.

The year of 2003 brought additional complications from my long time old man's prostate problems. I had a minor procedure to open the urethra which solved the problem at that time. No cancer was found for which I was very grateful. A few years later things had progressed again and I was told that it had become cancerous. Because of my age it was believed to be slow developing. So far (2007) I am not aware of further complications and pray that there will be none.

On a trip in July, I was trying to clean the windshield of our truck at a service station. When I turned around I lost my balance and fell flat on my back on the cement. Not only did my back get whacked but also my skull and right elbow. I had pain all that night. I thought I might have to go to a hospital, could possibly have a concussion and serious back damage. I prayed that I could get home in the truck as Maxine was not able to drive the truck home. We were still several hundred miles from home. The next morning I was well enough to disconnect the utilities from the camper and drive for home. Every time we hit a bump my back would hurt. We arrived home and the next day it seemed I was free of any pain or complications. Surely God intervened on my behalf after my urgent prayer.

Another unusual event that year was the untimely death of Garner Ted Armstrong. I had known him quite well starting in 1955 when I went to Ambassador. He was my teacher for one class and was my boss for a number of years. He was vigorous, apparently very healthy, very active in sports so it was a shock when we heard the news. I had not seen him for several years except on a couple of occasions at the Tyler Airport.

We again observed the feast this year with other brethren at Big Sandy. Late in the year I reached that special milestone in my life which made me an octogenarian. For Thanksgiving most of our family got together at our home in Big Sandy. It is always enjoyable when we have the family together.

In the spring of 2004 we were again guests of Don and family for a few days including a two night visit to San Francisco. While there we were treated to some fine fish dinners at the Franciscan and Farallon Restaurants. We have enjoyed good fish dinners as far back as I can remember.

On this visit we also had an enjoyable visit and luncheon with Maxine's cousin Christine and her aunt Vada at Livermore. Christine's husband has had a very interesting past as a scientist at the Livermore Labs. He also has done a lot of flying in his own Cessna 210. He also was an instructor in aircraft electronics. At one point in his life he was a candidate to be an astronaut but a small heart malfunction ended that.

During the summer we were in the process of having another partial family get together at Sedona, Arizona. Shortly after we arrived, Carol and family were en-route when her husband Gary collapsed as a result of a stroke. He was hospitalized first at Wichita Falls, Texas and later at Tyler. Maxine and I left for home early and stayed a night at Wichita Falls with Carol and Stephanie while Gary was in the nearby hospital.

In August a long time and dear friend Ray Dick died. We had known him and his family since he came to Ambassador College with his wife Norma and three sons in 1957. We had worked together on a number of occasions and we were able to visit with them in Jerusalem in 1969. He had been assigned in 1967 as manager of the Ambassador College office there. Ray was the first contact for the College with Dr. Benjamin Mazar, director of the Jerusalem "dig". Ambassador College later became involved in the archaeology project with Hebrew University and the Israel Exploration Society. It was an archaeological excavation at the Western Wall of the Temple Mount. Ray was involved for several years with this project. Their eldest son Bob is now the Chairman of the Board and Council of elders of the United Church of God.

Another Cruise

I will mention three brief items that stand out for the year 2005. In the summer, Don and Josie invited us to take another cruise. This time it would be on a Royal Caribbean ship, the Rhapsody of the Seas. It was a one week cruise, starting from Galveston, Texas with stops at Key West, Florida; Georgetown, Grand Cayman; and Cozumel, Mexico. Maxine and I only got off the ship for a short tour of Key West because it is hard for us to get around easily like we used to. We of course had excellent meals and accommodations on board.

For the Feast of Tabernacles we went to Kerrville, Texas. It was a very enjoyable and profitable feast. In December I was credentialed by the United Church of God as an elder.

In March 2006 we traveled to the Houston area for the celebration of the Houston Church's 50th anniversary. Several of the previous pastors and I took part in brief 5 minute talks on Friday evening relating to the times when we pastored one of the local churches. I believe that there were 14 of us who took part in that particular meeting. I had been the pastor of the Houston North Church from 1976 to 1979. On the Sabbath there was a special service with a photo video of activities and members that had been taken in the preceding 50 years. This was followed by a sermon by Clyde Kilough, President of the United Church of God. He had grown up at Houston, and afterwards attended Ambassador College at Big Sandy. After the church service

there was a delicious buffet dinner. It was very enjoyable to visit church friends we had not seen in many years.

Morro Bay Again

The family had decided early in the year to go back to one of our favorite places for what would probably be the last time. Since Maxine and I are having more difficulty in traveling long distances there would probably be no such opportunity again. It was decided that in late July and early August we would all go to Morro Bay California. Carol and Stephanie would travel with Maxine and me, and Carol would help with the driving. We departed July 19 and remained over night on the 20th with Jeff and Aurelia who live near Phoenix. Then and for a couple nights we were in Pasadena. All 23 of us were at Morro Bay about a week. This time some of us were in RV's at the state campground and others of us were in a large rented home nearby. We had a delightful time visiting, eating, sleeping, and doing whatever! Everything went smoothly until on the way back the Interstate highway was blocked between Las Cruces and El Paso because of heavy rain and flooding. We stopped overnight at Las Cruces and by the next morning we proceeded without interruption, arriving home late that day.

That fall we again attended the feast in Kerrville, Texas. This time Larry and Linda were with us. Usually he coordinates the feast in Colorado but this year he took a sabbatical. Before the feast they visited churches in Corpus Christi, San Antonio and Austin, where he had been a ministerial assistant and later pastor. It had now been 40 years since they first arrived in San Antonio in 1966. It was a great joy for us to have this opportunity to be together for a feast. Larry gave a sermon and I had the opportunity to conduct a Bible study at the feast.

In 2007 we were invited to observe the Night to be Much Observed at the Jack Elliott's. Others invited included Mr. & Mrs Lucas, Mr. & Mrs. Dale Pierce, and Loren Weinbrenner. As always, Mrs. Elliott makes sure that such events include an excellent dinner.

The next morning Maxine fell flat on her face in the bedroom, apparently as a result of a "mini" stroke. She has had them before. There is one thing I can say about these strokes, they may be mini but they sure cause a lot of trouble. We learned later from the doctor that she has broken two bones on each side of her lower left arm. At the time of this writing, three months later, she is still wearing a brace, though she takes it off from time to time now. Her blood pressure had increased again which may have been a contributing factor.

No More RV'ing

Another event took place in April which I want to mention. Since 1972 we had always had a recreational vehicle. At times we had a travel trailer, a large fifth wheel trailer, a truck camper, or a small motor home. We always enjoyed traveling and staying in various kinds of scenic camp grounds. We have visited at the seacoast, lake fronts, rivers, mountains, and deserts. Of course we stayed in some other parks in metropolitan areas of one kind or another. We also stayed many times in the driveways of family or friends.

In recent years we have traveled less and less because of health. Finally it became too much of a chore for us so we decided to sell our last RV, a very good truck camper. It sold in

April to a Canadian couple who had driven all the way from Guadalajara, Mexico to get it. We have since corresponded with them and find that is just what they wanted and they are pleased with it. We will miss the pleasure of that kind of travel.

At the end of May our last grandson, Justin, graduated with honors from High School and will be attending college in the fall at Santa Clara University in California.

The last event I will mention will conclude this 2007 edition. It is the sixty-fifth anniversary of our marriage. It seems impossible that we have been blessed with so many years of a happy and good marriage. But it has happened. Our marriage and life together has been a great blessing from God.

We have grown old together. The strength health, and vitality of our youth has long since gone. Our love for each other has grown stronger over these decades.

On our anniversary we were joined by Larry, Linda, Carol, Gary, Stephanie, Donald, Josie and Justin. We had a fabulous dinner and all the trimmings!

Afterwards we were joined by Jack and Anne Elliott; Les and Marion McCullough, Leon and Reba Walker, Melton and Jacqui McNeely, Steve and Mary McNeely; Ken and Kathy Treybig. We all enjoyed a little champagne, and cake, especially baked by Anne Elliott. It was wonderful to celebrate such an event with family and close friends.

Now we look forward with great anticipation to meeting Jesus Christ and the saints in the air as sons of God in His everlasting Kingdom. God speed that day.

EPILOGUE

The Past

Looking back, as I have been in this autobiography, I see a life that has been full and abundant. By this, I do not mean that we have always had physical abundance. This book has shown otherwise.

At times we have had little, and at other times we have had plenty. We have had sickness, and we have had health. There have been difficult times and good times. In considering it all, the good has far outweighed the bad. In many people's lives I believe it is not that way.

In my youth, the world I personally knew was small. It included western Oregon, and a part of Northern California only. I was from a small town, from a humble family, and with little of this world's goods. I believe my abilities have been mostly average, except in music, mechanics and electronics where they may be a little above average. I have thought of myself as a *plodder*. I am not speedy, but I keep at it!

On a 1994 transcontinental flight I was listening to some band music on my Walkman cassette player. It was most enjoyable! The music took my mind back to the time when as a boy of about ten years, my father took me to hear some live band music. The music was performed by the Medford City Band at the city park on Main Street. In my imagination I could still see and hear that exciting music directed by Wilson Waite and played by the band. What a pleasant memory.

Because of a family that enjoyed music, I too came to enjoy it immensely. Music became an important part of my life, especially in the earlier years. Listening to radio or phonograph records to great symphony orchestras, such as the NBC Symphony Orchestra with Arturo Toscanini, was only excelled by the opportunity to play in a symphony myself, enveloped by the sound of great music. The great musicians of that time were my *stars* rather than those in the movies, or sports. Pablo Casals was considered the greatest cellist of the time, and Toscanini the greatest conductor. Later, I was even more greatly inspired by the massed choirs and musicians from the three Ambassador Colleges. They were joined by members of the Luton Choral Society, and leading professional soloists from England in addition to local musicians. Their concerts at the Civic Auditorium in Pasadena were superb, emotional, most inspiring spiritually and physically. The oratorios Messiah, Elijah, as well as the Brahms Requiem were in my estimation sublime, and will surely never be forgotten. I was especially pleased that our daughter Carol was a member of the massed choir.

In my youth I was inspired by the exploits of Charles A. Lindberg, Commander Richard E. Byrd, and Amelia Earhart. Their achievements and others like them were impressed deeply in my mind, though walking on the moon was a much greater accomplishment.

The influence of family, home and church environment helped to shape my character. The work ethic of working hard was instilled at an early age. I learned to enjoy and appreciate the out-of-doors, or what I call the wilderness areas away from cities. I learned to appreciate and love God and country; to appreciate and love the Bible, it's teachings and its commands.

What have I accomplished? Of what value has my life been?

When my mind focuses on these things -- on the things that formed and shaped me and my character I wonder. The answer must be in what I have passed on to others. It must be whatever positive influences I have had on family, friends, church, and others.

All I can conclude is to hope that my life, my example, my words, have helped others to be better people, to accomplish a little more. I hope that I have influenced them to love family and other people more, and to love God more than they might otherwise have done.

The Turning Point

1951 was the major turning point of our lives. We decided on a way of life that meant we would lose most if not all of our friends. Our families practically disowned us for a time. We had to leave father and mother and land, in order to serve and worship God as we believed God expected. But, we have received much more in return as Christ promised.

"I tell you the truth," Jesus replied, "no one who has left home or brothers or sisters or mother or father or children or fields for me and the gospel, will fail to receive a hundred times as much in this present age (homes, brothers, sisters, children and fields--and with them, persecutions) and in the age to come, eternal life" (Mark 10:29-30).

That has been fulfilled in our lives, except for the last phrase. I will comment about that in the last section of this chapter.

In my youth I would have been astounded to know what was in store for Maxine and me. My work has been exceedingly varied, interesting and rewarding. Jobs for the Church and College have varied from mail reader to chief financial officer and board member, with many other responsibilities in between.

We have three healthy, intelligent, and resourceful children. We have seven grand-children, and now seven great-grand-children. They too were born healthy, intelligent and with much to look forward to.

Our opportunities have been many. I have had the privilege of giving sermons at more than 400 churches in 47 of the 50 United States as well as 25 other countries around the world. We have traveled to all of the continents except Antarctica. And, to some, several times. We have made close friends around the world.

God has generously provided us with our needs and much more in recent years. The majority of the people in this world have not been blessed as we have.

The Future

I wonder what the future holds for our family. No one knows what a day or an hour will bring in the life of any of us. But the Bible clearly shows what the world trends are going to be in the near and distant future.

The world today is not very interested in the Creator God's instructions. Contrary to what most people believe, this world is not now God's world. Jesus Christ gave himself as a sacrifice, "that he might deliver us from this *present evil world*," (Galatians 1:4). The world is deceived by and follows the god of this world, Satan. "In whom the *god of this world* [Satan] hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them," (2 Corinthians 4:4).

As a result of following Satan's way of life instead of God's way, the world is in a mess, and is headed downward. It is headed towards a time that will be the worst in all of man's history. Untold millions will die before that time is over. During that time a few will receive supernatural protection by God.

Those who survive this coming holocaust will finally be willing to be taught by God. This present world is not willing, as everyone is doing what he thinks is right. That way is contrary to God's way.

Out of the ashes of the holocaust will come a new world. Jesus Christ will come to the earth and will teach the world the way to peace, happiness and abundance. The faithful saints will receive the eternal life Christ referred to in the scripture quoted earlier from Mark 10.

My urgent prayer is that in the meantime God will guide and direct his true saints, and will be kind and merciful to our family.

APPENDIX

MAXINE NEFF GENEALOGY (Partial)

Avon Maxine BOSTWICK: b 19 Feb 1924 Williams, Oregon

Second Generation

Bert Clark BOSTWICK: b 19 Aug 1882 Santa Rosa, California; d 1 Jul 1958 Salem, Marion,
Oregon

Avon Annette MIDDLETON: b 7 Aug 1905 Trenton, Jackson, Alabama; d 16 Aug 1972
Portland, Multnomah, Oregon

Third Generation

William Henry BOSTWICK: b 18 Apr 1846, RAY, Missouri; m 25 Dec 1865; d 24 Mar 1911
Jacksonville, Oregon

Evalena DUNN: b 16 Apr 1851, Indiana; d 19 Nov 1942 Jacksonville, Oregon

James Thomas MIDDLETON: b 8 Sep 1875 Scottsboro(?), Jackson, Alabama; m 24 Jun
1897, Jackson, Alabama; d 12 Sep 1953 Grants Pass, Josephine, Oregon

Sarah Allie WOODALL: b 23 Jun 1880, Alabama; d 13 Aug 1961 Grants Pass, Josephine,
Oregon

Fourth Generation

Noble Day (Bostick) BOSTWICK: b 23 Mar 1818, Tennessee; m 10 May 1838; d 3 Jun 1896
Jacksonville, Jackson, Oregon

Catherine (Kattie) CUMMINS: b 24 Feb 1820, Ohio; d 21 Sep 1899

Jane MIDDLETON: b Apr 1836, Alabama

David Riley WOODALL: b 18 Sep 1844; m 29 Nov 1866, Jackson, Alabama; d 23 May 1888

Rachel Elizabeth WILDER: b 10 Sep 1845; d 10 Oct 1882

Fifth Generation

John BOSTWICK: b 6 Apr 1785 New Milford, CT m 2 Feb 1807; d Nov 1849, Clark, IL

Elizabeth COGSWELL: b 2 Jun 1745 New Milford, CT; d 29 Apr 1828

Pleasant WOODALL

Rebica (Rebecca) KENNAMER

Joab WILDER
Nancy PERKINS

Sixth Generation

Nathan BOSTWICK: b 16 Nov 1746 New Milford, CT; m 7 Jan 1766 New Milford, CT; d 10 Aug 1829

David KENNAMER
Sally BOSHART

Seventh Generation

John BOSTWICK: b 24 Mar 1715/1716 New Milford, CT; m 18 Jan 1732/1733 New Milford, CT; d 17 Dec 1806 New Milford, CT
Jamima CANFIELD: b 1706 New Milford, CT; d 11 Oct 1795 New Milford, CT

Hans KENNAMER

Eighth Generation

John BOSTWICK, Major: b 12 Oct 1688 Stratford, CT; m 30 Jan 1711/1712 New Milford, CT; d 12 Jun 1741 New Milford, CT
Mercy BUSHNELL: b 1689 Danbury, CT; d 5 Sep 1767

Ninth Generation

John BOSTWICK, Jr.: b 4 May 1667 Stratford, CT; m 1687 Stratford, CT; d 1747
Mary BRINSMEAD: b 24 Jul 1640, Mass; d 28 Dec 1704

Tenth Generation

John BOSTWICK: b 18 Oct 1638 Tarporley, England; m Abt 1665; d 11 Dec 1688 Stratford, CT

Eleventh Generation

William (Arthur?) BOSTWICK: b 22 Dec 1603 Tarporley, Cheshire, England

Twelfth Generation

Arthur BOSTOCK: b 18 Mar 1559 Tarporley, Cheshire, England; d Abt 1680

Ellen DENNIS: b 1559

LEROY NEFF GENEALOGY
(Partial)

Lester Leroy NEFF: b 20 Nov 1923 Medford, Jackson, Oregon

Second Generation

James Asher NEFF: b 14 May 1903 Tacoma, Washington; m 30 Sep 1922 Medford, Jackson, Oregon; d 7 Jul 1966 Medford, Jackson, Oregon

Ruth TURNBOW: b 15 Apr 1903 Glendale, Oregon; d 30 Jul 1937 Portland, Multnomah, Oregon

Third Generation

Bert Francis NEFF: b 3 Sep 1875 Fountain, El Paso, Colorado; m 11 Jun 1900 Minneapolis, Minnesota, d 31 Jul 1941 Medford, Jackson, Oregon

Gertrude Essa HURLBURT: b 7 Apr 1878 LeSueur, LeSueur, MN; d 12 Apr 1968 Medford, Jackson, Oregon

James Albert TURNBOW: b 27 Sep 1872, Arkansas; m 1898; d 15 Mar 1926

Leona Eliza ELLIFF: b 13 Mar 1874, Sumner County, Tennessee; d 24 Mar 1921 Pike, Yamhill, Oregon

Fourth Generation

James Anderson NEFF: b 15 Nov 1839 Wytheville, Wythe, Virginia; d 26 Jun 1904 St.Paul, Ramsey, Minnesota

Malinda Ellen: b 19 Mar 1847, Indiana; d 17 Mar 1878 Fountain, El Paso, Colorado

Benjamin F. Hurlburt

Mary E.: b Abt 1850

James TURNBOW: b 17 Feb 1826, Tennessee; d 19 Feb 1905

Susan FISHER: b Sulphur, Oklahoma

Richard T. ELLIFF: b 1849, Tennessee; d 1909 Baker City, Oregon

Mary HUTCHINS: b 1854, Arkansas

Fifth Generation

John NEFF: b 20 Sep 1813, Wythe, Virginia; m 1838; d Johnson County, Kansas

Susan NELSON: b Abt 1820

Samuel Luther TURNBOW: b 1800 Greenville, South Carolina; m 1824, Smith, Tennessee; d
Abt 1855, Sebastian County, Arkansas
Martha Ann TERRY

Clement H. ELLIFF: b 4 May 1805, Tenn; m 1828, Giles, Tenn; d 1885, Clay, Texas
Mary Hannah WALKER: b 1802

Sixth Generation

George NEFF: b 4 Oct 1779, Lancaster, Pennsylvania; m Abt 1802, Wythe, Virginia; d 28 Apr
1860 Rural Retreat, Wythe, Virginia
Catherine ETTER: b Sep 1778, Wythe, Virginia; d 17 Jan 1849 Rural Retreat, Wythe,
Virginia

Samuel TURNBOUGH: b 1775 Greenville, South Carolina; m Abt 1798
Jane TURNBOUGH

James TERRY: b Abt 1800

John O. ELLIFF, SR.
Annie BRITTAIN

Seventh Generation

Michael NEFF: b 15 May 1756, Lancaster, Pennsylvania; m Abt 1776 Lancaster, Burks,
Pennsylvania; d 22 Jan 1825 Rural Retreat, Wythe, Virginia
Christina KAPP: b 1746; d 13 Mar 1830 Rural Retreat, Wythe, Virginia

John TURNBOUGH: b Abt 1740, Alsace

Eighth Generation

John George NEFF: b 1 Dec 1729, Lancaster, Pennsylvania; d Bef 30 Aug 1773, Lancaster,
Pennsylvania
Maria Mary Elizabeth STUP

Ninth Generation

Johann Michael NEFF, SR.: b 21 Feb 1687 Michelfeld, Germany; m 11 Nov 1710 Michelfeld,
Germany; d Aft Apr 1756
Anna Dorothea SAUER

Tenth Generation

Hans (John) Jacob NAF: c 30 Jan 1659 Affoltern, am Albis, Zurich, Switzerland; m 5 Feb 1684 Michelfeld, Germany; d 30 Jun 1718 Michelfeld, Germany
Anna Barbara DONNER: c 12 May 1658; d 21 Dec 1700

Eleventh Generation

Hans Rudolph NAF: c 14 Apr 1622; m 5 Nov 1648 Affoltern, Albis, Zurich, Switzerland; d 19 Oct 1677 Michelfeld, Germany
Ragula (Regeli) ZIMMERMAN: c 13 Dec 1629; d 3 Sep 1679 Vollenweid, Hausen, Zurich, Switzerland

Twelfth Generation

Felix NAF: b 4 Oct 1587 Hausen, Zurich, Switzerland; d Bef 1662
Anna RINGGER: b Abt 1589; d 17 Mar 1628 Albis, Zurich

Thirteenth Generation

Ulrich NAF: b Abt 1550 Aft 1591, Hausen, Zurich, Switzerland
Verena HUBER: b Abt 1554; d 10 Feb 1628, Zurich, Switzerland

Fourteenth Generation

Marx NAF: b Abt 1500; d Aft 1571

Fifteenth Generation

Hans NAF: b 1468 Rengg, Languan, Zurich, Switzerland; m Vollenweid, Switzerland; d 11 Oct 1531 Cappel, Switzerland
Katherine HUBER: d Aft 1504

Sixteenth Generation

Hansle NAF: b 1430 Rengg, Languan, Zurich, Switzerland

Seventeenth Generation

Heinrich (Heinie) NAF: b Abt 1388 Rengg, Languan, Lucerne, Switzerland; d 1448 Rengg, Languan, Lucerne, Switzerland
Verena

Eighteenth Generation

Hans NAF: b Abt 1358 Rengg, Languan, Lucerne, Switzerland; d Aft 1406

Selected Genealogical Notes

Maxine's Family

BOSTWICK'S

William Henry Bostwick 1846-1911: Listed in 1850 Census under family name BOSTICK, in Ray County, Missouri. Also listed in the 1900 Census (Soundex) in Jackson County, Oregon. Moved to the Applegate Valley from Santa Rosa, California in 1882. Newspaper accounts state that he was one of the oldest pioneers in Southern Oregon. He had ten children and died of cancer of the stomach and liver.

Noble Bostwick 1818-1896: Listed in 1840 Census in Knox County, Ohio, (Milford Township). He is listed in the 1850 Census as Bostick, Ray County, Missouri. Listed in the census records as a carpenter. In the *History of Yuba and Sutter Counties* (California) it is stated that he had crossed the plains to California with ox teams and wagons in 1857. He had ten children. He died while visiting family in the Applegate valley.

Catherine (Kattie) Cummins 1820-1899: She is also listed in the 1850 Census in Ray County, Missouri.

Arthur Bostwick 1603- He migrated to America about 1641 or 1642 from Tarporley, Cheshire, England and was one of the first thirteen settlers of Stratford, Connecticut. There seems to be some confusion between the connection between him and earlier people of the name, Bostwick, Bostock, and Botestoch, of Cheshire England. There are records of that family back twenty or more generations to 1066. They are probably related but records are apparently inadequate

MIDDLETON'S

James Thomas Middleton 1875-1953: Listed in the 1900 Census (Soundex) for Jackson County, Alabama. Mother Jane Middleton reared him. He taught school in Alabama according to Middleton Album. Moved to Josephine County, Oregon c. 1908. First farmed on the Applegate River, later farmed west of Grants Pass near the Rogue River. Raised hops mostly. After he retired he moved into the town of Grants Pass.

Jane Middleton 1836-: Listed in 1900 Census (Soundex) for Jackson County, Alabama, with son James Thomas and his family.

Leroy's Family

NEFF'S

James Anderson Neff 1839-1904: Moved to Shawnetown Kansas sometime between the 1850 and 1860 census. Occupation farmer. Enlisted at Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas 10/12/1861; 8th Regiment, Kansas Infantry. He was a private, corporal, sergeant, First Lieutenant during the Civil war on the Union side. He was discharged at San Antonio, Texas 11/1865. Resided in Kansas until 1863, then in Colorado until about 1888, then Florida (in St. Petersburg, Hillsborough County, and Mineola, Lake County) until 1902. Description listed 5'10", 150 pounds, brown eyes, black (later gray) hair. He died from injuries received in a street car accident at St. Paul, Minnesota. Left no insurance or property at death.

John Neff 1813-: Lived in Wythe County, Virginia. Occupation blacksmith in 1850 census.

George Neff 1779-1860: Listed in 1850 Census, Wythe County, Virginia. Occupation farmer, real estate valued at \$3,000. Will written 2/11/1853 located in Wythe County Book 9, pages 629-630. He and his wife are buried in St. Paul's Lutheran Cemetery.

Michael Neff 1756-1825: Baptized at Christ Evangelical Lutheran Church at Stouchsburg, Pennsylvania. In the spring of 1780 he was living in Elizabeth Township, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, when he enrolled in Captain Philip Duck's First Company, third battalion of the Lancaster County militia, as Private 6th class. He was a soldier of the revolution. He bought land in Wythe County, Virginia in 1782. His will is dated 1/1/1825 and recorded in Will Book 3, page 104, Wythe County Virginia. It was probated 2/8/1825. He and his wife are buried at Rural Retreat, Virginia, on Greek Neff's farm. In 1976, Mrs. Lucille Hicks Neff of Sayre Oklahoma was instrumental in obtaining a bronze marker from the government for Michael's grave. The Daughters of the American Revolution were in charge of the dedication.

John George Neff 1729-1773: Baptized 5/30/1730 at Trinity Evangelical Lutheran Church, apparently at New Holland, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. He was a farmer and paid taxes in Heidelberg township in 1752, 1753, 1758. He was constable of the township in 1767. His will was written 8/16/1772 and a codicil in 3/19/1773. He received 157 acres and 59 perches from his father 4/13/1756, which is recorded in Deed Book F-226. His widow Mary Elizabeth apparently could not succeed in keeping the farm going and sold it at auction to Michael Neif for 1425 pounds, which included 34 acres in Cocalico township. Most of his children's baptisms are recorded at Christ Church of Little Tulpehocken in Lebanon County.

Michael Neff, Sr. 1687-1756: He first attended the Michelfeld Lutheran Church at Michelfeld Germany. Most of his children's births are recorded there. He came to America aboard the ship James Goodwill. David Crockett was the Master. It sailed from Rotterdam, Holland to Deal, England, and sailed from there on 6/15/1728 and arrived in America on 9/11/1728. He lived in Heidelberg township, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. This is now a part of Lebanon

County. He and his family including sons Michael Naef, Jr., and Abraham were original members in 1743 of the Christ Evangelical Lutheran Church, at Stouchsburg, Pennsylvania. He was a deacon of the church from 1743-1746. He was naturalized in Philadelphia from 4/11 to 4/13/1743. He received a land warrant for 250 acres in Heidelberg township on November 28, 1734. He received patent #1749, for 482 acres there in 1744. He also had a land warrant for 50 acres in Bethel township on 10/31/1749, and another land warrant for 25 acres in Lebanon township on 2/1/1754. He deeded 482 acres to his sons Abraham and George on 4/13/1756, which is recorded in Book F page 149, and 157 acres to son George 4/13/1756 recorded in Book F page 266, and 160 acres to Michael Jr., 4/13/1756, Book F page 258. He died intestate after 1755, probably in Lancaster County.

Hans (John) Jacob Naf 1659-1718: He lived in Michelfeld Germany, and attended the Lutheran Church there.

Hans Rudolph Neff 1622-1677 In 1661 he and his family moved to Bockshof, Germany, and to Michelfeld about 1665. He died of the pestilence and had 14 children.

TURNBOW'S

James Albert Turnbow 1872-1926: He was born in Indian territory near Ardmore, Oklahoma. His daughter Eunice believes he was raised by his great uncle. He was a foreman on a railroad section crew and a farmer. He moved frequently because of his work. He was not in good health. He believed that the Turnbow's came from Wales and were part English.

Leona Eliza Eliff 1874-1921: Her father was a farmer and her grandfather was a doctor from Holland. Her brothers were Luther, Gulliver and Jim. Inez Eliff is the daughter of Leona's brother Jim.

Samuel Luther Turnbow c. 1800-1855: He moved to Washington County Missouri in 1831, to Searcy Arkansas in 1838, to Texas in 1845 and to Sebastian City Arkansas (near Ft. Smith) in 1848/1849. He was a school teacher.

Samuel Turnbough 1775-: He first lived in Greenville County, South Carolina, then moved to Tennessee about 1802 and to Washington County Missouri in 1828.

John Turnbough c. 1740-: He is believed to have been the father of Samuel. He received a land grant in Greenville County, South Carolina in 1774, and an additional grant of 373 acres in 1786. He came from Alsace.

Last Will and Testament

GEORGE NEFF

1729-1773

In the name of God Amen. I George Neff of Heidelberg Township in the County of Lancaster in the Province of Pennsylvania farmer being weak and sick of Body but (God be thank'd) of perfect understanding therefore thought proper to make this my last will and Testament. First I recommend my Soul into the Hands of my Redeemer Jesus Christ and my Body to the Earth from whence he is taken And as to my Worldly Estate which I shall leave behind it is my will and I order that my beloved wife Mary Elizabeth shall have all power and authority (besides the Inspection of my Executors) over all my real and Personal estate and the same is to take care of and carry on the same as well to her as to all my Childrens Benefit and Profit so as I and she have done till now and during the Time my said wife Mary Elizabeth shall remain my widow But nevertheless my wife shall not undertake any thing of Importance or Buy or sell without the Counsel or approbation of my Executors and all my children shall be bound to my wife until they attain their Lawful age and shall obey and be dutiful to her in all just things during the time my wife remains my widow And further it is my will that my executors shall give unto my beloved John George (out of my Personal estate) twenty five Pounds Lawful money aforehand because he is my first born Son and if one or the other of my said Children after the attaining of said age should marry and my executors according to their understanding should look upon as good and that it would be well applied then they shall give to such one Twenty Pound money aforesaid in Part of his Portion out of my Personal estate and shall take a Receipt for same But if my said beloved Wife should alter her mind and marry again in that case it is my will and I order my wife shall have one Cow and her Bed aforehand and then her lawful third part out of the Personal estate and with that she can quit my Land But if my wife should not be able to take care of my estate but should be inclined to live Easy in her widowhood in that case my Executors shall sell all my Real and Personal Estate and the purchaser of the Land shall build a House for my said wife and the Land at a suitable Place on the Water Twenty feet long and sixteen feet wide well laid out and finished of Mason and Joiner with windows and a stove without fault ready to live in it. Also a Table Item yearly Ten bushels of wheat Item Ten bushels of Rye. Item the Purchaser of said land shall keep a barn for my said wife free to her use in Sumer and winter and provide fodder and Pasture for her own Item a Piece of Land for a Garden about half a quarter of an acre well fenced Item yearly twelve pounds of hackled Flax or hemp Item five pounds of good wool Item as much Fire wood as my wife shall have need of and cut it short and small and deliver it to her House Item my wife shall have Liberty to choose yearly Four Aple Trees out of all the Trees on the Land and without any molestation to make used of the same Item yearly three Barrels of made at the usual time which the Purchaser shall give her Item the Purchaser shall bring the grain for my wife to mill and deliver flour back again to the House as much as she has need of Item in the above mentioned house the Purchaser shall dig a cellar under the half front thereof and build a stable near to the same and further it is my will and I order that my Executors shall divide all my remaining Estate among my children share alike that each of my Children may be share

alike And lastly I nominate my beloved Friends and Neighbors David Lowenstein and George Holstein and my

beloved wife Mary Elizabeth as my executors granting them full Power and authority to act and do and execute all things in this my last will mentioned as if I myself were present and I declare this to be my last will and testament which I have made with sound understanding the 16th day of August in the year of our Lord 1772 making null and void all former wills by me N.B. But if all or the other of my children should die before it attains his lawful age or before it could make a will or Testament Then I order that his share should be divided amongst all my children in equal shares Witness my hand and seal in the presence of its subscribed Witnesses

Andrew Sholl Jacob Neff George Neff seal, I the within named George Neff have after the making of the within Testament understand that the Portion of my late Father's Land of which I have a part are ... and that the Deed and draughts do not correspond with the Lines upon the ground. I do therefore order and allow my executors within named at any time after my death to give up my present deed and to apply for a new title as the office for such Lands as are lying within the Lines of my survey as to use such other means as may forward a good Title to my Heirs for said Land In witness whereof I have set my hand and seal the 19th day of March 1773

Sealed and delivered by said Testator as a codicil to his Testament in the presence of us

J Hoffman Philip Marsletter George Neff seal

Lancaster Co. Pa. Will Book Y2, p. 494

MICHAEL NEFF

1756 - 1825

I, Michael Neff of Wythe County and State of Va. being weak in Body but of sound and perfect memory, thanks be to god for the same, considering the mortality of my body and that it is appointed for all men once to die, do make and ordain this my last will and Testament in following manner that is to say principally--first I order all my just debts to be paid as soon as possible after my decease, secondly, I give and bequeath to my wife Christina one hundred dollars, and her good and desend (sic) maintanance (sic) during her livetime (sic). I give and bequeath to my son Abraham the plantation whereon I now live and two stills and tub, belonging to the same, for the sum of fifteen hundred dollars yearly til paid, commencing on the first of May in Eighteen Hundred and Twenty Seven and also bequeath to said Abraham all the...and hay on said place. I give and bequeath to Eliza Cowden One Hundred Dollars at the age of twenty one years--and the Ballance (sic) of the personally (sic) Estate I bequeath each and all of my children equal share, some of them have already received a considerable Sum of money--, for the same purpose I hold account for Each one which I want to be a part of theare (sic) Legasy (sic).

I nominate constitute and appoint my wife Christina, my sons Abraham and George Neff Executors of this my last will and Testament hereby revoking all other wills and Testaments by me made. In Witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal; this first day of January Eighteen Hundred and Twenty five.

Michael Neff

Signed sealed and delivered in presence of the
Testators:

John Repass
John Harkrader, Sr.
Maria X (her mark) Moyer

Recorded in Will Book 3 page 104 Wythe Co. VA

GEORGE NEFF

1779 - 1860

I George Neff of Wythe County and Commonwealth of Virginia considering the uncertainty of death and being of sound mind and memory do make and publish this my last will and testament in manner from following that is to say: First I give and bequeath unto my children as follows. Hetty Porter, late Hetty Naff / Elizabeth Elliott late Elizabeth Naff, Samuel Naff, Thina Cormana late Thina Naff, Lidda Flora late Lidda Naff, John Naff, Martin Naff, David Naff. Each are to share equal in my Estate. And as to my son Hiram Naff I have given him his full portion heretofore that he is not to get any thing further of my estate and as to Joseph Flora & Napoleon Elliott are never to have any command or claim on any property I shall herein devise to my two daughters above named.

I now give and bequest unto my two daughters Elizabeth and Thina Naff for the portion of land as follows that is for them to have equal shares in the land described as follows.

Beginning at two white oaks and a chestnut on my old patent line and also a corner of George Calmus land and following my old patent course & same course continued until it strikes the Marsh line, which will be a southeasterly course and all the land west of said line and all the above land named will include all the land hold west of my patent line which land I charge my daughters eleven dollars per acre when ascertained.

I give my daughter Elizabeth my Negro boy Rob, for which boy she is to be charged in my estate five hundred dollars. I also give my daughter Thina Cormana my Negro woman Eliza for which she is to be charged fifty dollars. I give and bequeath unto my son Martin Naff all the balance of my old possessions wherein I now live for which land I have, be surveyed with the two daughters land and charged to him at eleven dollars per acre. I give unto my son Martin Neff my Negro boy James for two hundred and fifty dollars. And it is my desire after my death that all my personal property shall be sold and my just debts paid and my funeral charges. All the money coming from the sale over and above shall be equally divided among the heirs above named. And it is my will that after my estate is all settled which I wish to be done according to law. I order my executors to see to and ascertain what my son Martin may fall short and what he may fall in debt to the other heirs. It is my desire that my son Martin shall have the payments as desired that is five hundred dollars annually as the heirs come in rotation in age until he pays up the last heirs.

Lastly I hereby appoint my son Martin Neff, Isaac Neff, executors of this my last will and testament hereby revoking all former wills by me made in which whereof I have hereunto set my

hand and seal this 11th day of February in the year of our Lord One thousand eight hundred and fifty three.

George Naff

Signed in the presence of
William Hinshell
Martin Eter

Page 629 and 630, Will Book, Wythe County, Virginia