

My Cup Runneth Over!



By Donald G. Hunt

**THE AUTHOR'S OWN NARRATION OF
HIS EVENTFUL LIFE**

MY CUP RUNNETH OVER!

**BY
DONALD HUNT**

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Introduction

Of the many books and booklets I have written, this one is different. All the others have been about God, Christ, the Holy Spirit, the Bible, the plan of salvation, the Christian life, the church, eternity, and other Biblical subjects. This one concerns your writer's life and ministry.

I have enjoyed doing it, although the idea did not originate with me. When staying in the home of Lee Turner, when preaching a month-long meeting at Vancouver, Washington, in the 1950's, he was the first to say I should do this. He was interested in some of my boyhood experiences that came out during our conversations. Since then numerous others have made the same suggestion. Though being reluctant to take time from other writing to do so, and having a natural hesitancy to write at such length about myself, I finally decided to bend to the above suggestions of friends. In more recent years I was especially urged by Victor Knowles and Bill Paul, co-authors of the book, "Taking a Stand," to do it. The ultimate factor was when Brother Paul remarked, "It will preserve some history that might not otherwise be written." So I began assembling material for it and to consider how I would present it. I finally decided I would present it by "decades".

I was thankful to have several reliable sources to draw from than mere recollection alone. I had my brief annual diaries dating back to the 1940s. Also my "Sermon Record Book," in which I have listed every sermon I have preached along with its date and place. Then, too, I had a full file of Midwestern School news bulletins as well as my "Visit" columns and other news write-ups in the "Voice of Evangelism."

This is not a doctrinal book, yet what I believe on various subjects shows through here and there, and I am glad, for I really want this account of my life and ministry to present some Biblical truths and helpful lessons that might be used by its readers. Particularly does my strong belief in God's providence (His leadership in people's individual lives) shine through. While we know God's law is for all people, His leadership of each Christian's life and labor is individual and personal. In fact, at one time I had considered writing a whole book of over 20 chapters on the subject of God's providence. Let me say, I believe I was born to the right parents, born on a farm, born in the right community, and born at the right time. I believe I was cut out to like school, college, church, people, and life itself. I believe I have gotten to read the right books, hear the right preachers, had the right professors, have been given the right wife, have enjoyed being a parent to my children, was encouraged as a young preacher, have been given many opportunities in

the ministry, have been blessed by good co-laborers, and have many wonderful friends and experiences.

I have enjoyed life first as a person, then as a Christian, and finally in an eventful ministry. But I do not consider the victorious life something unique to me, for it is open to all who will believe the Bible, trust in Jesus, and live and serve according to God's Word. His Word will give anybody a blessed life. His great promises will make anyone's life rich as they are fulfilled in him or her. And each person can find Christ to be a wonderful Saviour, a good Master, and a dear Friend.

I began the actual writing of this book May 24, 1999, while on the cruise ship coming back from Alaska on a gift trip to Margaret and me provided by a multitude of friends. As I started to write that day, I noticed that on May 24, 1993, (exactly 6 years before to the day) I had begun once before to write it, but somehow did not continue.

Let me point out that several years ago, when I was invited by Larry Jackson to preach on a rally in the Pleasantview Church near Lisbon, Ohio, I told them in my first sermon I felt right at home at Pleasantview, for I was born in Pleasant Township, that our community news in the county seat newspaper was called Pleasant Valley News, that when I walked to school from our farm, the $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile of the town-part of my walk was on West Pleasant Street, and if I pass away before the return of Christ, my wife and I will be buried close to my parents in Pleasant Hill Cemetery at Cincinnati, Iowa.

My final decision about this book was its title. I didn't want to call it my autobiography. That sounded too dry. I almost entitled it, "Born to Live, Love, and Labor," for I consider I have really gotten to "live", I think I have been a "loving" person, and I know I have had a life of "labor". But as I was about to complete the book's writing, other names came to my mind: "More Abundantly" and "Green Pastures and Still Waters". My final vote went to "My Cup Runneth Over!"

I hope you enjoy reading it and will gain some benefit for your own life from it!

—Donald G. Hunt, Ottumwa, Iowa, January 17, 2000

Childhood 1920's

World War I was over. My parents had bought a farm 1 and 1/2 miles from the small Southern Iowa town of Cincinnati, had moved from town to the newly purchased farm in February, 1922, and I was born two months later (April 26). Even though my mother had a doctor for my birth (Dr. Lawrence Sturdevant), I was born at home, as was quite customary back then, making me like Mr. Wilson in "Dennis the Menace" comic strip: Dennis reported to his mother, "Mr. Wilson wasn't born in a hospital-- he was homemade." Years later, I was to learn that on the same day I was born in Southern Iowa and about the same time of day another boy was born in Southern Minnesota, who is much like me in disposition: Tom Avery of West Concord, Minnesota. He is a Christian, a good friend, and we take turns calling each other on April 26.

Because my family had so much sickness, living in town, they decided to move to the country. The year before I was born, they lost their three-year-old son, Joe, and later in the year in which I was born they lost their seven-year-old daughter, Marie. So I really was born in a troubled period for my parents. Several times I can remember hearing my mother say of those events, "Things happened so fast back then that it just seems like a dream."

My father (R O Hunt) gave me my name Donald, and a neighbor (Lucy Golston), who was midwife to my mother (Ida Hunt), gave me my first bath and also my middle name, Gerald. Fifty-some years later she was in attendance at a Centerville Rally, and I was able to tell my wife and children, "Here is the lady who gave me my first bath and my middle name!"

You may have noticed I did not put periods after my father's R O. He never did, insisting they were not initials but the R and O were all he was given. He grew up in Pulaski, Iowa, an hour's drive from Cincinnati, and married my mother, who, with her family, had moved from the Peoria, Illinois, area to Pulaski when she was still at home. When Dad returned from several years of railroading in Montana, he became acquainted with her, and in time (1912) they were married. The reason I grew up in Cincinnati (named such because its early residents had come from the Cincinnati, Ohio area) was that he had gotten a job in the Cincinnati printing office just before they were married. The first Saturday he was there, he received contrasting invitations for Sunday: to church and to an afternoon poker game with a keg of beer. He chose to

go to church, which he continued doing the rest of his days and which no doubt affected the religious life of us three sons (Gail, who was nine years older than I, Kenneth, who was three years older than I, and then myself).

Cincinnati was both a coal mining and an agricultural town, and my father (after his printing shop days) dug coal in the winter and farmed in the summer. The full-time coal miners went into the mine earlier in the fall and stayed on later in the spring than he. He did not go to the mine in the fall until corn was harvested (around Thanksgiving), and he quit mine work around the first of March, when the calves, and lambs, and pigs began to be born. Farming and coal mining were both very hard work, and I can now appreciate how hard my father worked to provide for us.

One of my earliest remembrances was his bringing home a collie pup when I was only two. His father (Joel Hunt) was visiting us at the time. Because the pup had a white tip on the end of his tail, we named him Tip. He was our farm dog for many years, surviving way into my college years. As a preacher I have reflected on Grandpa Hunt's death the year we got Tip. Tip went on to live many years, yet he, being a dog, will never live again, but Grandpa, being a human, will be resurrected at the last day.

When I was growing up, Cincinnati was a typical small Iowa town of 1,103 population. It had five grocery stores, two banks, two lumber yards, three gasoline stations, one hotel, two cafes, two hardwares, one post office, one doctor, two barber shops, one blacksmith shop, two cream-buying stations, three lodges, one telephone office, one school (both grade and high), one theater, one shoe shop, and three churches (Methodist, Christian, and a small Church of God). No one should be ashamed to have come from a small town. In the Bible David came from tiny Bethlehem and even Jesus from obscurer Nazareth. In America numerous great people trace their roots to small towns. Yes, there are both advantages and disadvantages, but isn't the same true of growing up in a city? Being a farm boy, I always supposed the city had many advantages over rural life--until I began working in summer camps. Some of the most delinquent, problematic young people came from the large cities. When the coal mines closed after World War II, the population began to diminish, and one by one the businesses closed, the railroad was pulled, and even the high school ceased, so that today it is a small bedroom community and retiree town of less than five hundred, served by a convenience store with gasoline pumps.

Our farm was northwest of town in the best farming area close to Cincinnati. My Grandma Hunt so admired the nice view from our farm that she said to my mother, several times, "Don't ever let R O sell this place--it has such a pretty view." It was where I was born, and I lived there until I left home at twenty to go to Bible college. Nearly all the neighbors around us owned their farms, so I had the same set of neighbors (with only a few exceptions) all my years at home. I think this helped me realize early in life how important it is to get along with people and to live together with people in peace and harmony. A stable community also helped to build a stable life.

Everybody knew everybody--and everybody's business! Several families shared a single telephone party-line, meaning that when your telephone rang, so did the other six or eight people's phones. When somebody was calling you, the other people on your party-line could listen in on your conversation if they chose--and many of them did. That was called "rubbing." But this was part of the friendliness of a small town and community. When someone died, the stores would close during the hour of the funeral. When there was a ball game, there was always a big crowd.

Most people in our community lived decent lives (not one in our immediate farm community drank, and only one or two smoked). But if anybody didn't live decently, everybody knew it and discussed it. A bumper sticker recently said, "In a little town there's not much to see, but what you hear sure makes up for it". In my twenty years there, there was not a single murder in our community, and nobody went to the penitentiary. Divorce was so rare that when I asked my father, "What is divorce?" he simply said, "They've agreed to disagree." Only two women whom I knew smoked, and both were outcasts. A lady said, "Yes, we take the newspaper, not so much to know what happened--we already know--but just to see if they got it straight."

Our six-room farmhouse was typical of Iowa farm houses in those days. It had two stoves: the coal-burning heating stove in the living room (its fire was banked overnight), and a coal-burning cook stove in the kitchen (no fire in it overnight). We also had a kerosene-burning cook stove--handy for lighter cooking and when it was too hot to use the regular cook stove. But we had no stove in either of our bedrooms (in the winter we used plenty of covers at night). Linoleum--not rugs--covered the floors. Without insulation or storm windows and with no furnace, the house in winter was not warm except near the stoves. Without running water and electricity, there was no refrigerator, deep freeze, air-conditioning, fans, or electrical appliances or plumbing. Our

lighting was by kerosene lamps until we got a nice Aladdin lamp and later a Wincharger for charging large batteries that gave us two small-wattage bulbs to use. Those bulbs were not left on when nobody was using them because the batteries ran down fast enough (especially when the wind was not blowing). I have been a light-turner-offer ever since.

We rose at 5:00 in the morning to hand-milk our five or six cows. Breakfast was at 6:00 after which we did the other chores (separating the milk, taking care of the chickens and the hogs, and then turning the cows, horses, and sheep out to pasture). We boys then changed into school clothes and walked the 1 and 1/2 miles to school from 8:00 to 8:30 (rain, shine, or snowing). The first half of our walk was on our country road, and the last half was on sidewalks in town. I enjoyed the walk, always noticing farmers in the field and also what townspeople were doing. It was especially delightful in spring and fall. During haying season in the summer we got up at 4:00 in the morning to get to the field earlier. As a result, I have been an early riser. In our American life a fuel delivery man commented to my wife when he learned I was a preacher, "All preachers are lazy." She said to him, "My husband probably gets up earlier than you do," and when she told him I usually get up at 5:00, he said no more.

We always raised a large garden plus what we called a truck patch. The garden was tended by hand (hoe, push cultivator, and hand weeding) while the truck patch rows were planted wide enough so we could cultivate them with horsepower--like our corn fields. In the truck patch we raised potatoes, sweet corn, cucumbers, muskmelons and watermelons. We planted pumpkins out in the cornfield beside hills of corn. As a result of all that gardening we were well supplied with good quality and abundant garden products. Even today I much enjoy limited gardening even though our children are grown and gone. It not only provides onions, radishes, lettuce, tomatoes, and green peppers for ourselves and others, but when one has lived the first twenty years of his life on a farm, you just have some of this to work out of your soul every year.

One year it was decided not to have a melon patch--we were going to plant it all to cucumbers to sell to the pickle factory. Gail and I went to plant the several rows of cucumbers, he to make the holes and I to drop the seeds in. When the cucumbers began to set on, the last row was all muskmelons. The family accused me of doing this on purpose, and I honestly could not account for this except the two different kinds of seeds bore some resemblance. I know I would never have dared take

things into my own hands like that--but the whole family was happy to have at least some kind of melons.

In my years on the farm, forty to fifty bushels of corn per acre was a respectable yield. Today yields run 150 and more bushels per acre. Of course, this is partly the result of annual applications of commercial fertilizer. But today they also plant many more hills per acre. Our rows were 42 inches apart and the hills within the rows also 42 inches apart (three stocks per hill). Today the rows are set closer together, and they have an almost solid set of hills within the row. It verifies a Scripture that speaks of spiritual things: "He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully" (II Cor. 9:6).

Threshing time was also a great time on the farm. Before the age of combines, oats were cut and made into bundles by a binder. Then nine bundles were set up into a shock to dry and to let the oat grains fully ripen. Then ten days to two weeks later, eight or ten farmers joined together to thresh. The privately owned steam engine and separator went from farm to farm to do the actual threshing. The shocks in the field were hauled by horse-drawn bundle wagons to the separator. Bundle by bundle they were pitched into the machine that separated the grain from the straw, the grain being ejected into grain wagons to haul to the farmer's bin while the straw was ejected by the blower to be stacked for winter-time use as animal bedding in the barn. The farmers' wives worked together to provide the big noon meal each day. My first opportunity to earn money was as water-boy, carrying the water jug from man-to-man on the job.

I left the farm just before Dad bought his first tractor. The horses we had been using during my childhood were Prince, Charlie, Ted, Bob, Maude, and her colt we boys named Hercules (Greek god of power). Bob was a Montana bronco whose ear-tips had been frosted off--bobbed--so that gave him his name, Bob. We boys were always half-way afraid of him, but Dad never was. Bob was a hard-working Clydesdale. Maude was a greedy, ornery horse. She ate oats in her feed box in such big mouthfuls she would choke, and we had to run her around the barnyard to get her to cough. When the wooden gate between the barnyard and pasture was in her way, she would back up to it and push on it with her rump until something broke. When Dad got tired of fixing that gate, he bought an electric fence. The first day it was installed he and Gail were watching to see what would happen when animals came to the lone wire stretched across the gateway. Gail also soaked an ear of corn in water

and hung it by a wire on that one-wire gate. Greedy Maude came up to eat it. Each time she tried, she got a big shock. She finally gave up.

The farm was a wonderful place for me to grow up, especially in the great agricultural belt of the Midwest--Iowa being right in the middle of it. The soil is rich, rainfall is ample, making it unnecessary to irrigate, and harvests are big. And what a place to garden! The misery of summer heat is somewhat offset by the good eating of tomatoes, roasting ears, cucumbers, watermelon, and muskmelon. Growing up on a farm is educational, learning about crops, animals, weather, and nature, making it easy to believe in God. People used to say, "dumb farmer, clod hopper, etc." But Midwest farming is big business, costing so much to get into (land purchase, high-cost equipment, fertilizers, herbicides, pesticides, livestock, etc.) that unless a young man begins farming with his father or has great capital, he cannot get started farming.

In my early childhood before I was old enough to go to school, I was required to take an afternoon nap even though in time I just lay their wide awake. How well I knew the pattern of the wallpaper on the wall! Years later as a parent when my own children needed their naps, I can remember lying beside them for awhile. Soon they dropped off to sleep, and I slipped away to my work. The time came when I could hardly wait until I could go to school. Evidently I did not understand there was a set time when one started school, for I recall asking several times, "Can I go to school tomorrow?" Ultimately the time came when I was five--not for kindergarten but for first grade. Dad took me to school and got me a seat on the front row next to the teacher's desk. He said, "Donald, you're a good boy, and you'll do better up here than in the back of the room." Clyde Holbrook, whose father had a grocery store, was already situated elsewhere in the room. He cried because he wanted to sit next to me. Another parent said his son would trade with Clyde, so we sat next to each other. We did this several times during our school years. Most years I sat near the front of the room, and to this day I normally sit close to the front in church. Of course, when you're married to a church pianist, you actually sit near the front and on the side where the piano is.

Small schoolboys often get into heated discussions (probably showing more heat than light). Which was better--Fords or Chevies? Whichever your family had, that was the side you were on. Which was a better political party, especially around Presidential election time--Republican or Democrat? Again it was whichever your family was. Which was better on the farm--horses or tractors? That was when tractors were first coming in. Those with tractors said you can do more in a day with a tractor, and on days you aren't using the tractor it used no

fuel whereas horses eat everyday. Those for horses said they didn't have to buy fuel (they raised their own--oats, hay, pasture), and that horses had colts, but whoever heard of a tractor having a baby?

School was always very interesting to me. Each fall I looked forward to getting back into school and then to getting out each spring for the interesting summer season. Life was always bigger than I was, and I was just glad to have a part in it--and it is still that way today. None of us three boys was ever tardy for school--not even once. School took up at 9 A.M. and let out at 3:50 P.M. with an hour off at noon. By arriving at school by 8:30 A.M. we played half an hour before school began, also at recess in the middle of the morning and middle of the afternoon, and for another half hour at noon. I loved our games: dare-base, drop the handkerchief, tag, two-deep, one-and-over, and especially marbles, in which I became one of the better players. I became such by much practice, even playing marbles alone at home. Having two older brothers to do the heavier chores after school, I was given the lighter chores (taking corn to the chickens, gathering any late-laid eggs, and picking up a few corn cobs for Dad's starting the kitchen fire the next morning). At first upon arriving home from school I was tempted to play marbles before doing my chores. But every time I heard the screen door open, I feared it was Mom coming to see if I had done my work. Such made me feel guilty and miserable. I recall making a decision to reverse the order: I would hurry to change into my work clothes, run to the corn crib for the corn, then to the chicken house with it, and then back to the house. Afterwards, then, I had all evening to play without interruption and without guilt. That was much better, and I was beginning to grow up. Ever since then, with me it has been do the work first and then pleasure--something that has helped me lead a life of responsibility.

In 1924 my parents bought their first car (a 1923 Model T Ford--the common person's car in those years when many people did not yet have cars). Years later I heard a comedian remark that Henry Ford--not Billy Sunday--was the world's greatest evangelist because he "shook the devil" out of more people with his Model T Fords on those rough country roads than Billy Sunday ever did with his preaching. Country roads were dirt roads in those years. No cars went on them immediately after heavy rains because of impossible mud. Our road remained a dirt road until I was half-grown. The County said they would buy the shale and keep it shaled thereafter, if the farmers would haul it the first time. Shale was a by-product of the coal industry. That fall all our neighbors hurried to harvest their corn to get going with the shale project, using their teams and wagons for hauling it. The ladies furnished the hot

coffee and snacks for the men when they were hauling near their houses. Such again was the spirit of community in those times.

The Model T Ford, judged by modern standards, had many drawbacks: side-curtains in bad weather, no spare tire, hand-operated windshield wiper, started by cranking, gasoline tank under the front seat so that everybody in the front seat had to get out of the car when getting gasoline, no heater, no trunk, and no front door on the driver's side. And yet it was a big stride forward from the horse and buggy. So for the first two years of my life, any time we went to church or to town, it was by buggy or wagon. Therefore, to me a car has basically been transportation--not how powerful the engine is, how expensive it is, how many accessories are on it, etc.

I was in the fourth grade when we got our first radio. My brother Gail had graduated that spring, had worked odd jobs that summer, had saved his money and bought a radio just in time for the World Series between the St. Louis Cardinals and Connie Mack's Philadelphia Athletics. My dad was not much interested in sports, but each afternoon he, Gail, and a neighbor a mile and a half away sat and listened to the series together (won by the Cardinals). We three boys were Cardinal fans thereafter.

I was probably around seven when my older brother opened the coal house door and nailed cleats to it so they had a "ladder" for climbing up onto its roof. One day when only Dad and I were home, I climbed up onto that roof. When he came out and saw me up there, he said in a very emphatic voice, "Get down from there!" So firmly did he say it, that I was sure I was in for a whipping. I hesitated. He repeated, "I said to come down!" I knew then I had had it. The next thing I knew he was coming up the ladder to get me. By impulse I jumped off the low roof and began to run. From up there he said, "Go ahead--you'll come back when you get hungry." I went as far as the grader ditch near our house--scared. When Mother and my brother came home, I became as her shadow, somehow thinking she would protect me. I don't know why I thought that for she gave me whippings too. As we entered the house, Dad reached around her, took me into hand, and gave me what I knew was coming. No more coal house roof for me after that.

Sometimes former church attenders tell you how hard it is to get started back to church once you have dropped out. Thanks to my parents and to the Lord I have never been out of church in my life. Pauline Cline was my first Bible school teacher, and under her I learned my first Bible verse. It was a good one: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God" (Matt 5:8). Somehow I remember learning it alongside Charles

Milner in the class, who also grew up to become a preacher but died at an early age (around 35).

When I was small, being the youngest child, I sat between Dad and Mom during the preaching service. When the communion was passed, the trays were just about nose-high to me. Never did I attempt to take hold of the tray as if to help pass it but reverently sat “as quiet as a mouse” while it passed by. I think now I was early learning to have the special respect that holy things deserve.

Before leaving the 20’s, let me say I can remember only a very limited number of actual occurrences before I was five--about twenty definite things. This taught me something as a parent: establish parental authority over children in their early years, and by the time they go to school they will already understand parental authority and will grow up respectful and obedient. And another thing: if they are born with a physical problem that needs correcting, take care of it while they are small, and they will never remember anything about having it done.

As the 20’s were drawing to a close, our family was at an evening community get-together on the last night of 1929. Having been born in 1922 I was eight at the time. As we boys sat and visited that night, we said it was surely going to seem strange to say “1930”! Since then I have seen many decades come and go, and their changes did not seem all that strange like that first one did.

Growing-Up 1930's

The 1929 stock market crash ushered in the unforgettable 30's--unforgettable for all who lived through that period of time known as the Depression. As I entered the 30's, I was eight and a third-grader. By the time the 30's ended, I had graduated from high school. So the 30's were my growing up years.

You may think that was a terrible time to grow up, but that is not my view of it at all. Yes, there were hardships and difficulties, but we made it through to better times and with certainly good character traits as a result. In many ways, any time is a good time to grow up, including the 30's.

What brought on the Depression? If you are superstitious, it was because somebody in our family broke the mirror over the wash basin in the kitchen. Grandma Hunt was visiting us at the time and remarked, "We're going to have seven years of bad luck" (an old superstition--which she was probably only mouthing). In my maturer years I have learned the U.S. was only a part of a worldwide financial panic at that time.

As a child, I realized very little about the hard times we were going through. Wisely my parents discussed little in our presence of the problems of the times. I do remember a few times Dad said the taxes on the farm were paid again. I also remember one Saturday morning as we were milking, him saying, "After the chores we will take the hayrack off and put the wagon box on so we can go pick up nuts," adding, "there is a lot of food value in nuts." With the drought, our garden was not as good as usual, but we always had plenty to eat, so I was somewhat shocked when he connected nuts with food value. To me nuts had always just been "fun eating" (like popcorn). I thought for a moment, "Are things really that bad that we are going to have to live on nuts--like the squirrels?" But in general, we youngsters went to school, did chores, went to church, and enjoyed our play, and I guess let the adults do the worrying. Fortunately not one of our neighbors lost his farm as happened in so many cases elsewhere.

Dry periods, wet years and normal weather seem to run in cycles, and, of course, I have lived long enough to see many of each, but so far nothing in my experience has come anywhere close to the drought of the 30's that paralleled the economic Depression, certainly adding to it. The dry ground developed inch-wide cracks, and a powdery dust was so thick that my bare feet were half buried in hot dust with every new step. Then

there were the small, stinking, black chinch bugs that we had never had before. What a plague they were! They sucked juice out of the moist stalks. When the rye began to ripen and dry, they left for the wheatfields, then for the oat fields, and finally for the cornfields.

The dry weather also brought clouds of grasshoppers that took a further toll on field crops. Harvest and farm income were greatly affected, and the Depression was indeed a depressing time to be a farmer. Because of a shortage of hay, for the first time we used corn knives to hand-cut and shock corn fodder for our livestock's winter forage. The grasshoppers had so chewed on the edges of the corn blades that the sides of our necks were raw and irritated from cutting and shocking the fodder. It was often too hot on summer nights to sleep in the house, so we slept out on the lawn. The fierce winter of 1935-1936 finally brought an end to those drought years.

Outside of agriculture, things were just as gloomy. I can remember seeing only one new house built during the Depression. It was a tavern owner's, and I remember my mother commenting that she surely wouldn't enjoy a new house if she had to get it selling booze. President Hoover was in office when it all began, yet whoever would have been President at the time would have been the same victim as he was. It brought about his defeat by Franklin D. Roosevelt, who introduced the New Deal with its various remedial programs: P.W.A. (Public Works Administration), W.P.A. (Works Progress Administration), C.C.C. (Civilian Conservation Corps), etc. The idea was to get money circulating again by the U.S. Government making jobs and paying men who, in turn, would have buying power which would aid merchandising, which would patronize factories that would hire workers, etc. Many state parks were established around newly formed man-made lakes. Small towns had their ditches cleaned out by men with shovels, and farm programs of water conservation, anti-erosion projects, and liming fields for better crops were all aided by those government programs.

I was probably in the fifth or sixth grade when we boys made ourselves a rock shooter apiece. Soon a small window was broken in our chicken house. When Mother spotted it, she asked me if I knew how it got broken. Of course I did and admitted it. She knew I had practically no money, but she said, "Let's go into the house and get twenty-five cents out of your piggy bank." I know now how much that must have hurt her to do that, but I was to learn that whatever I break, I am responsible to fix, and that was a good lesson to learn early in life. On a more positive note, when the road grader came by and opened up the

ditches, exposing damp clay, what good “balls” the clay made for shooting with our rock shooters.

I think my brother Kenneth was about the hardest working person in his youth I have ever known. This may have been due in part to his wanting to grow up early to be a man. In those years one corn row at a time was cultivated, the cultivator being pulled by a team of two horses. Kenneth begged Dad to let him have the second team for cultivating. He was only twelve and barely able to throw the harnesses up onto his horses. This left Gail (six years older than Kenneth) and me in the summer to do the chores, mow the lawn, work in the garden, help Mother on wash day, and help her in any other way she needed us. In retrospect, it is good that Kenneth got to grow up early because he did not get to live long, his life being snuffed out when hit by a car when he was conducting a revival meeting in Tennessee, when he lacked only six weeks of being thirty.

In Kenneth’s youth he was a living contrast to some of the Depression days’ W.P.A. workers, who seemed to spend about as much time leaning on their long handled dirt shovels as they did in cleaning out the town’s ditches. One of them was Frank. Just for fun, Gail and I nicknamed Kenneth “Frank,” for use around home. Then Gail had to have a nickname: “Ote” for a man who had over a dozen children (Gail was unmarried). And I had to be given one to: “Ransom” after a very poor man in our community who was not very tidy. The irony of my nickname was that my very first funeral was that of the “Ransom” for whom I was nicknamed!

In our community there were many fellows who were better known by their nicknames than by their given names. My wife having grown up in the city could not get over how many nicknames there were and how different some of them were: Grasshopper, Hard Rock, Cussy, Dido, Cowboy, Slick, Carbide, Butch, Buster, Googy, Sputters, Simp, Duck, Shorty, Cotton, Brownny, Curly, Boots, Bulldog, Beanie, Lob, Hippo, and many more. I couldn’t escape these either. I was “Donkey” (not very complementary). You hoped to lose your nickname when you moved to a new community. Some did, and some didn’t.

Because of the hard times of the ‘30’s, people didn’t get to do much traveling, including our family. We did meet with Mother’s people a couple times a year at Grandma Sommer’s in Pulaski (46 miles away) and with Dad’s people about once a year at Uncle Alva Hunt’s (also in Pulaski). Those relatives get-togethers were on Sundays (except Christmas at Grandma’s). Our family would stop about half-way there for the Sunday morning service at the Orleans church instead of missing

church. We still got to Pulaski in time for the noon meal and the afternoon visit.

In 1930 my mother's relatives (half in Iowa and half in Illinois) began an annual Sommer Reunion on June 21st of each year thereafter. One year it would be in Burlington, Iowa, and one year in Macomb, Illinois. This was one of the greatest days of the year to me. Then, in the mid-30's, two of Dad's Nebraska cousins and their wives paid us a visit. Both Grandma Hunt and Grandma Sommer came at different times each year and spent a week with us. Dad's Uncle Marion Hunt from California paid us two or three visits. And Dad's sister (Lala Meek of Sioux Falls, South Dakota) and her several daughters always spent several days each summer with us. We Hunt boys had no sisters, and the Meek girls had no brothers, so these times were extra special for both them and us. And I can still remember how lonesome we boys felt for a few days after they left!

When I left home to go to Bible college at the age of twenty, I had not been very far from home beforehand: East 130 miles to Macomb, North 130 miles to Ames, Iowa, South 125 miles to Hale, Missouri (where Dad's sister Lora lived), and West only about thirty miles (to Corydon, Iowa). So my boyhood world was not very large geographically--especially in comparison to what it has become mainly because of my ministerial travels: all fifty states, 22 foreign countries (Canada, Mexico, Jamaica, England, Wales, Netherlands, Belgium, France, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Italy, Greece, Belarus, Ukraine, Turkey, Lebanon, Israel, Jordan, India, Pakistan, and Egypt) on four continents (North America, Europe, Asia, and Africa).

School was so much a part of my growing up. Though we lived on a farm, we were in the town school district so that all my public schooling was in a town school rather than a country school. Cincinnati, only five to six miles from the Iowa-Missouri border in extreme Southern Iowa, was 1,103 population in those days. The school was a two-story square brick building with a gymnasium alongside. The lower eight grades were on the ground level with high school on the second floor. When I was grade schooler, I can remember watching the high school boys whiz down the big wide stairway when school was dismissed and wondering if I would ever grow up and get to be a high schooler.

Naturally a small town school did not have some of the advantages of big city schools (lab, certain equipment, certain subjects, etc.), but we were given a good education in the simple basics like reading, penmanship, spelling, arithmetic, grammar, history, geography, etc.

Certain things were different back then: if a student got married, that was the end of his/her public education; if a boy was caught smoking, he could not participate in sports that school year; teachers could discipline (even physical punishment); teachers taught correct behavior and emphasized patriotism; and the teacher could read the Bible or Bible stories. There were no drugs, no shootings, and no policeman in the halls.

A special blessing of my public schooling was my fifth and sixth grade teacher (Ruth Balm). Under her, each school day morning began with her reading us a Bible story after which all of us stood and recited the Lord's Prayer in unison, and each afternoon began with her reading serially some book interesting to our age, after which we all stood and pledged allegiance to the U.S. flag in unison. She so motivated us to learn, that I can't tell you all the things I learned under her that I still remember and use. And she had no discipline problems. I will never forget the first day in her class when she was having recitation with one-half of the room that a boy in our half got out of his seat in the back of the room. She stopped and asked, "Billy, is there something you want?" Of course, there wasn't, and not knowing what to say he quickly and silently sat down, being laughed at by the rest of the room. He was good from that time on--and so was everyone else. In later evaluating my school teachers, she was ranked first, followed by Ethel Linden (eighth grade), Catherine Ross (third grade), Freda Turner (fourth grade), etc. I did a similar ranking of my high school teachers, reminding me that in life not only God will say, "Well done," or, "You wicked and slothful servant," but also in life people make their judgments concerning our lives and performance of duty.

I did not include in the above Virginia Hargis, my second grade teacher for the first half of that school year. She was married in mid-year and was replaced for the rest of the year. She was from a prominent family in our community, her father (N. C. Hargis) being a banker, and later a dentist, and her brother (Harold) being Appanoose County Treasurer. She married a dentist (Dr. McCalmet), who had a very large practice in Unionville, Missouri. Several years ago we took our child Richard to him for some dental work. I mentioned that his wife had been my second grade teacher. He said, "Virginia is at home, and you must stop and see her before leaving town." We did, and I had no idea she would remember me after all these years, but she did. She stated that, after I got my desk studies done, I would sit quietly and look out the window. As I reflected on what she said, I thought, "I guess I have

always been one to take care of the present, but to look ahead to great things in the future--both a realist and a visionary.”

I don't recall having to spend evenings doing school work at home like school children do now. After we got the chores done and had eaten supper, our evenings were usually spent at home playing games like checkers, dominoes, carom, etc. Dad was very good to play with us, and he was very good in all the games we played. Mother often sat and read or popped popcorn or made us fudge to eat while we played. Nearly every night she cored apples so we all had apples before we went to bed. In the wintertime we usually went to bed around 9:00 so we could get up early in the morning to do chores. When I got into high school and played basketball, of course, there were evening basketball practices and games on Tuesday and Friday nights.

Speaking of basketball, during my sophomore year, four of our starting players and several of the second team came to a home game drunk. For this they were barred from playing the rest of the year, which elevated those of us down the line into starting or substitutionary positions. In the next game our coach tried to use all of us just to see what we could do. I was small, and by the time I got to pick out a uniform, all the smaller ones were taken. The waist on my uniform was so large I had to hold the pants up with one hand. How was I going to play like that? When he put me in as a sub, the tip-off immediately came to me, and holding my pants up with one hand I drove in and made a basket. In those days there was a jump-center after every basket, so next tip-off came to me also, and again I scored. Local grocery store owner Herman Elledge called me “Pewee,” and before the next game a seamstress redid the pants to fit me. So much for my basketball debut.

In my earlier growing up days there were times when my brothers teased me, especially about a neighbor girl. I customarily reacted since I had quite a temper. Then there were times they frightened me until I was often afraid and uncertain. I can remember Mother getting after them, saying, “It's not right for Donald to get so angry, but it is also not right for you boys to pick on him.” This continued until I was around thirteen, when I learned that if I would agree with them and say, “Sure, she's a nice girl,” they would quit because they weren't getting a “rise” out of me for them to enjoy. As I look back, at thirteen I was probably changing from a child into young manhood. Since then I have hardly ever gotten angry at people over situations--it doesn't do any good--and at that time I pretty much settled into the person people have known me to be through the years. And I can tell you this; I have never teased, picked on, or taken advantage of the helplessness of a child.

During the Christmas vacation from school when I was a fifth grader a heavy snow had fallen during the night, and my brother said they were going rabbit hunting. I wanted to go along, but they said I was too small. I begged until I promised I would carry the rabbits. They outfitted me with the sack--the bottom half of a farm burlap bag attached at its two upper corners with binder twine that went over my shoulders. It was good rabbit hunting, as they were easily spotted on the new snow, and the snow was deep enough and so loose they could not run very fast. One by one they were shot and went into my sack until in time it was actually dragging on the snow. Sometime before the twenty-second rabbit went into the bag, I gave out, and they had mercy on their youngest brother and carried it for me. Since then I have never needed a commentary to understand Luke 22:26 ("He that is greatest among you, let him be as the younger; and he is that is chief, as he that doth serve"), for the younger is often made the servant!

Many children today do not have both a male and female adult in the home, and some who do, have those who are not legally married--bad situations. And many who do have their own fathers and mothers do not really respect and obey them as they should (Eph. 6:1,2). This was not the way it was in our home. We were expected to be obedient and to respect parental decisions. For instance, one day we boys came home all excited about a cabin our peer group was going to build in a neighbor's timber. Dad did not share our enthusiasm. Instead he simply said, "They may build it, but you boys will have no part in it." And he went on to explain, "The boys will start doing things they shouldn't, and I don't want you over there." Naturally we were disappointed, but we did not argue about it. We just accepted the decision, and that was that. The log walls and a part of the roof got up but not finished, and the door and windows were not in when two of the boys got into a terrible fight there that ultimately drew their two families into a court trial. It was evident that many times parents are wiser than growing children or young people.

Summers in the Midwest were hot, especially the latter part of July and August. Those were slack times on the farm too, so we boys of both town and country often went swimming in the afternoons. The only place we had to swim was in ponds. Our main pond game was underwater tag in which you had to dive under water to tag somebody before the tag counted. One afternoon, several of us had congregated uptown before going swimming. Elderly George Minks asked us where we were going swimming. When we told him the Big Tom mine pond, he said Oattie Morgan was fishing there the night before, and when he heard a

swishing in the water, he turned only to see something large like an alligator slip into the water. We told him he was just making it up. Nevertheless we didn't go, reminding me of the Scripture that talks about children being tossed about by every wind of doctrine (Eph. 4:16).

One more report on swimming. On the 4th of July, several of us went to Lake Wapello. During the winter I had evidently grown to the point I couldn't get my one-piece bathing suit up over my shoulders, so I tucked the top part in. I dived off the high diving board, and as soon as I hit the water, I felt the whole bathing suit down around my feet. Being in 30 feet of water I had quite a time trying to swim and at the same time pull my bathing suit up. Somehow I made it, but that was my only dive of that day.

A small bottle of Hires root beer extract was often advertised, and since a neighbor had a bottle capper, we bought a bottle of the extract and made 72 bottles of root beer. They had to cure several days, so we put them in what we called the smokehouse. But we kept hearing bottles explode, and we were afraid to go in. When a week went by with no more explosions, we opened the door to see only 2 lone bottles still there. We had evidently filled the bottles too full. When dad opened 1 of them, the contents just shot right out of the bottle. Kenneth got a dishpan, and Dad aimed the bottle he was opening toward it. We each got only a taste. We didn't try that again.

Every winter we boys did hunting and trapping for small fur-bearing animals (skunks, civet cats, opossum, and muskrats). When we caught something, we skinned it, put it on a pelt stretcher, and later sold it. It was a smelly matter, especially for no more than we obtained per pelt. One day we came home with four dead skunks in the car (no car had trunks in those days). Mother, her sister, and her niece were waiting to take the car shopping. I don't remember whether they called their shopping trip off because of the way the car smelled.

In the winter, we butchered some of our own farm animals for meat, usually hogs but occasionally a steer. Hogs were just parts of the group with no personal meaning to us, but steers we raised from small calves. We boys not only fed them but named them, brushed them, etc. Each became a pet, and I just couldn't bring myself to eat any of them after butchered (like Patrick Henry, one of them).

Sunday afternoons were something special. In the summer we played baseball. In the winter we neighborhood kids went sledding or ice skating, or when there was no snow or ice, we often just got together at one another's places. A few times we had corn cob fights, one group within the barn (like a fort) and another group storming it from the

outside. Fortunately nobody ever got hurt. As you can see, in those years kids made up their own fun, and what fun we had! Other home-made fun included running and rolling an old tire before you, making an airborne flying object out of a corncob with wing feathers in the cob's pith, etc. We had several small peach trees, and often Mother canned peaches, the seeds being thrown out into the chicken yard. With a board for a bat those seeds were handy to bat as you would a ball.

In the late 30's we were pleased when Dad's brother (Uncle Johnny Hunt) and his son Jack came from the San Francisco area to pay us a visit. I had never seen either of them before. Jack (24) so liked it at our place that upon arrival back in California he wrote and asked if he could come back and live with us for awhile. Dad said, "Yes, if you can abide by the rules of our house." Jack sold his two beauty parlors and barber shops and came back. He was a fun-loving person, and we had a great time together. For one thing, it afforded Dad a first-class hay crew for putting up his 100 acre field of Timothy hay. Dad did the mowing and raking, Gail ran the bull-rake to bring the hay to the haystacker, Kenneth led the horse to the haystacker, and Jack and I did the stacking. Every day we put up an eight to ten rick of hay, hurried home to do the evening chores, and then went to Centerville to play softball in the night league two nights a week.

Once Dad was setting the hay fork to unload a load of loose hay to put into the barn at home. When he hollered each time that the fork was set, I led the horse that pulled it up from the hayrack and into the haymow. Once I heard him yell at the top of his voice. I stopped the horse and ran to see what he wanted. The trip-rope had gotten wrapped around his leg, and as I pulled the fork of hay up, he was going up with it--upside down! I backed the horse and lowered him again to the hay on the hayrack.

One day during the 1930's a man knocked at our door and asked permission to take a picture of our house for use in a coming book about Professor Hugh Stickler. Stickler had been born in our house and had grown up on our farm before my parents bought it from his parents (Chris and Ann Stickler). I was too young at that time to know just how far Hugh Strickler's career had taken him, but later I was to learn that, after earning his Bachelor, Master, and Doctor of Philosophy degrees from Parsons College, University of Iowa, and Columbia University, he taught in high schools, advanced to high school principal in the Panama Canal zone, and later became professor at Stevens College and Florida State University (teaching in the latter for 28 years until his death). While at Florida State, he was Chairman of General Education, Head of

the department of Higher Education, wrote five books pertaining to Higher Education, Founder of the National Association of Professors of Higher Education, and was dubbed Distinguished Professor by the Florida Association of Colleges and Universities. No wonder a book was written on his life and career! He is quoted as frequently bursting into song, "I was born on a farm in I-o-wa!" He was twelve years older than I and died at the age of 65. Yes, I knew him when I was a boy, but I didn't see him in his later years.

Since I graduated from high school in 1939, let me go back to my final years of school. In my sophomore year we had a whole bunch of new teachers just out of college, and the very first week found the ornerier students getting the jump on them, and setting up a very disorganized, unprofitable year of school. That was the year the basketball team got drunk. For one, I was surely ready for the next year when a stern principal was brought in to quiet things down--and he did. In both my junior and senior years I ended with the grade of 96 or better in every class, graduating as salutatorian of my class of 28. I was president of our junior class and vice president of our senior class. I was in both our junior and senior plays and spoke at the Junior-Senior banquets, both as a junior and as a senior. Miss Russell was our music teacher and also our history teacher. When she became involved in the final practices for the annual school operetta, she asked me to teach our history class in her place. I had been baptized during those years in a revival meeting, and thereafter I kept a New Testament in my school desk. I not only wanted it there, but there were times when I had my lessons all prepared and then read from it. As I look back on those years, I can see that God was preparing me for the ministry even though I didn't realize it at the time. What use I have made of grammar, spelling, typing, history, geography, music, and study itself! In sports I learned the importance of drilling, teamwork, and the desire to win. Some of my experiences developed leadership, sociability, and other important traits. In late years I have had some of my high school classmates tell me, "We knew you were going to be a preacher." They knew more about my future than I did.

Ours was always a church-going family. Dad was a deacon, sang in the choir, and sang for many funerals in the community. He could sing either soprano, tenor, or bass, and from his band-playing days of the past he sang only by note. I credit him for being willing to tie up the horses he was working, hurriedly to change into dress clothes to sing for a funeral, and then come back to field work even in a farmer's busy part of the year.

The church building was only a block and a half off the town square. It was a large, well maintained, white, frame building with a full basement, an ample high ceiling auditorium, and an overflow room where the high school class met on Sunday mornings. It was chartered as a Church of Christ, but in my childhood it was usually referred to in the community as the Christian Church, and due to lack of regular preaching it was doctrinally not much more than a Community Church. There were many interdenominational activities with the town's Methodist Church. At one time our high school class teacher was a Methodist lady.

Normally we did not have a regular preacher, only Bible school followed by communion. When we did have occasional preaching, Bible school was dismissed, and most of the young people and even some of the adults did not stay. Sometimes we three Hunt boys were the only young people to stay. Then there were times when even Bible school attendance dipped. One Sunday morning when I was probably a fifth grader, I told my mother I didn't want to go because I was the only boy in our class at that particular time. Prov. 28:15 talks about a "child left to himself". Well, I wasn't left to myself in making that decision, for Mother took one look at me, and I knew the answer. I immediately got ready for church as usual, and I am still with the church!

With no specific doctrinal stand and with little regular preaching, church finances were always on the low side. The active ladies' aid served farm sales, had money-raising evening meals from time to time, and served meals during our town's annual Labor Day celebration. When the church needed a new roof or a new furnace, donations were sought even from people of the community. So I learned first-hand the weakness of limited preaching services, no doctrinal stand, no tithers, the ladies' aid method of supporting the church, etc. Yet in spite of all the things I didn't get from my childhood church, I am still thankful for the good things I did receive through it, and I would be very ungrateful if I didn't feel that way about it.

A bright spot in those days was elderly Sol Beer, whose earnest prayers left a lasting impression on me. He lived a half mile north of us and regularly rode to church with us. When I was a small child, he always held me on his lap. He called me "my boy."

When I was around 15, Alta Cliff asked if she could conduct a revival meeting. As a girl she had grown up in my home congregation, but in time drifted far away from church. Then the Open Bible people got hold of her, and she became a preacher among them. She played an accordion as did Adelle Newton who traveled with her in revival work

all over the U.S. as the “Accordion Gospel Team.” The local church was at first hesitant, but finally allowed her to come. Large crowds turned out, people brought their Bibles, and definite religious interest resulted. The congregation decided it needed to hire a preacher and proceed to better days. George Swan, Jr. from Centerville was hired on an every-other-Sunday basis. Under his ministry the congregation flourished, and three young men even volunteered for the ministry (James McMorrow, my brother Kenneth, and our neighbor Clifford Hart). So, in time, the county seat church at nearby Unionville, Missouri, hired Swan, and James McMorrow took over the local preaching, along with his school teaching in his own rural school.

Later the Emerson Evangelistic Team came to Cincinnati for a revival meeting. Strong doctrinal sermons were preached to the edification of some and to the objection of others. From that meeting on, McMorrow’s preaching became doctrinal preaching, and the church began to take on a New Testament church stance.

Before the church was taught and accepted tithing, I might have been its first tither. Anyway, I tithed from the first personal money I earned after graduating from high school. I tithed not because at that time I could cite any verse of Scripture for the practice--I only recalled that, years before, some preacher had said man owed God one-seventh of his time and one-tenth of his income. I had set out an acre and a half of tomatoes to sell to a Centerville cannery for .30 a bushel. The cannery dictated what varieties they would buy (Stone, Pritchard, Marglobe, and Rutgers). These bore smaller tomatoes that would nicely go into cans whole, and they had small cores. They were low-growing, bushy tomato plants. On the other hand, that year most people’s tomato plants were tall and fell outward, leaving the tomatoes to bake in the hot sun. Because of “sunburn”, nobody else in our community had tomatoes of their own to can. Word got around that I had tomatoes that were not “sunburned”. One of the church ladies was the first to come to the patch to buy a bushel. When I was going to charge her only .30, she said, “Now, Donald, you’re not going to sell these for .30. Nobody else has tomatoes, and these are nice. You are going to charge .50 a bushel.” And I did. People came to the patch for them, and I never had to deliver a single bushel to the cannery. About that time I discovered what Mal. 3:10-12 said about tithing and God’s blessing on tither’s agricultural products. I have never doubted the righteousness of tithing and blessings that follow.

In the fall of 1939 (my first year out of school), several things happened. I helped my father build a double-car garage with a workshop

area in it (my first experience at carpentering). His father and brother were full-time carpenters, so Dad had some carpentering in his blood. Whenever in later years I have gone to the lumberyard for some home or church building project, I have always been thankful for the beginning knowledge and experience I received at home. But the far more important and longer lasting experience of that fall came when James McMorrow left Cincinnati to enroll in Bible college and turned his high school Sunday morning class over to me to teach. I will go into that in the next chapter.

Beginning 1940's

Part I

As I come to the 1940's, I come to the most life-changing decade of my life--one that to me almost defies being able to report. It was not life-changing in the sense that I was converted from sin to Christ but in the change from my plans to be a farmer to becoming a preacher--and all the changes that that decision has brought.

Why call this decade the "Beginning" 40's? Because it was in that decade that I began so many things: serious Bible study, teaching various Bible classes in the local church, writing, preaching, being on my own, traveling, my college work, planning rallies and being on rallies, youth camp work, editing and publishing, teaching and training workers, the church here in Ottumwa, marriage and beginning of deaths within my immediate family (Kenneth). Surely those are enough to qualify the 1940's as "my beginning 40's".

Before going into those matters that changed the direction of my life from vocational to ministerial, let me share with you my farming dreams and intentions.

So often today high school graduates are undecided as to what they want to do in life. Even occasionally someone in college doesn't even know. That was not the way with me. From the time I was twelve, I knew I wanted to be a farmer--a progressive farmer. In accordance therewith, I read "Wallace's Farmer" and "Successful Farming," the two farm magazines my parents took. I also took a course in "Agriculture" in the eighth grade and practically memorized the textbook (getting a final grade of 100 for the course). I cut out colored magazine pictures of prize farm animals, nearly every kind of farm machinery operating in field situations, and even attractive farmsteads, and made them into a Farming Scrapbook. My intentions took on advanced features in my junior year in high school through our commercial teacher, Raymond Meyer (who years later became a member of the Ottumwa church). His father was a very progressive Iowa farmer, raised big crops, and fed out much livestock. Through Mr. Meyer I caught a vision of raising purebred, registered cattle and then expanded my intention to own several farms, each with a different breed of beef and dairy cattle. Most of the farmers around us were older, and soon their farms would one by one be up for sale. With our home farm all paid for and providing our living I could

foresee how we could buy other farms and let them pay for themselves instead of our having to make our living from them.

I talked my father into switching from common cows to registered ones, and he was agreeable to our getting Milking Shorthorns for the home farm. Being a dual purpose breed, they would give us the double income of both milk and beef. We bought our foundation stock from two well known Iowa herds: the Hollandale herd at Milton and the Broadview herd at Leighton.

Later farms would have the beef breeds of Scotch Shorthorns, Polled Shorthorns, Herefords, Polled Herefords, and Aberdeen Angus and the dairy breeds of Holsteins, Ayrshires, Brown Swiss, and Guernseys. We would also have a sheep farm of the Corriedale breed on which we would also have a herd of Berkshire hogs.

We would exhibit at fairs and livestock exhibitions over the country, and have annual production auctions of breeding stock. We would hope to improve the livestock of the area as well as sell to breeders at large. Our hope was to place a young Christian couple with farming backgrounds on the various farms. Such plans would boost the area income and assure a strong local church. With three of our local young man in the preaching ministry we could support them financially in any evangelistic undertakings they might have.

Such were what I consider holy plans for my life--unusual, not small, and spiritual. I have no doubts but what if I had continued to pursue them, they would have succeeded. Not being one to envision something, to commit myself to it, and then not backing out of it, nothing would have had a chance to change it--but what I am about to tell you. Let me share the sacred process that turned me from that proposed life to the one I have followed ever since I made that change in 1942.

I was given a Bible for graduation in May, 1939 and in September of that same year my Sunday morning high school class to teach. It wasn't that there weren't Bibles in our home beforehand--there were (Dad and Mother both had Bibles). But having one of my own was a little different, and being given the young people's class to teach meant I should begin daily Bible study. I knew young people would have occasional questions not even related to the lesson, so I must know more than the lesson itself. So I began daily Bible reading.

I began with the New Testament, reading three chapters a day. I had no difficulty doing this, but being in the beginning stages of farming, my reading attention and focus at that period were not good, and I seemed to be reading mere words rather than thoughts, so much so that when I completed my first reading of the New Testament, I was tempted

not to read through it again because I had not gotten much out of it the first time. Here was where I made an important decision. I can remember saying to myself, “You think the Bible is dry--you’re the one who’s dry. You think the Bible is dull--you’re the one who’s dull. You’re going to get your nose right back in that New Testament, and this time you’re going to get something out of it.” As I look back at that critical time, how thankful I am I had a degree of strict self-discipline to make myself do what I needed to, even when I didn’t feel like doing it.

God must surely have been with that decision, for the very next day I heard a radio preacher say the kingdom of God is one thing, the kingdom of heaven is something else, and the church is something altogether different from both of them. Now that was exactly opposite of what James McMorrow had taught us. I decided, since it was a Bible matter, I would settle it with the Bible, so I took three sheets of paper putting “Kingdom of God” at the top of one, “Kingdom of heaven” at the top of another one, and “Church” at the top of the other one. Then, when I would come to either expression in my Bible reading, I would list its reference on the proper sheet. Then when I had gone clear through the New Testament, I would study it out from those references. In the process I came across other expressions: “my kingdom” (John 18:36), “the kingdom” (Matt. 4:23), and “the kingdom of his dear son” (Col. 1:13). I needed more sheets for these! What were these? Well, before I had read through the New Testament that time, help came. Carl Corder, a man of the church just a little older than I, learned of my project and asked if he could join me in it. Each Saturday night thereafter we got together and discussed what we were finding out. One Saturday night he reported that J. W. McGarvey, in his New Testament commentary on Matthew and Mark, stated that Mark and Luke customarily used the expression “kingdom of God” where Matthew used “kingdom of heaven.” If so, that would settle the problem, but to be sure, we checked it out, and it was true that Matthew alone uses the expression, “kingdom of heaven,” while other New Testament writers used “kingdom of God.” Yet occasionally even Matthew uses “kingdom of God,” too (Matt. 6:33; 12:28; 21:31; 21:43).

That study project was so very important to me in several different ways. It meant a better focus in my Bible reading. It also meant we common people could figure something out from our own Bible reading. And it also showed the value of reference books in one’s study.

Upon finishing that project, Brother Corder asked, “What project are we going to next?” indicating the project now completed did not end such study together. And it didn’t. He suggested we study out the

subject of baptism next. We did, and other projects followed--all the while we continued regular daily Bible reading.

For the next three years, I taught the high school class each Sunday morning, averaging over 25 per Sunday. From time to time, through years when I have had occasion to meet any of that class, they all remember the good class we had.

In those years, there was also a Sunday evening young people's meeting. It followed the "Christian Endeavor" method, whereby the lesson booklet was passed to another member of the class to be the teacher next Sunday evening. None of them really wanted to be the teacher next time. They asked me to teach it every Sunday evening. So I had two weekly classes.

With no regular preacher at that time, the adults asked me if I would teach the midweek service class on Thursday nights. I did, so I had three weekly classes. I did receive some special satisfaction from that class when adults asked me questions I could answer from my own Bible reading.

As I studied and taught, I began to think of other young people in town who ought to be in church. I started an all-town Wednesday night service in which I taught "Life of Christ"; we played a few games afterwards, and then had light refreshments before going home. We ran 45 per night--nearly one-half of the 110 in high school, with quite a few of the high school being from rural school districts. Four classes now.

The young married couples Sunday morning class, of which Carl Corder and his wife Mabel were a part, approached me about having a Tuesday night Christian Workers' Class for them. They wanted to memorize Scripture and learn how to make calls on others. I agreed to if we could obtain a prepared course of study. We used "Training for Service" followed by "Studies for New Converts" and other prepared courses. Five classes per week.

Then in time I conducted a Sunday night Bible study for the whole church.

These six weekly classes not only allowed me an opportunity to do good, but they gave me valuable experience in teaching and leading, and the study for them did much for me. So often you hear people bemoan winter; but with no garden work to do, no lawn to mow, and no field work going on in the winter, it became a great study time for me. After completing the morning farm chores around 9:00, I kept up the fire in the newly built double car garage and did my daily Bible reading, my class preparation, and my additional reading, there. At noon Mother and I had dinner together, and after I got the few noon chores done, I was back in

the garage by 1:30 and had until the evening chores began around 4:00 for study.

Money was not plentiful for buying books, but I bought as I could, and what I bought, I read. Some of them were: C. J. Sharp's "Christian Worker's Leaflets", a small booklet on "What is Expected of Me as a Member of the Church of Christ?" by Gardener, "The Plan of Salvation" by Medbury, and a few other pocket size works. Then came booklets: C. C. Taylor's "Life and Teaching of Paul"; Sharp's "Why We Believe" and "The Christ of the Four Gospels"; "The Interwoven Gospels" by Delaware Scott, and a few others. Then books: D. R. Dungan's "On the Rock"; Ashley Johnson's "The Great Controversy"; Welshimer's "Concerning the Disciples"; Gielow's "Outline of Church History," and others. I made my books into a lending library, checking each of them out to different people to read and return. If you want to know why I have spent so many years writing study books and booklets, it probably dates back to the good I personally received from those I read that were written by others.

I was just in the right stage of thinking when I obtained one of James DeForest Murch's modest size books (I don't even remember the exact name of the book), but it emphasized great Bible verses on consecrated Christian living that blessed my heart as nothing previous had done. Learning those great verses now reminds me of Psa. 119:162 that says, "I rejoice at thy word as one that findeth great spoil." So impressed was I with their challenge that I carefully compiled my thoughts at that time in a study that I then entitled, "Man's Obligations." I kept the manuscript, and years later changed its title to "Simple, Stimulating Studies in Christian Stewardship," when it was put into print. That was actually the first booklet I authored when I, as yet, had not made my decision to preach. Thus my writing ministry quietly, even unbeknown to me, began when I was 19 years of age (well over fifty years ago).

As these spiritual endeavors became more and more apparent to other people, various ones at church would ask if I was planning to become a preacher. Actually at that time, that was not my plans, so my answer to them was always "no." Being the youngest child who was quiet and not forward, I did not think of myself as possessing the strong points of leadership needed to be a preacher. But in time the "no" gradually gave way within me to a "yes." God had only one special Son, and He made a preacher out of Him. People and their eternal souls are more important than improving livestock. Earthly possessions and earthly accomplishments are only connected with this earth--eternal

accomplishments are for eternity. There was a burning need in so many for the knowledge of the Lord. Everyone who would devote his life and energies to the gospel would affect a certain number of people for their salvation. Others with greater natural gifts for leadership and greater abilities were not volunteering their lives for that sacred calling. Just as the dead could bury the dead (said Jesus), so could others raise livestock, but who was going to help with preaching the gospel? As these thoughts, one by one, came to be a portion of every day's thinking, one day while hauling a load of hay the one mile from the hayfield to the home place, I caught myself singing, "Have thine own way, Lord. Have thine own way. Thou art Potter, I am the clay. Mould me and make me after I will, while I am waiting, yielded and still," and I was not able to be a hold-out any longer! With tears streaming down my face, I yielded; I decided; I said in the words of Jesus, "Not my will, but thine be done." And with that decision I abandoned my cherished, well-laid plans of what, to me had been a noble enterprise, and I would give it all up to the will of God, to do now what I understood was His will for my life. And I have never regretted recognizing His sovereignty over my life, and I have never thought of turning back. I would serve God wherever He led. I would preach His divine Word to those to whom He was sending me. I would make service and not financial gain the important thing of my life. An important Scripture then, and even since said, "Ye are not your own--you have been bought with a price" (I Cor. 6:19,20).

But how would I conclude the one and get started with the other? And how soon? The latter was not long in getting an answer. A deacon in the local church had a few more hogs to feed than he had corn to feed them. An elder had more corn than he needed. The deacon traded a hog for some corn. A week later I was present when the elder said to the deacon, "I don't think that hog weighed as much as we estimated," and a deacon immediately replied, "I don't think their was as much corn as we estimated either." That was on a Thursday or Friday, and I thought, "If I am willing to give up an entire life of material gain, and an elder and deacon in the church are arguing over a few pounds of pork and corn, it is time somebody begins to preach!" Immediately I arranged to preach my first sermon at nearby Exline, Iowa, in a little over a week, allowing me the coming Sunday to announce to my home congregation my decision first. Prior to that public announcement, I had revealed my decision only to my close study companions, Carl Corder and Elbert Newland, who shared the joy of my decision. So on the next Sunday night (yes, on my twentieth birthday--April 26, 1942), I told the congregation my preaching plans, and that I would began the next

Sunday at Exline. I was greeted afterwards by the well wishes and commendation of many.

The very next morning I drove my brother Gail to Centerville where he would board the special bus to go to Des Moines for induction into the army (we were in World War II).

The next Sunday (May 3, 1942) I did preach at Exline. I used a blackboard drawing on "Rightly Dividing the Word of Truth." Using the blackboard was a wise decision for a beginner, for it took away the strangeness of having the whole platform to oneself, the whole time to do the talking (so different from the classes I had been teaching), and something to do with my hands. I got along fine, the only surprise being that what I had considered would be at least a thirty minute message was only 23. Kenneth's mother-in-law (Mabel Kerby), because their car was broken down, walked those three miles to church that morning, but she said, "I wouldn't have missed this for anything." Somebody sent in a short article about the service to the Centerville Iowegian.

The Exline High School was having its baccalaureate that Sunday evening, so I preached only that morning with an invitation to preach there every other Sunday throughout the summer, until I went away to Bible college in the fall. On my way home after that morning service, the car stopped on me. Who should come along but garage-man Ford Kerby, member of my home congregation? He and his family were on their way to his wife's parents for Sunday dinner. He said, "Come along; after dinner I'll come back and get your car going." So my first Sunday dinner in the preaching ministry was at Mr. and Mrs. Charles Congers, as a welcome but uninvited guest. One of their sons (Charles, Jr.) grew to become a preacher among us whom I had the privilege of having along with his brother Keith in my classes at Midwestern years later.

The next Sunday, I preached at another small town church in our county (Udell). My brother Kenneth had preached there for a period of time, so I was no stranger to the congregation. After preaching in the morning, I was hired for the rest of the summer on an every-other-Sunday basis, so between Exline and Udell, I was immediately scheduled for my first summer in the preaching ministry.

I was the fourth Timothy to go forth from my home congregation. After me there were others: Ira Cochran, Robert Kerby, and Elbert Newland. In a sense Charles Conger was about as much from the Cincinnati church as he was from Exline. If we would count him, there were eight of us Timothies that began within a few years of each other.

With Kenneth married and gone, and with Gail in the army, Dad certainly needed me to help him on the farm that summer. I was enrolled

for the coming school year at Ozark Bible College in Bentonville, Arkansas. That is where James McMorrow and my brother Kenneth had gone before me.

Near the end of the summer I was invited to preach a two weeks revival just across the Missouri line at Mendota, a church James McMorrow had started. We had good crowds, and Ira Cochran went with me each day as we called on every house in the community. Kenneth, preaching at Tingley in southwest Iowa, contacted me during the revival morning to know if I could come to Tingley and conduct a two weeks meeting before going to school. I contacted the college, and they gave their okay.

The Tingley congregation had a nice brick church building. Years before, its building had burned, and some in the congregation thought of disbanding and going to the two denominations in town instead of rebuilding. There was a man in the church who had several married children in the congregation. He opposed disbanding, saying he didn't want his grandchildren growing up in a community with only churches that didn't believe in immersion. Consequently, he mortgaged his farm to build a new building. At the time of our meeting he was in his early seventies and had just finished paying off the mortgage on his farm.

During that late summer meeting, several families brought us muskmelons and watermelons out of their abundance. They tasted so good, but we evidently ate too many, for near the meeting's end Kenneth's wife Marjorie broke out with a terrible case of hives. Oh, they did itch, and Kenneth and I at times laughed at her. But it wasn't so funny when about a week or so both of us broke out similarly, and did it itch!

Thus the last month of my first summer of preaching was spent in every-night revival preaching just before beginning my formal education for the ministry.

Beginning 1940's

Part II

Finally it came time to leave home for college. I had and I hadn't looked forward to that day. I had looked forward to it in that I was eager to get into Bible college and obtain its help for a greater life of service, yet even at twenty I wasn't eager to leave home. So it was not going to be easy to leave. Furthermore being my parents' youngest child I could envision what my leaving was about to do to them. Dad was 60 and Mother 58 at the time. Then I would be leaving my home congregation and the six weekly classes I was teaching. I had to be convinced it was the Lord's will for me to go get ministerial knowledge and training in order to leave my local role of service. And then there was my home community, where my lifelong friends lived, the neighbors among whom I had grown up, and the familiar scenes of childhood. Such a small community might not look like much to an outsider, but one's childhood community is much like the words of the song about home: "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home." But Jesus spoke about those who would leave houses, brethren, parents, and lands for His sake and the gospel's (Mark 10:29), and this I was willing to do, and was about to embark on a different life--the life of service He was calling me to. My feeling was that when God calls, who can resist — "I am not my own."

Then came the morning to bid my parents and all the above goodbye. Harley Cochran came to pick me up to take his son Ira and me the 400-mile, daylong trip to Bentonville, Arkansas. Ira, three years younger than I, was a recent high school graduate. I had been out of school three years and was twenty. When I had graduated at seventeen, I supposed I had seen the inside of a classroom for the last time. But at twenty I was going back to the classroom. Then after five years of studying and graduating from two colleges, I immediately entered the classroom at newly-founded Midwestern School of Evangelism in Ottumwa, Iowa, where at this writing I have been 53 more years in the classroom. With twelve years of public schooling, five years of college, and now 53 years of college teaching, I have spent 70 of my 78 years in the classroom! It for sure reminds me of that verse, Prov. 16:9: "A man's heart deviseth his way: but the Lord directeth his steps." With meaning I have long sung, "He leadeth me, O blessed thought! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught! What'er I do, Where'er I be, Still 'tis

God's hand that leadeth me!" This belief has been my constant realization, and it has blessed my life with an abiding assurance.

Now back to our trip to Bentonville. By noon we were in the Kansas City area. We stopped at a café for lunch. They went and ate, but since Mother had fixed me a lunch, I remained in the car alone, and ate. As I ate my last meal from home that I would have for some time, and as I thought on leaving home, I can still remember those warm tears that streamed down my face, and the loneliness I felt. And from time to time, that first year away from home, I occasionally had that same homesick feeling, but I said not a word to anyone about it. To me it was natural, it was personal, and it was something I had to bear.

It was dark when we drove onto the grounds of Ozark Bible College. I could see the lights on in the dormitory rooms, and I envisioned the students busy at their studies. Ira and I were taken to the room we would share, and his father was given a bed for the night prior to his homeward trip the next day.

The next morning I began to meet some of the students as we gathered for classes. Guess what my very first Bible college class was? New Testament Greek at 8:00 A.M! Seth Wilson, the dean, was the teacher--and a good one. In fact, about one-half of all my Bible college credits were earned in various classes I took under him. So to him I am deeply indebted. Besides stating to him on numerous occasions my appreciation, each newly published work of mine is sent to him as a gift.

Why as a freshman was I put in such an advanced study as Greek and also enrolled for a twenty-hour course instead of the usual sixteen? Because James McMorro had earlier told the dean to load me down and make a teacher out of me. My Tingley revival meeting put me in school two weeks late, so I really had to dig in to catch up in each of the classes.

I well remember the first chapel sermon I heard. It was by Dean Wilson himself, on "The Trial of Your Faith" from I Pet.1:7. Since I had preached throughout the summer, plus the two revival meetings, I was asked to preach the Friday morning chapel message my first week in school. I preached, "The Gospel in Earthen Vessels," a sermon idea I had gotten from one of N. B. Hardeman's book of sermons. Immediately afterwards, Brother Wilson said he wanted me to go along with him Sunday and preach that sermon at night where he was preaching, remarking, "They can really use a sermon on the subject." So I went with him and his family to Avila, Missouri, my first Sunday in college. He preached in the morning and I at night. Afterwards they said to him, "Next Sunday when you are at Center Point (only eight miles from Avila), why don't you bring Donald along and let him preach for us both

morning and night?" He did. But then the Sunday after that he would be back at Avila, so I was in need of a place to preach.

My brother Kenneth had tried to talk me out of going to Ozark "because," he said, "there are not many places to preach, and you'll get discouraged." I thanked him for his advice, but told him I needed the education, and that I wasn't made of the stuff that gets discouraged. Now that statement was being put on trial.

I hadn't missed preaching a Sunday since I preached my first sermon back in May. When I found out there was a city ordinance against preaching on the street or in the city parks, on Friday night I went to President F. W. Strong and told him my situation. He said, "Since you really want to preach, let me give you a letter of introduction to the church at Hiwasse, Arkansas. Brother Horton (one of the older students) goes right through there on his way to preach at Gentry, and you can ride with him. You may not get to preach at night as none of our students has ever gotten to do more than bring the morning message, and none has ever been invited home for dinner." That was good enough for me. I rode out with the Hortons, getting there an hour before church time. It was a chilly October morning, so I built a fire in the wood stove while I waited. Half an hour later a bachelor arrived, filling his pipe, and smoked right there in the church building with his back to my fire! Soon the people began to arrive. My letter of introduction was given to a lady, Mrs. Keith, who was the Sunday school superintendent. After the classes and communion she read the letter to the 48 present and asked, "How many would like to hear this young man preach?" Only a few hands went up, and she was embarrassed for my sake. She concluded, "Let's dismiss, and those who want to go home can, and those who want to stay can stay." All left but thirteen! So I knew I would get to preach, and I thought I should save my prepared sermon for later use just in case I got hired. I would substitute an explanation of the parable of the sower. Then I thought, "If I don't give these the best I have, there probably won't be any next time. Furthermore, if anybody deserves the best I can give them, it's these thirteen." So I preached what I had prepared. At the end I told them I was there until my ride came back at night and asked how many would like to have a service that night. Every hand went up, so I told them to pass the word around, and we would have a night service. Mrs. Keith came up to me afterwards and asked if I would go home with them for dinner. That night we had 35. A business meeting followed, and I was hired on an every-other-Sunday basis.

On Monday President Strong said the church at Ulrich, Missouri, wanted a homecoming speaker the next Sunday and wanted me to go up

there (200 miles north). I did, and since they were without a preacher, they hired me on an every-other-Sunday basis. So immediately I had full-time preaching commitments.

I had hardly started my Hiwassee ministry when an older preacher, who had two previous ministries at Hiwassee, moved back to retire there. Apologetically, the church asked me if I would mind letting him have the Hiwassee work in his retirement. For those two Hiwassee Sundays a month, Dean Wilson asked me if I would help him at Jenkins, Missouri, where he was starting a work but could give it only limited time. So for the rest of my freshman school year I preached at Urich and Jenkins.

An Ozark student, Burton Barber, knew of me ahead of time through James McMorrow, and I knew of him through the same source. His studiousness, zeal for Biblical truth, and dynamic preaching immediately attracted me to him, and we began a friendship and relationship that later resulted in we three associating ourselves together in launching the “Voice of Evangelism” and opening Midwestern School of Evangelism.

I had taken my back issues of “The Milking Shorthorn Journal” magazine to Bentonville with me to keep up with the world I had been in, for I had left my part of our purebred herd with Dad with the agreement that the heifer calves of my cows would be his as well as their milk. The bull calves would be mine to sell, and I would purchase every other herd bull we bought. But I found my reading of those magazines a “weight,” causing me to live in two different worlds. I continued to maintain my cattle, but I decided to let my subscription run out without renewal, and I didn’t take any farm magazines with me the succeeding years of college. Heb. 12:1 tells us to “lay aside every weight as well as the sins that beset us,” so I obeyed and thereafter realized I had made the right decision.

While the school was in Bentonville, each dormitory room had a wood burning heater. The school also owned some timberland. Three of us students were Iowa farm boys (Allan Kinsinger, Ira Cochran, and I), and we were drafted to go to the timber, cut down the trees, use the school’s truck to haul them to the campus, and then use the buzz saw to cut the wood into firewood lengths. We also put in some fencing for the school and even helped butcher hogs for the school’s meat. There was a large mounted bell on the school lawn, and I volunteered to ring it every school day morning at 6:00 A.M. to wake everybody up.

Besides the morning classes we had night classes from 7:00 till 9:00. Homiletics was every Tuesday night. Every Tuesday a subject was assigned for all of us to make a sermon for Friday night, when all the

school gathered for a church service. Not until the Friday night service began did any of us know who would be called on to preach. One week no assignment was made on Tuesday. When asked about it, the teacher said he was going to do something different. On Friday night we gathered as usual, and he asked for somebody to volunteer to preach on a subject he would assign. When nobody understandingly volunteered, and since I was preaching and was a little older, others volunteered me. Hesitatingly, I accepted, fearing it would be a subject I couldn't handle, like the unpardonable sin. Relax--it was the subject of baptism! I breathed a sigh of relief and brought an impromptu twenty-minute message. It wasn't too difficult. In reality, that was good for me, for several times through the years I have been called on to preach on very short notice.

That fall the Nazarenes were having a revival meeting in Bentonville. Some of the Ozark students were attending--not to agree but to disagree. One was Charles Thomas, an argumentative sophomore student from Terra Haute, Indiana. I had not been attending, choosing rather to give my time to my studies and sermon preparation. But one evening when Charles said he was going to tackle the evangelist, I thought I should go along just in case he needed help. He did. After the sermon he headed for the speaker only to be stopped in the center aisle by the local preacher. "What do you want?" he asked. "I want to ask the evangelist a question," Charles said. "I'm the pastor here--ask me," the local preacher said. It was a question about the baptism of the Holy Spirit, Charles affirming there were only two instances of it in the New Testament. People began to gather around to listen. "What about those twelve men from Ephesus who spoke in tongues?" the preacher asked; "they were baptized with the Holy Spirit." Somehow Charles couldn't handle the question. At that embarrassing point I got involved. I began a recitation of those verses in Acts 19. When I got as far as the statement, "When they heard this, they were baptized in the name of Lord Jesus," the preacher stopped me and said, "See, that was Holy Spirit baptism, for John said he was baptizing in water, but Jesus would baptize with the Holy Spirit and fire. Any baptism 'in name of Lord Jesus' was, therefore, Holy Spirit baptism." In reply I asked him to affirm that in verse 5 they were baptized with the Holy Spirit because it said, "They were baptized in the name of Lord Jesus." He emphatically said, "That is right!" I then pointed out that after they were "baptized in the name of Lord Jesus" (verse 5), verse 6 went on to say, "And when Paul had laid his hands upon them, the Holy Ghost came on them"--not in verse 5 when they were baptized. Their baptism was with water. Stunned, the

preacher's silence was broken by an outraged man who said, "You can't talk to these people five minutes until they want to get you into the water. We ought to get the water hose and turn it down their necks." I asked if he was demonstrating love as a fruit of the Spirit. At this point the Nazarenes preacher's wife interrupted, "Let's don't argue about baptism. Jesus said, 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God'." And she went on to name different friends of hers in Bentonville who belonged to different churches, not all agreeing doctrinally, but she said, "They all have pure hearts and will get to see God." That terminated the discussion.

As that school year wound down, I looked forward to going home for the summer--especially to help Dad with the field work. Strong's son, Edwin, was the preacher at Moberly, Missouri, who was having throat problems and was awaiting Mayo Clinic surgery in December. He wanted someone to do the Sunday preaching. His father urged me to go to Moberly every Sunday through the summer, and I could still help Dad during the week. I was reluctant since Moberly was considerably larger than any place I had yet preached in, but Brother Strong was urgent: "Donald, you'll do all right," and with his encouragement I went. We ran 210 Sunday mornings and 275 Sunday nights. The larger Sunday night attendance was due to the church's 24-voice adult choir that was well known throughout the city, and people from churches with no Sunday night service attended with us. That was a great summer for me, including being one of three teachers who began a youth camp at the County Fairground in Moberly. I taught in it for the next six years. The Moberly church invited me to conduct its three week revival that fall, which became a pattern for my other school years at Ozark--to conduct some meetings during the school year with permission from the faculty on the basis that I would make up my work for being absent. One meeting's assignment work included memorizing Rom. 6 (Romans class), writing a commentary of Heb. 12 (Hebrews class) and read an 800-page book for Life of Christ class. In my junior year I conducted meetings at Kellerton, Iowa, and Rock, Kansas, and in my senior year at Winchester, Virginia and Center Point, Missouri. In my senior year, I also attempted to start a church in Joplin, (where the college had moved) by a tent meeting, but so many rainy nights finally canceled the effort.

In my sophomore year I had a different roommate, for Ira had married. My second-year roommate was Bob Wagner of Brookings, South Dakota. In fact, I had a different roommate each of my four years at Ozark because of marriages. My junior year it was Bob Cox of San Antonio, Texas and my senior year Raymond Lyon of Gentry, Arkansas.

Only my first year did my roommate and I do our own cooking. Needless to say, cooking was a new experience for both of us, so we didn't have a big variety, but we got along on it. All other years I took my meals with other students at the college table.

Back then I did not have a large library, but every book I had meant much to me. Consequently, each fall as I went back to school, I shipped my books from home to school (and then home for the summer). I would not be apart from them. By freight it took a couple weeks to arrive. I can still remember that I felt somewhat incomplete until they arrived at school. My books were like friends to me.

In my second year I was back at Urich every other Sunday and at Picher, Oklahoma the other Sundays. Picher was a mining town in the lead and zinc mining area of northeast Oklahoma. It was a town with very small houses because every so often houses had to be moved to accommodate mining operations. Nobody in the church had an extra bedroom for overnighting me Saturdays and Sundays. (In all my student ministries I went out on Saturdays and called then again on Sunday afternoons and returned to school on Mondays.) My bed at Picher was an old time davenport--not too comfortable but at least a place to lie down.

One school year, several of us accompanied Dean Wilson to Cincinnati, Ohio, for the Cincinnati Bible Seminary Conference on Evangelism, where we got to hear several preachers of note. That year Ozark had a preaching rally of its own. Elbert Newland of my home congregation was a student in Cincinnati Bible Seminary. He came to attend the Ozark rally. He and I were so moved and impressed by the message our James McMorrow brought at the rally that we both decided we would never preach a sermon unless it related to sin and salvation, life and death, and Heaven and Hell. He even wrote it on a blank page in the front of his New Testament.

While I was in Bible college, I needed some dental work done. As a boy I had to have some of my baby molars pulled by a dentist. After that the thought of going to a dentist paralleled Marmaduke's feeling about going to a veterinarian. When I developed my first cavity later, I decided not to have it filled, for someday it would probably have to be pulled, so why not leave it alone until it had to be pulled? Then I would have only one trip to the dentist with it rather than two. In time there were other cavities that gradually developed. Finally, one came that was so painful I went to the dentist to have it pulled. His assessment was it was a good tooth and should not be pulled, so he filled it. That was in Iowa just before returning to Arkansas for my second year. I decided right then and there I must overcome my fears of the dentist and get my

teeth fixed. In Bentonville I told Dr. Pickens my fears and asked if I could come to his office six straight Tuesdays to get my six cavities filled instead of doing several of them at once. I told him I wanted to make myself sit in his chair and get worked on six trips, which should take away some of my fears. He agreed, and it helped, for though I don't consider it a picnic to go to the dentist, I don't fear it like I used to. I might add that in those years they didn't deaden a tooth before drilling.

Burton Barber had dropped out of school and went to California. He made arrangement for me to preach at Mull, Arkansas one Sunday where he had formerly preached. I had to change buses several times going there, and the last 16 miles I had to walk. I got a couple short rides until a man picked me up who seemed strange to me. He said he lived in the Mull community. For conversation I asked him if he knew Pate Dillard. "Why yes, I know that scoundrel. He beat a bunch of us out of some money and left the country." I said, "That's odd; I've been writing to him about this trip." He replied, "I don't care; he doesn't live here anymore." I thought, "I must be riding with a crazy man," and I glanced over at him for a better look. The next thing we were off the road and driving on a trail down through the woods. I asked, "Is this the road to Mull?" "No, that was Mull back there," he replied; "I'm taking you back here in the woods to hijack you." At that age I really didn't even know what that word meant, but I knew that when the car stopped, I was jumping out to get away. I didn't fear, trusting the Lord to take care of me and assured that I could outrun him if it came to that. With those plans in mind I thanked him for the ride as we were nearing a house in the clearing. In response he said, "I am Pate Dillard." Then he said, "Get out; let's go into the house." He was Pate Dillard. Afterwards I questioned my believing it, realizing that if he were up to some mischief I had surely played right into his hand by going into the house.

Within a few days of that trip I looked into the mirror, and I was all broken out with three-day measles, probably picked up somewhere on that trip to Mull.

Changing so suddenly from the quiet life on the farm to preaching as often as I was, my throat began giving me trouble, so when Edwin Strong went to the Mayo Clinic at Rochester for his surgery, I went along to get a complete physical checkup. Since I was a minister, the medical checkup cost me only the cost of the X-rays (\$20.00). They found no problems, but when I continued to have throat trouble the following summer, my tonsils were removed by our family doctor (W. B. Miller of Centerville). As I lay in my hospital bed afterwards, there was an urgency to get well as people needed to hear the things I had been

learning from my study of the Scriptures. Particularly did they need to hear about New Testament Christianity instead of some of the things they were hearing through denominationalism.

During that 1943-44 school year, my brother Kenneth had asked President Strong if Strong could conduct a meeting for him at Kellerton, Iowa. He responded by saying he would rather release me from school to conduct it, which I did. Aside from the meeting itself, there was a man there who liked to use words too big for his comprehension. The doctor had advised him to move to Colorado to improve his health. He didn't stay there long. He said, "The multitude was too high." When radio first came out, he said, "Whoever prevented that really knew what he was doing." He left his car with the mechanic to fix. He told people, "It needs a new university joint." One of the local more fashionable ladies received a broken pelvis in a car wreck. He told people, "She broke her clevis bone." Finally, the town had hired him to be Santa Claus for the poor. Concerning one family he said, "I have never seen kids so jubersicious." That same year he was Santa Claus for the Methodist Christmas program. His comment: "I have never been in that big a compregation before."

In my junior year I had Bob Cox of San Antonio for my roommate. Bob was an energetic, involved person who also had a student ministry. If a student is mature enough, knowledgeable enough, having a student ministry is a great thing. He not only uses what he knows and is learning, but the responsibility makes him an influential person in the student body. He will definitely get more from his education than if he waits until graduation to begin using it. So Bob and I enjoyed one another as roommates.

A small congregation in a southern Kansas town (Rock, Kansas) was trying to reopen after being closed for several years. It invited Phillips University at Enid, Oklahoma, Manhattan Bible College at Manhattan, Kansas, and Ozark Bible College each to send a student on successive Sundays as the prospective preacher at Rock. As it turned out, I was chosen, and Rock became my preaching point in my third year of Bible College. This was the first place where I preached every Sunday. I was a weekend guest in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Bevis, who operated one of the two grocery stores in that small town. What wonderful hosts to a young preacher away from home! Years later, as each of them died, I was called to conduct their funerals.

While preaching at Rock, I also conducted the church's revival meeting. During the three weeks meeting quite a number were baptized, enough from the Methodists that a local garage man whose wife was a

member with us remarked, “If the meeting went on much longer there wouldn’t be any Methodist Church left.”

There was no name on the church building, and somebody suggested during the meeting we decide whether we would put up a sign, “Rock Christian Church” or “Christian Church, Rock, Kansas”. That was the one thing I was not comfortable with about going to school where I was--all the congregations were called “Christian Church”. I never read that name in the Bible, and I did not subscribe to that expression being synonymous with “Church of Christ.” But even if it could be defended on that basis, neither the King James nor the American Standard (the common versions then) used that in their translations. To use “Christian Church” in a doctrinal discussion concerning the church meant it had to be propped up with an explanation, which I thought was a disadvantage and confusing. I asked them to defer the matter until after the meeting, for during the meeting I was going to preach a whole week on the church (its establishment, how it functioned in apostolic times, the predicted apostasy of Catholicism, the Protestant Reformation, and returning and building the church today as it was in the beginning). In spite of the series they did not choose to be known as a “Church of Christ” but did elect not to put up any name on the building at that time.

The last sermon in that series was the longest sermon I have preached to date. The night before, I told them not to bring their watches, that I would preach until I got done no matter what the time said. The service started at 7:30, and about 8:00 a family had driven down from Wichita to see one of the church families. Neighbors told them they were at church. They waited in their car at the church to see them after dismissal. But the meeting did not let out at 8:30 nor at 9:00, but they stayed, supposing we would dismiss at any moment. When we weren’t out at 9:30, they decided to wait to see just how long it would be. When we let out at 10:40, they said to their friends, “You really have a long-winded preacher.”

Two significant things happened that fall: the college was moved from Bentonville, Arkansas, to Joplin, Missouri, and an annual rally began in my home congregation at Cincinnati, Iowa. The administration was convinced the college would progress better with Joplin as its base, so the mammoth move was made in the early weeks of my junior year. Nine of us boys were assigned the open and unfinished attic of the college building--with me in charge of the other eight! I was respected by the boys, and we had a good time together. Lovingly, they called me “Bish” (short for “Bishop”). I allowed them to play around each evening until about 7:00, and then I would tell them it was time they got to their

studies. They were good to settle down for the rest of the evening. In fact, I don't remember ever having any trouble with any of them. John Lyon (one of the boys) bought a shoe-polishing stand. To get a shoe shine you sat in front of him with your foot on a projection in front of him. He charged 5 cents per shine. He said, "Bish, you get yours free."

In the fall of that year (1944) James McMorow and I (both members of the church at Cincinnati, Iowa) planned an October preaching rally for our home church. The speakers were O. L. Mankamyer, Will J. Wright, F. W. Strong, Hollins Duhon, and fellow Ozark student David Kirk. They brought outstanding messages, and the 300 in attendance (mostly local and area people) filled the small town building. The strong messages widened the gap between two types within the local congregation (those wanting New Testament Christianity and those who didn't). A Disciple preacher from nearby Albia came for one session and left with this remark, "I didn't believe in Hell until I heard Will J. Wright preach."

That rally had much to do with us younger preachers being emboldened by those older preachers to take a strong stand for the gospel. Another rally was planned for the next year, and the Cincinnati Rally (later the Centerville Rally in the county seat town) was launched.

Many years before that, the county seat church had been a strong church under the preaching of J. Roy Wright. He had a men's Bible class of 300, and the church attendance ran 1,200. He was one of three Wright brothers who were preachers. Their Methodist preacher father had died when they were boys, and when they grew up, they became preachers in different denominations (Methodist, Baptist, and Lutheran), all being very zealous for what their different denominations taught, so much so that they always had big arguments when they came home to their mother. Finally, she laid the law down: "If you boys keep arguing when you come home, I am going to forbid you to come home at the same time." They agreed that in the ensuing year they would see if there was a way they could all get together. During that year J. Roy accepted the New Testament position of the Church of Christ and led his brothers Arthur and Will J. to adopt it also. They formed an evangelistic team and toured the country conducting meetings. Old timers said their doctrinal preaching was "as strong as horse-radish." Because their children became school age, they all settled into local ministries. Later Will J. followed J. Roy at Centerville. Then after he left, the Centerville church was gradually changed into a Disciple Church. When an element in that congregation that still wanted the old time gospel preached, saw that Will J. Wright was going to be on that first Cincinnati Rally, they came down

to the rally to hear him--and to get acquainted with us Cincinnati preacher boys. Immediately there was a togetherness between them and us which later resulted in their leaving the old Centerville congregation and establishing a new congregation.

Following that first rally, the weak element in the Cincinnati church secured the help of the Disciple preacher in Centerville to fight us. Soon it was two congregations meeting in the same building and trying to have church at the same time. Before the next rally the strong element pulled out, bought another building, and began meeting elsewhere as a different congregation.

World War II was going on, and the old Cincinnati congregation went to our county draft board and turned in all of us Cincinnati preachers as draft dodgers and preachers of false doctrines. All of us were taken out of the 4-D classification ("D" meant "divinity"--for preachers and ministerial students), and we were put into 1-A classification (subject to draft). Ten days were allowed for appealing the classification change. I was still a junior student at Ozark, and at the time I had been released to conduct a three-weeks meeting with William Gannon, a business-man trustee of Ozark who had gotten into a Community Church in Terra Haute, Indiana, to preach. I wrote my draft board from Terra Haute that I was a ministerial student at Ozark Bible College, that I had a local student ministry at Rock, Kansas, and that from the time I had preached my first sermon until then I had averaged preaching every other day--I was not a draft dodger. I told them we did have a doctrinal difference with those who were against us, but that I was sure they didn't want to sit in as doctrinal judges. I received my 4-D classification again as did the other fellows. James McMorrow, being the oldest of us and the respected leader of us, was their chief target. When they found he was not registered with the draft board at Centerville, our opponents were sure they had a case against him. He was preaching at Broken Arrow, Oklahoma, at the time and was called on by an F. B. I. agent. When asked to show his draft card, McMorrow showed it to him. He had signed up for the draft at Broken Arrow and not at Centerville!

The Terra Haute meeting resulted in our baptizing all the members of the congregation who hadn't been baptized as well as several from the outside. After I preached all the final week on the church, the group voted unanimously to become the Beech Street Church of Christ. A personal blessing during that meeting was getting to call with William Gannon. He had been a salesman and had trained salesmen, so calling was a natural for him, and I learned some things about calling from going with him.

While I was in Terra Haute, it was reported that Burton Barber had stopped by Joplin to talk with me about starting a gospel paper with him. I felt too young and inexperienced for such a responsibility, so nothing materialized at that time.

That summer I was back at the camp in Moberly, and conducted revival meetings near home in Iowa. We had quite a few young people in the churches where I was conducting meetings, and there were many young people in the church at Isadora, Missouri, where James McMorrow had often preached. So that summer of 1945, I began managing a new camp near Diagonal, Iowa, for those two groups of young people. On the Sunday before it opened on Monday, I preached for my brother Kenneth at nearby Kellerton. I didn't own a car as yet, so after the night service, he drove me to Diagonal, where he had made arrangements for me to stay overnight with the well-known Diagonal High School basketball coach, Pop Varner. After a nice get-acquainted visit with that kindly older man we retired for the night. After a good breakfast he drove me out to the campground. Staying with him and his wife meant much to me as I have always enjoyed sports, and he was well known and respected throughout Iowa for always having his boys' basketball team in the State Tournament.

While Kenneth and Marjorie were in their Kellerton ministry, their first child, Judy, was born. When I recently told her I was writing this book and doing so by decades, she reminded me that the most important event of the 40's was her birth.

I had surely come to realize that the events of every year were so important, and that proved to be true again, as I entered my senior year. Raymond Lyon was my roommate that year. Since I owned a sizeable tent, that fall I pitched it on a lot in south Joplin to conduct a meeting to establish a church. The students helped both in calling and attendance. As we rode the city bus to the meeting each evening, John Lyon led out in singing choruses on the bus and telling them about the meeting. One chorus was sung to the tune of "Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus" and went, "If you are not a Christian, but would be Christianized, confess the good confession, repent and be baptized. Then be a faithful Christian with pardon realized, and in the resurrection you'll be immortalized." When we battled rain ten nights of the first two weeks, we had to shut the effort down. A church toward Kansas City (Amoret) invited me to preach for it my senior year. There was trouble in the congregation. Some of the women liked a Nazarene preacher, who had conducted an open air meeting in Amoret, to the displeasure of the men who were more doctrinally minded. The men warned me not to be taken in by the women

as some of their previous preachers had been. I assured them I knew what I believed, and I had no intention of being changed. Each Sunday morning I preached either an evangelistic sermon or a sermon on Christian living and every Sunday night a doctrinal sermon. I couldn't figure out why everything was going so smoothly until the people where I stayed on weekends said, "The women are enduring your night sermons because they know most of the men really need the morning sermons on Christian living, and the men are enduring your morning sermons because they are glad you are preaching those doctrinal sermons at night."

That fall Burton Barber again came to Joplin, proposing that he, James McMorrow, and I open a Bible college where young men could be trained to preach and girls could be trained to be preachers' wives. He also proposed we launch a gospel paper. McMorrow was agreeable--was I? I asked when we would begin. He said, "Let's start the paper the first of the year and the school a year later." I had planned to get six years of Bible college--four at Ozark and two at Cincinnati Bible Seminary. This would mean I could get only one year at C. B. S. Both men assured me, "You'll get along all right," and so I agreed. They were finishing their schooling in the spring at San Jose Bible College, so several of us (Mr. and Mrs. David Kirk and small daughter Luetta, Raymond Lyon, and I) went out to San Jose in January for its annual midwinter Conference on Evangelism. We three coming colleagues-in-labor were able to finalize plans for the paper, whose first issue came out a month later (February 6, 1946). I was to be the Editor and they Associate Editors. Since before long we would be operating out of Ottumwa, Iowa, the paper would be printed in Ottumwa and shipped to me at Joplin each week for addressing and mailing. Now I really was busy--carrying a full course in school, preaching every Sunday at Amoret (a hundred miles away), writing my part of the eight-page paper every week along with editing the rest of it, keeping up the office part of new subscriptions and the mailing list, and preparing the weekly issue for the mail. Several of the Ozark students (Raymond Lyon, David Kirk, Grace Wix, and others but particularly John Lyon and Sallie Wix) jumped in each week and helped me get the issue addressed and into the mail. Without their help I never could have done it.

One of the subscribers to the "Voice of Evangelism" was Nathan Williamson, preacher at far-away Winchester, Virginia. He must have liked what he read, for he invited me to conduct their spring revival meeting that year. We had a very good meeting, and I especially enjoyed the many historic places and posted signs in and around Winchester.

There were signs from three different wars that had been fought on that soil: the Revolutionary War, the French and Indian War, and the Civil War. One of the buildings in Winchester was George Washington's headquarters at one time. Another was Stonewall Jackson's headquarters. Actually, Winchester changed hands between the North and the South 52 times during the War Between the States, and there are both a Union Cemetery and a Confederate Cemetery there, with only an alley between them. When I got my first chance later, I really read up on the Civil War that had been made more interesting by having been in Winchester. On my way back to college I spent an important day of sightseeing in Washington D. C. (my first time there).

The Winchester congregation was young, the nucleus having come out of Cork Street Christian Church (Disciples) to become a Church of Christ. It had purchased a building formerly owned by a Lutheran group that had disbanded. A few of the Lutheran group continued to attend the building. One of them (Myrtle Briathwaite) had lost her husband only 6 months before my meeting. When we paid her a visit during the meeting, she said, "According to your preaching my husband is lost." We did our best to uphold Bible truth, all the while sensitive to her feelings in the matter. She continued to come. When I preached my final sermon ("When the Books are Opened"), closing with the Biblical account of the sheep and the goats, she came forward in tears and said, "I don't want to be on the left hand in the judgment." She was immersed and remained a faithful member and personal friend as long as she lived.

The last two weeks of my senior year at Ozark found me attending my classes each morning, and calling each afternoon in the Center Point community in the Joplin area, and preaching revival messages at night in a meeting there where David Kirk was preaching. It was fresh strawberry season, and the Center Point ladies feasted us with them every noon and night meal. Were they good, but at meeting's end I was broken out with eight big boils from too many strawberries! Most of them were on the muscles of my legs and were so bad that when I graduated I was unable to stand to receive my degree.

I might mention that the college had not been legally able to grant degrees in Arkansas, precipitating the move to Missouri, so that when Ethel Faye Bottens and I received our degrees at the 1946 graduating service, we were actually the first students to receive degrees from Ozark Bible College.

I should mention four other special opportunities that came to me during my senior year. Fred Hoy of the big Inglewood, California, church, that annually sponsored the "Christ for the World Conference,"

invited me to be one of the speakers, and Boise Bible College also invited me to speak on its annual conference on Evangelism. I appreciated those cordial invitations but conscientiously declined, explaining I felt too young and inexperienced to appear on those programs, and especially in view of the amount of travel money they would have to spend to get me out there and back. When a closer invitation was extended by R. E. Elmore and the Christian Restoration Congress in Oklahoma City, I accepted, and this became the first rally on which I preached. Later, about thirty preachers were invited to Oklahoma City for the proposed launching of a new Bible college (Midwest Christian College). Somehow (though young) I was invited along with President F. W. Strong and Dean Seth Wilson. It was there that I first met Everett Johnson, a faithful gospel preacher and later friend.

With my brother Kenneth coming to take me and my things back home, thus ended my four eventful and developing years in the South where I had made many friends and many wonderful memories.

Beginning 1940's

Part III

As the summer of 1946 began, I still had my boils for several weeks. When they cleared up, I helped Dad on the farm when I was home. I always enjoyed being at home during my summers between camps and revivals. I am sure, with Kenneth married and Gail in the army, my parents were also glad to have one of their boys at home some of the time.

While I still had boils, Kenneth wanted me to fill in for him one Sunday night at Kellerton while he was opening a revival meeting elsewhere. I was in no condition to drive, so Gail drove me to Kellerton and back. I wasn't in any physical condition to preach a usual sermon, so I decided to put up a map of New Testament Palestine and give the Kellerton folks a chronological narration of the events in the life of Jesus. Standing beside the map with my pointer and talking for around an hour without moving, my boil-infected legs were so rigid afterwards I couldn't move, so Gail had to come to the platform and help me get moving.

Bob Doyle was preaching to two rural congregations east of Jefferson City, Missouri (Oklahoma and Fairview). They were both well attended and had many young people. He invited several of us that summer to help him start a young people's camp. We had a nice group of young people, and each night we had a preaching service for the church people and the public (James McMorrow preaching and I leading songs). McMorrow's messages were characteristically powerful and straight forward. The last night he preached on "The Seven Wonders of Hell" (it's a place, real, fire, everlasting, suffering, etc.). No sooner had the invitation song begun than a young married man and his mother came forward (Dewey Lalk and his mother Mrs. Chris Lalk). Dewey was a caterpillar operator, and those two and Dewey's wife, Mildred, and their two small daughters, Shirley and Sharon, had been attending every night. Dewey, in his twenties and one with deep emotions, was so touched by the message that when Bob Doyle asked him of his purpose in responding to the invitation, he said, "I don't want to go to hell." That night McMorrow gave him and his mother extensive teaching in preparation for baptism, and Dewey requested the same teaching be given his wife who was absent that night because of the sickness of one of the children. The next day that teaching was repeated, and the three of

them were baptized that day (July 4, 1946). Immediately, Dewey said he wanted to become a preacher, and what a preacher, church planter, and young people's worker he became, until death took him away in his mid-forties! I was scheduled to return later in the summer to conduct a month's meeting between the two congregations (two weeks at Fairview and two weeks at Oklahoma). They were but a few miles apart. But before I tell you about those meetings, let me tell you of other events in between.

There was the camp at Moberly and the camp at Diagonal. And there was the several-weeks tent meeting at Centerville, Iowa, to salvage the faithful folks from the congregation that had been "Disciple" for several years. (We had been in close contact with them ever since the first rally at Cincinnati.) Archie Word would come from Portland, Oregon, to do the preaching. James McMorrow would lead the song services. The Cincinnati quartet (Ted Corder, the McMorrow sisters, Mabel and Mary, and my father) would sing every night. By the time we got the tent up, it was too late that day to get insurance on it. We were afraid it might be burned down, so James and I decided to sleep in it that night to protect it. The tent was on a lot fairly close to the "Disciple" building, and in the morning when we awoke, the shadow of the "Disciple" church spire was lying across our tent. It then occurred to me, and I said to Brother James, "We shouldn't have slept in the tent, for if people wanted to burn it down, they would prefer having us in it."

The Midwesterners, who were mostly accustomed to hearing us local preachers, were thrilled at the bold, fresh preaching of Archie Word during the meeting. It was his first time to preach in the Midwest and the Midwest's first opportunity to hear him. Local opposition to the coming meeting had told the Centerville newspaper that Word was an organizer of Ku Klux Klans, so at first the paper refused to accept any advertising for the meeting. But when it checked Brother Word out, they found the rumor to be false and afterwards gladly accepted advertising.

Attendance at the meeting ran around 200 per night, with a peak night of around 400. As soon as the meeting was over, the new congregation began to meet with Burton Barber as its preacher. Brother Word stayed over to be one of the speakers on the Cincinnati Rally the next week, and thereafter he became more or less a fixture on the annual rally program.

I again taught at the Moberly camp, and both Barber and I taught at the Diagonal camp. Seventeen of the young people at the Diagonal camp, who had only one more year of high school, indicated they would be in the first student body when classes began at Midwestern School of

Evangelism a year later. Most of them were in congregations without regular preaching, so we promised to give them correspondence lessons (a lesson a week) for the coming year to prepare them for Bible college, and also to maintain their intentions. I would compile the 52 lessons, Barber would print them on his table top printer, and the McMorrows would grade their papers. All seventeen took the course, and all seventeen enrolled the following year, and in time those lessons were put into book form, and as “52 Simple, Stimulating Studies,” they have continued to enjoy a wide sale. I was 25 when I wrote those lessons and have actually lived more than twice the amount of years since.

In those years, when we took a group of young people to camp, it was usually by Harley Cochran’s truck, the truck bed covered with straw. It had no canopy for shade, and as we made the 95-mile afternoon trip home from Diagonal, we were all hot and well baked by the summer sun. John Lyon, Bob Kerby, and I were clear in the back of the truck, burning up, when I suggested we do something to get our minds off our misery. I would quote a verse from Matt. 1 (or tell something found in that chapter), John would give us something from Matt. 2, Bob would take Matt. 3, I Matt. 4, etc. If the assigned person couldn’t produce something from his chapter, then either of the other two could help out. Then we took Mark, then Luke, etc. Before we got home, we had gone clear through the New Testament, and we were all surprised that at least one of us Bible college students could cite something in almost every chapter of the New Testament!

In the latter part of the summer, I returned to Osage Co. Missouri to conduct that joint revival. The meeting in both places was well attended. When I preached on a subject at Fairview, I preached on the same subject at Oklahoma two weeks later, only a different sermon on the subject. Knowing the area was a big lodge place, I preached a whole sermon on the lodge at Fairview. The local Worshipful Master of the Masonic Lodge was a member of the congregation, as well as several of the Fairview members. After Burton Barber had touched on the subject in a previous meeting, they had said they would run out of the county any preacher who in the future said anything about the lodge. I had made an extensive study of the subject and gave them both barrels. Afterward it was told that the men had urged the Worshipful Master to tackle me about it. He reportedly said, “He knows more about the subject than I do.” The next night, as I was picking out the songs for the song service, I looked up to see his brother Archie Jones striding toward me. I wondered, “What’s up?” As he got where I was, a big smile broke over his face, he extended his hand, and said, “I wish I had known a year ago

what you preached last night. I wouldn't have had my wife buy me a Masonic ring for my birthday." He was one of the influential men in the Fairview church. But the Oklahoma church had several lodge members in it also, and when they knew I was going to preach on it during the Oklahoma half of the meeting, word spread that the local lodge would attend in a body, and if I started to preach on the subject they would carry me out of the building and tar and feather me. In preparation for whatever might happen, one of the men placed a man in the end seat of every pew (next to the main aisle), with the understanding that if anything broke out, they would come to my rescue. The building was packed that night with people standing all around the walls for lack of places to sit. You could cut the air with a knife. But the lodge did not attend, some of the lodge members boycotted the evening to attend the State Fair, and I went ahead and preached the sermon anyway. I couldn't tell you how many people said they were going to quit the lodge. Later I published the material in my booklet, "Lodges Considered from the Christian Viewpoint."

In the waning weeks of the summer of 1946, McMorrow was conducting a meeting in Staunton, Indiana. In the congregation was attorney Bert Laymon, who had agreed he would help us draw up our Articles of Incorporation for the coming school. Barber and I drove there and spent a couple days with the attorney and attended the revival services at night. Since the local preacher was soon to leave Staunton, and since I was about to attend college in Cincinnati, Ohio, the congregation hired me for the coming year.

On my way to college in Ohio, I went by way of Rolla, Missouri, where I again was invited to speak on one of the Christian Restoration Association congresses (the Missouri Restoration Congress). From there I rode to Cincinnati with C. B. S. field man, Frank Buck.

When I graduated from Ozark Bible College, there were around forty students enrolled. While in Cincinnati Bible Seminary there were over 500. Since I had four Sundays before the Staunton preacher would be leaving, field man Buck lined me up to preach in four different places on those Sundays (Heltonville, Indiana, homecoming speaker; Dayton, Ohio, Van Wert, Ohio; and Dayton, Kentucky).

I enjoyed my year at C. B. S., meeting and getting acquainted with many new people. All my classes were under George Mark Elliott and Edsil Dale. I lived with student Elbert Newland and his family. Mrs. Newland was cook at the Girl's Dormitory cafeteria. Elbert was one of the Timothies from my home congregation in Iowa. It was a busy year as I carried a full load of classes, preached at Staunton, 170 miles away, and

edited the "Voice of Evangelism." Since the Barbers were in the Ottumwa-Centerville area, they took over the mailing of the paper. The McMorrows traveled in revival meetings that year.

The school year of 1946-47 at C. B. S. was hardly underway when my sermon on lodges came out in the "Voice of Evangelism." It created some stir there as the seminary's president, field man, and two professors were lodge members. A student from Missouri angrily said to me (he too was a lodge member), "Hunt, you got it all wrong. You didn't get it right." He pointed to some statement in the sermon. Calmly I said, "Let's go to my room, and we'll look it up." It had to do with words said by the Worshipful Master at the grave service in the state of Texas. There was an asterisk after the questioned statement in the Texas funeral manual, and the footnote said, "In some states it reads (so and so)." I asked, "Is that the way it reads in Missouri?" He said, "I can't say." Do you know why he couldn't? Because a Mason has sworn he will not reveal a single Masonic secret. So I said to him, "Thanks. Since that is the only thing you take issue with, it further shows me that all the rest of the material is correct!"

That spring I graduated with another degree and immediately went to Ottumwa, Iowa, where I lived for the summer in readiness for the opening of the school in the fall. I lived alone in the large building that would be the school. Most week days we faculty members, wives, people from Cincinnati and Centerville congregations, and some of the future students worked to get the big building ready. We had Archie Word come back to Ottumwa the latter part of that summer to conduct a tent meeting, like the one he had conducted in Centerville the summer before. At that time there were only anti-instrument and "Disciple" churches in Ottumwa, so the purpose of the meeting was to establish a congregation where the students could attend. All of us worked on the building all morning, called in behalf of the meeting all afternoon, and attended the meeting at night.

The young lady, who was going to teach Piano, Voice, and our girls' classes, had been attending music school in Chicago for a year. Two weeks before the launching of the school she showed up wearing a wedding ring. She had married a Roman Catholic cab driver in Chicago. We were not agreeable to her teaching. Brother Word left his daughter Margaret (who had come back with him to play the piano for the meeting) to help us out with the music that first year. Her staying proved to be more than temporary as she and I began going together in a few months and were ultimately married.

The tent meeting resulted in no converts with which to begin an Ottumwa congregation, so I volunteered to be the one who would stay in Ottumwa, preach to the students not involved in helping elsewhere in the area, and together we would begin calling. When I graduated from C. B. S. the spring before, I had two offers for \$100.00 a week (to be the traveling speaker for the Committee of One Thousand and from a local congregation). The Committee of One Thousand was headed by Judge Heber Notions of Columbia, Missouri and Attorney Willis Meredith of Poplar Bluff, Missouri. Its purpose was to expose the evils in the Disciples organization that was then trying to get control of the congregations throughout the U.S. I turned both offers down in order to pursue the proposed work in Ottumwa. Since we faculty members were to receive no salary from the school or "Voice," we would live on whatever we received in our preaching ministries. Instead of \$100.00 a week offered, I received \$10.00-\$15.00 a week from the infant congregation.

I had been in Ottumwa only a couple weeks when the Des Moines River flooded Ottumwa. Water stood 6 feet deep in downtown stores. After the water receded, and while they were in the midst of the cleanup, rains set in again, and flood waters were back in the stores. The Federal government erected Red Rock Dam (forty miles upstream) to protect Ottumwa, and Saylorville Dam above Des Moines to protect that city.

There are so many things that could be told about the opening of the school which are told in the book, "50 Years of Historical, Pictorial Highlights." Barber, McMorrow, and I taught the Bible and ministerial classes and Margaret the music lessons. Our rented building was only one block above the Wapello County Courthouse on North Court Street. Classrooms were on the first floor, the girls lived on the second floor along with the Barbers, the boys lived on the third floor along with me, and in the basement was the cafeteria. The McMorrrows and three student couples lived in a large farm house on the west edge of Ottumwa. The McMorrrows were with the school and the "Voice of Evangelism" for fourteen years, the Barbers for twenty years, and at this writing Margaret and I have been with it for 53 years.

At the time of this writing I am 78, and I have been in the classroom either as a student or teacher for seventy years. Such a life in connection with acquiring and imparting important knowledge, and associating with good people has been a wonderful, enriching, rewarding, and satisfying experience indeed.

At the end of the 1947-48 school year, Margaret took the train to her home in Portland to spend six weeks with her family prior to our July

26 wedding. For me those six weeks included a two-weeks meeting at Isadora, Missouri, teaching a class and bringing the night sermons at Camp O’Cedar near Maxwell, Nebraska, helping Harold Buckles for a week in his meeting at Centerville, Iowa, preaching a week’s meeting with my brother Kenneth at the Sauktown church near Mill Creek, Indiana, preaching the night sermons for Christian Workers’ Week at Pine Haven Campground on Long Lake near Park Rapids, Minnesota, and making the trip from northern Minnesota to Portland alone. Our barber brother Gail of Marshalltown, Iowa, spent the week of the Sauktown meeting with Kenneth and me. It was good that he did, because with Kenneth’s death the next May it was the last time we three got to be together. On my way from Sauktown to the Minnesota camp, I preached at Viroqua, Wisconsin on Sunday, and on my way from Minnesota to Portland I preached at Havre, Montana, on Sunday night. I mentioned the latter trip being “alone.” That made it a “long” trip out of Minnesota, across North Dakota, across Montana, across Washington, and a good distance into Oregon.

I arrived in Portland Tuesday afternoon, stayed at the Words, attended the nightly meeting in Portland being conducted by James Matthew Alley, went to the wedding shower given in our behalf on Saturday night, and took my first airplane flight to Coos Bay, Oregon, and back where I preached both Sunday morning and night. Melvin Traxler was the preacher there, and that day began a lifelong friendship with that outstanding preacher.

The next night we were married at The Church at 550 N.E. 76th Avenue in Portland, by Margaret’s father, Archie Word, in the presence of an estimated 400 people. Two days later we began our honeymoon trip back to Iowa. Four other Midwestern School couples were also married that summer (Ben and Mary Ann Mills, John and Ruth Lyon, Edward and Dona Spencer, and Bob and Rebecca Kerby).

One of the first things we did upon arrival in Ottumwa was begin a young people’s camp for the Ottumwa area called Camp Wapello (Ottumwa is in Wapello County). The first two summers it was held at a farm house on the outskirts of Ottumwa. Later it was transferred to Lake Keomah State Park east of Oskaloosa, and still later to its permanent home at Sharon Bluff Campground near Centerville.

Besides teaching my classes at Midwestern and editing the weekly “Voice of Evangelism,” that fall’s activities included preaching on the Tilden, Nebraska rally, being moderator for Burton Barber’s debate on instrumental music with Carl Ketcherside of St. Louis, conducting revival meetings at Selection and Iconium, Iowa. During the last week of

the Selection meeting, I devoted a night to each of these subjects: faith, repentance, confession, and baptism. Mr. and Mrs. Earl Rousch had attended there so long that in time he became superintendent of the Bible school hour (with the congregation probably not knowing he had never been immersed). During their engagement (possibly some forty years earlier prior to the revival) the couple had not been able to come to an agreement on baptism, and they married with the understanding that the subject would never be brought up again. After the sermon on baptism he came forward to be baptized to the astonishment of everybody present, and from the baptistery told of his former thoughts on the subject, how he had been misled, and that he was through listening to men. Concerning moderating the Barber-Ketcherside Debate, later I was Burton's moderator for several other debates (the Barber-Ray Debate on Seventh Day Adventism in Ottumwa, and the Barber-Osborn Debate on instrumental music in Cedar Rapids, Iowa).

Other events in 1948 included getting my first car (a 1947 Chevrolet) that had been on order for nearly two years. The waiting was due to getting new car orders filled after World War II that had stopped new car production. Up to that time I had traveled by bus or train. Would you believe I purchased that new medium priced, four-door Chevrolet with sales tax and car license for only \$1,423.00? In February I was on the Burwell, Nebraska, rally where Dale Williamson preached. March included preaching on the Clay Center, Nebraska, rally where Dale Knowles preached, on the Corn Belt Preaching Rally in Des Moines, and conducting a two-week meeting at Ash Grove, Iowa, near Ottumwa. In April, I was on a rally at High Hill, Missouri. May included a three-week Bible History course at Moravia, Iowa, where Clarence Schaffner preached, and weekend rallies at Yellville, Arkansas, and the Michiana 5th Sunday Rally at Sauktown, where Kenneth preached. In May we also purchased the first school property (the Dormitory at 319 West 5th Street).

The first year of classes at Midwestern had been nearly perfect. All students re-enrolled for the second year except the two who had graduated, and a girl who was not well. Enrollment jumped from the first year's 28 to 54. With the student increase, from time to time there was tension between some of the students. The faculty concluded the students needed to be more involved in soul winning activities, so in the middle of the year we had a special series of sermons on revival and evangelism, twelve sermons in all, some of which were "The Urgent Need of Evangelism Now", "The Crying Need of Revival Today," "The Passion for Souls We Need," "God's Concern over Backsliders, Unrevived

Churches, and Unevangelized Sinners,” etc. Joining us three faculty members on the program was Harold Buckles, residing at that time in the area while he conducted meetings all over the U. S. This was the first rally we put on whose sermons were all on one theme. The impact on all who came was overwhelming! As a result, that rally, known then as the January Gathering, and later as the February Gathering, has continued to meet annually ever since. At the first one’s conclusion, I told the brethren I thought we should put on such theme-rallies anywhere in the country where we thought we could draw a good attendance. It wasn’t long until we began doing so (Troutdale, Sacramento, Rushville, etc.).

During the 1948-49 school year, I designed a special Bible History course for congregations that would run Monday through Friday nights for three weeks. Following the January Gathering, I taught the course at Monterey, and then to my home church at Cincinnati. Some of the long-term southern Iowa members have told me in recent years that that course really helped them put the Bible together.

In March of 1949, all of us Cincinnati Timothy’s got together with our home congregation for the only such meeting we ever got to have. Each of us was able to tell of our ministries and schedules for the future, and prayer was had for each other. It was a wonderful day of fellowship for all. In that same month I preached on two rallies sponsored by Iowa churches (at Hampton and Eldora). Russell Casey, a fellow-student at C.B.S., was preaching at Hampton and wanted a strong sermon on worldliness, and LeRoy Shuler, preacher at Eldora, had a program on woman’s place in the home and the church. For me the Eldora rally was a memorable one-day rally. After I had preached the opening sermon on “Woman’s Role”, there was a panel discussion. Though I was not one of the panelists, I was asked to answer some of the questions asked by those in the audience. That evening, while eating the meal in the church basement, Dale Benjamin, who was preaching at Laurens, summoned me to bring my plate and help out with a discussion surrounding a Laurens’ denominational woman preacher somebody had brought to the rally. At the end of the night message by Elbert Newland, Shuler asked if there was any question that anybody had. Charles Conger in the audience asked if a woman could teach a man in personal work. Newland said he would like to refer that question to me to answer, which I did. That day pointed out to me the fact that preachers need to be more able and more willing to handle controversial questions from a Biblical standpoint.

Before that school year closed, I also conducted a revival meeting with student Bill Herndon and the church at Monterey, Iowa. In my opening message I was commenting on Matt. 5:16 that talks about others

seeing our good works as the light of the world and glorifying God as a result. In it I told of a woman who got up at a denominational testimony meeting and said she thanked God she was as good as Jesus, and I pointed out we were to show our good works, not brag about them. No sooner was the dismissal Amen said than a denominational sympathizing elder came to me at the door in objection and said, "Let's don't run down other churches. They have a right to their own belief. Furthermore the Bible says we are to love everybody and tells us not to judge." I said to him, "Then don't I have a right to what I believe? Aren't you judging me and running me down? Do you love me?" By that time people began to gather around to listen, and he wanted to stop. I said to him in the presence of all, "If we have any trouble during this meeting, I want all these people to know you began it by jumping on me." He opposed me to all he could and called throughout the community to keep people from attending the meeting, and when there were no additions, he said, "Hunt is some preacher. There wasn't a single addition."

As soon as the 1949 school year ended, I began a scheduled three-weeks revival at the Orleans church near Moulton, Iowa, a church where I had spoken several times. At the same time I was there, Kenneth was in a meeting with Noble Tester and Central Church of Christ of Johnson City, Tennessee. During his meeting a lady had come forward and requested an outdoor baptism. The next day they took her to a lake outside Johnson City for the baptism. For some reason they had taken an inter-city bus to the lake instead of driving. As they were waiting at a gas station for the bus to come, Kenneth was talking to the station man about coming to the meeting. Tester went out to flag down the bus, and the station man accompanied Kenneth to the highway. After Kenneth spoke his last words to the man, he began to dash across the highway to the bus and failed to see an oncoming car that hit him, threw him up into the air so that he came down headfirst onto the car where the windshield met the car top, and then rolled him down the highway 40-50 feet with a broken arm and broken leg and in an unconscious condition. That was Friday afternoon. Immediately my parents, brother Gail, and I were called. I preached that night and told Orleans I would finish the revival when I got back from Tennessee. I picked up my parents, Gail, and Kenneth's mother-in-law, Mabel Kerby, and we drove to Johnson City. We arrived about midnight Saturday, saw Kenneth in his unconscious condition, and retired in Christian homes for the rest of the night. As we were about to leave our places for the Sunday morning church service, a phone call advised us to come by the hospital. When we got there, Kenneth was dying. The end came about an hour or so later--just about Lord's Supper

time at the church. He lacked only six weeks of being thirty. His daughter was 3½ years old, and his wife Marjorie was one-month pregnant. Eight months later a son bearing much of Kenneth's looks was born and was given the name of his father. James McMorrow conducted the funeral to an estimated 800 people at Exline, Iowa. That was Marjorie's hometown and church, and Kenneth had one time said when he died he wanted to be buried in the rolling terrain of the Exline cemetery.

That was in May. With Orleans a farming community and June a busy month for farmers, we decided to delay finishing the revival. I taught in camps at Ottumwa, Diagonal, and Moberly and then conducted a large scale revival meeting with my father-in-law Archie Word and The Church at 550 N.E. 76th Avenue, in Portland, Oregon. He had said he wanted a half-summer long meeting--six weeks in all, beginning on a Sunday and closing on a Sunday (seven Sundays in all). I proposed, and he approved the first two weeks having sermons for the local congregation, two weeks of evangelistic sermons for outsiders, and then two weeks of doctrinal sermons for everybody. It was one of the greatest meetings I have ever conducted with a large local attendance augmented by "Voice of Evangelism" subscribers from various places in Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and California. Among the 39 responses were baptisms, including a high school superintendent from Maupin, Oregon, a deputy sheriff of Multnomah County, a Portland restaurant owner, a deaf-dumb-blind young man who received the messages through his hand by a wheelchair lady who could communicate with him in that way, and others. Because of the blow to my system by the death of Kenneth, my preaching strength began to wane near the end of the first month of the meeting. We decided to close the meeting a week early, and Brother Word and I went in his cabin boat from Portland to Astoria, down on the Pacific (a trip of ninety miles), for a few days of complete rest. The boat had beds, and the first night I slept 13½ hours and the next night thirteen. He said, "Don, when you sleep, you really sleep." I told him I could not conscientiously call off a week of preaching in order to rest and then not rest. (Years later I also took off a week of teaching at Midwestern to do the same thing. That was after being ten days with our booth at the Iowa State Fair, after which I ended up with a bad cold and no voice. There was no way I could teach that opening week of the new school year, so besides the usual night hours of sleep, throughout the daytime I slept an hour then got up and worked at the desk an hour, then back to bed for an hour, up an hour, etc. until bedtime. That way I didn't get behind with my other jobs while getting more rest. And I was able to

get a lot done as well as getting extra rest.) There will be times when such extra rest is just that necessary, and when it is, we should do what we can to get it. It is part of self-discipline.

Back to the fall of 1949. After the Cincinnati Rally we had an Area-Wide Revival involving fourteen simultaneous revival meetings in fourteen different towns. Various preachers stayed over for two weeks following the rally to conduct the meetings. We had Marion McKee conduct the Centerville meeting, and had him on a thirty-minute religious broadcast each day on the Centerville station. He not only preached but announced all the revival meetings going on. During the Centerville meeting the Estes family was converted. At that time the now-famous black singer Simon Estes of that family was only a pre-schooler. He was "Billy" in those years and grew up in the Centerville church, even though the Baptists today talk as if he grew up with them. His sister Patty came to school with us and graduated before taking nurse's training. She traveled with us in meetings and rallies for a number of years. His sister Erdine still attends the Church of Christ, attends the Centerville Rally, and thrills everybody with her own beautiful singing.

Expanding 1950's

As the 1950s opened, Margaret and I were awaiting the arrival of our first child. What was it going to be--a boy or a girl? She came from a family of five girls and one boy, and my parents had four boys and one girl. When we got married, we had agreed on not having a large family for two reasons: since we would be guests in many people's homes and at many people's tables, we did not want to overtax nor burden people's homes and hospitality, and living on a preacher's modest salary we wanted our family to live respectably without my having to take time off from the Lord's work to work secularly. We had also agreed that, hopefully, our first child would not be born for a couple years after our marriage so as not to have our first child arriving prematurely, and it look like we had not had an honorable courtship. God granted us nearly all the above: for years we had only two children, and by the time our third one arrived, the first one had graduated from high school. We are not rich, but we have lived honorably without my having to take time off from the Lord's work to supplement my income with secular work; and we lacked only three months of having been married two full years when our first child arrived.

Since this would be the Words' first grandchild, Brother Word said Mrs. Word could come back for a month at the child's birth, she could stay two months in the event of twins, three months if triplets, and in case of quadruplets the whole family would move back with us! Well, it was only one baby, a boy, Mrs. Word was here, and he was born on Grandpa Word's birthday (April 21). Brother Word was at his parents (on his way to a revival meeting in California) when he received the good word.

Beforehand, I had told Margaret that since she would have the larger investment of suffering to bring our children into the world, I would give her the privilege of naming our children--unless it would be some far-out name that I could not approve. She had said, "If it's a boy, he will bear the name of his father". How could I righteously object, so he was named Donald Gerald Hunt II.

At the time of his birth we were living in a trailer alongside the school building. It was equipped with an icebox that was not too large. Because of the baby's formula, a large piece of ham was crowded out of the icebox overnight. Mrs. Word and I both became terribly sick from eating some of it the next day--poisoned! I never want to be that sick again.

I call these the “expanding” 50’s because about everything we were connected with was on the increase--our family number being first; the subscription list of the “Voice of Evangelism” (then in its fifth year). That summer would be the first of our large-scale rallies outside of our Iowa area--the Troutdale Gathering in Oregon. And so was Camp Wapello catching fire. For two summers it had met on the lawn of a farm house on the west edge of Ottumwa, but now larger quarters were necessary. In 1950 it would make a big stride forward in renting the group camp area of Lake Keomah State Park, between Oskaloosa and Sigourney, north of Ottumwa. There the annual sessions would meet for well over a decade until it would also outgrow that.

It was during the Kamp Keomah days that an increased number of large scale rallies in different parts of the country, along with revival meetings and occasional speaking tours, made it necessary for me to think of giving up managing Camp Diagonal and Kamp Keomah, and teaching in various other camps. There was a worthy successor ready--Dewey Lalk. He had been working, not only in these camps, but in others as well. In fact, his summers came to be almost consumed in one camp after another. Some of his credentials: he was a remarkable combination of humor and seriousness. One minute he might be telling you the funniest joke and the next minute shedding tears of concern over spiritual matters, and the two didn’t seem at all inconsistent. In this way he could relate to young people, their tastes and their needs. So I felt this responsibility was relinquished into good and capable hands. He continued in this role unto his very dying day. A whole book could be written on his unusual life, cut short in 1966 by cancer at the age of 44.

The first Troutdale Gathering grew out of my successful and well attended Portland meeting in the summer of 1949. Warren Bell, preaching at nearby Gresham, Oregon, secured the campground near the place that the Sandy River flows into the mighty Columbia, fourteen miles east of Portland. Troutdale is a small town where the Scenic Route of the Columbia River Drive begins. The west entrance to that beautiful drive, featuring many roadside waterfalls (including the 612 foot tall Multnomah Falls), Crown Point’s Vista House some 800 feet above the Columbia, the stretch of switchbacks known as the Rowena Loops, tunnels, and much more, begins with the bluff on one side of the highway and our campground on the other.

Our Don was only six weeks old, and we were about to go to the first year’s camp at Keomah when Lee Turner of the Vancouver-Portland area stopped by our house on his way home and asked if Margaret and the new baby would like an early ride to Portland (earlier than our

coming trip to Portland). Within an hour or so she was packed, and they were off. This was our first time to be apart since our marriage, but it gave her a few extra weeks with her family, from whom our marriage had separated her by almost 2,000 miles. In the interval I went to camp and tended to other matters on the schedule. Bill Herndon, whom I knew from camps and meetings in central Missouri, would accompany me on the long drive west. We picked up a new car that I had ordered at Hopkins, in northwest Missouri, and we, too, were on our way to Oregon.

We arrived in Portland on Friday before the Gathering began Monday night. In those years Brother Word was not much in favor of camps in outdoor settings, thinking there was too much of a play atmosphere. On arriving in Portland, I found he had not even announced the Gathering, even though the Montavilla church was having a revival meeting (an excellent opportunity for it to be announced). Of course, we carried an announcement in the "Voice of Evangelism," and we did have a lot of subscribers on the West Coast. That Friday night Margaret and I had a lengthy, earnest prayer time in our bedroom about it. When Monday evening arrived, it was evident God had heard our prayers, and people had been alerted to the coming rally through the "Voice," for a great crowd of people (local and otherwise) descended on the campground and filled the auditorium for the music and the messages by Burton Barber and myself. After the opening night's message, clear through Sunday afternoon's closing message, he and I each daily taught a class, and one of us preached a message every morning Tuesday through Saturday. After afternoons of recreation for the young people, rest, and visiting, one of us brought the night message at 8:00. Each evening at 6:30 we had Brother Word bring a series of messages on "Things I've Learned in the Service of God," a series that later was put into booklet form.

The results of that first Troutdale Gathering were phenomenal. People not only attended in great numbers and listened to the serious preaching, but it also had a great part in many volunteering their lives for preaching. Yes, there would be another Troutdale Gathering--ultimately over thirty of them. Several years later, after a wintertime flood ruined the Troutdale grounds, the Gathering was transferred to a campground on Holgate Avenue in Portland, and then still later to the new facilities of the Crossroad congregation in Portland. And yes, Brother Word was convinced that such a meeting was a good thing, and that people of the Northwest would go for something like this. His honesty even saw him publicly state that he had been wrong in his original assessment. He not

only solidly supported it thereafter, but joined in with Brother Barber and me for years in similar rallies in different parts of the country.

Joining Burton and me as speakers on that annual Oregon rally were many other good men, some of whom were Melvin Traxler, Warren Bell, James McMorrow, Lafe Culver, Gordon Thompson, Loren Brink, Bob Ballard, and Don Jessup.

Two California preachers (Rodney Reyman of Sacramento and Burl Shoemake of Sutter) were so pleased with that first Troutdale Gathering that they invited us to come to Sacramento and put on a similar rally the next summer. Brother Word was with Brother Barber and me on that annual program for the next several years, held first in Elkgrove Park just south of Sacramento, and later in San Jose. That rally terminated when an element in the San Jose church fired preacher Hugh Olson and threw the rally out with him. Since the rally had already been advertised in the "Voice of Evangelism", preacher Earl Chambers and the congregation at San Luis Obispo agreed to host the final rally that summer. We felt bad about having to conclude that rally series, but there was nothing we could do about it.

Upon our return to the Midwest there was a totally unexpected invitation awaiting us. John R. Lyon, preaching in Monroe City, Indiana, said a group of Indiana-Ohio preachers said they would obtain a campground for an annual summer rally if we three men would be the speakers, so the very next summer the Rushville Rally began near Rushville, Indiana, where it met for a number of years before being transferred to West Milton, and later to Ludlow Falls, Ohio, to become the Mideast Gathering. The quiet rural setting of the Rushville grounds made it an ideal location for such a rally. We left there for the Ohio locations only because the attendance put a burden on the cooks because of the cramped kitchen quarters. The Ludlow Falls campground has proven to be an ideal location also.

Immediately after the first Troutdale Gathering, I conducted a revival meeting with Warren Bell and the church at Gresham, Oregon, and a notable conversion took place during the meeting. Eighty-year-old Mr. Handy, whose wife and their son and his family were strong members of the Gresham church, (Dad Handy as he was known) did not attend and was a stubborn hold-out who would leave home for a number of days whenever approached about becoming a Christian. He had just returned from a seventeen-day pout when Brother Bell and I called on him the day before the meeting began. He surprised us when he said, "I'm coming to the meeting--I heard about the big meeting at Troutdale." Everybody was happy when he attended every night the first week until

Friday night. I told everybody not to call on him or talk to him about dropping out in attendance. After the Monday rest night I made a personal call on him Tuesday afternoon, and he said, "I'm coming tonight." He did, and he came forward to be baptized. I think I have never seen such a happy congregational response. All went well for several months until something crossed him, and he quit attending. Worse than that, he began reading Jehovah's Witnesses' books just to provoke the family. Several weeks later when son Eddie and family came on Sunday morning to pick up his wife for church, he came out to the car and said, "Just a minute." He went back into the house and got those books, brought them out and dumped them into his daughter-in-law's lap, and said, "Take these and burn them--they tell me what I have always understood the Bible to say is wrong. I am coming back to church." The experience was so emotional for him that he had a heart attack, and he passed away that afternoon from it. It was the first time I knew somebody to die from repenting. Thereafter, Eddie and his family did several things to show their appreciation to me. He, a nurseryman, and wife made a special trip to Ottumwa to landscape the newly acquired school grounds of Midwestern School. When I preached four days and nights at Boise, Idaho, they came over, rented a motel room, and took in the series. Later as I preached 1 night in southern Oregon on my way from some California preaching to that year's Troutdale Gathering, they were there (all the way from Gresham) to say, "Welcome to Oregon!"

The increase in Midwestern's student body in the early 50's brought about the purchase of two more buildings (Administration Building and Girls' Dormitory). The increased financial support of people made those needy purchases possible.

In the fall of 1950 I went out to Orleans to finish the revival meeting that got abruptly stopped by Kenneth's death. The work was at a low ebb, the attendance board showing an attendance of only eight for the Sunday before our meeting began. As I preached for three weeks, good crowds attended, but with no responses to the invitation. I proposed that we go another week. Immediately Ben Harris came to be baptized, and his wife Bernice and her mother Mrs. Everett Brook placed their membership. The next night Bob and Irene Harris came to be baptized. Then the Austin Davises, the Beecher Spurgeons, the Kendall Johnsons, and the Rollie Hesses placed their membership. With six entire new families added to the congregation, I decided at their invitation to stay with them for that school year. To do so Burton Barber had to leave the Centerville work to incoming, experienced student preacher Bob Chambers so he could take my place with the newly formed Ottumwa

congregation. My proposed one year at Orleans turned out to be fifteen years, with the results of that ministry still to be seen in the faithfulness of the Orleans congregation under the preaching of my colleague, Jerry Weller. In those years we M.S.E. teachers were on the road all summer in meetings and rallies. I gave some of the Orleans men lessons in teaching and preaching, and they took care of the services each summer in my absence. Let me say to the quality of the Orleans people, that I never came back at the end of any summer to find they had had any kind of trouble in my absence. Don was only five months old when we began at Orleans, and Ron wouldn't be born until the next year. So Orleans was the church in which our two older sons grew up, and by which years later they were both ordained to their respective ministries. Our Richard would not be born until our next located ministry.

In the middle of the 50's (1955) the "Voice of Evangelism" was in its 10th year. As a celebration series I wrote 52 weekly installments that were later put into one of our very basic, best-selling books, "The Unfolded Plan of God." It has been translated into several foreign languages and has enjoyed a wide sale.

Don, having been born in 1950, began kindergarten in 1955. Anne Wilson Elementary School and our residence at that time were both on Ash Street, only about three blocks apart, so he didn't have far to go. On his first day of kindergarten, I remember telling Margaret we might as well get our crying over by his beginning school because it really won't be too long until he will be graduating from high school. With kindergarten, he was already beginning to leave home.

During the 50's, two of our former Midwest students (Jim Brown and Clarence Schaffner) were preaching in eastern Louisiana--Brown at Monterey and Schaffner at Ferriday. In a stretch of eight years I went down there six years at Thanksgiving (Fall vacation period). Sometimes I was at Monterey, sometimes at Ferriday, and sometimes at both. Since the congregations were only a short distance apart, people from both congregations attended wherever I was preaching. I remember many nice things about those trips. I will tell you two of the more different ones. The standard size car back then would accommodate six adults. This particular year there were five adults, plus our two children (Margaret and I, Rex and Sandra James went along for him to speak also, Cathy Hansen went along to help with music, and Don and Ron). James Broussard of the Monterey congregation wanted to ride back with us to enroll in school. Where were we going to put him and his luggage? I told the congregation I would pay half of his bus fare if they would pay the other half. They were agreeable, but James wasn't. He had never been

away from home and said he wouldn't come to school if he had to go on the bus. Rather than deny him the privilege of schooling, we somehow included him with us on the miserable trip home. We drove all Sunday night, and all day Monday, and all Monday night in order to get home to school the next day. We were one tired bunch, but by Wednesday (only two days later) James was so homesick he phoned home for them to come get him! On another trip, after preaching Friday and Saturday at Monterey, I preached there twice Sunday morning, once Sunday afternoon and once Sunday night. Since Monterey's evening service started early, Ferriday said, "Couldn't you stop at Ferriday on your way home and preach for us also Sunday night?" That would make five sermons the same day! I tried to be psychological with myself about so many sermons coming up that day by saying to myself I had taught four 45-minute classes at school each day plus sometimes bringing the chapel sermon plus preaching that night during a revival meeting in the area. With God's special blessing, I could do it. I made it fine until in my night Ferriday sermon. I said, "Now by way of conclusion..." and immediately every muscle in my body relaxed, and I felt like I was going to have to sit down. After going to the Schaffners' house for cookies and coffee, we got into the car for the long trip home. By the time I drove to the edge of Ferriday, I was already fighting sleep. I let Margaret take the wheel while I caught a nap. But I didn't wake up until we stopped for breakfast at Little Rock, Arkansas. Who said a preacher lives an easy life?

We have always had two weeks off from school classes for the December vacation. My parents, living only 55 miles from Ottumwa, always wanted us to come to their place for some of that time. In 1952 (after spending the first week at my folks) Brother Barber and I preached three-night rallies in both Hamburg, Iowa and Gering, Nebraska, the other week. That became an annual practice. Clyde White and Raymond Strever of the Lexington, Nebraska congregation, attended that first Gering Rally and asked if we could work in a rally at Lexington the next year. We did, and soon we were also including a fourth December rally in Colorado, the location year by year alternating among Loveland, Denver, Colorado Springs, and Ft. Morgan. By then the whole two weeks of vacation were taken with rallies. To top it off, in those years we came back from those rallies on Saturday, and the January Gathering began the following Monday night. It ran all week, so that by its final Friday night session, we were about done for. Among ourselves we often accommodated Paul's statement in II Cor. 4:16 about the outward man perishing while the inward man was spiritually renewed day by day. Later, at the request of those getting up the special music for the

Gathering, we switched the rally to the last week of January. For several years that week proved to be one of the worst weeks of weather during the winter, so we moved it forward one week until we began using larger auditoriums in the city at night, at which time it was put the week between our Winter and Spring Terms of classes in February, and it is still there, and is therefore known as the February Gathering.

When we were first married, we lived in a combined living room-bedroom on the third floor of the school building and ate in the school cafeteria for lack of room otherwise. When Margaret was carrying our first child, we moved into the trailer alongside the building to save her climbing the long steps to third floor. We were there until we had such a large school enrollment, producing an overflow at the Girls' Dormitory. To accommodate that overflow the school rented a house for the extra nine girls, and we moved into an apartment in it to oversee them. After the Portland school opened, and we got some enrollment relief, we then moved into a duplex on the south side of Ottumwa and later into a house on Ash Street. While living there we had an opportunity to obtain a house of our own. The two U. S. highways through Ottumwa were to become 4-lane highways. For the project several houses had to be moved. The highway department bought them from their owners and auctioned them off. Several of us at the school bought houses, and a California house mover Max Bakke, was in school at the time, and he and Raymond Lyon assembled house-moving equipment, and we all helped move each others' houses. We bought an acre from Brother Lyon's twenty-some acres in 1956 and moved to the country, where we have lived ever since. Having lived in town and city for fourteen years of college and college teaching, I was ready to move out among the farmers, city-girl Margaret was willing, and our boys would get to grow up where it was quiet and where they would be surrounded by nature. Our acre, which we have since called Huntsacre, has roads on two of its sides and wooded ditches on the other two. The first week there it was so quiet at night we could hardly go to sleep--we were too accustomed to the noise of traffic. I remarked to Margaret, "This is nature, but it doesn't seem natural to us. Whenever nature seems unnatural, it isn't nature that is wrong but we who are wrong. We need this." And thus it has been our quiet retreat in the midst of a busy schedule.

Up to that time, the Ottumwa congregation had always met in our school building. In that house auction the church bought a large house that we tore down to get the dimension lumber as the beginning materials for a church building we would construct. As yet, there were not many men in the congregation, so the construction work was mostly done by us

faculty members and Raymond Lyon, our older boys, and students, with Brother Barber in charge. With everything else we had to do, it took us three years to get it completed.

Difficult 1960's

Life will have its dark days and stormy periods even for God's people. Along with the many happy and desirable things, the 60's had some dark days and storms for me. Such come sometimes because of our own shortcomings, sometimes because of the shortcomings of others, and sometimes because of circumstances that cause problems--like Paul and Barnabas's difference over John Mark. No good work of the Lord will long escape the devil's attack.

As the 60's came in, there was a pronounced difference in thought over television among faculty members McMorrow, Barber, Hunt, and Ellis, which sadly caused the first rift in the school's faculty, Lafe Culver replacing McMorrow on the faculty. Then, midway through the decade, Barber left the school to work in Puerto Rico, and a problem arose between Ellis and the remaining faculty members that resulted in Jerry Weller replacing him on the faculty. Before Weller could join us on a full-time basis, Eddie DeVries from Hamburg taught two days a week, Dewey Lalk from Albia one day a week, and Weller from Knoxville one day a week.

I am not comfortable giving the details of the above difficulties in print any more than I would be to talk about them. That is not my nature, and to do so would be interpreted as "my side" of the story anyway. All I will say is that throughout it all I sincerely tried to do what I believed to be right, and I trust that the other men felt the same. But I can tell you this, that for a number of years I lived and labored with a heavy heart, for trouble is not something I rejoice in but sorrow over. After those breaks, which naturally affected the Lord's work to my grieving regret, I tried to do nothing that would widen the gap nor injure those with whom I had been associated, but always did my best to be as cordial as I could be under the circumstances. I greatly rejoice that in latter years the spirit became better.

With the above explanation of why I call this decade the "Difficult 60's," let us pass on to the more pleasant events of that period.

As the 60's opened, I was preaching full-time at Orleans and was also helping out my home congregation at Cincinnati. I preached each Sunday morning at Orleans and spent the afternoon calling there. Each Sunday evening I then preached at Cincinnati at 6:30 and hurried back to Orleans for the 8:00 service. I conducted the Orleans midweek service on Wednesday nights and the Cincinnati midweek on Thursdays. Orleans continued to grow until it became necessary to make a sizeable addition

to the building about 2/3 the size of the existing building, with a full basement under it. At the same time, the Cincinnati building needed a major overhaul. Both projects would utilize the men of the congregations in building. The men at Cincinnati were older and fewer in number, so I worked with them, and we hired a carpenter to head the Orleans project. Both were great improvements.

Besides my editing the "Voice of Evangelism" and teaching full-time at Midwestern, I annually preached on the large scale rallies (Rushville in the East, Centerville in the Midwest, and Troutdale in the West), taught in various summer camps, preached on many other rallies, and conducted many revival meetings (Sigourney, Yale, Modale, Creston, Albia, Orleans, and Cincinnati in Iowa, Garibaldi, Warrenton, and Portland in Oregon, Rutland in Vermont, Portland in Maine, Orlando in Florida, Switz City in Indiana, Caparra Terrace and Bayamon in Puerto Rico, Jefferson City in Missouri, Gering in Nebraska, Loveland and Colorado Springs in Colorado, and Venice in California--just to name some of them). Through the years I have conducted only two revival meetings in Maine (at Portland in 1961 and 1962), and it was in those two meetings that our older sons Don and Ron were both baptized when each was eleven. It was also during our meeting travels that Don (when he was sixteen) and Ron (when he was fifteen) got to be in their 48th state--Michigan! Since then they have both been to Hawaii and Alaska. Both have a real love for traveling in God's great world.

One winter, when my father was in his later 70's, he had a terrible attack of inflammatory rheumatism. He was confined to the house for several days, and Gail and I took turns going down, day by day, to help Mother with the farm chores. It was terrible to hear him sit in his chair and moan and groan in such pain. A short hospital stay soon brought him out of it, but it was a turning point in my folk's plans. They got rid of the livestock and rented the farm land out while continuing to live on the farm. When a nice house in town came up for sale, they bought it for the future, when it would be needed. Not being totally pleased with the farm-land rental situation, they then put the farm up for sale. Since I was born on that farm, I had earlier hoped to buy it, rent the house out, and rent the farm land out. Three different times in previous years when I had mentioned that to Dad, he responded the same each time: "Donald, you don't need more responsibility." So when he decided to advertise it, I said nothing about buying it. It sold, they moved to town, and they had an auction of the farm equipment and various household items they didn't take to town. The auction was on our son Don's 11th birthday

(April 21, 1961). Mother was a sentimental person, not attending the auction and never driving out past the farm again.

In our travels we have given rides to Midwestern students “coming and going” when we were going where they needed rides. Then there were summers when we took various singers with us for rallies and meetings (Barbara Gee, Kathryn Hansen, Patricia Estes, Vickie Colebank, Kenneth Strever, and others). We enjoyed them all. We so enjoyed our years, and the people of Orleans, that after our two older sons left home and when we had the opportunity to take two of the Orleans girls (Lois Harris and Regina Johnson) with us to the Portland Rally one summer, we did so, and another summer we took Bob and Irene Harris. How they did enjoy the many sites along the way!

Since my parents were married in 1912, when 1962 arrived, it was time for us to help them celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary and we did. We even sang to them, “Put on your old gray bonnet with the blue ribbon on it, And we’ll hitch ol’ Dobbin to the shay; We will drive to Dover Through the fields of clover On our golden wedding day.”

In 1963 I was invited by Gordon Thompson of Puerto Rico to conduct two evangelistic meetings: one at Caparra Terrace in San Juan, where Thompson lived, preached, and had a day school, and one at nearby Bayamon, where he was planting a church. Following the Troutdale Rally we drove to Florida to catch the plane for Puerto Rico. On Saturday afternoon on our way there, the motor went out of our car in the desert 63 miles west of Rawlins, Wyoming. At 4:00 P.M. the Saturday of the 4th of July weekend (garages closed), and scheduled to fly out of Miami the next Wednesday, it was a grave situation. What were we to do? We prayed and began to think. Lafe Culver, my associate and earlier a mechanic by trade, was in a meeting at Ft. Morgan, Colorado, but he was without equipment or parts. There was his father with a garage at Lusk, Wyoming, but the parts places would be closed. Then I thought of Charlie Driver and his garage in Gering, Nebraska, where I was scheduled to preach the next day. I phoned him, and although he was 300 miles away he said he would come with a tow-bar and pull us in. Margaret, Don, Ron, and I bedded down on a couple blankets until he came. He arrived at midnight, and we arrived in Gering only thirty minutes before morning church time. I preached, and on his way out that morning Charlie said, “Do you think the ox is in the ditch so that it would be all right to tear the engine down this afternoon?” At church that night he said he was ready to pick up the parts as soon as the parts store was open the next morning. He had us back on the road at 1:30 Monday afternoon, and by driving straight through to Miami, we

got there in time to catch our flight. That was my first trip out of the country and my first preaching abroad. I preached, and Brother Thompson interpreted. I recommended he have Brother Barber down the following summer, which he did, and which led to Burton's resigning with us and going there. His departure was a bad time for us, as it paralleled Brother Ellis's departure from the faculty and the beginning of a new printing project (issuing Sunday Bible School material).

Since camp attendance had outgrown the facilities at Lake Keomah State Park, a nearly twenty-acre plot was bought off the Lowell Strickler farm, adjacent to Sharon Bluff State Park, east of Centerville, Iowa. The front acres were an alfalfa field and the back acres wooded. "Palimpsest" magazine, published in Iowa City, said in an article, that the best standing example of Iowa's native timber was in the Sharon Bluff Park region, and our timbered acres were merely an extension of the Park's timber. The purchase price of the land was \$100.00 an acre--\$2000.00 total.

The spacious older church building at Promise City, Iowa, needed a new roof, plus painting inside and out. But the building was far larger than the needs of the existing congregation. Dewey Lalk, in charge of the new campground project, worked out an agreement with the Promise City church that, if we would get a crew of workers to scale down its building, we could have the extra lumber for use on coming campground construction. Accordingly, we dismissed classes at school for a week, and the entire student body, faculty members, and others went to Promise City on the project, and throughout that fall several of us and the Promise City men carried on to completion the reconstructed Promise City building. At times, like taking down the large dome and bell tower without big equipment, it involved risk and danger, but the Lord was merciful in granting unusual protection so that no one was injured doing so. A humorous aspect of the project was when a huge flock of pigeons lost their home when the belfry was taken down, and they spent that very night on the dome of the Methodist building nearby. The joke in the community was that the Church of Christ kicked the pigeons out, and they joined the Methodist Church.

The campground buildings, which would house the growing camp and the Centerville Rallies as well as other church related activities, would be built by volunteer labor. The first building put up was the 80 x 80 auditorium building that included the kitchen and the pop and snack room. That was a major undertaking, and the finishing touches were added just before the opening service of the Centerville Rally in 1964. Something memorable to me about that first service in the new

auditorium: I had to preach the opening sermon in the dark--the transformer, not being big enough to handle all the electrical appliances and hookups, had burned out. Other speakers on that rally were Archie Word and Don Jessup. Its theme was "Christ Speaks to the Church Today as He Did Long Ago". To see how church matters were then, and in comparison today, here were the topics: "You have Stood Fast Upon My Deity, the Inspiration, and the Authority of My Word," "You have Insisted Upon Baptism, Tithing, and Scriptural Names," "You have Lost Some of Your Boldness among Men," "You have both Pleas'd and Displeas'd Me in Matters of Worldliness," "You have Preserved Many of Your Young People and have not Divorced," "You have not Launched out as of Old," "You have been Slow in Adopting My Full Program of Church Government," and "You have Great Potential!" On closing night, Brother Word, who had helped on the final touches to the building mentioned above, said, "I think I have two distinctions in connection with the Centerville Rally: I have preached more sermons on it than anybody else, and I came the farthest and did the least of anybody who worked on the building." The last brought a burst of laughter which I am sure he anticipated. Then he put in the punch line: "But my guess is I did more on the building than some of you who live right here in the area" (a typical Archie Word shot).

In the middle of the 60's, I concluded my work at Orleans to begin a congregation in Des Moines, where a number of Orleans young people were living. Being unable to rent a public building, we began the work using the home in southwest Des Moines where Lee and Jean Houston and children lived. In Des Moines, we knew only Mrs. Houston and elderly Eugene Ford and had met Mrs. Houston's husband Lee. To begin with, we also stayed with them Saturday nights. From calling in the community around their home, Margaret led a Saturday afternoon children's class each week. In time we outgrew the facilities of the home and were able to rent the Farm Bureau Building on Euclid Street, a prominent business street in the north part of the city. George and Rosemary Ellwanger surprised us by moving in from western Nebraska to help us in the work, and what wonderful help they were! We remained with that work five years, and our last Sunday there we had 54 present, all bills paid, and \$1,400.00 in the treasury. We left there to begin a similar work in Davenport, Iowa.

The Ellwangers were a great help in our Des Moines work. We not only stayed with them on weekends, but George helped in the services in many ways. One summer there was a week between Gering Camp in western Nebraska and the Portland Rally. Since coming back to Des

Moines for that week and then going to Portland would involve around 1,200 miles of extra driving, and since it was not customary for us to take off time just for vacationing, George suggested we go to Oregon immediately from Gering and have a few days of vacation. We spent them at Crescent City, California, with Don and Anna Jean Rodda. She was Margaret's sister, and her husband was the preacher at Crescent City. Besides enjoying those days with them, it was a special treat to be in the Redwood country of California.

When Clarence Schaffner's wife, Betty, was doctoring at Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, she had Harriet Lennarson, a doctor's wife from Des Moines, as a roommate. When Mrs. Lennarson was checking out to go home, she said she was going to miss the daily Bible studies Clarence had been conducting for the two ladies. He told her he had a friend preaching in Des Moines who would be glad to have at least a weekly study with her and the doctor. So the stage was set for me to walk into. Each Sunday afternoon, I went to their home at 4:00, had a study, ate Sunday evening lunch with them, and hurried to our 6:30 Sunday evening service. Then through the Lennarsons came an unusual invitation.

Retired President Lubbers of Central College lived next door to them. He had just had a heart attack and would not be able to substitute teach the Mariner's Sunday School class at the big Westminster Presbyterian Church in West Des Moines while the teacher was on a month's vacation in Brazil with her minister husband. Mrs. Lubbers sat in on one of my home studies with the Lennarsons and asked if I would take the class for her husband for four Sundays. For those four Sundays I went there during our own Bible school hour and got back in time to conduct the morning preaching service. The class members were prominent business people from sixty to seventy years of age: two doctors, the head of the science department at Drake University, a public school teacher, a man with Toledo Scales, a man with Pioneer Hybird, etc. I began with my chart, "World's Greatest Library," showing how the Bible books were put together. Then I went to my "3 Bible Ages" chart. What an interest they showed, and the class grew in those Sundays from nine to where we could not get everybody into the classroom, some sitting out in the hall. Of course, I didn't get finished with the latter chart, and I hadn't intended to. When they said, "We wish we could finish it," I offered to make a Tuesday night trip to Des Moines each week to finish it. I did. When we finished it, they agreed to continue whatever studies I chose. I went all that school year and even the next school year. I have never taught a more attentive group of people, yet one of the greatest

disappointments of my years of the ministry was that I was unable to get them to abandon denominationalism, obey the gospel, and become identified with the Church in the New Testament.

In my Des Moines years, Bloomfield, Iowa, funeral director, Chris Wagler, was president of the Iowa State Fair. My parents and his parents were good friends, and I had had a number of funerals with him. I asked him what he thought of our building a platform at the Fair from which the Gateway Singers could sing every hour for fifteen minutes on the hour. He thought it a good idea. Music attracts, and the Gateways then being of college age drew large crowds hourly. I or someone else would give a short talk sometime during the concert, and we had tracts available for distribution. We had a booth at the Fair for six years--until new Fair personnel changed our location from near the popular Varied Industries Building to an obscure, out-of-the-way place. We decided to call it quits. It was a novel experience for us all, even if the visible results were not what we had hoped.

Toward the end of the 60's, several important things took place within our immediate family. In 1968 Don graduated from Ottumwa High School in June, Richard was born in August, and Don enrolled in Bible college in August. The next year Ron also graduated from Ottumwa High.

The December before Richard was born, our family was on its way to the Midwinter rally in Orlando, Florida. On the trip Margaret was not feeling her usual self--she and I knew what the cause was, but our sons didn't. When we stopped in Georgia for supper, she commented that she really didn't care whether she ate anything or not. Not used to seeing his mother not her "perky" self, Ron said, "What's the matter, Mom? Do you have cancer or something?" I said, "You boys go in and get us a booth; we'll be right in." After they left the car, I said, "Between ordering and getting our food, I'm going to tell the boys." After we ordered, I said, "You boys need to know why Mom is not feeling well. How would you like to have a baby brother?" "Is that what's wrong? Mom, we're going to sit in the front with Dad, and we'll make you a bed on the back seat." She and I were both so pleased the way they took over and treated her like a queen who must have the best.

In earlier years when they had to help with the dishes, they often wished they had a sister--but not now (they would be eighteen and seventeen when the baby came). They wanted another boy! All talk that it might be a girl was not acceptable to them. "We'll be gone before she would be big enough to help," they said. As the time got closer, and church people teased them they were probably going to get a baby sister,

I heard them say one time, “If we do get a girl, we’re going to have to hide for six months for all we’ve said otherwise.”

It was not necessary for me to cancel any of the earlier summer schedule in order to be home for the big event. Seventeen-year-old Ron was going to travel with me to the West (a week at Gering Camp, a week’s revival in Billings, Montana, and the rally in Portland). As father and son, we had a great trip together, and we got back in plenty of time. When the baby was born, the Words were here, and Don and Ron were in camp at Whitewater State Park in Minnesota. I had taught in it enough years that I knew the Park Custodian. I phoned him and asked him if he would take the message to them. When they opened the note in chapel, “It’s a boy!” what a chapel interruption took place! Such was the arrival of Richard, our third and our last.

Mixed 1970's

While every decade of one's life will have some "highs" and some "lows," my 1970's presented a number of bold contrasts that will come out as we proceed through that decade of my life.

We were on our way home one night from a Des Moines service, Margaret driving and I sleeping, when she awakened me to "see the comet!" (The news media had been telling the public about it ahead of time--Bennett's Comet, the first comet I had ever seen). It was very visible and a striking sight that we continued to see nightly. Since then I have seen two other comets clearly: Kohoutek Comet and Hale Bopp Comet. The latter comet greatly outdid the other comets in visibility from our Midwest vantage point. Then for years we had anticipated getting to see Halley's Comet, but we were disappointed as we needed to be in the Southern Hemisphere to see it really well. One of Richard's high school teachers took our family of three up on top of Ottumwa High School to look at it through the school's observatory, but it took a good imagination to call that small blur that we saw a comet.

While conducting a two-week meeting at Indianola, Iowa, I had an unusual experience. Liberal arts college, Simpson College, is at Indianola. The meeting was on Christian Evidence material. Before the meeting I thought, what an opportunity it would be if I could present some of that material to Simpson students, so I asked Indianola preacher, Gary Cradic, to go out to the college and ask them if they would like me to teach one of their religious classes one day from a conservative standpoint. They agreed and set up a Monday night during the meeting when the Philosophy Club met. The club's format was to hear a speaker on his choice of subject for thirty minutes with the privilege of them asking questions afterwards. I spoke thirty minutes on reasons for believing in God and fielded their questions for one hour and forty minutes. The evening turned out more to my satisfaction than it did to their expectations. We carried the material presented there in several issues of the "Voice of Evangelism."

After Rodney Reyman, of Reno, Nevada, read the material, he invited me to conduct a similar meeting in Reno with the idea of going to the University of Nevada there. The university did not agree, but we had the series at the church anyway. Two sons of Harlan Insurance Company's vice president, Kenneth Cobb, had become Christians. One of them (Terry) was in school with us studying to be a preacher. Their other son (Wayne) was at the national convention of the Jaycees in

Portland. In his absence he wanted his father to attend and tape the messages for him. To accommodate Wayne and to get a closer look at what their sons were in, Mr. and Mrs. Cobb came and took in the whole series. It wasn't too long after the series that both of them became Christians. Between the series and their conversions, they invited Margaret, Richard, and me to spend a few days with them at their lakeside home on beautiful Lake Tahoe, which we did.

Our Don graduated from high school in 1968, was a student in Midwestern from the fall of 1968 onward, and had traveled and sung with the Sing-for-Christ Quartet since its beginning. In their summer travels they used a converted school bus. The other three quartet members were married (Mark McDowell, David McSpadden, and Leland Vanderveer), Don alone being single--making seven in the bus. The married couples had beds, but there was no room in the bus for another bed, so Don slept on the floor. But that was soon to change. He and Vikki Gilliland, of Centerville, a student in Midwestern, were married in 1970. I had told Don he couldn't get married until he was twenty. He was twenty April 21, and they were married May 1! The wedding excitement was too much for our two-year-old Richard to figure out, so when it came time for his mother to be escorted down the aisle as mother-of-the-groom, he insisted on going with her, so to avoid a scene, she just took him by the hand, and they were escorted down the aisle together.

The next year when Ron turned twenty on August 15, he didn't even bother to ask if it was all right for him to get married; so on August 20 he and Monica Jamison, of Denver, were married.

When your children begin to marry, in time you become Grandpa and Grandma. On February 28, 1972 Matthew was born to Don and Vikki. On March 1, a year later Anthony was born to Ron and Monica. Then on January 20, 1975 the unusual happened--a girl was finally born in my line (Lisa to Ron and Monica). When she was born, it was the first girl born in my line in sixty years--the only one since the 1915 birth of my deceased sister Marie. After Marie, my parents had three more children (all sons): Joe in 1917, Kenneth in 1919, and me in 1922. When our children came, all three were boys, and as our grandchildren began to arrive, the first two were boys. After Lisa came Martha in 1976, to Don and Vikki, Angela in 1979 to Ron and Monica, Monte in 1983 to Don and Vikki, Justin in 1995 and Joseph in 2000 to Richard and Beth. The Hunt name is not about to die out.

In the late 60's and early 70's, it became evident that my aging parents needed someone to look after them and help them with their business. During his 80's Dad had developed diabetes. As long as he had

to have insulin shots, we kept them at our place so Margaret could give them to him. When he improved to the point of needing only pills instead of insulin, we let them go back to their home in Cincinnati. Such medicine had to be taken twenty minutes before he ate. As his mind became more impaired, he refused to take the medicine “on an empty stomach.” So we entered him in a nursing home only two doors from where they lived. This way Mother could be in her own home and at the same time be near him. Later, to give him the personal, family care he needed, we brought them to our house, and we took charge again.

When we were caring for my parents in the early 70’s, I taught my Midwestern classes and maintained my local ministry, but I transferred as much of my writing as I could to my office at home. So instead of working in the afternoons at my office at the school, I worked at home to be with my parents and pre-school Richard while Margaret taught her afternoon Piano and Voice lessons at the school. On our country acre where we live (which in late years we have called “Huntsacre”), this time at home afforded me the opportunity to let some of the “farmer” in me come out, when I planted many fruit trees and different kinds of berries. There were apple trees, peach trees, pear trees, cherry trees, and apricot trees. There were strawberries, blackberries, red raspberries, black raspberries, and boysenberries. And there were several different kinds of grape vines. While this involved an amount of work, it was a real satisfaction to me and helped me work off some of the sorrow of losing my parents and having our older children marry and leave home.

The same year that Ron was married, we concluded our work in Des Moines, in order to go to the Quad Cities to establish a church at Davenport. In preparation for that work, a year earlier Milford Williams of the church in Sigourney, Iowa, and I went there to notify his sister Otilie Reynolds and husband Dick of our intentions. Until the time of the actual beginning of that work, Carl Corder of Moline taught them and another couple in a weekly home study, using “52 Simple, Stimulating Studies.” The Des Moines congregation secured David Mills to succeed me, and we began in Davenport in January of 1971.

During our 17½ years of weekend ministry in Davenport, we made two trips there per week: the weekend trip (to the Quad Cities on Saturday for calling and home after the Sunday night service and then again on Wednesday for midweek service). It was a 125-130 mile trip one way for which we allowed 3 hours. We overnighted Saturday night, and had Sunday morning breakfast with long-time friends, Carl and Mabel Corder, of Moline. Sunday noon dinners and Sunday evening suppers were in the homes of the Corders and other families of the

Davenport church. At first we rented the Davenport YM-YWCA for the Sunday meetings and held our midweek meetings in homes of the members. Later we bought the beautiful brick building on Marquette Street.

Richard was two, Margaret was 42, and I was 48 when we began at Davenport. Before we left for West Coast meetings the summer before leaving Des Moines, Jean Houston of the Des Moines church asked one Sunday morning if she could take little Richard to her children's class. It was his first time to go to a Bible class. Her lesson was on the Feeding of the 5,000 and she had cut out fishes and loaves and put them on the wall. Several weeks passed before we were back from our travels, and when he went to class with her again and entered the same classroom, he said, "Fishes."

In 1973, a phone call came from former Midwestern student Fred Miller telling me he had raised money from former students and others for a gift trip to the Holy Land for me--money for the trip, money for my round trip to New York City where the tour would originate, and \$100.00 for gift-buying. Years before, John R. Lyon had proposed raising money for such a trip for me that I had discouraged. I had said, "John, most preachers would like to go but can't, so don't do this for me." But Fred's call was different--the money was already on hand awaiting my going. So I went--and what a blessing to my life, to my teaching and preaching, and to my writing! But I went to bring the trip back for others who would never get to go. The slides I took and bought I showed in many places upon my return.

Fred had been there once before, and his remarks and thoughts on this 1973 trip added much to it. I encouraged him to lead a trip of his own. He said he would if I would assist him, so two years later we joined to lead another trip, and two years after that another. Then he turned tour-leading over to me, and I led three more trips. Our trips were always eleven or twelve-day trips. The main part of each trip was Palestine, but each trip had two or three days in another place--sometimes Egypt, sometimes Greece (Athens and Corinth), sometimes Rome, sometimes seven-churches-of-Asia area, and sometimes ancient Petra and the land east of the Jordan River. Once we added a four-day extension into Germany and Switzerland for those who wanted to take it. Many people went with us on two trips and several even on three trips. One lady said, "The reason I like to go with you is that after the hired tour guide has given his talk at the various places, you take over and relate it so well to the Bible and history." We never lacked people to go, having what tour

companies call a “large group” (35-50). A couple times we even had more than fifty.

In the early 70’s, I was contacted by College Press about writing the commentary on Proverbs for its Bible Study Textbook Series. They were having a time to find somebody to accept that assignment, and because of my book, “Simple, Stimulating Studies in the Proverbs,” I was contacted, and accepted the writing opportunity. When would I find time, with all my other responsibilities, to write a 500-page book? I doubt that very many authors have written books and booklets as I have had to--normally a little every day (fifteen to thirty minutes at a time). It took me between three and four years to write the explanation of every verse in this vast book of wise sayings. (Writing like this is a discipline requiring strong self-control to keep at it.) After several printings and closing out that series, College Press released publication rights for that book to us at the “Voice of Evangelism,” so it is still available. College Press also picked up my book on “The Unfolded Plan of God” and included it in its larger series on “What the Bible Says About...” They paid me royalty for every book that was sold, the only money I have ever collected for all the writing I have done. (I contribute my writings for the “Voice of Evangelism” and its publication.)

Dad and Mother were in our care (with some help from others, especially Ron and Monica) until their deaths: Dad in August of 1973 at the age of 91 and Mother in July of 1974 at 90. We have never regretted looking after them in their last years. We treasure an unposed picture of them taken in our living room, both reading their Bibles one evening. Ron and Monica had the picture enlarged and framed, and it is on the living room wall of their home.

Following Dad’s death, I did some figuring. His being born in 1882; that was only six years after our nation’s Centennial in 1876, and when he died in 1973, that was only three years before its Bicentennial. Dad had lived nearly one-half of our nation’s history! At that time I did some pencil-pushing about myself: if I lived until 1995, the nation would be 219 years old, I would be 73, and I would have lived one-third of our nation’s history! I made it; and in 1995 we celebrated that fact with a special evening with many friends gathered together.

As our nation’s Bicentennial approached, our family of three decided we should do something as a family to mark it. We put a gold eagle on the upper portion of the front gable of our house, and it is still there to this day.

After Mother died, I thought how fortunate I was to have my parents as many years as I did, since I was the youngest of five children,

Dad being 40 and Mother 38 when I was born. Had they died between ages 65 and 70 as so many do, I would have had them for around 30 years. As it was, I had them until I was 51 and 52.

Our Don had broken away from the Gateways long enough to attend my mother's funeral in 1974. Margaret and I both thought he looked very tired. Two weeks later while they were making another record in Nashville, he was hit with a stroke at the young age of 24. He had 41 days in a Louisville, Kentucky, hospital before being returned to Iowa. I was in a summer revival meeting at Loveland, Colorado, when we received the word. I put Margaret on the plane for Louisville at Denver, and after finishing the weekend services closing the revival, Richard and I drove to Louisville. Oh, how sick Don was! Margaret and Don's faithful wife Vikki tended his case 24 hours a day for weeks. Richard and I were in Louisville during the week, returning to Davenport each week to conduct the Sunday services before going back to Louisville. How many times while driving back and forth I thought of Jacob's statement, "If I be bereaved of my children I am bereaved" (Gen. 42:14). Then during surgery at Iowa City, a vocal chord was injured that left Don almost voice-less. What would the future hold? His Louisville doctors had told him he would never walk again, and now it looked like he would never sing again. But Don was determined, courageous, and full of faith that, with the Lord's help, he would overcome. And he did come back--not immediately, not all the way, and not as a high tenor. No wife could have been so good through it all as was Vikki, and no one could have been a better example of pluck than Don was. When he speaks on coping with crisis in life, people give an attentive ear, and how many hurting people he has helped over the years! A book, "The Overcomer," was written by Murette Campbell about him and it is still available at this writing.

In the fall of 1974 Ron and his family moved from Iowa to Portland, Oregon, to preach for the Alberta Street church (later known as 35th Avenue). Several congregations sought his services at that time, but the Portland need claimed him over the others. He said he really hated to leave Iowa, and I told him he would feel the same when the time came to leave Oregon, for liking where you are is an attitude, and there are things to like about everywhere you are. Portland, of course, was where my wife had grown up, where her father had preached for a third of a century, where she had a married brother and married sisters and their families, where we had been married, and where I had preached every summer for years. So Ron was no stranger to Portland, nor Portland to him.

When my father's youngest sister (Lala Meek of Sioux Falls, South Dakota) died, she was the last of my living aunts and uncles on Dad's side. At that time I proposed to my cousins that we get together for a reunion-day every so often. For several years we met either in the Ottumwa or Sioux Falls area every other year (once in Nebraska City, Nebraska). Death has since so decimated our number that we few remaining ones no longer meet.

During Midwinter Vacation in 1973, I was on a preaching rally at Denver, Colorado. On our way out we spent a few days ahead of time with Margaret's parents in Gering, Nebraska. The rally was Friday night through Sunday night. For December it was such a warm, beautiful day when Brother Word and I drove to Denver on Friday that I forgot to take my overcoat along. I would need it. I had the closing message Sunday night. Bad news: it began to snow that afternoon, and Brother Word said, "As soon as the Amen's said tonight, let's head for home." My judgment would have been to make the trip in daylight Monday, but I silently acquiesced to my senior father-in-law. On our way north from Denver to Cheyenne, we not only encountered falling snow but blowing snow. At Cheyenne we turned east onto Interstate 80 to Kimball, Nebraska, where we turned off the Interstate onto a state highway and began the 45-mile trip north to Gering. On the Interstate we had roadside reflectors to help us know where the highway was, but the state highway didn't have them. Some fifteen or so miles out of Kimball, I asked Brother Word at one stretch, "Are we going uphill, downhill, or on the level?" I couldn't tell--everything was white and blowing. He couldn't tell either. Just then we suddenly crested on top of a hill where the wind had blown the snow off the road. I immediately pulled onto the shoulder and stopped, suggesting we not try to go further until daybreak. We wrapped up in two heavy wool blankets I had in the car. Soon a highway patrolman stopped and asked if we were all right. We told him we were, and that there was a ranch house right next to us if we got too cold. He went on to help a family with children stuck in the snow. We dropped off to sleep--until we were awakened around 7:00 the next morning by a snowplow operator. We followed him and arrived in Gering by midmorning. That was the first and only time I have ever been snowbound--and the only time I want to.

In an earlier chapter I mentioned the annual Sommer Reunions we went to when I was a growing boy--a reunion of my mother's people from Iowa and Illinois. On one of our trips back to Iowa from the Mideast Gathering in Ohio, during the 70's, I missed a junction in Illinois, and the highway we were on surprisingly took us right by

Sommer Bros. Seed Co. near Pekin, Illinois. That was a company operated by some of my Illinois relatives. We stopped and renewed my acquaintance with Ted Sommer, the president, whom I had not seen since we were high school boys attending the reunion. His father and my mother were first cousins. Annually now, we stop there on our way back from the Mideast rally, and he and I and our wives go out to a pleasant dinner together. He and I have also organized several get-togethers of the few remaining ones from the old reunion days. Sommer Bros. is one of five seed companies producing Golden Harvest Hybrids. Some of you have seen their hybrid seed signs.

In the 70's, I had encouraged Minnesota preacher Bob Blanshan to go to the mission field in Jamaica. He did, and in 1976 he invited me to come down for revival meetings at Mandeville and Broadleaf. The church at Davenport pleasantly surprised us when it paid the way not only for me but for Margaret and Richard as well. That was another great experience.

During the decade of the 70's I had revival meetings in Goodhue, Minnesota, Reno, Nevada, Indianola, Iowa, Fairfield, Iowa, Orleans, Iowa, and Gering, Nebraska, and I preached on rallies at Fargo, Oklahoma, Ashland, Kansas, Denver, Colorado, Butler, Missouri, Monterey, Louisiana, and Gering, Nebraska as well as the summertime rallies in Oregon, Ohio, and Centerville. As the 70's closed, I was 57.

Eventful 1980's

By going through my yearly diaries I could hardly believe all that happened in my life during the 80's. Before I turn to its many special events, let me remind you that I was preaching at Davenport, still teaching at Midwestern, editing the "Voice of Evangelism," preaching on rallies, conducting revivals, teaching in camp, and leading Bible Land tours--providing many avenues of service and usefulness with attending joys and satisfaction.

As the 80's opened, I was aware that I was approaching being sixty years of age. I realized I was moving out of the mid-years of life and into the older years. In 1982 (when sixty), I wrote an editorial in the "Voice of Evangelism" as follows (the next seven paragraphs): "How does a person think when sixty?" On some subjects probably much like other sixty-year-olds, and on other subjects probably in a way that is personal to yourself.

"Obviously the subject of 'time left' is prominent. Some of your high school classmates are gone. You notice the ages of those in newspaper obituaries. You are aware you are in the higher mortality bracket where life cannot be as 'certain' as it once was. On the other hand when you have had good health, you think of others who have lived to be eighty and ninety and were capable and useful far beyond their 60th year. One thing you know, you have less time than you once did, and that you have no time to waste. You think of things you want to get done, and you want to give yourself wholly to their accomplishment. In my case, for instance, I am concentrating more on writing than ever before.

"When I was growing up, it was customary to attend funerals of elderly neighbors and relatives. Having attended many such, it had a sobering effect on me. Realizing that death is a part of life, and that no person has a specified time-lease on it, I had a premonition I might not live beyond my 20's, even though our family doctor would say when taking my blood pressure and checking my heart-beat that I ought to live to be a very old man. I believe God used this erroneous premonition to help me be sober and settled from my mid-teens on, so I could enter into some aspects of leadership much earlier than most. When my brother Kenneth died, I was 27, and for the first time the thought came to me that I would be left here to serve for many, many years. One soon learns the human mind is capable of thinking both ways: 'I will not live to be very old' and 'I will get to serve the Lord many years.' It all boils down to the fact that only God knows which it will be. You find it natural to say as

Jas. 4:15 instructs, 'If the Lord will, we shall live, and do this, or that.' In the meantime you rejoice in the Christian view of life and death ('To live is Christ, and to die is gain,' Phil. 1:21), and you take comfort from what Rom. 14:8 says: 'Whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die into the Lord; and whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's!'

"The older one gets, the more of life and God's blessings he has to look back on, and the more able he is to assess them with maturity. You find yourself not living in the past but thankful for many things God has done for you through those years. I continue to thank God for giving me good parents who had much to do with my Christian faith and my character-formation, and I am thankful I had them until they were 91 and 90. I enjoy recalling my boyhood on the farm, school days, and our neighborly community of southern Iowa. I believe that, having never moved even once throughout my entire childhood, gave me a settledness and stability I might not have had if we had moved from one neighborhood to another from time to time. I am thankful I was at the right age in life when our community was permitted to hear non-sectarian, New Testament Christianity. Though rejected by some of the congregation, I was old enough to evaluate what was being preached in light of what the Bible teaches, not only to make a decision concerning its rightness but to be challenged with the need of being a preacher of it. I am thankful for the courses in public school that have been such a help to me in my studies and ministry (reading, spelling, English grammar, typing, history, and geography--to name a few). I rejoice at the good family God has given to me: my capable wife Margaret and our enjoyable sons (Donald, Ronald, and Richard). I enjoy my wife's people (the Words), my sons' wives (Vikki, and Monica), and our five grandchildren (Matthew, Anthony, Lisa, Martha, Angela. I am thankful for the located ministries I have had--some of them short, some of them long (Exline, Iowa; Udell, Iowa; Urich, Mo.; Hiwasse, Ark.; Jenkins, Mo.; Picher, Okla.; Rock, Kan.; Amoret, Mo.; Staunton, Ind.; Ottumwa, Ia; Orleans, Ia.; Cincinnati, Ia.; Des Moines, Ia.; and Davenport, Ia.). Merely to list these places is to recall many fine people and many good times over this nearly 60-year period. I am thankful for the privilege of editing the "Voice of Evangelism" since 1946 and for teaching in Midwestern School of Evangelism since 1947. I am thankful for the privilege of writing books, booklets, charts, and tracts. I am thankful for the many places I have been invited to conduct meetings and preach on rallies. I am thankful for all we have gotten to see and enjoy enroute to these preaching assignments. I am also thankful for the privilege of

leading tours to Bible lands, the blessing that such trips have been to me, and the blessing they have been to the many who have gone on them. I am thankful for whatever good all this has done.

“When you are my age and stage, you are not sorry you gave your life to Christ instead of sin, to the gospel ministry instead of to a personal career in material ways. You are not sorry you have studied, preached the truth as you understood it, preached anywhere and everywhere without the thought of money or prestige. You are glad you have given yourself wholly and daily throughout these years to one thing--the work of the Lord. You are sorry for friends you have lost over your stand for Christ and over mistakes you have undoubtedly made. You are sorry you have not been able to accomplish more when the need is so great. And you are sorry you have but one earthly life to give to Christ, who deserves far more than any of us is able to give.

“Am I thinking of retiring at 62 or at 65? Neither. The only retirement I want to know is at death or when I am no longer able to serve. My father farmed until he was 79. My father-in-law (Archie Word) is still actively teaching and preaching at 81. And my brother Gail, who will be 70 his next birthday, is still barbering. I would not be comfortable nor happy to retire from serving God. And yet if some accident or health-collapse would render me incapable of continuing as I now am, I trust that my faith and acceptance of the Lord’s will would be such that I would be content and not complain.

I would appreciate it if you, my many friends, would pray that God would see fit to sustain me for many more years of life and service, and that those years might be the most fruitful for Christ I have had.” (End of 1982 editorial)

Early in the 80’s (May 18, 1980) came the eruption of Mt. St. Helens. Two summers before that I had suggested to Ron in Portland that instead of taking the kids to the beach for a day, let’s go up to Mt. St. Helens and Spirit Lake at its base. I suggested that not because there was any indication at that time of a coming eruption, but because of having never been there and because of the beauty of the mountain and the lake as pictured on many Union Pacific calendars. So, after the 1978 Portland rally, four families of us went there for a picnic (Ron’s, the Barbers, the Words, and us). Some of the most beautiful colored slides I have were taken on that day. We even drove up on the side of Mt. St. Helens that later blew off (as far up as the parking lot). But it wasn’t too many months after we were there that the mountain’s inner rumblings began. I am glad we made that trip--especially after viewing the destruction following the volcano. To see it “before and after” amounted to a modern

day viewing of the unbelievable power of God! I was invited by Anne Wilson Elementary School in Ottumwa to show pictures and tell about the Mt. St. Helens incident.

In 1980, Midwestern School initiated its annual Fall and Spring one-day field trips to places of interest in proximity of Ottumwa (which have been followed ever since). Our first such trip was to Bentonsport, some forty miles down the Des Moines River. Prior to the Civil War, Bentonsport was a thriving town with flour and woolen mills on the river. The river that had been navigable before Abraham Lincoln's administration was declared non-navigable because of cultivated farmlands' making the river too shallow in places. The town suddenly folded, and people moved away. It continued as a ghost town until a Des Moines disabled World War II soldier used his government settlement to buy up various buildings and began restoring the town as a tourist attraction. The beautiful day and interesting trip have since led to trips to the Mormons' Nauvoo, the Amana Colonies, the Herbert Hoover Memorial, the Madison County Covered Bridges, Des Moines Botanical Center, State Capitol and Historical Museum, Farm Progress Show, World Plowing Match, Old Threshers' Reunion, Living History Farms, Iowa State Fair, and Pella Tulip Festival.

Brother Word was born in 1901. In April 1981 he was at our house on his 80th birthday. Naturally we had to have a major celebration of the important occasion which he and all present greatly enjoyed.

While mentioning his 80th birthday, I might mention the various decade-birthday celebrations I have had. When I was forty (1962), the two churches I was then serving (Orleans and Cincinnati) came to our place that Sunday for a picnic dinner on our lawn. I was given a nice Samsonite suitcase that prompted my dad (always jovial) to say in jest, "Donald, that might be a hint for you to leave." It didn't. My 50th was pretty much an area-wide celebration, the churches giving me a large house aquarium outfitted with ornaments and fish. There were two celebrations of my 60th: at Davenport where I was preaching and in Ottumwa. But my 70th (in 1992) was the biggest, thanks to an elaborate historical display of my life made by the Wellers, their children, and their mates, and by a special book-of-life display created by the Whetstone church of Sierra Vista, Arizona spearheaded by Cathy Dalrymple.

I have been connected with Sharon Bluff Bible Campground near Centerville since its beginning--even being one who first inspected the property site to recommend its purchase. From its beginning in the 60's, it had three trustees. But for sometime they had been calling for a five-man trusteeship. When their suggestion was adopted, David McSpadden

and I were chosen as the fourth and fifth. I have gladly served in that role ever since. We annually meet three or four nights a year, attend both the Spring and Fall group business meetings, and periodically make tours of the cooperating churches to update them on camp matters and to maintain the vital connection between the congregations and the camp. We serve without pay, travel at our own expense, invest an estimated six nights a year, and take care of business matters attendant to being trustees. Most of us no longer have children in camp, but we still do it because we believe in the good that camp does.

Earl Chambers, of “Eternal Glad Tidings Productions” videoed various preachers and Bible college teachers in numerous college-level courses. At that time he was at Sweet Home, Oregon, but in later years at Sacramento, California. I was assigned “Life of Christ” and “Bible Lands.” Each lesson was thirty-minutes long, and I can assure you it was quite an undertaking to teach 104 30-minute classes covering the life of Christ! We started at 8:00 in the morning and went until noon. After a lunch break we came back for a full afternoon of recording. And then at night we recorded from 7:00 until 9:00. That was a lot of talking, a lot of concentration, and it took months to prepare the material for the format of that project. Several times in a recording day I changed suits to make it appear more like an actual classroom setting than just a recording series. I likewise enjoyed the “Bible Lands” series. The recording crew was a good group of fellows of the Sweet Home church and skilled in their recording roles.

The Gateway Singers, of whom our son Don and his wife Vikki are a part, had been singing together for a number of years, even before the 80’s. While in our Davenport ministry they sang at nearby Atalissa, Iowa, one Saturday night. At that concert were Mr. and Mrs. Ed McSpadden (parents of David) and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Gilliland (parents of Vikki and Jan), as well as Margaret and I (parents of Don). Unplanned, it was the first and only time all the Gateways’ parents were together at one of their concerts since the Gillilands are both gone. That memorable evening, in a small eastern Iowa town, was June 28, 1980. Keith Reeves of Davenport, a friend of the Gateways, was present and provided each of us with a snapshot picture of the unique occasion.

When you grow up in a small community (Cincinnati, Iowa) and graduate from its high school, an annual Alumni Banquet Memorial Day weekend is a wonderful opportunity to get together with those you knew years ago and went to school with. For many years I was on a rally at Ashland, Kansas at that time of year and could not attend, always putting the Lord’s work ahead of anything personal (Matt. 6:33). When that rally

terminated, I was able to begin attending the banquet. Usually there are around 200 present from many places, even far distant places. A small town school educates its young people, many of whom move away where the job opportunities are greater. Because of this, I felt I owed my boyhood community a debt I should try to repay. One project I undertook was to draw a plot of Cincinnati, showing the location of every house. Each house was given a number. Then one evening I assembled some long-time residents to the home of Wayne Carr (a boyhood neighbor), and together we listed from memory every family who had lived in each house. Also included on that project was the town square, showing every store. This project was printed and distributed free at the next high school banquet. That met with such an approval that I bit off an even larger community project: a complete listing of all Cincinnati and vicinity residents, both past and present. Again I called for help in the final phase of the project when a select group met for an evening in Helen Bubenyak's home to draw up the final draft. The printed booklet, again distributed free at another high school banquet, listed each family name alphabetically and each person in each family, giving the parents' names first and then their children--as follows: "Hunt, R. O. & Ida, Gail, Marie, Joseph, Kenneth, Donald." People even took booklets for people who were not present at that year's banquet. I can't tell you how many people have since told me how they treasure that booklet and occasionally refer to it for recalling people or their children. I am glad I did both projects.

The banquet committee for the following year's banquet was always from volunteer people in the local area. As an item of business it was annually difficult to get volunteers. One year I suggested to about seven of us from the 1939 graduating class that we take that responsibility for the next banquet. We did and enjoyed it very much. Several years later, as my class' 50th graduation anniversary approached, I suggested to them that we do it again--and we did. Then before that banquet came around, I contacted somebody in the class of 1940, suggesting he get members of his class to be the following year's committee--and he did, and a precedent got set that has generally been followed ever since to the satisfaction of everybody.

As mentioned earlier we moved to the country in the 50's when we bought and moved a house onto a corner in the country we had bought off Raymond Lyon's land. At that time we did extensive work on the house to meet our needs. We did nothing further to it of major proportions for a number of years, due to involvement in other projects (building Pennsylvania Avenue church building, buildings at Sharon

Bluff Campground, etc.). When the Words decided to give all their children some money, with ours we redid our bathroom. Then after my parents' deaths, with money left us by them, we redid our kitchen and dining area. Then in the 80's, we installed a new furnace in our basement and made the main part of the basement into a combined office and family room, complete with a hearth and wood stove for cold winter nights and a hide-a-bed davenport for lodging more over-night guests. On all three projects I hired Gary Johnson to help me. We don't maintain a fire in the stove in the basement, but on any winter night we are home, I build a fire, and oh, how good that wood heat feels! When Richard was still home, he would do his home-work there and then around 9:00 curl up on the davenport and go to sleep until I wakened him about 10:00 when I was ready to go to bed. Once I asked him if he wouldn't rather go to bed in his own bed upstairs at 9:00 so as not to be disturbed at 10:00. He said, "Dad, this just feels so good to go to sleep down here that it's worth being awakened."

And while we are on celebrations, let me tell you of our 25th, our 40th, and our 50th wedding anniversaries. Having been married in 1948, our 25th came in 1973. My father was still living but confused (death would take him from us the following August). He was not able to be involved, but Mother was able to be included in the celebration that Lafe and Anita Culver hosted for us at their home northeast of Ottumwa. Our 40th had two celebrations: our Iowa celebration hosted by our son Don and wife Vikki at their home in Centerville, and our Oregon celebration hosted by our son Ron and wife Monica and our son Richard at Ron's home. Mrs. Word, with Alzheimers, was not able to be involved, but Brother Word was in Portland at the time and was present for it. Then our 50th was in Ottumwa, with all our sons in attendance. Friends and family surprised us with a several day trip to Alaska, the only state we had never been in. How good it was to be remembered by our many friends and to receive so many nice cards! For our 40th Bill and Bethel Paul of Seattle treated us with a one-day cruise from Seattle to Vancouver B. C., where we enjoyably took in the famed Butchart Gardens. Also for our 40th the five couples of us who were married in the summer of 1948 first got together at a central location (Sedalia, Missouri)--the other couples being Ben and Mary Ann Mills, John and Ruth Lyon, Ed and Dona Spencer, and Bob and Becky Kerby. For the couples' 45th and 50th get-togethers there were always some absent due to health conditions or death.

I married a music teacher--chiefly piano but also voice and organ. She has played the piano since childhood, as church pianist since she was

fourteen, and a teacher of music lessons since she was nineteen. Her lessons have always been individual lessons, once a week, thirty minutes long. She has taught children and adults, beginners up through accomplished pianists. Each year her teaching has been during the months of school, teaching students of Midwestern School of Evangelism and people from the community and area. She has always had a large number of students (as many as 52). As most people well know, she is an unusual pianist and singer herself. In the spring, at the end of the most teaching seasons, she has had a recital for her students, and those who come to hear them, at which she always gives each student a personal gift and serves refreshments for all. I have said many times that when you are married to a church pianist, that determines that you sit close to the front and on the piano side. Margaret is not only a big help musically wherever I have preached, but she is a great children's and ladies' class teacher and a good personal worker. I have several times said that a congregation pays me (a preacher), but I am not sure but what gets thrown in free (Margaret) is maybe of more value than what they pay for (me). I agree with Solomon who said of the virtuous woman, "Her husband...praiseth her...A woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised...Let her own works praise her in the gates" (Prov. 31:28-31).

The Globe Arbor-Vitae evergreens that had lined the entrance sidewalk at Midwestern School needed replacing. They had been removed in the spring of 1981, but in the fall before plans had been made for their replacements, something unusual happened. I had just begun calling on an older couple in Davenport when the wife suddenly passed away. In my next call on him I learned he had not grown up going to church since he was four years old, so on that call I began at the beginning--with a study of God. Among other things I told him was that God was good to everybody but particularly good to those who appreciate His goodness. After that afternoon study, Margaret, Richard, and I headed to the Carl Corders for our usual Saturday night meal and overnight. On the way, Margaret asked if we could go by Target, so she could get some poster board. Richard asked if we could go to K-Mart instead ("Maybe they will have a Blue-Light Special"). At our house we have tried to favor each family member's request unless it was deemed too expensive or not schedule possible. I dropped them off at K-Mart's entrance because it was beginning to spit rain, and I went to park the car. As I approached the store's entrance, two K-Mart employees were marking their \$9.97 Globe Arbor-Vitae bushes down to \$2.97 (end of the season). I was the lone customer to see what was happening, and I took

nearly the entire group of bushes (31 or 32 of them) for the school project. So for less than \$100.00 (instead of over \$300.00) we were able to re-landscape our entrance--right after I had told the man how God blesses those who really appreciate His blessings!

In December of 1981 Brother M. J. Siemens of the Goldfield, Iowa, congregation paid us a week-long promised visit. Goldfield is in northern Iowa, and he was a saint well known by many Iowa preachers and congregations. He stayed at our house, and we turned each day's chapel hour over to him to bring whatever he wanted to bring. M. J. had a big heart for people, believed the Bible, and loved to talk, and he always had something worth hearing. What he had to say was a real treat all week. He was a well-to-do retired Iowa farmer and restaurant owner and operator, where neither beer nor cigarettes were sold. His good wife of many years had been gone for a few years so that he lived by himself. When they left the farm, he had a gifted local blacksmith make flower pot stands and telephone stands out of horses' horseshoes and corn planter plates (painted black). He brought us one of them for the phone in our family room and a loaf of his rich homemade bread. Later we had him bring a February Gathering message. He is now gone, but nobody who knew him will ever forget M. J.

One midweek night (January 27, 1982) I was concluding my Davenport adult class lesson when a terribly sharp pain suddenly hit me in my mid-section. I sat down, but it didn't help. I lay on my back and then on one side and then on the other, but there was no let-up. Since we were only six blocks from a hospital, I said, "Let's go to the hospital." It was a kidney stone attack. They gave me a shot of morphine to get me home (Margaret driving). The stone soon moved out, but those few hours of excruciating pain were enough to convince me, if I hadn't already been convinced, that I didn't want to go to Hell for an eternity of agonizing suffering. Afterwards, since I had always enjoyed good health, I said I needed to sit down and have a talk with myself, that as a control-type person, here was something I had no control over, and at my age there might be some more non-control situations coming up.

Early in the 80's we went to Gering, Nebraska, where Margaret's folks were living, for Mrs. Word's surgery. A good many years before, she had had an earlier surgery. Both times it was difficult for her to wake up after surgery. Both times she noticed it affected her memory. She said after her second surgery, "I think if I have 1 more surgery, I won't have any memory at all." It wasn't too long until her Alzheimer's problem surfaced. However, according to my diary she did not have to be put in a care facility until February of 1988. Such a bad thing couldn't have

happened to a better person, reminding us that Eccl. 7:15 notes there are times when a righteous person perishes in his or her righteousness.

With our school enrollment somewhat less than usual and with the 4th and Washington Ottumwa congregation trying for two years to get us to release Lafe Culver from the faculty so he could devote full-time to the congregation, we finally conceded, and he left the faculty after serving on it over twenty years.

In the summer of 1983 the switch went out on our house air conditioner, and was that a hot summer! At night it was just too hot to go to bed indoors, so we took mattresses outside onto the patio. Though it was nearly two weeks before the ordered switch came in, we three thoroughly enjoyed those delightful nights--the starry sky, the night air, and the restful sleep (how good we felt in the mornings!). We have never forgotten that unplanned time.

The big summer July rally in the Portland area (Troutdale Gathering, Holgate Rally, and later Northwest Summer Rally) that had begun in 1950, was finally concluded in 1984. When it was moved inside the new Crossroads church building to become known as Northwest Summer Rally, it lost the enjoyable campground setting with on-grounds lodging and meals. Non-Portland people dropped off in considerable numbers. The outdoor summer meetings were missed by so many people of the Northwest that the Coos Bay Family Camp for those in that area and New Life Northwest across the river from Portland in Washington came into being. It is impossible to evaluate the good that was done by that rally, whose annual sessions covered a third of the century!

In the summer of 1984, I was invited by Fred Miller to go to England for a preaching rally and for other services in different places while there. As usual, I took my family with me (wife Margaret and son Richard). In all my overseas engagements I have taken my family members, usually at my own expense. In most instances, in the states, I did the same when going to conduct revival meetings unless circumstances forbade (like the boys in school). Sure, it would have been easier for me just to get on a plane and make the trip, but I never thought of leaving them behind. I considered it a treat I could give my family to take them along, and travel became a rich part of their lives. Besides preaching in the Streatham section of London, where Fred was, I preached at Clapham (made famous as the parish church where William Wilberforce, the great slave abolitionist, preached and where Neville Shaw preached when I was there). I also preached at Barnett, in north London, where Richard Bourne was establishing a congregation. While London is in extreme southeastern England, Manchester is in the upper

(northern) part. We spent a weekend in Manchester, preaching to the congregation that met in the home of the Alan Ashurst and to a congregation composed of Christian refugees from Pakistan.

It was a treat to visit many historic places and see the ruins of various medieval feudal castles, the British Museum in London, and to travel through the English countryside between London and Manchester. In the British Museum, we saw many archaeological finds from ancient Assyria and other Biblical sites, the famous Rosetta Stone from Egypt, that helped in deciphering Egyptian hieroglyphics, and two of the four earliest known existing handwritten copies of the Greek New Testament (the Sinaitic Manuscript and Alexandrian Manuscript), plus many other interesting items. We were at the British Museum on Richard's 16th birthday, and because of his continual interest in archaeology, he said it was the greatest birthday he had had. We noted thatched roofs (in small towns and in the country), enjoyed the flower gardens of many English homes, saw the White Cliffs of Dover, visited Blenheim Palace, Westminster Abbey, Churchill's grave, Tower of London, Windsor Castle, changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace, Warwick Castle, Shakespeare's birthplace, Anne Hathaway's cottage, and many other interesting places.

My previous connection with farming and purebred livestock helped me realize how many different breeds of farm livestock have their cradles in England and the British Isles. Several county names in England are the names of different purebred breeds (Durham, Shropshire, Suffolk, Hereford, Oxford, Berkshire, Devon, Dorset, and Hampshire). I would personally have enjoyed visiting some of the famous farms in the counties, but conscientiously, my practice has been not to take time from the Lord's work to pursue personal interests. One conclusion, though, came to me, that a breed developed in a limited locale in the early day before modern transportation made it possible for farmers to reach out to distant areas to bring in top breeding stock to their area. This is why Suffolk Sheep developed in the Suffolk area of eastern England, for example.

For a number of summers, Lafe Culver, of Ottumwa, had been leading a small group of men and their sons on a mountain camping trip to Ross Lake above Dubois, Wyoming, southeast of Yellowstone National Park. For a boy, that would be a wonderful trip, so I promised our Richard that when he got big enough to carry his own forty-pound backpack and I wasn't too old to carry mine, if we could work it into our schedule we would go. In the summer, between his high school sophomore and junior years, we went. On a bright Monday morning, the

group came together at Gary Flom's in Torrington, Wyoming. From there we drove to Dubois, where we hired a man to truck us up to the government fence on the border of the National Wilderness Area, enclosing the many-mile Ross Lake country. At the fence we were still six miles from our camping area along the lake, and that had to be made afoot. We walked in pairs so nobody had to keep up with the group. Bob Lentz of Loveland, Colorado, was my buddy. Our first encounter was the gradual slope of what was called Whiskey Mountain. We zig-zagged our way to its plateau top, all rested awhile, and continued. When we arrived at the lake, we were still a mile from the campground area, along its eastern shore. We put all our backpacks into an inflatable boat, brought along, and into a damaged aluminum boat its unknown owners had abandoned, but that Brother Culver had hid away his previous trip and repaired on this trip. There was also room for a few of us older ones to ride along (including me). As we sat around the campfire that night, I remember telling the group I didn't recall ever having walked that many miles in one day, and if I had, it surely wasn't over mountain terrain, carrying forty pounds on my back, and I wasn't 63 years old. We were all ready for bed in our small tents that night.

Ross Lake, and its twin lake (Upper Ross Lake) nearby, were beautiful. Each day witnessed abrupt changes in the weather. The sun would be shining when some clouds successfully fought their way over the mountain, across the lake to our west. Then it would rain, but soon the sun would be out again. This cycle happened two to three times daily. Mountain weather!

The biggest surprise of the trip was when we were coming out, ready for our one or two mile descent down old Whiskey Mountain. I thought, "We've got it made now!" But, in its way, it surprisingly proved to be the hardest part of the whole trip, for it was so much downhill that one's toes were always pushing against the front of his shoes, and oh, did they get sore and hurt! When we got there, our hired truck man was waiting for us, and though he was not obligated to do so, he had a cooler full of pop for us. After existing on "survival food" for several days and with nothing ice-cold, that was about the best can of pop I ever remember drinking. How we did look forward to a full restaurant meal that evening in Dubois, only to have the several young people of the group say, "Pizza! Pizza!" And so pizza it was!

Since the Words were married in 1926, 1986 brought them to their 60th wedding anniversary. All of our clan gathered in Portland that summer for its celebration. For their 50th, we had all banded together and bought them a grandfather clock. For their 60th we had long-time friend

and seascape painter, Byron Pickering of Lincoln City, Oregon, paint them a special Oregon Coast painting which he called "Words and Waves".

As 1987 opened, we were sadly aware that Richard would be graduating and leaving home soon. We have known many parents who seemed to be really ready for their children to leave home--but not us! He graduated from Ottumwa High in June. Richard was always helpful around home, but it was obvious he just couldn't do enough to help us that summer--no grown child could have been more thoughtful and appreciative. Finally it was time for us to leave for a return revival meeting with Jim Parks and the church at Longmont, Colorado, from which Richard would ride to Portland with Ron for Bible college that fall. So on August 1, 1987, he bade his boyhood home a sorrowful goodbye after he had gone down to the creek just south of our place, where he had enjoyed himself so many times during childhood, for one more visit. We promised Ron, who was speaking at Nationwide Youth Roundup, we would have Richard at El Rancho exit on Interstate seventy west of Denver, the afternoon of August 14, for their trip west. I will never forget the deep, lonely sorrow of that afternoon when we left our youngest to begin life on his own! I have told our children many times that life is an enjoyable thing, but that it does have its "cruel side" also. One of them is when your children leave home.

That fall, for our field trip, we took Midwestern students to the Farm Progress Show just north of Des Moines. There Margaret and I met longtime WHO radio broadcaster Herb Plambeck, who later became Under Secretary of Agriculture in the President's Cabinet. We shared a forty-five minute get-acquainted visit, during which time I made the suggestion that he write a book on his very eventful life. He sent us the personally inscribed Copy No. 1, and we have been good friends ever since. This "prince of a man," with so many awards to his credit, is still writing and broadcasting, and even wrote an article on my life in Iowa's leading farm magazine (Wallace's Farmer). The article, "From Iowa Farm Boy to Religious Leader," was evidently read by numerous church friends who wrote me about having read it. Though well into the 80s, he and his wife Laura made the 180-mile round trip from Des Moines to Ottumwa to attend our 50th wedding anniversary.

For some time I had toyed with the idea of having a preaching rally with Brother Word and the several preachers in his family as speakers. We scheduled it for the 1988 February Gathering in Ottumwa. Since he was indeed a preacher of the Word, the following program was arranged: "The Accurate Truth of the Word of God" (Archie Word);

“The Inspired Writing of the Word of God” (myself); “The Understandable Nature of the Word of God” (son-in-law Don Rodda); “The Mighty Power of the Word of God” (myself); “The Marvelous Preservation of the Word of God” (Jerry Weller); “The Profound Depth of the Word of God” (Don Rodda); “The Final Completeness of the Word of God” (grandson Stan Rodda); and “The Divine Authority of the Word of God” (Archie Word). Jerry Weller was not a relative, but his parents were converted by Brother Word in an Alaska revival, so he was included in recognition of that. Grandson Ron Hunt was in faraway Hawaii, so was not included on the program. Grandson Don Hunt II brought a ten-minute tribute, “My Granddad and Brother of Us All.” Ahead of time, several of us had collaborated in compiling a book on Brother Word’s life that also included a number of his sermons. This book, “A Dedicated Decision” by Friends, had Copy No. 1 delivered to him at the rally. Having been released from the hospital just a short time before the rally, the pneumonia had left him too weak to preach his messages, but he came anyway and had his co-laborer, Don Pinon, preach his sermons.

It was in that same month of February that Mrs. Word with her Alzheimer’s finally had to be put into a nursing home. Nothing could have been harder on Brother Word than that. Each time he went to see her was a traumatic experience for him.

As soon as we got the ten-year debt paid off on the church building at Davenport, I told the brethren there they should get a successor to me who could live on the field and give full-time to that work. It took us about two years to accomplish this, securing the service of David Hallstrom. In the meantime Brother Clarence Tschillard of the congregation, whose house was only two houses from the church building, had died. In appreciation for the church’s care for him, his two daughters practically gave his house to the church. Before the Hallstrom’s coming we totally redid the interior and put a new roof on it. I mention this not only because of concluding my work at Davenport but of something that occurred almost immediately afterwards--a heart attack (May 18, 1988) soon after my 66th birthday. It came as a complete surprise to us all. The Tuesday morning after our Midwestern graduation activities we arose early to get Margaret off to spend a week with her parents in western Nebraska. Afterwards, that day as I was mowing our lawn, I had an uncertain feeling in the palm of my hand, my elbow, and just below my throat. I shut the mower off and went into the house to rest. When I later returned to mow, I didn’t feel up to it, so I decided to spend the rest of the day easier at the typewriter, to catch up on things.

The next morning while typing, I found the same feeling, only a few minutes longer and a little more pronounced. I quit all work, both inside and outside, until Margaret got home. The day when she would be home in the evening, I asked Joe and Barbara Anderson if they would come out and stay with me through that day, which they did. Having just been with her failing mother and father, I hated to have her come home to a husband in bed. But she did, and I will never forget her upbeat attitude when she said, "You'll soon be back up and going." A visit to the doctor revealed I had had a heart attack, even though I had not experienced a single sharp pain with it (just discomfort). This situation kept me away from Davenport three of my last four scheduled Sundays there. The doctor said my heart attack was neither due to cholesterol nor blockage, leaving only stress as the reason. While resting, I recalled the extra busy spring I had had.

I was able to begin my work with Bill Payne and the Pennsylvania Avenue church in Ottumwa that summer, to enjoy our 40th wedding anniversary celebration at Don and Vikki's in Centerville, and to make the trip to Portland for another celebration at Ron and Monica's.

Brother Word had bravely driven his pickup alone to Portland that summer to deliver it to his grandson David Brink and to be present at Crossroads Church of Christ for a special night service honoring him and his fruitful ministry. Several brought tributes, and I was asked to deliver the sermon, "The Influence of One Life." Brother Word's comment afterwards: "This is the kind of thing said at a person's funeral, and here I have been able to hear it."

While Paul was a church-planter, there were times when he spent some time with the established congregation at Antioch (before the First Tour and between the First and Second Tours). Back in 1947, I was the establishing preacher of the church in Ottumwa, but the next 37 years I was involved in establishing new or re-establishing older congregations: fifteen years with the church at Orleans, five years in Des Moines, and seventeen years in Davenport. After my heart attack I didn't need those long trips twice a week to Davenport, Des Moines, or any other new place, so health wise I welcomed the opportunity to work with Bill Payne at the Pennsylvania Avenue church in my home city of Ottumwa. We shared the preaching, both at the church and at Westgate and Camelot Towers, where he had been preaching on Sunday evenings just before the church's Sunday night services. Mostly elderly people live in these high-rise apartment complexes. Both outreach and senior citizen ministry would be my special responsibilities in addition to preaching. At that time the congregation had only one senior citizen in it. But as a result of

Margaret's and my work with senior citizens in the community, it wasn't long until the congregation had a good representation of older people in it. We had several Senior Citizen Afternoons each year in which we had a special program followed by refreshments, and in November we always afforded them a full-scale Thanksgiving dinner. When a member of the congregation asked us where we were going to get the money for those afternoon meetings, I told him we would personally bear their expense to begin with. (Do you see how such doubting attitudes keep many fruitful projects from ever starting?) Well, about our third such meeting, one of the attenders asked out loud, "Who is paying for all this?" I hesitatingly admitted we were. "That's what we were afraid of. All of us have money, and we want to help". A plate was passed (and always thereafter), and the needs were met!

We have been narrating things that happened in 1988. In September, Margaret and I took off a week from our work in Ottumwa and went out to be with her folks again. We didn't arrive in Gering until toward midnight. Brother Word and daughter Jenelle were still sitting up, awaiting our arrival. While there, at the invitation of Don Pinon, I preached each morning in the chapel service of the Scottsbluff training program, and each morning Brother Word went with me. Even in his last months he was not one just to sit in his big recliner awaiting the inevitable. To me he was the same good example in the final stretch of life that he had been as a forceful preacher in the pulpit. Before we left Gering, we made plans to spend Thanksgiving with them. I remember emphasizing to him not to sit up and wait for us to get there in November. But before Thanksgiving arrived, he took a turn for the worse. Margaret and Don drove out again to be with him, making the fifth 1988 trip that either she or both of us had made to Gering. On November 17, he quietly slipped away with them at his bedside and our Don holding his hand.

One so well known and so much loved, both at Scottsbluff where he had spent his last years, and at Portland where he had labored so long, was given two funeral services. In the "Voice of Evangelism" I wrote, "As people attended either funeral service for Archie Word (November 21 at Scottsbluff or November 25 at Portland), they attended one of the most historical events involving the church in many years. In both places people came from near and far to honor one of the most forceful, influential preachers this generation has known." At Scottsbluff, Don Pinon brought the message following personal tributes from Eddie Werner, L. H. Tyree, Harold Rhea, Archie Jr., Jerry Smith, Victor Knowles, Tom Burgess, and myself. The Portland funeral consisted of

personal tributes by Loren Brink, Archie Jr., Warren Bell, Lee Turner, Charles Crane, Russell Boatman, Don DeWelt, Tom Burgess, and myself. Following his death, I mentioned in the “Voice of Evangelism,” “I predict that for years to come we will frequently hear, ‘Brother Word said...;’ ‘Brother Word told us...’ all of which will be continuing testimony that my father-in-law was no ordinary person!”

Miscellaneous

- Before The Final Chapter -

Note--There were some things that didn't fit well into the flow of their decade chapters, other things that came to mind after their chapters were written, and still other things I was not sure in which decades they took place. So before going to the final chapter I decided to do an unconventional thing--throw in an extra chapter of "odds and ends" under the chapter title, "Miscellaneous: Before the Final Chapter." Frankly it may be one of the most interesting chapters of all! Here goes.

All preachers whom I saw as a small child must have been bald headed, for one day Gail and I were at a neighbor's house, and the man had his hat off. I whispered to Gail, "I didn't know Irvy was a preacher." (He didn't even go to church.) He whispered back, "Why do you say that?" I replied, "He's bald headed." You never know how things look to a child.

When probably in the sixth grade, my new winter coat was one I prized very much. Its lining was real sheep wool dyed orange, it had a nice warm collar, and its outside was black simulated leather. Always careful to take care of everything I had, it was in excellent condition, even after two winters of wear. Then it was too small, so it hung in the clothes closet a couple winters until one day Mother said, "Why don't we give it to D --he doesn't have a winter coat." That was agreeable to me, but before the winter was over, the black outside had several two-sided rips, and it looked terrible. I felt bad about it. His family owned no home of their own but moved about from place to place, and I learned early in life that some people don't have anything because they don't take care of anything.

In the 30's, when I was growing up, only a few women in our rural neighborhood drove cars. These didn't: Mrs. Banks, Mrs. Dove, Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. Henriksen, Mrs. Steele, Mrs. Hart, Mrs. Sapp, Mrs. Streepy, Mrs. Ervin, Mrs. Strickler, Mrs. Bailey, Mrs. Ayer, and my mother. Only these did: Mrs. Beer and Mrs. Carr. But women then did not work away from home, and families had only one car. Things are different today.

Hardly any of our farm neighbors moved when I was growing up. The Auzmans just north of us did, for they were in their 80's and no longer able to farm. They moved to Neponsett, Illinois, to be near younger relatives. Then the Haines moved elsewhere in our county so they could be near one of their elderly parents. In both instances our

community gave them sad farewell parties. I want to tell you about something at the Haines' farewell that I am not proud of. Sometime in the evening, they were going to play "Pin the Tail on the Donkey" blindfolded. Beforehand, I went up to the donkey and measured just how high on my body the tail would go on. I won and got the candy bar. The candy bar is long gone, but my regrets at having cheated has not been forgotten. It was so unlike me to be dishonest. I am sorry I did it.

High school boys are usually not too much for literature--not like girls. In Literature class we had a teacher who just "oo-ed and ah-ed" over certain things we were to read. The more she was that way, the less interested we boys were in it. We were not prepared for the quality of such literature. I have never forgotten it, so that I do not come across to outsiders about divine things in an "oo" and "ah" fashion lest I turn them off completely, for neither are they in a position to appreciate what we appreciate. Let us praise God, but let us do it in a sensible way.

As I mentioned earlier, my boyhood congregation was not an indoctrinated church, and consecration was at a very low ebb. But we began to arouse out of it when we had some better teaching. It was not common for any offering to be very large. When I was away in the early stage of my Bible college work, back home one Sunday a \$50.00 bill was in the offering plate. After dismissal, word of it circulated among the people--it was that unusual! One lady said she knew her husband had put it in by mistake, thinking he was putting in a \$5.00 bill. She knew he had a \$50.00 bill in his billfold, and if he had put it in by mistake she was going to ask for it back. As it turned out, one of the more zealous younger men had sold a load of hogs and had put the bill in--Elbert Newland who himself later went into the preaching ministry.

In one of my earlier revival meetings (Mendota, Missouri) several young people responded to the invitation to be baptized. Among them were three or four sisters. People warned me that their father said if anybody attempted to baptize his daughters, he would be there with his gun to shoot him. I said we would have the baptisms no matter what might happen. We did, and he did not show up.

In the same revival meeting a 72-year-old Lutheran lady who lived with her daughter, always attended with her because there was no Lutheran Church for her to attend. Her daughter was heartbroken when she tried to get her mother convinced about immersion. Her mother said, "A cupful is as good as an oceanful--it's what's in your heart that counts." During the meeting in a sermon on baptism I pointed out that some people say a cupful is as good as an oceanful. I agreed it was if you could do in a cup what Jesus said to do when He said we are to be

baptized. I went on to show that immersion is the only Scriptural form, and she came forward to be immersed. It always pays to handle important issues but to do so in a way that does not ridicule sincere people. She and I were good friends the rest of her days.

When I was in my student ministry at Picher, Oklahoma, one Sunday the pianist was absent. Fred Stratton was ready to begin the song service without the instrument when a lady said her daughter had been taking piano lessons (a high school girl). When she played the prelude to the first song, it was obvious she was not ready to play for a public song service, for she played on and on so that finally Fred just butted in and started singing. The kids and people could hardly keep from laughing. When the first song was finished, he announced the next number and immediately began singing, before she had a chance to do any playing. When she found the page and began playing, it was like a tramp running after a train, trying to catch it. That proved to be too hilarious for some who could not hold in any longer from laughing. As a preacher, I was able to remain contained through it all. She and her mother were not members but had been attending. I did not want to offend them. I did all right until Fred and his wife came over to their relatives where I was having supper. Somebody mentioned the morning song service, and that was it. The humor of the spectacle was too much for us. Laughter could be denied no longer!

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Kinsinger, of my home county, were completing their schooling at Ozark Bible College at the end of my first or second year there. I was going to ride back to Iowa with them. They were pulling a trailer with a farm gate down the middle of it, their personal things in one half of the trailer and their milk cow in the other half. We left Bentonville, Arkansas, that morning for the 400-mile-trip home. We should have been home by midnight! Tire-rationing was on, and we were fixing flats to keep going. At various county seat towns we tried to talk those in charge into giving us the right to purchase a tire or two--no success--and yet I can remember seeing an 18-wheel beer truck roll by with good tires all around and a good spare tire underneath the truck bed as we were patching a tire. That was a l-o-n-g trip home!

Before we were married, when Margaret was twenty years of age, I was so aware that she would be living 2,000 miles away from her people. I told her I would see that she got home every other year, and that every fifth year I would go with her. (Money was tight.) My revival in Portland the summer following our marriage led to the annual Troutdale Gathering in the Portland area, and this rally ran for a third of a century. So fulfillment far exceeded my promise to her, so she got to

see her family every year (and so did I), and with Brother Word annually on the Rushville and Centerville Rallies we got to see him twice a year!

I pulled Brother Barber's trailer to the first Troutdale Gathering (loaded with song books, public address equipment, "Voice of Evangelism" literature, etc.). It was too big a load. The same was true the next year when I used Bill Paul's trailer. So the third year we each pulled a smaller one-wheeled trailer. Both of us had tire trouble after tire trouble all the way West. In Portland, we replaced the lightweight rims with durable airplane rims. He had no more trouble on his way home, but I had major trouble out in the desert country near Wenatchee, Washington. I detached the trailer and shipped it back to Ottumwa by motor freight while we went on our way to the Bemidji, Minnesota revival meeting. No more one-wheel trailers!

The summer I was to be married, I was with Dale Knowles for a weekend at Clay Center, Nebraska, where he was preaching. He sent me to a neighboring town, Angus, to preach the Sunday morning sermon. His directions to the church were, "As soon as you get into town turn right at the first opportunity, and there will be the church building." Instead I turned left to a church building, thinking he had told me wrong. After all I saw in front of the building some young people and a maroon Kaiser car that had been with us at Camp O'Cedar a few days before. During the announcement period following classes the superintendent asked me if I was going to preach that morning at the Church of Christ. I asked, "Isn't this the Church of Christ?" It was the United Brethren Church! I asked to be excused to hurry over to the other place lest they dismiss before I got there, thinking I wasn't coming. But I said to the United Brethren, "Since you don't have preaching this morning, why don't you folks come over with us?" As soon as they dismissed, they all came over, and the people in the Angus church could hardly believe their eyes when the whole United Brethren Church walked in!

An elderly lady had died, and I was called to conduct her funeral. She was a member of a rural church in the Ottumwa area. The local preacher did not live on the field and was not too well liked by some in the congregation. Consequently, he was not asked to have the funeral. When I arrived at the church thirty minutes before the funeral, the undertaker said the local preacher wanted to have a part in the funeral service. Just then the preacher himself came up and brazenly said he was prepared to do a part of it or all of it. I told him and the undertaker that that was out of my domain; I was there only because I was asked to have the service. Just then the family sent word for me to hurry to the house. There they explained that the preacher was all upset and wanted to know

if we could give him a part in the service, I said, “Whatever you want.” We gave him an assisting part, and you can see why he hasn’t been invited to conduct very many funerals.

When Dale Knowles was preaching at Whiting, Iowa, he invited me to preach a series of weekend messages. At that time we were in the process of putting 52 lessons into a book, but we had not yet selected its title. Brother Knowles is a master of words, and through the inspiration of being with that “word wizard” (if I may so call him), I came up with the title, “52 Simple, Stimulating Studies” (all its words beginning with “S”). Since then I have used those three words in many of my book titles: my books are “study” books; I write to make things “simple,” that might otherwise be hard for people, and I want the studies to be “stimulating”.

When Don and Ron were preschool age, we lived on busy North Court Street in Ottumwa. Being boys, they liked playing outdoors. To keep them from getting out in the street, we bought snow-fencing and enclosed a large area of the backyard for them. One Sunday morning as we were about to leave for a day at Orleans, I noticed a dead squirrel lying on the street. I told them I wanted to show them something. We went out to the run-over squirrel, and I told them he would never get to play anymore--a car had run over him because he got out in the street. They were sad, and I told them that’s what would happen to them if they got out into the street. It made a strong impression on their young minds so that they never went near the street, and both remember it to this day.

U.S. highway 63 was going to become a four-lane highway north through Ottumwa. Houses in its path were bought from their owners and then auctioned to the public. Several of us connected with the School bought houses. Max Bakke, a house mover from California, was a student with us at the time, and he and Raymond Lyon assembled house-moving equipment and moved many of the purchased houses. All of us from the School who purchased houses helped each other move them. So we bought an acre from Raymond Lyon’s acreage, just north of town, and we have lived on it ever since that year of 1956. My wife has since said, “Nobody buys and moves a house unless they are young, poor, foolish, and don’t know what they’re getting into.” We more or less fit that description.

So much had I kept my nose to the grindstone during my college years and in the early years of the “Voice” and School, that I had gotten clear away from playing ball of any kind--except at camp. But with my older boys getting to be of age, I loosened up and played at both camp and rallies when the afternoons were open for recreation. In my high school days I regularly played third base, but when I got back into the

above ball playing, I somewhat got worked in as a softball pitcher. The competition was usually the faculty or preachers vs. the older boys. I found in pitching I could throw a back-spinner that was not hard for me to control but that was hard to hit. It rose just before arriving at the plate, causing the batters to swing under it and miss, or if they hit it, to hit it on the underside and pop it up. The students called it a “riser.” Jerry Weller was often my catcher, and we had a good time as a battery. Then came slow-pitch softball. That was not for me to be a pitcher in. I was spoiled--I couldn't stand to see my pitches hit at will. In older years I have usually played first base. Since my reflexes slowed somewhat with age, I have welcomed slow-pitch from a batting standpoint.

Years ago in my personal musings I tried to decide what was the greatest thing I had seen in my travels. I found I had too many to consider to settle on only one. So I revised my thought: What was the greatest waterfall, the greatest lake, my favorite mountain peak, etc.? So I drew up a handy Travel Book with many categories and numerous entries under each category. Categories include National Parks, National Monuments, Historical Sites, Waterfalls, Lakes, Canyons, Mountain Peaks, Great Lookout Points, Caverns, Dams, Lighthouses, Great Bridges, Great Tunnels, Zoos, Aquariums, Museums, Famous Mansions, Disaster Sites, and others. It is really a unique project. When I see all the entries under each of these, I know I have no reason to make any complaint.

For several years after Ron was married, they lived in Ottumwa, and he preached in the area. Their oldest child Anthony was just at the right age to say, “Num, num,” when anything tasted good. During a night session of the Ottumwa January Gathering, David McSpadden and Earl Koch were putting on a short skit prior to the sermon of the evening. At one point in the skit they sat down to eat. It was silent as they began to eat, and Anthony broke the silence: his “Num, num,” caused the audience to laugh.

When Ron and family moved to Portland in 1974, we decided to cut out cartoons and funnies that we thought were especially good and send them to them--to let them laugh at some of the same things we enjoyed. When we got to Portland the next summer, Monica had put the best ones in a scrapbook and put it on the coffee table. She said when they had company, they would read some of them and all laugh at them. So I bought a scrapbook and began to save a few for us. Later I began to cut out newspaper articles of special interest, obituaries of friends and other things--making it a true scrapbook. Soon I had to buy another scrapbook, and now I have many scrapbooks filled with things I want to

save. My only wish is that I had started this when I left home at twenty. So many things I wanted to save I finally discarded because I had no place to preserve them. A scrapbook would have been the answer.

We outfitted our boys in average school-child attire. When Richard was probably in the fifth grade, he wanted to know if he could have some nice shoes for school. Since boys are famous for kicking rocks, I said he would have to quit kicking rocks and take care of them. He promised he would, so I bought him some very nice shoes, and he took care of them. It taught me that, as a parent, when a child wants to do better in life, that is the time to take advantage of the opportunity--better than the parent saying, "Now, Son, it is time for you to learn how to take better care of your shoes." It will be more successful if the thought or desire originates with the child.

When you buy and move a house as we did, you expect to do some remodeling. We have. At the time of moving the house, we had the basement dug and the basement built. Don Gibson, whom I had earlier baptized, came with his bulldozer and dug the basement for free. Then several helped me lay the cement block walls for the basement: men of the Orleans church, Burton Barber, Raymond Lyon, Ottis Platt (when he was here for a meeting at Orleans), a boyhood neighbor Bill Dudley, and possibly others whom I don't recall at this time. Then there was some interior remodeling at that time too. Some who helped on that included some of the School's students, Dick Ellis, and others. Raymond Lyon set up the furnace and installed the pump. Dean Grammon helped move dirt against the basement walls, and I am sure there were others who also helped. We bought trees and shrubbery and built flagstone terrace walls in doing the original landscaping.

The next remodeling came when a summer hail storm badly damaged the roof. We were in a revival meeting in Oregon at the time. Raymond Lyon phoned to tell us about it and to offer his and Gary Johnson's services in re-roofing the house. I asked them merely to patch the holes as I wanted to restyle the roof upon my return. He and I, along with the help of his son Philip and my son Don (school boys at the time), redesigned the roof and laid the shingles.

Our country home is modest but comfortable and affords us not only a nice place to live but a place where we can show hospitality to dinner guests and overnight company which both we and our boys have thoroughly enjoyed.

Busy people need to be wise and efficient in their everyday procedures. Quite a few years ago I set up some shelves in the basement that have proven to be very useful. On those shelves we keep a backup of

any household item, so theoretically we never run out of anything in the kitchen or bathroom. For instance, if we need mustard or catsup or napkins or dishwashing detergent or anything else, we go down to those shelves and get whatever we need. Then we put that item on the list to purchase its replacement for the shelf. That way we are seldom out of anything, we don't have to make hurried special trips to the store, and if we ever get snowbound by a blizzard, we are prepared. Somebody has called it "Margaret's Store". We recommend the system to others.

A happy childhood not only develops a cheerful outlook on life but leaves you with many fond memories. I think one of the reasons I enjoy the many things I do is because my childhood taught me to enjoy life and particularly to enjoy the very things that I do enjoy. One of the things I enjoyed was my home community. That was one of the reasons it was hard on me when I had to leave home for my college years. For a good many years thereafter my home community remained intact with the exception of a few people who had, one by one, passed away. In time, though, I began to notice how many were gone and how few people I really knew in my boyhood community. That part of life was changing, and it wasn't something I had taken into consideration ahead of time. Then my parents died, as did my final living brother, Gail, and you come to realize that only divine things remain the same from childhood to death to give you a sense of security. The song writer felt this as he wrote, "Change and decay in all around I see; O Thou who changest not, abide with me!"

I had earlier noticed this in the cases of Margaret's Grandma Word and my own mother in their advanced age. When Grandma Word had to move off her olive ranch in California into town, things became confused in her mind. When she came to Portland to visit when we were there, we could sense it. But there was one time when she was always clear in her mind--when she prayed. Even with company present, during the daily family worship, we never worried that she would say something strange in prayer. Everything else may have changed, but the Throne of Grace was right where it had always been. In Mother's latter years she was always worried. To her, we were in war, they were making bombs under her bed, etc. Daily I had to assure her that all was well. But nothing worked until I sang some of the well known church songs in which she joined me as she knew them all by heart. And when I read Scriptures to her, she would join in and quote some of them as I read. I then realized that as we get older and so many things have changed, our real security is in God and the things of Christ. P.S. on this: Years ago while spending the night at my parents' home after returning to Iowa from a summer of

rallies and meetings, as we were lying in bed before going to sleep, I said to Margaret, “The time will come when we will no longer have our parents. That will be hard on us, and we will miss them as we go on with life without them. But they have taught us about God who has cared for them, and we will always have Him.”

On the six Bible Land Study Tours I have taken, five of which I have led or helped lead, besides taking over and talking at the various sites after our tour guides have given their talks, it has been my privilege to speak on the boat as we took the 45-minute ride across the Sea of Galilee from Capernaum to Tiberias, and bring Sunday sermons at the Dead Sea Caves, at the Shepherds’ Caves east of Bethlehem, and at Cairo in Egypt. Memorable experiences to me!

I am a strong believer in God’s personal providence over our lives--much as David was when he wrote, “The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters; etc.” To the prophet Jeremiah, God said, “Before I formed thee in the belly I knew thee; and before thou camest forth out of the womb, I sanctified thee, and I ordained thee a prophet unto the nations” (Jer. 1:5). Paul wrote of the God who separated him from his mother’s womb and who called him to preach Christ among the heathen (Gal. 1:15,16). Off and on through the years of my ministry I have found myself reflecting about different things that have gone into my background to make me a preacher, which I have credited to the hand of God. One time I even brought a series of chapel messages at the School on “Unconscious Preparations for the Ministry” in which I pointed out some of these. For instance, I liked school as a boy because I liked to learn. I especially liked geography, history, English grammar, and typing--things I have used much in the Lord’s work. I sang in men’s chorus (music) and was in various plays (memorizing, being before audiences). I respected the teachers, behaved, got along well with my fellow-pupils, etc. I was born to good parents who both taught and trained us, a father who was like a rock in what he believed, a mother who was kind and loved by all. I was born on an Iowa farm and grew up close to nature where faith in God was almost natural. On the farm we worked hard--from early until late. Doing chores both morning and evening every day, year after year, was good conditioning for a life of regularity and responsibilities. As a result, I have never been “bored” or suffered “burnout,” to use the common contemporary terms that I do not like people to say about life. I was born in the community where New Testament doctrine came to be preached in the 30’s as it had been preached years before but where it was then being preached in no other

congregation in our county. This teaching came when I was in my decisive years of high school, and to the congregation where three young men before me had already given their lives to the gospel ministry. God saw me through my Bible college years, giving me not only good Biblical teaching but regular places to preach for both the service rendered and so I never had to take time from my studies to work a secular job. He gave me the wife I have (the only girl I ever went with) and brought us together even though our native homes were 2,000 miles apart and after my college work was complete. From the beginning of my teaching and preaching, I have felt loved and respected and have been given many regular and special opportunities to serve, and at the same time enough opposition to know I must be standing for what is right and true. To the student body then, and to you who read this now, I would suggest you ascertain those particular providences in your lives that indicate God has called you into your special roles of service. This belief will stir you to your greatest possible effort and will cause you not to look back after having put your hands to the plow (Luke 9:62).

It would be impossible to list all the good people who have hosted us as dinner or lodging guests in their homes and at restaurants. How very good so many of them have been to us! One lady even told us she never wanted to hear that we had stayed at a motel in her town. I will use one case as an example of the many--Lee and Marvel Edson of Nampa, Idaho. In the late 40's we were acquainted with them at Guide Rock, Nebraska. Soon they moved to Idaho, after which they wrote, extending an invitation to any of us connected with Midwestern School or the "Voice of Evangelism" to stay with them when traveling between the Midwest and the West Coast. I wouldn't know how many times we have enjoyed them and their hospitality in our 40-some trips to Oregon and back for rallies and revival meetings.

Speaking of Nampa, Idaho, I immediately become fascinated with the Snake River country the first time I traveled through there--the river itself, its waterfalls, its deep canyons, the high Perrine Memorial Bridge near Twin Falls, the huge poplar trees gracing its farmsteads, its irrigated fields of alfalfa, potatoes, and onions, and various other interesting things. Twin Falls, Idaho, is one of my favorite towns. The area around Sun Valley in the central part of the state and the timbered lake country in the far northern part of the state are also credits to that inviting state.

I grew up participating in various competitive sports. I especially liked batting, achieving a respectable batting average even as lead-off batter. Though at times I place-hit, I was usually a pull hitter. I was also a switch-hitter. In sports I learned, "You can't win them all"--there is

always someone better than you. So after you have done your best, you take losing in stride. I have also enjoyed giving lessons on batting, pitching horseshoes, and even marbles to younger ones wanting to improve their game. Then, too, I appreciate unusual skills even in persons you are playing against. This causes me probably to be more of a student of the game than an ardent fan of only one team. During my preaching years I have spent very little time or money going to games, even though I have generally known what is going on in the sports world, remembering I Tim. 4:8 saying bodily exercise profits a little while godliness profits both this life and the life to come.

Over the course of the years I have owned nineteen cars, beginning with my 1947 Chevrolet that I bought brand new for the now unbelievable price of \$1,425! They have all been new cars except 3. Until the last decade, when I have preached here in Ottumwa, I put on 50,000 miles a year, which is an average of about 150 miles a day each year. At the same time I have worn out five Bibles, three “Fourfold Gospel” Life of Christ textbooks, three Machen’s Greek Grammar textbooks, and several typewriters in my many years of writing, reminding me of the way Mike York one time introduced me at Council Bluffs, when he said, “Brother Hunt has written more religious works than most of us have ever read.”

Speaking of Greek, I was blessed with the special opportunity of getting to take four years of Greek in college, the language in which the New Testament was written. Most preachers get one and maybe two years. I took it my first year, and because I wasn’t able to work out a subject that period my sophomore year, I got to take it again. That double-take helped fix it in my mind. Then as a junior I took “Advanced Greek”, and in my senior year my Greek teacher (Seth Wilson) had an open period, and he invited me to join him in doing Greek research into various New Testament passages for which I was given credit.

Earlier I mentioned moving our house from town to the country, but I didn’t tell you some of the interesting sidelights. To move a house down a town street you have to be sure it will slip between utility poles on one side of the street and trees on the other. We knew one place was going to be close (we had measured it and re-measured it). When we came to it with the house, the protruding porch that I liked and my wife didn’t came off without any major damage to the house. No other damage was sustained to the house in jacking it up, loading it, and moving it but the partition between two rooms that she wanted made into a larger living room but which I had said we didn’t have time to do at that time. Well, it also got damaged, so yes, we took it out--we had to do

something about the damage, so the two rooms became one. Margaret also wanted the colonnade taken out between another two rooms, but I liked it so well that we left it in. Jovially I told her she had gotten her wishes twice, and it was time I had mine once. Most people like the colonnade, and so does she now.

Living in the country close to town, several times we have become heirs of cats that have been “dumped.” Our family has certain remembrances of various cats and their antics. But we never have had but one dog. I felt we were gone too much to have a dog, but one Sunday we were dinner guests of the Orval Yorks, who had a bunch of Border Collie puppies that young Don and Ron fell in love with. “We could have one!” they said. I consented on the basis they take care of him and that Brother York said we could bring him for them to take care of anytime we were gone. Well, on our way home that day, the poor pup got sick and did what II Pet. 2:22 says dogs do. Because of the putrid smell, the rest of the trip home wasn’t very pleasant. I told the boys they would have to clean up the mess when we got home. Being kids they found that to be an awful job, so Dad-like I helped them. The next several days the lawn became strewn with things he found and dragged home. The straw that broke the camel’s back was when one of their ball gloves got chewed up. They had had it with him. We took him back, and we never had another dog.

One of the nicest compliments a mother can receive is when a son says, “When I get married, I want a wife just like Mom.” This is what Ron said one day, and his wife Monica has many characteristics like Margaret. Concerning our daughters-in-law (Vikki, Monica, and Beth) every one of them keeps a nice house and is a good cook. Each of them has many good things we could point out. We do want to make special mention of how patient and faithful Vikki has been through Don’s several afflictions.

All during my childhood, my parents were close friends of people of the rural Mt. Olive Church of Christ, a few miles west of Cincinnati (the Johnny Browns, the Amos Carrs, the Omar Cools, and the Guy McCannons) and also of a set of relatives that in their get-together reached out and included us and the Loren Holbrooks (the Johnny Browns, the John Golstons, the Lowell Golstons, the Clarence Riggles, and the Pearl Mikels). At least a couple times a year some of us got together on holidays (like 4th of July or Labor Day) or on somebody’s birthday. These were social good times for the adults as well as for us, the younger set. Let me tell you of a couple interesting incidents.

The Browns had no living children, but her good cooking (especially angel food cakes) made her a favorite of us boys. Clyde Holbrook (my age) always chided me for eating my dessert first, but angel food cake was one thing my mother had no success making. "Brownie" (her self-styled nickname for us kids to use) always put pink frosting on her angel food cake, so we knew which cake was hers. At one of our dinners she and Mrs. Holbrook got their heads together ahead of time to pull a trick on us boys--Mrs. Holbrook would put pink frosting on her angel food cake and Mrs. Brown yellow frosting on hers. The pink frosted cake went first, and Brownie said, "Why are you boys not eating my cake?" When we told her we did, she said, "Mine is the one with the yellow frosting," and we headed right for it!

One 4th of July, we all met at Shoal Creek on the Golston's farm. The men were not catching any fish, but a tobacco-chewing woman (not a part of our group) was. When my father asked her for her secret, she said, "I spit on the worm." Clare Holbrook had brought his new Daisy B-B gun that made no noise when it was shot. All us boys hid behind trees while Lowell Golston carefully aimed at the tobacco-chewing woman's cork floater. Suddenly her cork went hastily under, and she jerked her line out of the water. There was nothing on it. When all of us laughed, she said, "Oh you boys!"

When Don and Ron were around the ages of four and five, Margaret was going to have to stay home from church one Sunday because of flu. Before leaving for church we all went in to tell her goodbye. One of them mentioned, "Mommy's full of germs, isn't she?"

I was using a chain saw to saw down a few small trees in the ditch along our place's east boundary. Little grandson Matthew held his hands over his ears as he said, "Grandpa, that scares my ears."

Handed down to us from Margaret's family was a short mealtime prayer prayed in unison. We too used it occasionally. Our sons liked us to. But before using it I always inquired as to everybody's behavior first. One noon as it was requested and I had asked, "Has everybody been good this morning?" the answer was "yes". But one of them remarked an objection, "What about that yowling?"

From forty on, my father had a limp because of what he called a "coal miner's knee". Young Don and Ron and I were returning to my parents' place from filling the car with gasoline when for some reason one of them asked if Grandpa Hunt was a Christian. When I said he was, the next question was, "A crippled Christian?"

European war clouds were gathering in the late 30's when I was in high school. W. A. Burton, our high school principal, could foresee what

was soon to happen. One school day to the high school assembly he could not hold back his thoughts and frankly warned us what he saw as the inevitable--that we would be involved in the war. And though he did not appear to be a warm person, he could hardly hold back the tears as he said, "The sad thing about it is that some of you fellows will be in it, and some of you will not come back." And he was right.

After I had graduated from high school, a neighbor boy, older than I, stopped by our place with his truck and asked me if I could go with him to Pulaski to pick a load of apples. I gladly went with him and another boy, especially since Pulaski had been my parents' hometown. When we had picked apples for a couple hours, the orchard owner brought out some beer for us pickers. It was no temptation to me as I refused it, while the other two took theirs. The owner's wife was a religious woman, and I will never forget how she commended me as a young man for saying "no".

When I was in Cincinnati Bible Seminary, I received an invitation to teach three midweek services on the eldership at a nearby Kentucky congregation. After the first night's class had ended, I noticed some intense small group discussions. It was a very basic lesson that I presented, but they evidently had some elders who did not fit the Biblical mold. When I returned for the next Wednesday night's class, there was nobody present but the preacher and his wife. The service was boycotted! If I was wrong in my teaching, why didn't someone seek to correct me--none did--and if I was correct in my teaching, why didn't they accept it?

An older man who quietly and unbeknown to him had a strong influence on my early life was one of our church elders and neighbor to us, Sol Beer. He reminded me of the great man of faith in the Bible (Abraham). He was so earnest in his public prayers. A statement frequently heard in those prayers was: "Lord, we travel this way but once, and if we miss the way that leads to eternal life, we have missed it all." Later I was to hear and learn a kindred statement, which is well known to many: "Only one life--'twill soon be past. Only what's done for Christ will last." If people would only let such statements impress them, they too would have to be earnest Christians. Now to the decade of the 90's.

Still-Busy 1990's

When you are born in 1922, you frequently wonder, and at the same time hope, you will reach the turn of the century and millennium at the year 2000. I can remember when Burton Barber and I were in many rallies in the 50's and 60's that some of the publicity spoke of "stirring the mid-century church to action". As the 90's opened, I realized we were no longer in the "mid-century" but were actually on the threshold of a new century!

As the 90's began, Margaret and I were still living at Huntsacre, the name we gave our one-acre rural home since 1956 just north of Ottumwa. We were both still carrying on our usual schedule (she giving music lessons, teaching "God's Woman" and "Bible Customs and Homelife" to girls at Midwestern on their respective years, teaching children's classes in the church and ladies' classes at Camelot Towers and in various homes, and being her usual busy preacher's wife, while I continued my teaching at Midwestern School, editing the "Voice of Evangelism," authoring various books and booklets, being one of the preachers with the Pennsylvania Avenue congregation, and preaching on rallies and in meetings here and there). Don was still living in Centerville and singing with the Gateway Singers as well as speaking on "Coping with Crisis" in various places. Ron was preaching in Honolulu, in the beautiful Hawaiian Islands. Richard was getting his pre-med education at the University of Portland.

During a week of Spring Vacation from my classes, I conducted a meeting at Seaford, Virginia where Dave Willits was preaching. Apart from the preaching, it was a privilege to return to the interesting Chesapeake Bay area with its numerous interests: the long bridges, the highway tunnels under the Bay to afford sea-going vessels unobstructed travel; Jamestown (where the English first settled in 1607), Yorktown (where the British surrendered to George Washington and the Colonial Army to end the Revolutionary War), and Williamsburg (the colonial capital of Virginia and site of William and Mary College, second oldest college in the U.S.). On our way to the Seaford meeting, we stopped with former associate Burton Barber and wife Opal at Galax, Virginia for a memorable evening and overnight with them.

That same year Ron broke his neck while surfing on what he later learned was the most dangerous beach in Hawaii. His doctors marveled that he was able even to get out of the water in his condition. He was given a choice of having his neck fused, which would be a quick remedy

but would leave his neck rigid, or suffering it out for several months of healing, which would restore him to be about as usual. He chose the longer course, painful as it was both night and day. About the same time I had an accident that affected my neck area also. Craig Dooley and I had just felled a tree to make way for a new addition to the Pennsylvania Avenue church building. The trunk of the felled tree was held up horizontally, an estimated six feet above the ground by certain limbs below it. To cut off the limbs above the trunk, I climbed up on the trunk with my chain saw. I then started the saw and began walking on the trunk toward the limbs I would saw off, when I lost my balance. I knew I was headed for the ground head-first. I threw the running chain saw so I wouldn't fall on it, but it didn't leave me any time to prepare myself for the fall. I landed on my head and right shoulder with a terrible jolt. Though I took six osteopathic treatments, I still am not perfectly erect from my shoulders up.

That spring our lilac bushes just outdid themselves. To share the lilacs with the sick and elderly, I cut off many bouquets. In the process I bumped one of my eyes on a lilac twig. That was in April, and how surprised I was that it was not until December that I began having trouble with that eye. I immediately checked in with the highly regarded Wolfe Eye Clinic at Marshalltown, Iowa. Five trips later I was released, and I have had no trouble with it since.

During those Marshalltown trips, my 78-year-old barber brother Gail, of Oskaloosa, had open-heart surgery in Des Moines. When they brought him out of surgery, his unconscious condition naturally looked as if he were dead (a dark thought to me). Nearly a month later he was awakened during the night of his 79th birthday by great pain in his leg where the surgery had taken the vein for his heart surgery. He was taken back to Des Moines with blood clots. Some were surgically removed, and he was even talking of getting back home when a clot fatally moved, instantly claiming his life. He died on Lincoln's birthday (February 12). With his death I became the lone survivor of my childhood family. I loved my family and supposed a great loneliness would overtake me. When it didn't, I mentioned that fact, and somebody commented, "Haven't you read about the peace that passes understanding?"

In that same month (February, 1992) Margaret's dear mother (Mrs. Archie Word) finally succumbed to Alzheimer's in Portland after several years of having it. At the same time, death took away my long-time wheelchair, Christian brother Russell Schultze, of the Quad Cities. Russ was about my age, had been born an invalid, had an inventive mind (he was the inventor of the golf cart, several handicap cars, and other

items), competed in chess tournaments in Chicago, the University of Illinois, the University of California Berkeley, and other places, and had become a Christian during my Davenport ministry. Margaret and I immediately left his funeral at Moline, which I conducted, and caught the plane to Portland for her mother's funeral.

Thus the opening weeks of 1992 brought several sicknesses and sorrows that would soon give way to happier matters.

I am reminded that years before 1992, I mentioned in a sermon some sorrow our family had had. A listener afterwards commented, "You have surely had a lot of sorrows." I was surprised when he said that, for I have not thought of it being so, nor have I dwelt on the sorrows I have had. We have all known people who perpetually carry their sorrows and griefs with them, but I would like to think the better way is like what you do when you have a flat tire. Do you pull off the road and just sit in your car indefinitely? No, a flat tire is not an everyday thing. You get it repaired and continue on your way. Even so I look thus at grief and trouble that come to all occasionally. Get it "fixed" and get back on the main track of life as soon as you can!

May 3 of 1992 would be the actual date of my 50th year of preaching. To commemorate it we did three things. (1) Since Margaret and I would be in Portland May 3 for our son Richard's university graduation, I preached an early commemorative Sunday morning sermon April 12 at Exline, Iowa, where I had preached my first sermon and where our grandson Matt Hunt was preaching. (2) That same night, I began a four-night anniversary meeting at nearby Orleans, where I had had a fifteen-year preaching ministry and where my long-time Ottumwa associate Jerry Weller was preaching. (3) My brother-in-law Tom Burgess, preaching at the Crossroads congregation in Portland, then graciously invited me to preach at Crossroads Sunday night, May 3--exactly fifty years to the day that I had preached my first sermon at Exline. In the midst of all these celebrations I turned seventy April 26, and it, too, was on a Sunday, and an open house was held at the Pennsylvania Avenue church building in Ottumwa, which was specially and uniquely decorated for the occasion by members of the Weller family.

Besides the usual rallies and camp teaching that summer, I brought a five-night series on Biblical prophecies at Topeka, Kansas, and in August, we had the first annual Midwestern School of Evangelism Alumni reunion in Ottumwa, the night after the Centerville Rally closed. It was begun by and has continued to be in charge of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Payne, and has proven to be an interesting get-together every year.

In 1993, I was invited by Richard Merrill to join a group making a short mission trip to two countries that once had been parts of the Soviet Union (Ukraine and Belarus). Both Margaret and I were going. Going to New York City a couple days early, I preached two nights to the Filipino congregation where Ephraem Flores preached. Being an optician, he made both of us free eye glasses and also took us on a one-day sightseeing tour of the great city. Brother Merrill was the tour leader, and our group flew out of New York City to that distant land. Landing in Belarus, we took an old military train for the overnight trip to the historic city, Kiev, in the Ukraine. For a week, Margaret and I were house guests of Gregory and Galena Bonderinko, he being the Secretary of the Ukraine National Legislature.

That trip into old Russia was one of the most unusual experiences of my life. Each week day I spoke about five times to high school groups and Margaret spoke to grade-school groups. I also spoke to two university groups. In Minsk we also conducted night services open to the public, in which we tour members took turns bringing the messages after which each night I fielded questions from the audience.

Before I went, one night I sat down to compile some notes from which to speak when there. I finally decided that since Russia had officially been an atheistic country since the 1917 Communist take-over, I should major on why believe in God, using practical, everyday, reasonable proofs. When I entered a classroom, the students immediately stood up and waited to sit down until the teacher gave them the signal. (I knew right then I was not in the U.S.) Both pupils and teachers were very respectful, and it was a wonderful experience.

In one of the university sessions, I had not been talking but a few minutes until the teacher left the room only to come back bringing different ones with her. She was evidently a believer in God, for she said to them, "You've got to come in and hear this man." Her's was an English class made up of men with Ph.D. degrees trying to learn English so they could better themselves financially.

All the classes addressed were learning English, and they welcomed the opportunity to hear one who speaks English natively. Even so, I always spoke through an interpreter (Natalia).

Before going, I decided not to prepare a single talk ahead of time. My thought was that if a doctor of many years was going to address high school assemblies on the physical body, he wouldn't need notes, and I thought if after preaching over fifty years I can't address Russian high school students on reasons for believing in God without a lot of special preparation, I had better stay home and not go at all. Let me tell you that

as a result of two weeks of so speaking, I have felt a freedom of delivery in the pulpit I had never known before, and if you would ask me, I would tell you I think I am preaching better today than I did before going. So the trip did a double good; (1) what it did for those over there, and (2) what it did for me.

In 1993 the 50th Cincinnati-Centerville Rally came up. What a series that has been, featuring needed preaching on vital subjects by outstanding men! A special program was drawn up with the following men bringing the messages: Ron Hunt, Jerry Weller, Edwin McSpadden, Mike Mouton, myself, and Burton Barber in that order. An extra feature was a video message by the departed Archie Word, who had spoken so often on the Centerville Rally.

In recent years we have been stopping by Ted Sommer's near Pekin, Illinois, on our way home from the annual Mideast Gathering. His father and my mother were first cousins, and they were a part of the mainstay group of the Sommer Reunion that met annually when Ted and I were boys. Ted is the retired president of Sommer Bros. Seed Co. of Pekin, one of the leading companies of Golden Harvest Hybrids. Not too many who attended those reunions sixty years ago are left, but some of us met in 1993 for a get-together at Glenwood Park, in McComb, Illinois, where the reunion met biennially. It was nice to see those we had not seen for so long, and we have met several times since.

Also in 1993 I delivered some of my "Bible Prophecy Series" messages at Mooresville, Indiana, where former Midwestern student Ron Prilliman preached.

In 1994 Margaret and I began hosting the founding meetings of the small-groups of Pennsylvania Avenue congregation of Ottumwa. The first of these groups was the young married couples. Each group selects its own name, draws up its own schedule of get-togethers, and plans its own programs. We have asked to be included in one of their meetings each year just to see how things are progressing. Each meeting includes a short devotional, though the main feature is a social get-together for their own good, and to which they can invite outsider friends for outreach purposes. The young marrieds chose as their name M.A.G.I.C. (meaning "Married Adults Growing In Christ"). Each group has a leader, its leader being the very capable David Eaton.

In my preaching labors I have gone to many places. As far as strictly vacation traveling we have done very little of it. But a trip to Hawaii in the summer of 1994 was of the latter nature. Our second son, Ron, was preaching in Honolulu, and we went to visit him and his family. We thoroughly enjoyed our trip to that vacationer's island

paradise. Besides seeing the island of Oahu, Ron and Monica, Margaret and I enjoyed several days on what is called the Big Island (Hawaii is actually Hawaiian Islands). Besides our family befriending us while there, various other people treated us royally with many unusual kindnesses.

As I earlier mentioned (in the chapter “Mixed 1970’s”), if I made it to 1995, on my 73rd birthday, I would be one-third as old as our nation. Well, I made it! And we had an evening of celebration in Ottumwa, where friends from the area gathered, and I shared with them (1) the historical events of my third-of-a-century, and (2) personal recollections from my own life during those same years.

During that summer of 95, preacher Larry Jackson invited me to be on the first “Weekend for Christ” sponsored by the Pleasantview Church of Christ, of historic Lisbon, Ohio, where he was preaching. It would run Friday night through Sunday night. He asked me to come out early to lead a chartered bus group to nearby Bethany, West Virginia, where Alexander Campbell had lived. Because of an overflow group, we not only needed the big bus but also a van. Having been to Bethany a couple times previously, and having taught Restoration History many times I was asked to use the microphone and give the people on the bus a running historical background to what they were going to be seeing at Bethany, and on the return trip I did the same for those in the van. It was a beautiful day, the group thoroughly enjoyed it, and back in Lisbon, some of us got to go through the building where Walter Scott first preached his five-finger message with success. That night, to around 200 people, I preached on “The Rightness of the Restoration Principle” at the Pleasantview building in a pre-rally service. Every July since 1995, until the time of this writing, I have been on that annual program.

The year 1995 was a great writing year for me. I put the final touches on the book, “Simple, Stimulating Studies in Divided Kingdom History,” a book I worked on off and on as I could between other demanding projects for over an eight or ten year period. Yet with all the time-breaks in writing it, I think it has great continuity and has been profitably used by many. In my judgment it is my best written book from a literary standpoint, and it covers an interesting period of Israel’s and Judah’s histories. It was published in 1995. Then, throughout that year, I was writing the book, “Simple, Stimulating Studies about Prayer,” and running it serially in the “Voice of Evangelism.”

Since both Margaret and I were past the seventy-mark in age, we had already bought our cemetery lots near my parents’ graves at Cincinnati--to have that taken care of ahead of time. In 1995, we were

going to have our cemetery stone set. I wanted to be there to see them put it in the right place. I wasn't feeling the best that day, either going over or returning home. Upon my return home I checked in at the Ottumwa Hospital and was ambulated to Des Moines where I received the angioplasty treatment. Our whole family was to get together in Colorado that very week, so they all came to Des Moines instead. This second heart attack came as just as much a surprise as the first one had been. Psychologically, with two heart attacks, one could feel like a batter with two strikes on him, but I am not of that nature. I was thankful to be returned to my normal work with an additional medicine to take.

As 1996 began, who would have thought that during that year I would lose my two original associates by death? Burton Barber died in January and James McMorrow in September. James and I grew up on the same Iowa road on farms less than two miles apart. He was eight years older than I and had been my local preacher for some time before my leaving to go to Bible college. When he left and turned the Sunday morning high school class over to me to teach, that proved to be the beginning of my eventually giving my life to preaching. We both met Burton in college and were immediately attracted to him. He was an obvious leader in both thought and action. Together we three launched the "Voice of Evangelism" publication in 1946, and the Midwestern School of Evangelism, for training of preachers and other gospel workers, in 1947. I went back to Galax, Virginia, for Burton's funeral and assisted Don Pinon in conducting it, and I spoke at a special memorial service for James at the next February Gathering after his death.

During 1996, a 373 page, hardback book, "Taking a Stand," was published by College Press. It was written by Victor Knowles and Bill Paul and contained much interesting history and developments relating to the years we three men worked together.

That summer I went out a few days early to the Weekend for Christ rally at Lisbon, Ohio, in order to video record a series on Early Restoration History. That summer was also the wedding of our granddaughter Lisa to Aris Pologeorgis in Long Beach, California. On the way back from their wedding I stopped and preached a 5-sermon series to the church at Reno, Nevada, where Rodney Reyman was preaching. This must have been about the third such series I had brought at Reno over the years.

1997 was a year of publishing: "50 Years of Historical-Pictorial Highlights of Midwestern School of Evangelism," "Simple, Stimulating Studies about Joshua--the Man & His Book," and "Simple, Stimulating

Studies about Prayer.” With the school fifty years old, it was a proper time to issue a book on its eventful history and include many pictures. The book on prayer is considered one of the most needed works we have published. The story behind the Joshua booklet is interesting. For several years I had taught that Bible book to freshmen classes at Midwestern. The last time I taught it the chapters for a booklet on Joshua just came to mind, and I jotted them down before they got away. Then came the breakdown for each chapter. I wrote them down too, and the next thing I knew, I was busy writing the studies. Never before, though, had I found myself making such time-progress in writing, so I began to keep track each day of the time spent in writing. When the 64-page booklet was completed, I totaled up the writing time. I could hardly believe it—only 33: hours!

On May 16, 1997, I completed fifty years of teaching a full load of classes at Midwestern. Even though I felt well at 75, the fact that I had had two heart attacks caused me to look at life factually. I helped choose Dan Smith of Sacramento, California, as my ultimate teaching replacement. That fall, I gave him one-half of my classes while I retained the other half, and that arrangement has been going on ever since. He is a worthy successor.

On our way to spending several days with family members both in California and Oregon that summer, I preached a short meeting with the church in Colorado Springs, Colorado, where Larry Tyree was preaching.

Marring 1997 was a January fire that destroyed the original part of the Pennsylvania Avenue church building here in Ottumwa and partially damaged the new addition that was then under construction. Immediately thereafter the congregation met in our School’s building and then for a much longer time in and with the sister congregation, The Church at 4th and Washington. When the proposed merger of the two congregations did not work out, we were faced with either rebuilding our Pennsylvania Avenue building or buying land and building afresh elsewhere. While in the midst of those considerations an unexpected gift came to us. The congregation of the Finley Avenue Baptist Church on Ottumwa’s south side had dwindled down to an attendance of only seven or eight and was closing. Knowing we were needing a building, they voted unanimously to sell us their building for \$1.00! The brick building, on a busy Ottumwa street, seats two hundred and fifty with adequate classrooms and parking, so we began its use with the midweek service on September 29, 1999.

In the early weeks of 1998 Margaret and I were flown to Colorado for the annual adult retreat sponsored by the church in Loveland, where Gary Nichols was preaching. All but the closing session was held at the beautiful YMCA of the Rockies, near Estes Park. What a view of the nearby mountains! We stayed over for me to preach at both services of the Loveland church on Sunday.

Then in April I flew to California and preached a week-long meeting with the Eastside church at San Jose, where Bob Lentz was preaching. Years before, I had preached on several rallies and a month-long revival meeting there in the days when Hugh Olson was the preacher.

Near the end of that school year, I learned that Margaret and I were to be treated to a gift trip to Alaska for our 50th wedding anniversary, and for our years of teaching at Midwestern School of Evangelism. Money for it came in from many people. When Bill Payne learned of it, he and his wife Anola decided to join us on the trip. He had not been back to Alaska since his military days, and his wife had never been there. He had become a Christian and had dedicated his life to preaching during the days of Hal Watkins' Anchorage ministry. We left the day after Graduation Day at Midwestern in May, flew to Anchorage, stayed with Steve and Deana Holsinger (former students at Midwestern), and enjoyed our Alaska sightseeing before boarding the cruise ship at Seward for the Inside Passage trip back to Vancouver, British Columbia and the Amtrak ride to Portland for a time of visit with our son Richard and family and Margaret's siblings and their families. A special aspect of the Alaska trip was that Margaret and I both had now been in all fifty states!

Spring Vacation week of 1999 found me in a revival meeting at Colorado Springs, Colorado, where I had conducted several previous meetings. That summer included my usual teaching at Sharon Bluff Camp and preaching on the two Ohio rallies ("Weekend for Christ" at North Lima and "Mideast Gathering" at Ludlow Falls), and the Centerville Rally. These rallies annually assemble good Christian people to whom it is a joy and privilege to preach.

Two other important events were included in the 1999 summer: our family's get-together in California, and a personal ten-day teaching trip to the island of Jamaica. We assembled at Petaluma, where Ron was preaching. With us were all our sons, all their wives, four of our seven grandchildren, and our one great grandchild. Highlight of the time together was the trip to Yosemite National Park. The Jamaica trip was just before the Centerville Rally. In Jamaica I taught on the "Holy Spirit

and Tongues” in a one-day education seminar at the Gayle congregation, preached at the Macca Tree Sunday morning service, and taught six hours a day for five days on “The Unfolded Plan of God” to four ministerial students in Jamaica Christian College.

As the 90’s drew to a close, we were in our 53rd year of classes at Midwestern School of Evangelism, in whose three terms I was teaching New Testament Greek, Acts, Post-Exile History, and Personal Evangelism. We were likewise completing the 54th year of publishing the “Voice of Evangelism”, and Bill Payne and I were the preachers for the Ottumwa congregation meeting on Finley Avenue. The year 1999 actually closed with our annual Midwinter rally trip to Scottsbluff, Nebraska, with one-night services at Hamburg and Council Bluffs, Iowa, and Cozad, Nebraska, en route. Because it was an historic time, we speakers (Jerry Weller, Dan Smith, and myself) brought messages on the one-night stops on the Unchanging God, Bible, Christ, Plan for the Church, Truth, and Righteousness, and at Scottsbluff (beginning New Year’s Eve and closing New Year’s Day) we preached on what happened 6,000 years ago, 5,000 years ago, 4,000 years ago, 3,000 years ago, 2,000 years ago, 1,000 years ago, what is taking place today, and what might we expect in the future. We stayed up until midnight to see the 1900’s close and the 2000’s begin, witnessing a fine fireworks display at Gering, Nebraska, across the North Platte River from Scottsbluff.

Knowing it is given to no one to live on here forever, I continue to cherish Paul’s great statement in Phil. 1:21: “For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.” What wonderful provision God has made for us while we live and when we die! “Whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord’s” (Rom. 14:8). I have so lived, labored, believed, and hoped so that I might be greeted with Christ’s wonderful words, “Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord” (Matt. 25:21).

Believe in the Lord and love Him with all your heart for who He is and for what He has done for you. Repent of the life of sin and, in full surrender to His holy will for your life, confess Christ before others, be baptized into Christ for the remission of your sins and for the reception of God’s Spirit into your life, and then “be stedfast, immoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord” (I Cor. 15:58). I hope to meet you in that land that is fairer than day in the precious sweet by and by!

I appreciated the remark by our very good secretary (Becky Dalrymple), after she made typographical corrections on the manuscript:

“This should be a loose-leaf book so we can continue adding to it.” Yes, earthly-wise it would be nice if life could continue to go on, but we know it is given to no one to continue endlessly here.

How long have I lived? Calendar wise 78 years, but experience wise many more. I was a boy 17 years, a school student 12, a farmer 3, a college student 5, a preacher 58, an editor 54, a college teacher 53, an author of books and booklets 50, a husband 52, a parent/grandparent 50, a traveler 54, and a tour leader 10. Add all these up, and experience-wise I have lived 418 years--about as long as some of the patriarchs whose ages are mentioned in Gen. 10.

Some people look at others and think that “waters of a full cup” have been wrung out to them (as Psa. 73:10 says), and as I consider my life I think the goodness of God has been that good to me.

To you who are younger, give your lives to the life of faith, hope, and love, and pray to the Lord the petition that the song asks: “FILL MY CUP, Lord; I lift it up, Lord; Come and quench the thirsting of my soul” --AND HE WILL! Your cup can also be running over!

Extra No. 1

Family Members

R O Hunt - My father. Born in 1882 in Pulaski, Iowa, and grew up there. Son of Joel and Matilda Hunt (my grandparents). Weighed 210. Was physically strong. Was mentally sharp with an unusual memory. Had an Irish disposition. Was sociable and jovial. Was firm in his beliefs. Railroaded in Montana before marriage. At 30 married Ida Louise Sommer of Pulaski. Their 61 years of married life were spent in Cincinnati, Iowa, and vicinity. Worked in a printing office before farming and digging coal. Was a pillar in the church where he sang soprano, tenor, and bass. Lived to be 91, dying in 1973. Is buried at Cincinnati, Iowa.

Ida Hunt - My mother. Born in 1884 near East Peoria, Illinois, where she lived until her family (Joseph and Mary Sommer--my grandparents--and their children) moved to Pulaski, Iowa, when she was 19. Though slight of stature she was a hard worker. She too was blessed with an unusual memory. Was greatly loved and respected for her gentleness and kindness. Many thought of her as an ideal Christian. Was a good cook and an attentive mother. Lived to be 90, dying in 1974. Is also buried at Cincinnati, Iowa.

Gail Hunt - My oldest brother (9 years older than I). Born in Cincinnati, Iowa, in 1913. Graduated from Cincinnati High School in 1931 as salutatorian of his class. Lived at home until drafted into the army in 1942. Prior to that he helped with the home farm, dug coal, sheared sheep, and did mechanical work. Excelled in the quality of his work. At 35 married Thelma Hunt. They had a daughter Patty to go with Thelma's children Edward and Donnie by a previous marriage. Barbered in Marshalltown and Oskaloosa, Iowa. Was a wonderful big brother to me and a super person. Lived to be 79, dying in 1992. Is buried at Oskaloosa, Iowa.

Marie Hunt - My only sister. Born in Cincinnati, Iowa in 1915. Since she died at seven in 1922, a few months after I was born, I never knew her. Is buried at Cincinnati, Iowa.

Joseph Hunt - My brother. Born in Cincinnati, Iowa, in 1917. Since he died at three in 1921, I never knew him either. Is buried at Cincinnati, Iowa.

Kenneth Hunt - My brother (three years older than I). Born in Cincinnati, Iowa, in 1919. While Gail and I favored the Sommer side of our family tree, Kenneth was very much a Hunt. Strong and an

exceedingly hard worker. Graduated from Cincinnati High School in 1936. Remained on the home farm until he began preaching at 18 years of age. Was a good singer and a bold preacher. Was outgoing, friendly, and helpful. Married Marjorie Kerby of Exline, Iowa. They had two children: Judy and Kenneth, Jr. Kenneth, Jr. was born eight months after Kenneth's untimely death when 29, while conducting a revival in Johnson City, Tennessee, in 1949. Is buried at Exline, Iowa.

Margaret Hunt - My wife since 1948. The only girlfriend I ever had. Born in 1928 in Eugene, Oregon to Archie and Florence Word when her father was in Bible college there. For the first seven years of her life she lived "on the road," while her father was in revival meetings on the West Coast. From seven on she grew up in Portland, Oregon, where he preached. Graduated from Washington High School in Portland in 1946. Began her Bible college work in San Jose Bible College and finished at Midwestern School of Evangelism in Ottumwa, Iowa, where she taught (and continues to teach) Piano, Voice, and girls' classes. An outstanding pianist and a patient music teacher. A busy Bible school teacher and personal worker. Admired by and a dear friend of many people. A willing hostess to many guests for meals and overnight. Full of energy and an interesting person. A wonderful wife, mother, and grandmother.

Donald Hunt II - Our oldest son. Born in Ottumwa, Iowa, on his Grandfather Word's birthday, April 21, 1950. An easy-to-raise child and a very giving adult. Graduated from Ottumwa High School in 1968, and from Midwestern School of Evangelism in Ottumwa, Iowa, with a Bachelor of Sacred Literature degree in 1972, with a Bachelor of Theology degree in 1978, and with a Master of Sacred Literature degree in 1980. Sang with Sing for Christ Quartet for two years and with Gateway Singers ever since, for over thirty years. Married Vikki Gilliland of Centerville, Iowa, in 1970. They have three children: Matthew, Martha, and Monte. At this writing lives in Centerville, Iowa.

Ronald Hunt - Our second son. Born in Centerville, Iowa, in 1951. Named for his two grandfathers (Ronald for R O Hunt and James for Archie James Word). Loved play and gave it everything he had. Was an Accelerated Student in school. Graduated from Ottumwa High School in 1969. Since graduating from Midwestern School of Evangelism he has preached in Sigourney, Iowa; Portland, Oregon, Honolulu, Hawaii, and Petaluma, California. An outstanding speaker and singer, hard worker and church builder. Married Monica Jamison of Denver, Colorado, in 1971. Their children: Lisa, Anthony, and Angela. At this writing lives in Petaluma, California.

Richard Hunt - Our youngest son. Born in Ottumwa, Iowa, in 1968. Being born seventeen years after Ronald, his birth gave us a “second family” to have, love, and raise. As a child he preferred a book to a toy, a puzzle to figure out to an ordinary game. Was quiet and meditative. A reader. Was ably at home with both little ones and older people as well as those his own age. Played the violin. Graduated from Ottumwa High School in 1987. Planned to be a medical doctor, so after a year of Bible college he embarked on 11 years of pre-med school and medical education at the University of Portland and at Creighton University medical school in Omaha, Nebraska, followed by intern and residency years at St. Vincent Hospital in Portland, Oregon. Married Beth McCanna of Salem, Oregon, in 1993. Their children: Justin and Joseph. Is a medical doctor at Salem, Oregon.

Extra No. 2

Ministries

Local Ministries

Exline, IowaAmoret, Missouri
Udell, IowaStaunton, Indiana
Hiwasse, ArkansasOttumwa, Iowa
Urich, MissouriOrleans, Iowa
Jenkins, MissouriCincinnati, Iowa
Moberly, MissouriDes Moines, Iowa
Picher, OklahomaDavenport, Iowa
Rock, Kansas Ottumwa, Iowa

Overseas Missions

1963 - Puerto Rico
1973 - 1st Bible Lands Trip
1975 - 2nd Bible Lands Trip
1976 - Jamaica
1977 - 3rd Bible Lands Trip
1979 - 4th Bible Lands Trip
1980 - 5th Bible Lands Trip
1983 - 6th Bible Lands Trip
1990 - India 1984 - England
1993 - Ukraine & Belarus
1999 - Jamaica

Extra No. 3

Places Preached Since May 3, 1942

Arizona

Phoenix

Arkansas

Batesville

Bentonville

Caney

Hiwasse

Mull

Yellville

California

Acampo

Arcata

Bakersfield

Crescent City

Dunsmuir

Elk Grove

Hayward

Inglewood

Los Angeles

Manteca

Morro Bay

Oakland

Sacramento (2
places)

San Jose Bible

College

San Luis Obispo

Sutter

Turlock

Venice

Yuba City

Colorado

Arvada

Cherokee Ranch

Colorado Springs

(4)

Delta

Denver (2)

Estes Park

Ft. Morgan

Longmont

Loveland (2)

Salida

Westminster (2)

Florida

Gotha

Lakeland

Orlando

Idaho

Boise

Boise Bible

College

Meridian

Nampa

Illinois

Cowden

Elkville

Minor

Moline

State Line

Stronghurst

Rapid City

Rossville

Indiana

Aurora

Berea

Boone Grove

Brazil

Clarksburg

Columbus

Connersville

Eminence

Fairview

Harlan

Holton

Kewanna

Mishawaka

Monroe City

Mooresville (2)

Oxford

Peru

Plainville

Porters Cave

Rushville

Sauktown

Star City

Staunton (2)

Switz City

Terra Haute (2)

Washington

Wilkinson

Iowa

Abingdon

Albia

Ash Grove

Atalissa

Bloomfield

Brandon

Centerville (2)

Chariton

Cincinnati (3)
Clinton
Council Bluffs
Creston
Davenport
Des Moines (4)
Diagonal
Drakesville
Earlham
Eldon
Eldora
Exline
Fairfield
FarlinFrytown
Goldfield
Guthrie Center
Hamburg
Hampton
Hedrick
Hillsboro
Hilltown
Iconium
Indianola
Iowa City
Kellerton
Keosauqua
Kinross
Knoxville
Lake Keomah
Mark
Marshalltown
Midwestern School
of Evangelism
Minburn
Modale
Monteith
Monterey
Montezuma
Moravia
Moulton
Mt. Auburn

Mt. Pleasant
Muscatine
Mystic
North Bend
Oelwein
Orleans
Osceola
Oskaloosa
Ottumwa (16)
Plano
Pleasantville
Promise City
Rising Sun
Selection
Seymour
Sharon Bluff Camp
Sigourney
Stiles
Tingley
Udell
Washington
Chapel
What Cheer
Whiting
Yale

Kansas
Ashland
Baxter Springs
Galena
Hutchinson
Opolis
Piattsburg
Rock
Topeka
Winfield

Kentucky
Dayton
Erlanger
Lexington

Louisville
Louisiana
Crowley
Eva
Ferriday
Lake Charles
Monterey (2)
Roberts Cove

Maine
South Portland

Massachusetts
Northboro
Worcester

Minnesota
Bemidji
Goodhue
Kasson
Madelia
Mantorville
Minnesota Bible
College
Owatonna
Park Rapids
Spring Valley
St. Peter
West Concord
Whitewater State
Park

Missouri
Amoret
Antioch
Appleton City
Avilla
Barnard
Browning
Butler

Carl Junction
Carthage
Center Point
Chamois
Clever
Clifton Hill
Concord
Crane
Darby
Downing
Edina
Etterville
Fairview
Glenwood
Green City
Greensburg
Hebron
High Hill
Indian Grove
Isadora
Jefferson City
Jenkins
Joplin(4)
Lemons
Maryville
Memphis
Mendon
Mendota
Moberly(2)
Mt. Pleasant
New Boston
Oklahoma
Olean
Queen City
Ravenwood
Reeds
Renick
Ridgeway
Rock Port
Rolla
Rutledge

Salem
Seneca
Smithfield
St. Joseph
Stringtown
Triplett
Unionville
Urich
Warrensburg
Wentzville
Weston

Montana

Billings
Havre

Nebraska

Angus
Burwell
Clay Center
Cozad
Edgar
Gering
Guide Rock
Harvard
Hastings
Inavale
Kimball
Lexington
Lincoln
Maxwell
Nebraska City
Neligh
North Platte (2)
Oakdale
Scottsbluff
Sidney
Superior
Tilden

Nevada

Carson City
Reno

New York

Elmira
Jamaica

Ohio

Austintown
Belleville
Cincinnati
Columbus
Dayton
Lisbon
Ludlow Falls
North Lima
Port Jefferson
Rittman
Rogers
Sidney
Van Wert
West Milton

Oklahoma

Broken Arrow
Cardin
Curtis
Fargo
Miami
Mooreland
Muskogee
Oklahoma City
Picher
Quapaw
Sallisaw

Oregon

Bandon
Brownsville
Central City
Coos Bay (2)

Dallas
Drain
Eugene
Garibaldi
Gresham
Medford
Myrtle Creek
Portland (7)
Salem
Santa Clara
Sweet Home
Troutdale
Warrenton

Pennsylvania
Lake Lynn

Tennessee
Johnson City

Vermont
Jacksonville
Rutland

Washington
Deer Park

Seattle (3)
Spokane
Vancouver

Wisconsin
Chippewa Falls
Richland Center
Soldiers Grove
Viroqua

Wyoming
Cheyenne
Lusk

Extra No. 4

Changes after World War II

I was 19 when the U.S. became involved in World War II (with Japan in the Pacific and with Germany and Italy in Europe). There were so many changes in American way of life following the war that life has been much different ever since. I cannot list all the changes that came about, but I will list some of them, especially for those who did not live before the war.

Cars were not made during the war for the buying public. When the post-war cars came off the assembly line, they were built closer to the ground, headlights were no longer separate from a car's body but were blended into its front, there was chrome trim, running boards were eliminated, trunks were enlarged, many accessories were added, cars were different colors and not black only, engines with more power and greater speed came out, car heaters were greatly improved, and air conditioning was added. There were better highways (wider, straighter, curves were more banked, hills were lowered and valleys raised), and the Interstate system came in. Road signs were painted with reflective paint so they could be read at night without having to slow down to read them.

With more cars, Americans patronized highway bus travel less, trucks began to transport more and trains less, and air travel became a common means of long distance travel.

Education became more accelerated and more creative than traditional, with rural and small town schools being swallowed by consolidation. College and university education became as necessary for most jobs, just as high school education had been. But with the chasm widening between educational basics and innovative education, between student discipline and student liberty, and between school and religion, dissatisfaction made parochial schools and home schooling more popular.

With chain stores (grocery and discount) and banking centered in larger towns, with many railroad lines removed from smaller towns, and with many small town high schools lost to their county seat towns, many small towns shrank in population and services and became mostly bedroom communities and retirement places for people on fixed incomes.

The general farm with a few milk cows, a small herd of beef cows, a few hogs, a flock of chickens, a garden, and an orchard gradually gave way to specialized farming of many more acres, made possible by larger

tractors and power equipment. America became much more urban than agricultural.

“Civil Rights” legislation has greatly integrated our society, and professional athletics have accelerated.

This side of World War II developed plastic, inaugurated the space age, introduced television that has changed America in so many ways as have computers and other notable inventions.

With more liberal philosophy of personal “rights” and the problem of drugs, human life and property have not been as safe as before, and crime and imprisonment have skyrocketed, causing people to wish for a return to the “good old days” in these matters.

Extra No. 5

Travels

Within U.S.A.

All 50 states

Province of Puerto Rico

Outside U.S.A.

Africa: Egypt

Asia: India, Israel, Jordan, Lebanon, Pakistan, & Turkey.

Europe: Austria, Belarus, Belgium, England, France, Germany, Greece, Italy, Netherlands, Switzerland, Ukraine, Wales.

North America: Canada, Mexico.

Summary

50 states, 1 province, 22 countries, 4 continents.

Extra No. 6

The Unusual

Besides the beautiful, historical, and interesting viewed in our travels, there has been the unusual. The listing below could be enlarged, but these are some of the greatest.

Natural Wonders

Phosphorescent Bay (Puerto Rico). This is the most unusual thing we have seen. Every movement of the water in this small bay on the southwest coast of the island produces an effect as if the whole water were lighted by a phosphorus-colored light (like the light of a lightning bug). The effect is caused by algae in the water.

Bennett's Kehoutek and **Hale-Bopp Comets** seen several years apart.

Mt. St. Helen's Volcanic Aftermath (Washington). Having seen Mt. St. Helens many times from 45-mile-away Portland, we had gone to it and beautiful Spirit Lake at its north base only two years before the volcano. We even drove up to the parking lot on the very side of the mountain that got blown off! What a devastated area afterwards, with every towering tree denuded of all limbs and branches and lying like toothpicks pointing away from the mountain!

Isa Lake (Yellowstone). This very small lake (no bigger than a farm pond) lies astride the Continental Divide. It overflows at both ends with the waters ending in two different oceans and opposite oceans from what you would naturally expect. Due to an S-curve of the Continental Divide within Yellowstone, the lake's west overflow ends in the Atlantic and the east overflow in the Pacific. How unusual!

Redwood and **Sequoia Trees** (California). What unbelievable monarchs! The Redwoods are coastal near the Pacific, and the Sequoia are in the Sierra Nevada mountains.

Geysers and **Bubbling Pools** of Yellowstone. We never tire of going through Yellowstone for all its variety. The shooting geysers are so unusual that when they were first reported years ago, the reports were thought to be nothing but made-up yarns. In their way, the bubbling pools (Sapphire, Morning Glory, Emerald, etc.) are as unusual as the geysers.

Glaciers (Alaska and Canada). Alaska is abundantly supplied with glaciers. Hubbard Glacier is a river of ice 76 miles long. Where it breaks

off into the Pacific, it is over three miles wide and its face 300 feet high! Water melting from the big glacier in Canada's Columbia Icefield runs off into three oceans (into the Pacific via the Columbia River, into the Atlantic via the Saskatoon River, and into the Arctic via the Athabasca River).

Dry Falls (Washington). It is obvious the big Columbia River sometime in the ancient past changed its course, making a new many-mile-long circuitous channel west of the original channel. The original channel is below the present Grand Coulee Dam and has given the dam its name ("Grand" means "big" and "Coulee" "ditch"). The old channel is divided into "Upper Coulee" and "Lower Coulee" by what is now called "Dry Falls." A sign at the site tells you that when the river's waters rolled over the now dry rocky precipice, it was the world's largest waterfall. Memory tells me it was about 3 miles wide and over 100 feet tall.

Dead Sea (Israel). With no outlet, all water that flows into it (mainly from the Jordan River) is evaporated by the hot desert sun at the rate equal to its inflow. All minerals (especially salt) remain as residue from the evaporated water. Oceans are salty, and Great Salt Lake in Utah is much saltier than oceans, but the Dead Sea is 25% saline solution, so salty a person can float in its water. It is 47 miles long, ten miles wide, and 1,300 feet deep, making it a tremendous lake. Its surface is 1,292 feet below sea level so that when you stand at its water's edge, you are actually standing on the lowest dry ground anywhere on the earth's surface.

Crater Lake (Oregon). It is a large lake (six miles across) and a deep lake (1,932 feet deep), but it has no stream flowing into it nor out of it. Its rich blue waters lie in a crater formed when a massive volcano in the ancient past blew the whole mountain top off.

Source of the Mississippi River (Minnesota). As the overflow waters leave Lake Itasca in northern Minnesota, you would never dream it would become the "Father of Waters," collecting major tributaries from both east and west on its southern journey to the Gulf of Mexico, draining the major part of the U.S.

Oceans. There is nothing common about the oceans except the knowledge they exist and are a large part of the earth's surface. But their vastness, their rolling tides, and many things about them make them very unusual, especially to us who live far from their shores and see them only on occasion.

Niagara Falls and **Maelstrom** (New York and Canada). This largest waterfall in North America rightfully draws many visitors

annually. The Falls are on the short Niagara River that carries the waters of Lake Erie into Lake Ontario. Goat Island divides the river into two channels just before plummeting over the American Falls on the one side of the island and the Canadian Falls on the other. To view them is to experience a combination of awesomeness and beauty. Many visitors to the Falls do not know about the Maelstrom (whirlpool), a short distance downstream, the result of the river charging directly ahead to a rock bluff before making a sharp turn to the right in its downstream course. The force of the water caused by the drop over the Falls and the abruptness of the forced turn do not allow the river to make a smooth curve but throws the water into a large whirling movement.

Canadian Rockies (Canada). For rugged mountain beauty the peaks in Banff and Jasper National Parks are unrivaled on the North American Continent.

Petrified Forest (Arizona). Its unusualness is seeing such large petrified logs, broken and lying on the ground, in an area where today there is nothing but barren wasteland without trees for miles and miles.

El Yunque Rainforest (Puerto Rico). Such foliage and flowers atop Mt. El Yunque in the northeast part of the island, where it rains nearly every day and where we were drenched the day we had hoped to look north to see the Atlantic and south to see the Caribbean!

Grand Canyon (Arizona). This massive break in the earth's surface varies from three to eighteen miles across rim to rim and necessitates your pinching yourself to be sure you are beholding what you are beholding. The view from each rim is vastly different from each other. I like different things about the view from both rims. The south rim is more available to travel routes, but the north rim is truly worth driving out of your way to see.

Bryce Canyon (Utah). Not so massive as Grand Canyon, enabling you to grasp it better. A footpath to the canyon's bottom amid its highly colored, unique formations is not difficult but very rewarding.

Black Canyon of the Gunnison (Colorado). Besides the National Monument public entrance from the south, we drove around to the north side and walked through a pasture to the private side where I stood at the canyon's very edge and steadied my family members one by one as they looked straight down one-half mile. Some sight!

Arches in Arches National Park (Utah). There are more than 200 sandstone arches carved by wind and rain in this unusual national preserve.

Great Salt Lake Desert (Utah). There are sixty miles of east-west driving (from Wendover east) with white salt flats on both sides of you

including the famous race area, Bonneville Flats. The white desert runs even farther north and south.

Craters of the Moon (Idaho). This several-mile flat area of years-ago oozing black lava west of Idaho Falls is not so beautiful as it is unusual.

Devil's Tower (Wyoming). This, the first of our many national monuments, is a stone tower 865 high abruptly rising out of the flat landscape as a lone formation in the northeast part of the state.

Yellowstone Earthquake Area (Montana). When this mountain broke loose during the night of August 17, 1959, it blocked the flow of the Madison River soon after it left Yellowstone National Park. The slide mass became a dam immediately forming a large lake upstream. Today that lake is known as Quake Lake. Some of the sliding earth mass extended even across the river, burying a campground where 28 people are still buried beneath it in a common grave.

Thermopolis Hot Mineral Spring (Wyoming). It is the world's largest hot mineral spring. Its waters have made a massive stone formation multi-colored by algae in its warm flowing waters. "Thermopolis" (its hometown) means "hot city".

Among the unusual natural wonders we have seen I must include the Alligators of Florida (and some in Louisiana). These are not so unusual to the people of those states as to us who live elsewhere.

Man-made Wonders

Biblical section of British Museum (London)

Bily Brothers Handcarved Clocks (Spillville, Iowa)

Boulder (Hoover) Dam (Nevada-Arizona)

Byzantine Mosaic Floors (Bible Lands)

Cairo Museum (Egypt)

Chesapeake Bay Auto Tunnels (Virginia)

Federal Grounds and Buildings (Washington D.C.)

Gateway Arch (St. Louis Missouri)

Golden Gate Bridge (San Francisco, California)

Grand Coulee Dam (Washington)

House on the Rock (Green Spring, Wisconsin)

Hypostyle Hall (Egypt)

Monticello (Virginia)

Neuschwanstein Castle (Germany)

Pyramids (Egypt)

Royal Gorge Bridge (Colorado)

San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge (California)

Skyscrapers (New York City and Chicago)

Space Needle (Seattle, Washington)

St. Paul's Cathedral (London)

St. Peter's Cathedral (Rome)

Tombs in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings (Egypt)

Extra No. 7

College Courses Taught

Over 50 Years in the Bible college classroom have afforded me the opportunity to teach a great variety of courses and a good many of them. Below are the fields in which I have taught and the courses in them.

Old Testament

Genesis

Exodus through Deuteronomy

Joshua, Judges, and Ruth

Divided Kingdom History

Post-Exile History

Proverbs and Song of Solomon

Major Prophets

Minor Prophets

New Testament

Life of Christ

Advanced Life of Christ

Acts of Apostles

Romans

II Corinthians

Galatians

Ephesians

Philippians

Colossians and Philemon

Christian Evidences

General Introduction

Why Believe in God and Jesus

Why Believe in the Bible

Evidences of Christianity

A System of Christian Evidences

Biblical Archaeology

Christian Living

Christian Character

Christian Growth
Christian Stewardship
3-Dimensional Christian Living

Language

English Grammar
New Testament Greek
Advanced New Testament Greek
Greek for English Students
New Testament Translations

Religious History

Church History
Roman Catholicism
Cults
Early Restoration History
Later Restoration Developments

“How To”

Biblical Hermeneutics
Journalism
Personal Evangelism
Witness Training
Advanced Homiletics
Church Leadership
The Preacher and His Work
God’s Servants

Miscellaneous

Inter-Testament History
Advanced Biblical Doctrines
Life of Paul

Extra No. 8

Items Written

Periodicals Edited

Voice of Evangelism
Evangelism From the Heart of America
Presenting Christ, the Savior of the World
The Orleans Caller
Challenger

Books (100 or more pages)

52 Simple, Stimulating Studies
The Unfolded Plan of God
Pondering the Proverbs
Simple, Stimulating Studies about Prayer
Simple, Stimulating Studies in Divided Kingdom History
Simple, Stimulating Studies in the Great Book of Acts
Workbook Study of Acts

Booklets

Christian Thinking on 42 Subjects
14 Subjects Scripturally Studied
Simple, Stimulating Studies in Christian Stewardship
Simple, Stimulating Studies in the Life of Saul of Tarsus
Gifts and Measures of the Holy Spirit
The Eldership
Simple, Stimulating Studies in Backsliding
Great Events in Judah's Post-Exile History
Workbook Study of Luke
Workbook Study of Colossians and Philemon
Workbook Study of I and II Thessalonians
Simple, Stimulating Studies about Joshua
Commentary Studies in 5 Minor Prophets
Upholding the Truth about New Testament Conversion
Lodges Considered from a Christian Viewpoint
Let Him that is Athirst Come
Questions Every Young Person Must Answer
Bible Quiz Workbook

Charts

What the Bible Teaches about the Church

Conditions of Salvation

The World's Greatest Library

3 Bible Ages

Life and Labors of the Great Apostle Paul

What Others Said about Jesus

3 Diagrams Illustrating the Truth about Baptism

Paul's 3 Evangelistic Tours

The Great Commission

10 Facts in the Great Commission

From the Cradle into Eternity

Roman Road of Salvation

5 Divine Preaching Missions

5 Baptisms of the New Testament

There is One

Tracts

You Should be a Christian

Will God Accept Your Excuse?

What God Says You Must Do to be Saved

With What Church Shall I be Affiliated?

Urgent Reasons Why You Should Accept Christ Now

Thinking Our Way to Faith

Let's be Fair

A Week at Brookside Camp

He Gave His Opinion, But...

Once Saved Always Saved?

Weekly Communion

The Talk of the Town

Let Us Not Commit the Sin of Moses and Aaron

The Church, a Glorious Institution

Biblical Games

Fax Game No. 1

Fax Game No. 2

Joint Authorship

Revival and Evangelism

Fellowship, the Issue of Our Times

Soul Winner's Prospectus

50 Years of Historical, Pictorial Highlights
The Christian Home