

Lauderdale on the 14th about six o'clock in the evening. I shall never forget how happy Mother was. She simply cried for joy as she was able to see her "Preacher Boy" again, whom she always called "Cal." This was on Saturday, January 14th. All seemed to be set for a few weeks with her children. My other sister, Mrs. Kirby, had come to Fort Lauderdale and was very fortunate in getting a good school post and an apartment on Tuesday, January 17th, the very day that Mother went to heaven at 9:45 p.m. Four of us children, out of the six, had gathered in Fort Lauderdale to spend what we thought would be a pleasant winter with our mother. Just as we thought everything was going fine, Jesus sent His angels and called Mother to something far better and grander. He called her to Himself. My mother had suffered severely with gall bladder attacks the past week before she went away. She suffered greatly, but when the Lord was ready for her to go, she only gave three deep breaths and was gone -- no struggling or lingering. Most of the day was spent in prayer with Calbert, Viola, and me. Why He did not let her stay and enjoy the winter with us, we will never know, but we do know that He doeth all things well. He never makes a mistake.

We went back to Huntington, West Virginia, and there we saw our dear mother laid beside my father and oldest brother Jim, who had gone before her several years ago to await the glorious resurrection morning when the dead in Christ shall rise first. I have never seen such a well-attended funeral. There were around one thousand people there. My mother was just a sweet woman who lived her life every day, in every way. She had a very wide influence upon all whom she knew. It was her prayers, life, and influence that made me a missionary. She was always willing for me to do His will. Many times it was self-sacrificing for her, but when she knew it to be the Lord, or that I felt it was the Lord, she always said: "Go on and preach, Willie."

The atmosphere was clean and holy, and she went to heaven in a peaceful manner while Emmor and I stood by her bed. We were the only ones present at that time, for she went very suddenly while Calbert and his wife were taking Carrie Alice and her little boy Dannie to their apartment. My mother was a woman of strong character. Her convictions came from reading the Bible. She would not be moved by anyone. She was loved by both young and old people alike. She always had a humor about her that made life enjoyable. She could spank us when we were children one minute for our naughtiness, and the next minute she would love us and kiss us. I have never seen any mother who loved her children like Mother did. She was a mother for us all to be proud of. She was a perfect example of a Christian life, and has left us a great heritage; greater than silver or gold, rubies or diamonds or worldly goods. She left us all a spiritual heritage. I think I hear her calling back to us children saying: "Come on up; it is much better here." Our loss is her gain. As for me, I will strive harder than ever to live as she lived, drawing closer to Christ each day. I do not want to miss living with her forever. I was asked by God to be a missionary, for which she had consecrated me to be before I was born. I do not believe there was a day that she did not pray for me. I cannot understand how my sisters can go on in sin, and not turn to the Saviour. There is one thing they can

never get away from -- that is Mother's prayers. Her prayers will follow us all wherever we go.

I never realized how much I would miss her until she was gone. There are some things I would do differently concerning her, if I had the opportunity again, but it is gone forever! All the rest of my family are married, with their companions and children. I feel detached and alone at times, because my life's work in India is twelve thousand miles away. Then Jesus comes and speaks to me, saying: "I will never leave thee or forsake thee. Lo! I am with thee, even unto the end of the world."

There are souls yet to be won and a race yet to be run. I want to run it with patience, and meet my mother at the end of the way. I somehow feel that she will be lingering near the Eastern Gate, looking for each one of her children. I am determined that I will make it through to the City of Gold at any cost. Just to be inside those Gates of Pearl will be worth everything. I am looking forward to the Homecoming Week when I shall see my Saviour first of all -- then I want to see Mother next. I hope that I will be able to introduce her to many that have been redeemed by His Blood when we reach heaven from India, and also wherever I have preached Jesus. I am sure that she will share in the rewards.

I am printing the Memorial to Mother in this book as it appeared in India's Last Call -- our little missionary paper. Pray for me and dark India and a LOST WORLD. I wish to establish a Memorial Emergency Fund in honor and memory of my sainted mother: The "MOTHER HOLSTEIN EMERGENCY FUND," to care for emergencies that arise in this FAITH WORK. If you would like a part in this, write me. Christ has REFIREED my soul. I continue to do His Will.

Billie Holstein

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05 -- A MEMORIAL TO MY PRECIOUS MOTHER

By Mrs. Sidney Alice Holstein

"Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city " -- Rev. 22:14.

"Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection." on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with him a thousand years"" -- Rev. 20:6.

I believe that it can be said of Mother that she did His commandments, and has entered through the gates into the City of God, and hath part in the first resurrection. I believe that I can say that my mother was among the most godly saints I have ever known. She was converted at the tender age of 19 years. There

were seven of us children: Mr. Carter Holstein of Ethel, West Virginia; Rev. Billie Holstein of India (a missionary); Rev. C. V. Holstein of Vicksburg, Michigan (an evangelist and pastor); Mr. Frank Holstein of St. Albans; Mrs. Emmor McCalla of Fort Lauderdale, Florida; and Mrs. Carrie Alice Kirby of Fort Lauderdale, Florida. One son is deceased.

My mother prayed for us before we were born, and I am sure that from our birth until she went to be with Jesus on January 17, 1956, there was not a day that she did not mention each of us to the throne of grace. She was a firm and staunch second blessing holiness Christian. She lived it; she preached it in the church through her testimony; she taught it to us in our daily lives. Her life was an open book to all who knew her. There was no compromise in my mother. She was firm in what she believed the Bible taught. She read her Bible through many times. When there was any question about our conduct and actions, she would look up the subject in the Word. If the Word condemned us, then Mother did, too. She never covered up our faults and sins just because we were her children. Her words were often like this: "Children, I would not want to meet that in the judgment."

My brother Calbert was the baby boy and the first to come to Christ in the revival where most of us were saved. He led the way to God's Bible School in Cincinnati, Ohio, to prepare for the ministry. Since he was the first, he paved the way for ten more of us to follow him to that great school in training for God's work and ripened harvest field. His son, John, is now training for the ministry in that school.

Calbert Victor, Jr. is a fine young Christian and is planning on entering a Bible college this fall for his preparation for Christian service. Then his sister, Mary Alice Matheney, who is married to a minister, is giving her life for Christ and souls. Mary Alice was named for Mother. Elizabeth Ann, another of Calbert's girls, graduated from Olivet College this past year. She is a beautiful Christian. Another daughter, Rebecca Lou Holstein, is now in Olivet College as a sophomore, preparing for Christ's service in whatever field He leads her to.

Calbert's youngest son, Daniel Frederick, is 11 years old, and he firmly declares that Christ is his Saviour. My brother Calbert is a lot like Mother. It was Mother's life and prayers that impressed us all towards Christ. The following articles are from Calbert and his wife Viola concerning Mother's influence on their lives.

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With these few words I wish to bear testimony to the memory of one of God's choicest saints, my precious mother. It was my privilege to have one of the best mothers that any person could have. I never knew the time that my mother was anything but a Christian. She was a true mother in every sense -- both in temporal and spiritual things. Words are insufficient to describe what her life has been to me,

but what I am and ever shall be I owe to God and my mother's prayers and life. Her life was true and full of loyalty to God and the duties that were hers. I have been left with a great heritage that shall never be forgotten. Her works do follow her.

Her son, Rev. C. V. Holstein

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One of the most godly saints I have ever been permitted to know was Mother Holstein. Having always had a big place in my heart for older people, I found it a pleasure to get help in my life from her numerous related experiences. I found her a woman who knew God, and when she would be visiting in our home, never a morning could we wake early enough to find her in bed. Always she was up in the earliest hours reading her Bible and communing with her precious Lord. I feel this one thing caused her to be the blessing she was.

When I was entertained in her home she was always a thoughtful, gracious hostess. When I went into the home just a few days before her passing, even though she was suffering so much herself, yet her main concern was for my comfort. It was amazing how she was loved so much by all ages, yet it is no wonder as she was always so cheery, and was a real blessing in her wholesome merry wit.

To know her was to love her, and while she has gone on ahead, we do not sorrow as one without a hope. We know that she has made the landing safely, with abundant entrance into heaven. God grant that by the grace of God and her sweet influence which still lives, we may, one of these days -- how long we do not know -- meet and greet her on the other shore. As she was faithful, so let us be faithful.
Viola Holstein

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The Bible teaches us to give honor to whom honor is due, respect to whom respect is due.

At this time I wish to give honor to my brother-in-law. Mr. A. L. McCalla, in whose house my mother made her home the last four years of her life. She was treated like a mother by Mack. I do not think my mother ever had a wish that Mack and Emmor did not grant it. Mack was a real son to my mother; he was more than Emmor's husband.

Mack and Emmor were more able in a material way to look after Mother and make her comfortable in her last years. I also believe that Mack looked to Mother and respected her like he would have his own. All the Holstein Family wish to express our deep gratitude to him for his love and kindnesses to Mother Holstein. May God ever bless him. Our prayers are that he will live with Mother and her God eternally.

preparing for the mission field, when the door was shut for any missionary to go there by the Indian government.

While I was in Hobe Sound working and going to school I met Jaya Pradha. Jaya came to America from India many years ago, at the age of sixteen. Angels in India attended Jaya, and I am persuaded here also. Jaya traveled extensively, preaching in holiness camp meetings north to south and east to west. It seems her pure message is the same as Billie Holstein's. And while I don't believe their paths ever crossed, Billie's influence, and missionaries like her, have sown gospel seeds that are still bringing forth much fruit. Billie said she rescued and raised more than sixty brown babies for Jesus. How she loved them, and how the children she rescued loved her. She was Jesus' hands, feet, prayers, and love to the lost of India that she touched. Her spirit was engaging and contagious.

Her favorite song was "Faith Is the Victory."

Billie was born on May 28, 1896. She died just shy of her hundredth birthday, on April 10, 1996.

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