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IN MEMORY OF MOTHER
By Duane V. Maxey

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**Mother and Papa, Shortly
After Their Marriage**

**To The Left:
Mother and Grandma
In August of 1929**

In the above graphic, my mother and my grandmother are shown together at the Brownlee Church in August of 1929 -- when mother was yet 14 years old -- and the smaller inset shows my mother and father, shortly after their marriage -- a picture which may have been taken in Donnelley, Idaho. I do not know the identity of the man standing behind my mother and grandmother.

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INTRODUCTION

She who was born, Adelaide Dolores Chandler, was destined to become my mother less than 23 years later. This file is in memory of her, and in creating it I shall keep in mind the injunction of Exodus 20:12, "Honour thy father and thy mother..." Along with her virtues, victories, and achievements, I could dwell upon some of her failures and shortcomings, but I shall not enlarge upon such. Though she has been gone more than 25 years, I love her still -- and Proverbs 10:12 tells us that "love covereth all sins." What God has forgiven in the lives of others and covered through His love by Jesus' blood, not only need not, but should not, be published by others. Thus, in this little sketch I shall accentuate the positives in mother's life, along with some facts that I have gathered about her and my own personal memories. It is my desire that Christ shall be glorified and mother honored by this file. -- Duane V. Maxey, (Ahwatukee) Phoenix, Arizona, April 13, 2006.

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01 -- MOTHER'S PARENTAGE, BIRTH, AND CHILDHOOD

Mother's mother, Laura Josephine Newell, was born April 21, 1886. Thus, interestingly, my maternal grandmother was actually just over 4 years younger than my father, Irl VanCleve Maxey, who was born on March 12, 1882. So, mother married a man older than her mother. But, back to grandma.

Mother's mother, Laura Josephine Newell was the first child born in the Imnaha River Canyon area near Wallowa, Oregon, the daughter of Charlie and Eliza Newell. A book could be written, and was written, about my maternal grandmother's father -- entitled: "Charlie Newell Shot," written by Cleon Roberts, The Amber Quill Press, Copyright 2002. Charlie Newell was the son of John Newell, a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and some of Charlie's earliest memories were

of revival meetings "held at the Ebenezer Camp Ground at Cave Springs, in Greene County, Missouri." John Newell died March 28, 1865, shortly before the end of the Civil War. So, both in the paternal and maternal line of my ancestry, there were Methodist preachers.

However, straying from his religious roots, Charlie Newell became an illustrious pioneer and rancher who finally moved to Oregon and married Eliza J. Stubblefield. Thus it was that grandmother, Laura Josephine Newell, was born near Wallowa, Oregon on the Imnaha River, and I suspect that she got her middle name from her mother, Eliza's middle initial standing for Josephine.

Upon reaching adulthood, grandmother Laura became a schoolteacher, and while teaching at Warm Springs, Oregon, she met Julius Ellison Chandler -- a man from Illinois who was ten years her senior, having been born February, 24, 1876. Julius was "a small-scale cattleman and hay contractor" when they met. They were married on October 6, 1906 in Enterprise, Oregon.

A local newspaper spoke of grandma Laura, and her father thus:-- "The bride is the accomplished daughter of Charles C. Newell, one of the first residents of Enterprise, but for years an honored resident of Harney County, Oregon, where he was three times elected School Superintendent." The same paper spoke of Julius E. Chandler thus:-- "The groom is widely known as one of the honored and substantial citizens of Harney County, Oregon."

After their wedding in 1906, mother's parents, Julius and Laura Chandler made their home in Burns, Oregon. The first three of their six children were born while they resided in Oregon:-- Vera Josephine Chandler, born June 12, 1907 -- Ellen ? Chandler, born May 30, 1908 -- and Newell Bradford Chandler, born November 12, 1909.

In 1912 Julius and Laura Chandler bought a ranch in Ola, Idaho and moved there, but made visits back to Dog Mountain out of Burns, Oregon, where Laura's parents, Charlie and Eliza Newell still lived. They had quite a mansion there, the ruins of which I have twice visited and taken pictures. Charlie had a contract with the U.S. Military rounding up and breaking wild mustangs for use in the army.

After their move to Idaho, three more children were born to Julius and Laura, my mother being the first:-- Adelaide Dolores Chandler, born October 20, 1914 -- Evelyn Jean Chandler, born July 25, 1917 -- and Julius Edwin Chandler, born November 21, 1920, at Ola, Idaho.

I have beside me now, a copy of mother's Birth Certificate. It verifies that her father, Julius E. Chandler was from Illinois and that both he and Laura were residing at Ola, Idaho at the time mother was born. Montour,* Sweet, and Ola were all three small farming towns located near Emmett, Idaho, and it was very near Ola where the Chandlers had their ranch. I have been to Ola and seen mother's "old home place."

[*Montour no longer exists, having been inundated by the waters of Black Canyon Reservoir.]

So, mother was a "farm girl," perhaps born right there in their ranch-house. The Birth Certificate states that Julius was 38 and Laura was 28 when mother was born, but it does not give the place of her birth. But, I think that Mother, Aunt Jean, and Uncle Ed -- all three may have been born in that ranch-house a short distance from the little community of Ola. So, doubtless there were 8 of them in the Chandler ranch-home:-- Julius and Laura, along with their six children, one of them being my mother and the other five who were always to me, Aunt Vera, Aunt Ellen, Uncle Newell, Aunt Jean, and Uncle Ed.

Dating back to the time of their move to Ola, grandfather Julius and grandmother Laura tried to persuade their parents and other family members still living in Harney, County, Oregon to move out near them in Idaho. Grandmother's brother, Todd Newell, made the move in 1916, and Charlie and Eliza followed in 1918. Charlie had been kicked in the head by one of the wild mustangs that had been corralled, and was never the same man after that. Much of the work at their Dog Mountain ranch had fallen upon Eliza, and though Charlie was not over-anxious to do so, they made the move.

They purchased what had been the Gus Hosley ranch between Montour and Sweet. The house was (and probably still is) situated on the hilltop above the Triangle. Mother and I visited there when I was about 2-3 years old, and I have childhood memories of that place. I believe Eliza, "Grandma Newell" -- my great grandmother, was still alive at the time. Black Canyon Dam Reservoir came up on their ranch. Most of the ranch work fell upon Eliza and it is recorded that she "plowed the fields barefooted, and at the end of a long day's work, would walk right into the lake to cool off." I believe I recall mother telling me that she would walk into the lake and be immersed so deeply that all you could see of her was her straw hat!

Charlie had no mind to ranch there near Montour, and he left Grandma Newell to live with one of their daughters in California. He died of stomach cancer on March 7, 1927, two months before what would have been his 77th birthday. If Grandma Newell was still alive when mother and I visited there, then she died shortly thereafter -- in 1940. She had a hernia surgery near the end of 1939, and one morning while carrying milk to the house she slipped and fell. The incision was broken open, and from complications resulting from that she passed away in a Boise, Idaho hospital on January 23, 1940. She is buried in the family cemetery at Sweet, Idaho -- the same place where the ashes of my recently deceased brother, Roger, were interred.

Let me now pick up the thread of my mother's personal history. I shall first present that which contains what are called "Mile Posts" from a little booklet of mother's titled "Commencement Memories" that I have beside me:

"Entered school at Ola, Idaho, 1920, Age 6 years

"Graduated Grammar School, Age 13, at Montour, Idaho, 1928

"Entered High School at Montour, Idaho, 1928

"Graduated Emmett, Idaho, 1932, Age 17.

"My hopes for the future: 'To be a preacher or missionary. I'm going to college next year.'

"Motto: 'The elevator to success is not running; take the stairs.'

Thus, mother began her schooling in the tiny town of Ola, then went on through part of her High School in Montour, and finally graduated from Emmett High School. She did very well in school, and graduated with the honor of Valedictorian of her 1932 graduating class. I have before me her High School Graduation certificate, which is dated May 19, 1932, and with that certificate I have a card given to her titled: "Recognition of Excellence in Scholarship -- Honest Application Wins -- To: Dolores Chandler." Throughout mother's life, in more ways than scholastically, she put into practice her motto:-- "The elevator to success is not running; take the stairs."

But what about her hopes for the future: "To be a preacher or missionary" and to go "to college next year"? Well, there's a lot behind these things, and that leads me to the next division of this little file.

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02 -- MOTHER'S SPIRITUAL AWAKENING AND QUICKENING

Though the town of Ola where mother was born and raised was (and still is) tiny, the ranch was one of 700 acres on which her father Julius raised cattle. For at least 10 years or so following Julius' and Laura Chandler's settling on this huge ranch, things apparently went quite well, although I doubt that they were ever what one would call wealthy. Then, along into the 1920s this nation was approaching the Great Stock Market Crash of 1929. Cattle-raisers were wary of what might happen to the price of their livestock.

Grandpa Julius attended a Cattlemen's meeting in Portland, Oregon at which this matter was discussed, and some of the Stockmen decided to sell off all, or part, of their herds. Grandpa Julius had invested heavily in his cattle and decided to keep all of them -- thinking that the ominous forebodings might be wrong. He ventured wrongly -- the price fell, and he lost all of his cattle and the ranch itself!

I do not know what all it may have been that caused him to do what he then did -- perhaps it was mostly this complete financial failure, but whatever prompted it, what he did wasn't right! One day, shortly after this catastrophe, he announced to Grandma Laura:-- "Well, old girl, I'm leaving you!" -- and that he did! He left her with mother and the younger children still at home, and went to California. Having been deserted, Grandma divorced Julius.

Cleon Roberts, author of "Charlie Newell Shot," says: "Julius lost their 700 acre ranch in 1924." That would have been when mother was only about 10 years old. Judging from what I remember mother telling me, and from the above records of her "Mile Posts" I think it may have been closer to the year 1928 when this occurred -- closer to both the time when mother entered Emmett High School, and closer to the Stock Market Crash of 1929.

Regardless of the exact date, I doubt that Grandpa Julius ever came into contact with Grandma Laura again, and I also doubt that he ever sent much, if anything at all, to help her live and raise her children. He did not live long after deserting his wife and family, for he died in Hartford, California on February 17, 1937 -- about 4 months before I was born.

Then, having been out of school-teaching for a long while, Grandma was forced to take menial labor doing cooking and housekeeping for others in order to survive! I am ashamed that my flesh and blood, maternal grandfather so ill-treated his wife and family! I have, however, wanted to learn more about him, and recently I requested a copy of a picture of him from mother's only surviving sibling, Uncle Edwin, who lives in Bakersfield, California. I hoped to have it in time to include it with this file, but don't have it as yet.

No doubt there was little or nothing good that Grandma and her children could see in the loss of the ranch and the desertion of Grandpa Julius. However, even in the most gloomy and trying circumstances, God often works in mysterious ways His wonders to perform! -- and this was the case, particularly relative to Grandma Laura, and my mother.

Because she was unable to provide for them, Grandma had to parcel out her younger children into the homes of others, but she turned away from some earlier spiritual views that were very, very wrong and began attending Christian services. In what light she had, she began to serve the Lord. Then, perhaps at the Brownlee Church shown in the picture above, she went to hear Frank R. McKay preach the gospel, and took mother along. Mother was first saved under his preaching, and later Grandma married that preacher, who became the only Grandfather I ever really had!

Then, along about the time of her senior year in High School, mother was placed in the home of some Nazarene people in Emmett (I think perhaps the Hallmarks) -- and she began attending services with them. In the deeply spiritual

atmosphere of the Emmett, Idaho Church of the Nazarene, and under the preaching of one Irl V. Maxey, mother was reclaimed from some youthful backsliding and also felt that she was sanctified wholly.

It was thus, through the workings of God after the desertion of his family by Grandpa Julius, that Adelaide Dolores Chandler wrote in her "Commencement Memories" booklet that her hopes for the future were:-- "To be a preacher or missionary" and "I'm going to college next year." And that leads me to the next division of this file.

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03 -- MOTHER'S BRIEF TIME AT NORTHWEST NAZARENE COLLEGE

So far as I am aware, none of mother's siblings ever professed to become Christians. Along with mother, all of them are now deceased except her youngest brother, my Uncle Edwin (Julius Edwin Chandler). Also, none in her family but mother ever joined that part of the Christian Church known as Wesleyan\Holiness people. Whose prayers back there among her ancestors might have been answered to bring this about? Was it those of her great grandfather John Newell, Charlie Newell's Methodist-Preacher father? God knows. I do know that once mother joined the holiness crowd she never ever again held membership among those of any other doctrinal group.

When mother said "I'm going to college next year," she meant Northwest Nazarene College in Nampa, Idaho -- a short distance from her church home in Emmett. And, "next year" meant the 1932-33 school year.

Here, I have nothing to go on but my memory of what mother told me, coupled with the above information. Mother would have been still 17 years old when she entered NNC in the Fall of 1932. I am confident that she did well there scholastically also, but I can relate nothing more for sure about her attendance at Northwest Nazarene College except that there was a young man, named Russell _____, who was interested in her romantically. I think he became quite prominent in the Church of the Nazarene after that, but without mother as his wife. Just how much marrying him might have changed things in mother's life I know not, but regarding myself I see no way I could have existed, had she married him! ;o)

I suppose I could contact NNC (now NNU) and get some particulars about mother's attendance there, but I shall forego that -- at least for now. Though I am not positive, I think that perhaps mother also attended NNC during all or part of the first semester of the 1933-34 school year. What cut short her attendance, I am not sure -- maybe it was lack of finances. Many years passed before mother finally completed her college education -- the story of which I will relate later. What she did from about January, 1934 until June of 1935 I do not know. She may have gone

back to live with the Hallmarks and worked at something in Emmett, but June of 1935 brings me to the next division of this file.

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04 -- MOTHER'S FIRST MARRIAGE -- 1935-1950

Twice, mother married Nazarene preachers -- the first of those preachers was my father, Irl VanCleve Maxey. Likewise, as a Nazarene preacher, my father was married twice. On December 5, 1910, he was married to Jesse Hull Caldwell in Montpelier of southeastern Idaho. For a sketch of his life, and other facts relative to his first marriage, I call the attention of the reader to hdm2542, "Irl V. Maxey -- A Herald Of Holiness."

On May 29, 1934 -- about 6 weeks after the birth of their 8th child, Gale Edward, my father's first wife went to be with Jesus. He was left without a mother for their five youngest children:-- his infant son, Gale, his young son, Bruce, and his three youngest daughters, Beatrice, Ruth, and Avis. Then, just over a year after his beloved Jesse died, my father married Adelaide Dolores Chandler on June 6, 1935. I have beside me now a certified copy of their marriage license, which bears the following statement:

"I, Katherine M. Brogan, Ex-Officio Recorder in and for the County of Boise, State of Idaho, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a true and correct copy of the Marriage License issued to I. V. Maxey and Dolores Chandler, June 6th, 1935, and duly recorded in Book 2 of Marriage Record page 239."

Their marriage took place in Boise, Idaho, performed by Probate Judge, Hugh Adair, and witnessed by Jonathan Moulton and Arthur Wright.

At the time of the marriage, the marriage certificate lists papa's residence as Boise, of Idaho's Ada County, and mother's residence as Emmett, of Idaho's Gem County. Papa was pastoring the Emmett Church of the Nazarene at the time of Gale's birth and the death of Jesse Caldwell Maxey. It would appear from the marriage license that papa had moved from Emmett to Boise before his marriage to my mother, and if that is the case he had probably also resigned his Emmett pastorate before their marriage.

Whatever the case about this, at the age of 20 -- some 4 months shy of her 21st Birthday, Adelaide Dolores Chandler became the second wife of Irl VanCleve Maxey, who was some three months beyond his 53rd Birthday. I shall not enter upon a discussion of the inherent and actual problems involved in the marriage of two individuals with such a great disparity in their ages. I will only say that while I would never advise such, I shall not criticize that which brought me into existence, nor do I have a desire to cast any reflections upon either of my parents in the matter.

He who had helped bring my mother into the way of holiness now became her husband, and she who had been his earnest hearer now became his helpmate, and willingly took on the responsibility of trying to be a mother, especially to the younger children still in the home -- no small task for a 20-year old young woman -- and not one without sacrifice and some privation, as she was soon to learn.

From the time her father had deserted her childhood family onward, mother's life had not been free from difficulties and trials. Julius Chandler's desertion of his family occurred near the time of the Stock Market Crash of 1929 when mother was but 14 years old. Then came the Great Depression during mother's teenage years. Times had already been tough for "the farm girl from Ola," but the decade following her marriage to my father was to be one of even greater testing for mother than she probably imagined.

Probably quite soon after mother's marriage to my father in June of 1935, the family moved to Rosebury, Idaho -- a tiny village about 12 miles south of McCall. There papa did work with the American Sunday School Union. From what I recall hearing mother tell me, and from a comment in a little diary of hers, I gather that the family of 7 lived on very meager fare. And soon, there was to be an 8th member of the household. My brother Roger was born there in Rosebury on May 16, 1936. For a year or so following his birth, Roger's severe retardation was not discovered. After it was discovered, no doubt this was a blow to both of my parents, perhaps particularly to mother at such a young age. They pondered what may have caused it, and I have heard mother say that they wondered if it might have been that she had not had adequate nourishment when she was carrying Roger. Tough times -- meager fare -- and now the realization that she had a retarded baby -- these were more tests for "the farm girl from Ola."

1937 found the household of 8 residing in Donnelley, Idaho -- another tiny town south of McCall, Idaho, 1 mile from Rosebury -- and a 9th member of the household, Duane VanCleve Maxey, was born in a little house by the railroad tracks there on June 4, 1937.

Part of a little diary mother began in April of 1937 just prior to my birth reveals the poverty in which the family was living:-- "April 18th... 3 years ago today Gale was brought into this mundane existence. May God give me sufficient wisdom to rear him well.. Alas! we have not wherewith to cook a birthday dinner for him at all, but the children gave him some presents which meant much to him."

Another portion of that diary, also from April 18th, reveals that the spiritual condition of the Church there was a source of discouragement to mother:-- "Irl's sermon on 'What is the Almighty that we should serve him, and what profit is there that we should pray unto him?' struck deeply to the hearts of the listeners, we felt. May God continue His conviction upon their hearts! But Oh me! I am so tempted to be disheartened at the small attendance and seemingly indifferent attitude of most

people. Mr. Joseph's friendliness during our visit there this evening encouraged us, though."

Too much so, mother idolized my father. If indeed she had been genuinely sanctified under his ministry in the Emmett Church of the Nazarene as a teenager, she still revered him as "a father figure," though he was now her husband -- and, to a great extent she got her spiritual guidance second-hand through him. In later life, mother told me as much herself. She had not come from a Wesleyan-Holiness background. She was very young in chronological years, and even younger spiritually. It is no wonder that she leaned so heavily upon her revered former pastor, now become her husband -- but more blows were soon to come. They were not blows by which God meant to destroy her faith, but testings which were doubtless intended to help mother place her faith solely in God -- and not in God through her husband.

Beatrice graduated from High School in Donnelley, and in about 1939 we moved to Montgomery, Alabama. We were still living on meager fare. The trip was in our Model-A pick-up with a trailer on behind, and if I recall correctly one time on the trip down there we had nothing but crackers and peanut-butter to eat for one meal. Papa did work there under Paul Pitts with the Church of the Nazarene. We resided in three different places there:-- Montgomery, Selma, and Phenix City -- and here, another blow struck mother.

The last of papa's 11 children, and mother's third and last child was born:-- Pearl Sharon. She was born with no soft-spot in her skull. I remember that when she was about a year old she began to cry and cry and cry from the pain she was suffering. Then, one day, I noticed that she was gone from the household -- gone to be with Jesus. Those who wish to read more about this may do so in my file, "Illustrative Sketches From My Life" (hdm0888). Her little body was interred in Babyland of the Parkhill Cemetery, Muscogee County, Georgia.

Some time, either shortly before or shortly after Sharon's death, mother and I made a long, cross-country train trip with Roger to take him to live with Gramp and Grandma McKay, who were living in Grandma Newell's house on the hill above the Triangle near Montour, Idaho. I have childhood memories of our time in Alabama and of that trip and time near Montour, but I shall forego reciting them here. Apparently other pressing burdens and/or financial scarcity prompted my parents to have Roger placed with my grandparents. Whatever the case, it was very gracious and generous of Gramp and Grandma McKay to take him, and they continued to take care of him for about 5 years.

Ruth graduated from High School when we were in Phenix City and also launched out on her own -- to Boise Idaho to work a year, and then to enter NNC in Nampa, Idaho. In about 1941 we moved from Alabama to Chinook, Montana. My wife Dorothea and I visited Chinook when we were pastoring in Coeur d' Alene, Idaho, and I took pictures of the church building and parsonage. Both are quite small, and

once again, it is likely that the family was still pretty much "on hard scrabble," even though the household numbered only 6 by then. World War II was still raging, and the government was rationing meat and gasoline.

Perhaps also it was during our year in Chinook that mother first began to notice that something was beginning to be wrong with papa -- not spiritually, but physically in such a way as to take away from his mental powers and his zest for preaching. Instead of his normal zeal for preaching, she told me that he would sometimes say, "Why don't YOU preach?" I have beside me the certificate stating that on the 20th day of April, 1942, mother was recommended by the Chinook Church of the Nazarene to the Rocky Mountain District Assembly for a Minister's License, and "We certify she has fulfilled all the requirements for such request." It was signed by I. V. Maxey, Chairman and Ruby Dalke, Secretary.

Whether these ominous signs of papa's impending decline were first noticed then by mother, or not -- within three years they were both clearly seen and diagnosed -- but that's part of "the rest of the story."

In the Fall of 1942 the family moved again to DeSmet, South Dakota. It was at least the 7th move in the 7 years of my parents marriage -- and anyone who has moved a few times knows what a tear-up and stress this can be on a family -- particularly one with half a dozen or more members in the household -- and even more particularly when those moves are made on a budget that is extremely tight!

I have numerous memories from our year in DeSmet. I refer the reader to "Irl V. Maxey -- A Herald Of Holiness" (hdm2542) for some of my own memories and some of my brother Gale's memories of that time that I shall not mention here.

Once again, times were tough as WW II continued to rage, and the church was small. Papa bought a "Nanny-Goat" that was staked out in our back yard, and we drank goat's milk instead of cow's milk. Papa and my brother Bruce unloaded coal from railroad cars to help meet our expenses, and I remember that we had big chunks of hard, anthracite coal in a shed that was also in the back yard. Some of the chunks were so large that they had to be broken with a sledge hammer or axe-head before they could be put into our coal heating or cooking stove.

As per a story related by Gale, God was still very near our family, even miraculously:

"Our church in South Dakota was very small. One day Papa was trying to do some re-modeling on the church. While working on a high ladder inside the church, he fell and injured his back. He shared about an occasion about entering the church one day to pray. As he stood in the isle at the back of the church, suddenly a man appeared and stood there beside him. After discussing some of the problems heavy on Papa's heart, the two of them walked down the isle together and talked about the needs of the church. As they knelt and prayed there at the alter, suddenly Papa

looked up, and the man was gone. Papa said the man was an angel. I truly believe that it was an angel that came to pray with him that day."

That was no doubt a blessed and great encouragement to papa. Still, however, that which would soon enfeeble him and disable him for the ministry, or for any work at all, was advancing in his body. The young, 28-year old Adelaide Dolores (Chandler) Maxey may have noticed even more signs of that inevitable development during our year in DeSmet -- something that was a part of the testing through which God was putting her, for the reason already stated:-- to get her to put her faith directly, and solely in God, and not in God through another human being -- even the very godly human being who was her husband.

Bruce left the household when we were at DeSmet, and went to Nampa, Idaho, where he enrolled in the NNC Christian Academy. Then, after the 1942-43 school year, we moved for the 8th time -- this time to Tuttle, North Dakota. It was a small, German-American community, and once again the fare was no doubt quite meager -- so much so that papa was compelled to resign his pastorate of the Church of the Nazarene there in the middle of the year in order to find work elsewhere and help the family make it financially. Though he may not have known it then, this was his last pastorate.

With the war on, mother managed to obtain an Emergency Teacher's Certificate and a teaching position for \$100 per month at a little country school outside of Tuttle. Then came a 9th move of the family. As I recall, papa helped us move out of the parsonage, and get mother, Avis, Gale, and me, settled into the tiny "Teacherage Quarters" in the back of that country school building. Then, he left us and went to Vancouver, Washington where he worked in the shipyards during the remainder of that school year.

Though some of my most pleasant childhood memories are of that time when we lived in the little country school-house on the North Dakota prairie, and my own mother was my first-grade teacher, and though this was the beginning of a long teaching career for mother, those months were the prelude to some of the final blows that struck mother during the years wherein God was testing her faith.

The 10th move of the family after my parents' marriage occurred at the close of the 1943-44 school year. We vacated the country school house, packed, and left Tuttle. Papa met us at Bismark, North Dakota, and we traveled to Payette, Idaho. I turned 7 years old on June 4, 1943 after we had entered southern Idaho on that trip.

After a brief stay in Payette, we moved to Weiser, Idaho. Mother obtained a teaching position at the Monroe Creek country school out of Weiser. Avis, enrolled as a freshman at Weiser High School, and Gale and I attended the Weiser Grade School.

Papa took work doing sweeping at the Railroad Round House in Huntington, Oregon, a short distance from Weiser -- but something was strangely and ominously wrong with him. He and mother went to Nampa to Dr. Thomas Mangum, a godly Nazarene physician, to see if they could find out what was going on. Then came another blow -- to both papa and mother:-- Papa had arterial sclerosis, hardening of the arteries. The prognosis was even more bleak:-- it was incurable, and papa would get worse and worse until it took his life.

When she was but 30 years old, this seems to have been the final, providential blow testing mother's faith. On top of the scarcity and privations mother had endured during the 10 previous years of her marriage, she had given birth to a retarded son and a baby daughter whose physical skull-malformation caused her to die in infancy. Now, 10 years after marrying the man whom she had idolized, she had seen the strange decline in his physical and mental powers and received the very negative news that his physical debility and mental senility could not be arrested -- but would increase until his death!

I regret to report that mother's faith now went into eclipse. Instead of allowing the tests which had struck her to drive her away from a faith in God through her husband, she allowed them to drive her away from faith in God, period. I am sure that she would express the same regret, could she now speak for herself.

Perhaps I was the first to notice the eclipse of mother's faith. One night during that school year I was brightly saved at a revival meeting in the Weiser Church of the Nazarene. For some reason, mother and I were apparently the only ones who attended that night. As we walked home together, I was bubbling with the joy of the Lord and asked mother about spiritual things. She was strangely silent or said very little. I remember thinking:-- "What is wrong? Why isn't mother sharing in my joy?" No doubt it was because the joy of the Lord was gone from her heart -- eclipsed by her discouragement and unbelief, following those providential blows during the past ten years.

The 11th family move occurred before the beginning of the 1945-46 school year when we moved from Weiser to Payette, Idaho. Avis began her sophomore year in High School; Gale was a 6th-grader and I a 3rd-grader at East-Side Grade School. However, not long after school began, Avis was sent to live with other members of the family, leaving then only papa, mother, Gale, and I in the household. Gramp and Grandma McKay discontinued their care for Roger, and he was placed in the Nampa State School -- a facility for the mentally retarded. Papa's own decline in body and mind continued, and mother had to take the main responsibility for providing for the family. With the understanding that she would take correspondence courses toward her college degree, she was allowed to teach school in Fruitland, Idaho, 5 miles from Payette.

As the primary bread-winner, and with papa's increased debility and mental decline, mother also became the guide of home, but in her spiritual discouragement

and lapse of faith she began to drift away from God and take Gale and me in the wrong direction. In spite of his decline, papa noticed this, and I recall one day how he rebuked mother vehemently, saying:-- "You're taking this family in the wrong direction!" He was right, but dear, old papa was unable to prevent it, and soon became mentally incompetent.

I believe it was before the beginning of the 1946-47 school year that we made the 12th and final move as a family -- this time from a house on 1st Avenue South in Payette to a tiny little L-shaped house on the alley at 1620 Center Ave. In papa's pitiful decline he became totally incompetent, and mother had him placed in the Carter Rest Home across town. I had entered the 4th Grade and Gale the 7th Grade, and mother continued teaching school in Fruitland. With papa gone, the little three-member family drifted farther and farther away from God. From the time I first noticed the eclipse of mother's faith as a 7-year old in Weiser things grew darker and darker spiritually for right at 10 years -- a decade in which her mind became "enwrapped in thick Egyptian night." Upon coming home at night, mother would often go into her bedroom and immerse herself in reading such things as The Scientific American Magazine -- and came to wonder whether God even existed. Naturally, the impact of mother's darkened spiritual estate had a direct and bad influence upon both Gale and me. Beyond saying this, I shall omit presenting a litany of things that I know came into mother's life during this Decade of Darkness. Long ago Jesus forgave them, and I shall not repeat them.

Mother continued to teach and to take correspondence courses toward her college degree during this time. More than a human ambition to complete her college education, cut short when she was about 18-19, getting that degree was a necessity in order for her to continue teaching. In spite of all of the negatives in mother's life, it must be said in her favor that she was never a sloucher. She worked hard to support herself, Gale and me, and to fund the care of papa in Carter's Rest Home. She was putting into practice her High School Graduation Motto:-- "The elevator to success is not running -- take the stairs." Little by little her income from teaching increased, and in about 1947 mother was able to buy "The Payette Ice-Creamery" -- a little business that she ran in the summer months when she had no teacher's salary. Gale and I took paper-routes, and though we were far from well-off living in the little house on the alley, we always had enough. Time rocked on.

Then, on Monday, April 10, 1950, papa went to be with Jesus -- freed from no less than 5 years of marked suffering and decline from arterial sclerosis. His funeral and burial on Friday, April 14, 1950 no doubt conjured up soul-searching memories in mother's mind -- memories of how it was in Emmett that she was reclaimed under papa's preaching in the spiritual atmosphere of the Emmett Church of the Nazarene -- memories of "better days" when she had begun to take the way of holiness there. I recall that she said something about getting back to God, but this was not to happen for another 5 years.

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05 -- MOTHER'S YEARS AS A WIDOW -- 1950-1970

Mother ceased pursuing her degree the slow way, via correspondence, and in the summer of 1950 following papa's death she attended Summer School at Eastern Oregon College of Education in LaGrande, Oregon. She took me with her and rented a little apartment for us to stay in during that time. Unless I err, Gale went that same summer to visit with Aunt Margaret and Avis in Port Angeles, Washington.

That summer past, mother continued her teaching during the school years, and began working as a bookkeeper after school at a local machine-shop. Also during the next 2 or 3 years, she continued attending Summer School at Eastern Oregon College of Education until she got her degree -- graduating Cum Laude.

The first to be reclaimed was Gale. He graduated from PHS in 1952 and was sweetly saved and sanctified during a revival meeting at Northwest Nazarene College during that school year. When he came home after that he testified to me one night of what God had done for him. It made a lasting impression upon me that has not been erased to this very day. Nevertheless, time rocked on with no change in mother's life or mine.

Mother's teaching career continue to rise, and her pay with it. She had begun teaching in 1943 at \$100 per month in Tuttle, North Dakota. Her second year of teaching was in 1944 at Monroe Creek school outside of Weiser, Idaho. Then came her tenure at Fruitland, Idaho beginning in 1945, followed briefly by a year or two teaching in the Payette Junior High. Next came a few years of teaching on "The Oregon Slope" -- several miles into Oregon, just across the Snake River from Payette, Idaho. I think it may have been while she was teaching there that she got her college degree. Finally, about the time of my Junior year in High School (The 1953-54 School Year), mother secured a teaching position at the Ontario, Oregon Junior High School, where she taught during the remainder of her Widowhood Years.

During my Junior year in High School I had taken Spanish and become pretty good at speaking it some. I played Junior American Legion Baseball the summer of 1954 and broke my ankle crossing home plate. Of course I had to quit the team, and with my left leg in a cast, I could neither work nor play. Mother decided to take me with her and visit her sister Ellen in Hermosillo, Sonora, Mexico -- located only about 225 miles from where Dorothea and I now live in Phoenix, Arizona. And, things had improved financially to the point where mother was able to buy the first new car we had ever had -- a 1953 Plymouth sedan. It was apparently a left-over from the previous year and mother was able to buy it for (unless I err) about \$2300 dollars. That would not even buy three months rent for us now in our present apartment!

But, down we drove to the southern Idaho border where we spent the night. Then the next day we drove all the way down south across the very hot Nevada desert. There were no freeways there in those days. I remember that as we drove down Highway 95 we would come to a little rise in the road and see the road stretching "straight as an arrow" for miles and miles before us -- and after we got to the little rise at the end of that long stretch of road -- Lo, and Behold -- there before us we saw another long, straight stretch just like the ones we had already traveled! We had 4-60 Air Conditioning:-- Roll down all 4 windows, and drive 60 miles an hour! ;o)

Cars had little flaps on the front of the windows that you could roll or turn out to deflect breeze into the car to help keep cool. That was no help going down across the Nevada desert that day! All the side flaps could do was blow in hot air! It was a miserable trip that day. We had purchased a little rectangular, supposed-to-be car-cooler manufactured by Ike Whiteley, a Payette businessman. It consisted of a little, rectangular, plastic box that had a small reservoir in the top for water and a sponge beneath it, into which seeped the water. It was fastened into the opening of the front window-flap on the passenger side and was supposed to catch the wind, blow it through the moistened sponge, and cool the car! It was a joke! and a mockery of our desire for something to cool us a bit that day. If there was any change at all in the temperature of the air passing through it, it was so minimal that it provided no real comfort. Folks today who have always had A.C. don't realize how comfortable they are in their homes and cars compared to the way it was back then. So far as I know, no automobiles had A.C. in 1954.

Nevertheless, we managed to suffer through the Nevada desert that day, and clear on down to Phoenix, Arizona, where we pulled in beside some giant, Saguaro cactus at about 2 a.m. It was cool enough by that time and we were so exhausted that we slept a few hours right there in the car. The next day we crossed the border at Nogales and drove on down to Hermosillo. Aunt Ellen and Uncle Elbert were fluent in Spanish, having lived in Mexico for years, and Aunt Ellen was impressed with my ability to speak in Spanish -- although I could understand little, the speech of the Mexicans being "muy rapido" to my ear. Nevertheless, mother was also impressed with my speaking Spanish and decided that she would learn the language also. And, she did.

When we returned from Hermosillo, mother began to study Spanish and with her keen mind she soon far exceeded my own limited ability and became very fluent in it. On top of that, she taught Spanish for years in the Ontario, Oregon Junior High School.

In 1955 I graduated from High School, but still mother's faith remained in eclipse. Then, shortly after I had graduated from High School, I said to mother one day: "Mother, do you know what's been wrong with our lives?" She said, "No, What?" I said, "We've just left God out." She looked at me hard as nails and said, "YOU LIVE YOUR LIFE AND I'LL LIVE MINE!"

Therefore, I was surprised several days later when mother came up to me, and said, "Duane, do you remember what you said to me the other day, and how I answered you, "You live your life, and I'll live mine?"

"Yes."

"Well, Duane, after I said that, you had the saddest look on your face, and the Lord showed me what I have been doing to your life. God's been dealing with me, and I'm going to see if I can get back to the Lord."

I was glad to hear her say that, even though it was about a year before I made the same decision. Five years earlier, when papa died, mother seemed melted, as if she might get back to God, but she didn't. So, I was not at all sure anything would come of her effort to get reclaimed.

As stated earlier, for some years, when mother came home after her teaching day she would go off into her bedroom alone and read the "Scientific American" or some other secular publication, and she had become a practical Agnostic in her thinking. Now, however, something different began to happen in that bedroom. Mother took her Bible and began to search and read and pray, pray, pray by her bedside at night. About 3 days later, early one morning about 5:30 a.m., she came downstairs to my bedroom, woke me up, and said, "DUANE, THE LORD HAS SAVED ME!"

I was really glad to hear it, but I said to myself, "I'll watch and see what kind of fruit I see in her life. If it's real, I'll see the fruit of it." And, OH what a change I saw! and heard! and felt! Off came the lipstick, the earrings, the beads, and onto her countenance came "the beauty of the Lord! She had cut and dyed her hair. Now she began to let that grow out and return to its natural color. And, She was soon back to church, running the wheels off of her car picking up people to go with her to the services, testifying, going out soul-winning, and holding cottage meetings.

Jesus had truly come into mother's heart -- things of the world were given up, put off, and ushered out the door, and mother soon went on and got sanctified wholly. One day, before the students entered the first period class at the Ontario Junior High School, the Lord took mother in her mind and heart to the brink of Jordan. She felt that all she had to do next was step forward by faith, then the waters would part and her heart-cleansing would come. She stepped, and IT came!

She whose saving faith had first arisen through God's marvelous providence as a young, Idaho "farm girl" -- she whose faith had gone into total eclipse after dark disappointments in her life, was now experiencing the blazing High-Noon Splendor of Heart Holiness, her lost treasure fully restored!

When mother got back to the Lord, realizing that she had leaned too much on her husband, and that in so doing she had not been strong in the Lord herself, she asked God to give her -- for herself -- a strong, steadfast relationship with God. And, she told me one time that God gave her the following verse, just one or two words changed from the Bible:

"As I was with Irl (your husband), so I will be with thee." Finally -- God had accomplished in mother's heart what He had intended by the providential blows that struck her in her early Christian life:-- the setting and fastening of her faith directly upon Himself, instead of a faith in Him that was partly through another human being! This was a marvelous and Divine accomplishment, and one that ever after affected mother's walk with God. To my knowledge, from that early morning of 1955, to the hour of her death in 1981 she "held fast the profession of her faith without wavering," while provoking others "unto love and to good works" (Heb. 10:23-24).

In her widowhood, mother was "married to the Lord," and abounded in good works. Being fluent in Spanish, soon after her reclamation and entire sanctification, she began to do much Christian work among the Hispanics -- both in the Idaho-Oregon area where she resided and taught, and also in Sonora, Mexico. In summer months, she made a number of trips down to Hermosillo to assist Moises Esperilla in the Spanish Church of the Nazarene there. In 1955, things were completely changed in mother's heart and life, and she set about to bring about those same change in the lives of others. Long after I had left the home and was out into the BMC ministry, mother walked on with God during her widowhood, busy for the Master. Eventually, she moved out of the little, L-shaped house at 1620 Center Avenue in Payette, and finally into a much larger one in which she had Gramp and Grandma McKay come and live with her.

At Christmas-time in 1965, I made the trip by train from my pastorate in St. Louis, Missouri to Ontario, Oregon, where mom picked me up, and I had an enjoyable time visiting with her, Grandma Laura McKay, and Aunt Gertrude and Uncle Bill Bliss and their family. Unfortunately, Gramp had been killed in an automobile accident on Snoqualmie Pass in Washington State a short time before that. He had given Grandma the love and spiritual fellowship that apparently she never had from my flesh-and-blood Grandfather, Julius Ellison Chandler. Furthermore, Gramp McKay was the only, real-live grandfather that Gale and I ever had! He and Grandma have for years lain side by side in the Sweet, Idaho Cemetery, and it was between their remains that my brother Gale interred the ashes of our brother Roger after his demise on December 23, 2005. Dear Gramp and Grandma took care of Roger as a small boy in the house on the hill between Montour and Sweet -- just a short distance from where they all three together await the Return of Jesus and their resurrection into His presence.

Mother was just the same as ever -- ten years down the line from her glorious reclamation and sanctification. I am not sure she was ever sanctified wholly before

that day in her classroom at the Ontario, Oregon Junior High, but she certainly was then, and it had "stuck". Inwardly and outwardly she was sweetly serving the Lord who delivered her from 10 years of "thick, Egyptian night" into "the glorious liberty of the children of God" who have the faith fixed solely upon Christ. No longer was she getting her spiritual direction second hand -- now she was getting it daily and momentarily from Christ Himself!

In 1966, mother flew out to St. Louis to be with me there at Christmas-time. She was the same, dear, wonderfully sanctified mother still. I really recall nothing about that visit except her sitting in the services at 4200 Blaine Ave. and hearing me preach, but I have a picture of her beside me on a couch during that visit, and her face reflects the Spirit of Jesus. I am sure it was an enjoyable time for us both. It was three or four years later before I saw her again -- at another Christmas-time.

I wish I could remember for sure, but I will venture to say that it was Christmas of 1969. At the time, I was pastoring the Bible Missionary Church in Elkins, West Virginia. Mother flew from Boise, Idaho to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania -- about 75 miles north of Elkins. I picked her up at the Pittsburgh airport, and we drove over to Anandale, Virginia (Suburban Washington, D.C.) to spend Christmas-time with her sister and husband, Jean and Finley McNaughton. Uncle Mac had been in the U.S. Forest Service for years, starting out as an assistant forester doing tree-marking from the Cottonwood Ranger Station about 40 miles out of Boise, Idaho. He had worked his way up through the ranks to the point where he was then working in a high position with the Forest Service in Washington D.C.

Mother had more than one reason for making that trip -- more than a desire to be with me and her sister Jean at Christmas -- she had some life-changing news to share with me -- and as we drove over to Anandale, she related it to me.

At Christmas of 1969, mother would have just turned 55 years old the previous October 20th. As we drove along, she told me that she had never thought seriously of remarrying, thinking that she would probably just finish out her days as a widow, but something had occurred to change that. During a revival meeting at the Church of the Nazarene, she had invited the evangelist to come over and have dinner with her and Grandma. The conversation turned to mother's unmarried status and the evangelist told her that he wanted her to speak on the phone with the pastor of the Nazarene Church where he had just been for a revival before coming to the Payette meeting. This pastor had just lost his wife not long before that meeting. Mother was reluctant, but the evangelist being bent upon introducing the two of them managed to get them into a phone conversation with one another. Something seemed to click between them -- and the big news mother had to share with me was that they were planning to get married.

All of this was, of course, a surprise to me, and let me say right here:-- No matter how young or old you are, there is often something about it that makes you sorry to hear that your mother, or your father, is going to marry someone else! This

feeling came into play with papa's children when he married mother, and this feeling came into play when mother announced this news to me. If you love both of your parents, somehow it just doesn't seem right that your mother or father is going to be united in marriage to somebody else other than your deceased parent. When you feel this way, inwardly, it is hard to accept. I was 33 years old in 1970, and my father had been gone 20 years. Still, I had mixed emotions about mother marrying this man I had never seen.

Mother had been gracious and considerate enough to come and visit me personally when she broke that news. As I recall, I believe she even asked me how I felt about it. In spite of my mixed feelings, I let her know that it was alright with me if she felt that was what God wanted her to do. But I had inward misgivings and reservations about the matter.

We drove on over to Anandale and had an enjoyable visit with Jean and Mac. Their son, my cousin David, was in Medical School there at the time (he has been an M.D. for years now), and he took me on a tour of the sites in Washington D.C., including Arlington National Cemetery and The Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, where we beheld a Marine marching like a marionette with the same monotonous routine -- back and forth, back and forth, back and forth -- always making exactly the same motions -- never changing his expression. I will digress here long enough to say that I find it hard to believe that any service man could do this very long without "cracking" some way! and I really feel that such pompous displays of Military marching and discipline are unnecessary and of little worth, if any at all! I saw also the supposedly "eternal flame" at the grave of JFK. I appreciated cousin David taking me around to see those sites, and though I was later in D.C., that is the only time I ever took in the sites there.

After the Christmas visit with Jean, Mac, and David, I drove mother with me to Elkins, West Virginia, where I was pastoring. She stayed with me over a week-end and heard me preach that Sunday morning and evening. I was disappointed to discover that she was not really well impressed with my preaching. Years before, mother had flown out to Rock Island, Illinois shortly after my graduation from BMI. I had been denied my district preacher's license for having voiced my agreement with mother on a certain thing condemned by the BMC. Mother let me know then that she had some reservations about my joining the BMC and ministering among them. Now, years later, I was inwardly disturbed that mother did not enjoy my brand of preaching. She was not critical. She simply was not enthused by it. I feared that she had grown too liberal among the Nazarenes, and I also feared that her new husband-to-be would lead her further into that liberalism.

Therefore, it was with inward misgivings and mixed emotions that I drove mother back up to the Pittsburgh airport for her return flight to Boise after that Christmas visit of 1969. I can see now that as a young 33-year-old preacher, I was too strait-laced and too legalistic regarding some things, and had I felt then as I do now about various things, perhaps my relationship with mother during the last 10

years of her life would have been much warmer and closer. I regret that it wasn't. Yes, liberalism often leans much too far toward the world, but on the other hand legalism often leans much too far toward Phariseeism and Elder-Brother-ism. If mother and her husband were leaning to far toward the former, I was leaning too far toward the latter -- and soon, after mother's marriage I said some things too her that I wish I had never said.

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06 -- MOTHER'S SECOND MARRIAGE -- 1970-1981

If I have it right, it was in 1970 that mother and her second husband were married. I think it best that I not give his name in this file. I wish to cast no reflections upon him by any remark I make herein. I will merely state that he was another Nazarene preacher. Thus, for the second time mother became the wife of a Nazarene preacher. In her first marriage, she was 33 years younger than papa, but in her second marriage she was about a year older than her husband.

Following their marriage, mother sold her home in Payette; he resigned his pastorate, and the two of them pioneered a new Church of the Nazarene in a little town near the Canadian border. To help them financially during this church-planting venture, mother taught school in the town along with the duties she had as the pastor's wife of a new church. They were successful in their efforts, and The Church of the Nazarene was established in that town.

Shortly after their marriage, I became aware of a certain change regarding mother. I was both shocked and appalled when I learned of it! I got on the phone from Elkins, West Virginia and expressed my surprise and disapproval to mother. She let me know that the change had occurred because her husband desired it. But this only increased my feeling that mother was allowing her husband to lead her, instead of minding God. I had heard papa rebuke mother of leading our family in the wrong direction. That was probably well within the purview of his responsibility as the head of our house. And, in effect, what I said to mother also amounted to a rebuke, but I now feel that it was NOT what I should have said as the 33-year old son of a 56-year old mother. I feel it had been much better instead for me to have told mother how much and how dearly I loved her, and then taken my concerns about the matter to Jesus.

My pastorate in Elkins, West Virginia ended toward the end of 1971, and then after a short pastorate in Wickford Village of North Kingstown, Rhode Island, I accepted the pastorate of the BMC in Portland, Oregon -- my first Sunday there being my 35th birthday, June 4, 1972. During the years of this pastorate -- 1972-77 -- I lived close enough to mother and her second husband to visit with them occasionally. During one such time I had a private conversation with mother about that which troubled me involving the changes in her life -- changes that I had been taught were evidence of a drifting from God. I loved her dearly, and I did not want

this to happen. But, once again, I now feel that it would probably have been better for me to take this to Jesus, while letting mother know how much I loved her.

After leaving the pastorate in Portland, I only recall seeing mother twice more:-- once as I passed near-by where she was living in 1977. It so happened at that time I was in deep distress. Some providential blows had struck ME -- some of which I had brought upon myself, and some of which I felt had come from legalistic sources. Mother did not chastise me, though now "the shoe was on the other foot," so to speak. I confess that now I was asking her for counsel and help, rather than dishing it out, and I was more ready to listen than to speak. You know, sometimes when we have been too ready to dish out advice and warnings to others, God has a way of humbling us to the point where we are quite willing to listen to their advice, and be counseled rather than acting as a counselor! This can be a painful lesson, but it is good for the soul.

If I recall correctly, the last time I saw mother alive was in the summer of 1980. Dorothea, who was later to become my wife, was with me. It was a more congenial visit than those during the late 1970s had been, and I am glad that it was. Little did I know how soon my dear mother would be gone. How I now wish I could ask her to forgive me for whatever ways I manifested "a zeal not according to knowledge" in things I said to her! I meant well, and perhaps some of what I said really did do some good -- I don't know. But when it comes to knowing the difference between "a time to keep silence, and a time to speak" (Eccles. 3:7), "Too soon we grow old, and too late we grow smart."

From the time of mother's reclamation and sanctification, I never knew her to manifest a wrong spirit, nor did she ever, so far as I am aware, do what she knew from the Lord to be wrong. When God reclaimed her, He promised to give her direct leadership such as papa had had from God, and from that time she was not in bondage to the opinions of men -- even well-intentioned and godly men. Those things wherein she deferred to the wishes of her second husband, I believe she honestly felt were permissible by the God whom she served, and from Whom she received direct orders. That being the case, mother made it in to the City Foursquare, and the former "farm girl" from Ola shall rejoice around the Throne with the bloodwashed saints of God -- world without end!

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07 -- MOTHER'S HOME-GOING AND FUNERAL

During the years of mother's second marriage, she continued to have a real love for and interest in the spiritual welfare of Hispanic people. She did Christian work among them right up to the close of her life. In the summer of 1981 she had the opportunity to visit Spain and take some courses at a university there. After a thorough physical found nothing that would prevent the trip, she flew over to Spain and did take those courses -- but she was ill during all, or most, of her time there --

sometimes even in bed sick with pain in her side. Nevertheless, she completed the courses and visited with some Nazarenes in Portugal before flying back to the states.

The mysterious pain in her side worsened after her return. She visited the doctor in the little town where she and her husband were living. He failed to properly diagnose the problem. The pain continued to increase until she told her husband she simply could no longer endure it. She was finally admitted to the local hospital, and shortly thereafter lapsed into a coma. What the doctor had dismissed as something much less serious was, in fact, an embolism in her left side. A clot broke loose from it and went to her heart. It was too late then! In spite of repeated efforts to save her, at the age of 66, mother went to be with Jesus -- on July 28, 1981, just shy of three months before her 67th birthday.

I was still single and had no phone where I was living at the time. A knock came on my door, and the landlord's son-in-law broke the shocking news to me. I had known nothing, of either her trip to Spain nor of her illness. So suddenly, so unexpectedly, she was gone! Papa had died at age 68, but I did not imagine that mother would live fewer years than he. When I heard the specifics about her demise, I felt that somebody must have bungled. How could it be that the embolism that caused her death was not diagnosed in that physical before her trip to Spain? Why was it not discovered for a week or two after her return? But God is too good to do wrong, and too wise to make a mistake.

It was mother's time to go, and from what I heard, she did not go to her grave "like the quarry slave at night, scourged to his dungeon," but rather, "sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust, like one who wrapped the drapery of her couch about her, and lay down to pleasant dreams" -- with the prospect of that glorious world before her wherein "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away" (Rev. 21:4).

The funeral was conducted at 2:00 p.m. on July 31, in Hood River, Oregon. The funeral message was delivered by Dr. R. C. Kratzer. My brother, I. Parker Maxey, also spoke a few words at the service. Pallbearers included Elvin D. Leavell, the husband of my sister Beatrice, and the Honorary Pallbearers were Rev. Parker Maxey, Rev. Homer Clough (husband of my sister Ruth), and Ted W. Finkbeiner. Mother's earthly remains were sealed in a vault in the Idlewild Mausoleum, Hood River, Oregon -- there to await that glad time when "the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise" to meet Him in the air. (1 Thess. 4:16) What a Day, glorious Day, that will be!"

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THE END