

CHAPTER 3 – MORE SCHOOL DAYS

MEMORABLE EVENTS

While I had been in the hospital, my family had moved from our home on Hodge Avenue. I am not really sure why but remember being very angry about it. This meant that upon being discharged from the hospital in May, the last couple of weeks of the sixth grade, I had to start attending a different school! I attended there for the next two years, through 7th and 8th grades. Kennedy Elementary School was a single-story building built into the slope of a hill so that there were three levels, each level a bit higher on the hillside. Rather than stairs it had ramps in the hallways, which were very easy to use with braces on my legs.



One memory from that school is singing the following song in the talent show with a group of seven other girls.

I BELIEVE - Author unknown

**I believe for every drop of rain that falls
A flower grows,
I believe that somewhere in the darkest night
A candle glows,
I believe for everyone who goes astray,
Someone will come to show the way,
I believe, I believe.**

**I believe above the storm the smallest prayer
Will still be heard,
I believe that someone in the great somewhere
Hears every word,
Every time I hear a newborn baby cry,
Or touch a leaf, or see the sky,
Then I know why,
I believe.**

There were dances every month at the school for the seventh and eighth grades. At one dance we had a DJ from a local radio station. There was a drawing that night and I won a coupon for a free pair of shoes at the Nordstrom's store. Going up onto the stage to receive the coupon, the first thing the DJ said to me, with the microphone turned on was, "What are you doing? Standing in a hole?" I was very embarrassed, but not so much that I refused to take the coupon!

Many years later I was able to make contact via the Internet with girls who had been my friends at that school. Each one of them remembered me right away when she was told that I had started at the school with braces on my legs.

Today the old Kennedy Elementary School building has been turned into an upscale hotel. The classrooms have become guest rooms; there is a restaurant and an elegant "soaking pool".

Three memorable events happened following sixth grade, during the summer of 1955. The first was that our family got its first television. Because I had braces on my legs so that I was somewhat restricted in my activities, my parents thought it would be a nice thing for me to have television. Not that there was so much to watch in those days! Actually I got around well during the six months that I wore those braces. I even mowed the grass with a push mower! It was great to be out of bed, moving around and doing pretty much anything I wanted to.

The second memorable event of that summer was the birth of Troy Lee Berglund, a second half-brother, on July 4, 1955 when Keith was a year old. The boys were born in Portland and Janice's mother Gloria was the nurse for my mother at the births of both of my brothers.



Since we had only a two-bedroom house, there was a crib in each bedroom. I remember many nights when mother stood beside the crib in my room, trying to quiet a fussy baby so he would go back to sleep and she could return to her own bed. One baby awake could easily wake the other one with his cries.

Troy had asthma so there were a number of emergency visits to the hospital for him. I remember him being in an oxygen tent. My parents were advised to make our home as dust free as possible for Troy. Hence we had hard wood or linoleum floors most of the time, vinyl covered furniture and even plastic drapes at the windows.

The third memorable event of that summer happened on a rainy day. I was occupying myself in the basement by digging through an old steamer trunk that mother had kept for as long as I could remember. I came upon a Bible with a black leather cover, gilt edged pages, and dad's name embossed on the front in gold lettering. I held it with awe, as if I had found a great treasure, which of course I had. I was consumed with a desire to read it. But it was not mine so I put it back into the trunk. It was my plan to ask dad if I could borrow it to read. It took a couple of days before I got up enough courage! Finally telling him I had found it, I asked if I could borrow it. His reply was that he would not ever need it again, so I could keep it. I was ecstatic!

THE FRINGE

Every night when I went to bed I read from those wonderful pages! My parents knew I had the Bible and yet, something inside me was afraid to have them know when I was reading it. Whenever I heard someone approaching my bedroom, I would quickly hide the Bible under the covers and pretend to be reading something else. It took me quite a while to stop doing that.

Why did I feel this way? Mother and dad did not attend church. Dad's parents went regularly, often taking me along, but any mention of us going to church as a family caused tension in the house. Although I was consumed with desire to read the Word of God, "religion" was a topic we all avoided in our house. We no longer lived near Janice so I had no friend as moral support or any bus to take me to church.

Because I did not really know what the Bible was about, I did not know how to approach reading it. All summer I skipped around reading in many places. Every night I read and every day I thought over what I had read. I was compelled to keep on reading. I was getting a mixed up picture of God as a judge who punished, then a picture of God loving us and giving Jesus to die for us. Back and forth between the punishment and forgiveness I went. It came through to me loud and clear that God is perfect and I am not. I was overwhelmed with the sense that I could not ever be good enough!

As I read in the New Testament about Jesus, I thought constantly about Him. I could not stop being full of a feeling that He was right next to me at all times! I began to pray hesitantly; awestruck by a growing realization that Jesus had died for me personally! Mixed with that was an agony of guilt as I thought of how sinful I was. Over and over I told God about my sins and asked Him to save me. I cried with grief over my sins and guilt. I thanked Him for Jesus and told Him that I knew Jesus had died for me. I do not know how long I went back and forth between sadness about my guilt and joy that God cared about me, whether it was days or weeks. But a time came when my heart was at peace. At the young age of 12, I knew without a doubt that God had done something in me, that somehow I was different!

This spiritual experience was a thing I could not explain, neither the words nor the understanding were in me to express what had happened. My heart was constantly filled with a great wonder that I had not ever known before. The following chorus of an old song expresses what I was feeling:

**Thank you, Lord, for saving my soul, - Thank you, Lord, for making me whole;
Thank you, Lord, for giving to me - Thy great salvation so rich and free.**

Author unknown

What I had experienced is expressed in the Bible in Hebrews 6 verse 11 which says, “he that cometh to God must believe that He **is**, and that He is a **rewarder** of them that diligently seek Him.” This is what had happened to me, I had believed that God exists, that He IS. As evidenced by my constant reading and cries to Him, I had also believed that He would ANSWER me.

The idea of a reward was not really a concept in my head. I just had a desperate need for knowledge of Him as a Person. My prayers were cries for Him. I wanted escape from the guilt that I felt as an imperfect person who could not help but sin. In other words, I could not help but remain imperfect. Who is God? What does He think? What does He think of me?

What was I seeking? To find out who God is, for sure. To be free of guilt? To escape punishment? No doubt all of these were in my heart.

God is so much more than what we think He is! He is a rewarder! He goes beyond our expectations, to show us His glory and make us His own when we long after Him with our whole beings. God rewarded me then by giving me some knowledge of Himself in the form of a keen awareness of His presence in the world and in my life. I thought about Him constantly!

Thus it was that I began on the REAL journey of my life. A journey with God, a daily process of getting to know Him better all the time as I continued to read the Bible, and a process of growing up in the life of Christ which He had put within me. I have written these comments now, many years later from the perspective of having grown much in understanding of spiritual truths as they are stated in the Bible.

This little poem well states my position spiritually at this time.

**And what shall be the ending?
I've touched the fringe of what Thou art,
And Thou hast begun to show me, Lord,
that is all transcending;
I'm standing on the rippling shore;
Love's ocean depths are all before.**

--Miles J. Stanford (Imag-ination 14 page 31 -- emphasis mine)

Eventually during continued reading I came across the story in the Gospel of John chapter nine about the man who was born blind.

Probably every person who has a chronic medical condition, at some point in life asks, “Why me?” I do not remember putting that question into words as a young teen, yet when I came across this story in the New Testament, suddenly my mind vibrated with a discovered answer to my unasked question.

The first three verses of the chapter read: “And as Jesus passed by, he saw a man who was blind from birth. And his disciples asked him, saying, “Master, who did sin, this man, or his parents, that he was born blind?” Jesus answered, “neither has this man sinned, nor his parents: but that the works of God should be made manifest in him.” And so they were, because when Jesus healed the man, his life was entirely changed which demonstrated the love and power of God working on the behalf of one unknown man.

In the world of that day, I am sure the man was a beggar sitting by the road side, living on the generosity of those who passed by him. What a hard way to earn a living! In comparison to him, I had so much of this world's goods, and yet I too had to live with something that was a hardship in its own way. A light went on in my head, here was an answer to a question that had not yet really formed in my young mind.

If the works of God could be shown in me, then it was all right with me to have this bone condition! You may ask if I thought I was going to be healed like the blind man. No, that was not a hope I ever entertained. I loved God and was grateful for His love for me, and for the sense of freedom I now had from the guilt of sins. It was enough that He cared about me! I felt no need of getting any physical miracle.

I HAVE COME FROM THE DARKNESS

Marian Wood Chaplin, - Copyright 1964 by Broadman press

**I have come from the darkness to the light of the Lord;
I have come from the night to the day.
He has guided my footsteps in the truth of His Word;
By His love He has shown me the way.**

**In the light of His presence all temptations depart,
And the shadows of doubt are cast aside.
With the radiance of sunshine He has entered my heart,
Where His Spirit of love abides.**

**I have come from the darkness to the light,
To the light of redemption from sin.
O my soul will rejoice in His might,
For my Savior dwells within.**

MIDDLE SCHOOL

(From the time mother began dating Dale, I had always called him by his name, as I stated earlier in chapter two, but have referred to him as dad up to this point in order to save on confusion for the reader.)

After mother and Dale were married, I continued to call him Dale. No one encouraged me to call him daddy. They thought I would come to it gradually in my own time as I stopped missing my real father. In contrast to this, as soon as mother and Dale married, Dale's mother told me in no uncertain terms that I was to call her and Knute Grandpa and Grandma. Not Mr. and Mrs. Berglund any more!

Now it had been almost four years and I was still calling my stepfather Dale by his name! I was used to it that way, never thinking about it and there did not seem to be a problem since no one told me otherwise. Everyone, including mother and Dale appeared to be used to it too.

Then one day early in January 1956, just a few weeks after my thirteenth birthday, I answered the telephone. It was a call from my father Vincent Taylor! It was the first contact he'd made with us ever since he had deserted us in 1950. He wished me a happy birthday telling me that upon my graduation from high school he would give me \$1000 for college. After a brief conversation with me, he wanted to speak to my mother.

Mother was in the basement putting cloth diapers in the washing machine. (Disposable diapers had not yet been invented.) She was visibly shocked when I ran down the stairs and told her who was on the phone. She told me to finish putting in the load of diapers. After the call, mother asked me if my father had promised me anything. I told her about the promise of money. She said that he had never kept promises to her before, so I should not believe that he would do any different for me. I don't think I ever did believe that he would keep that promise, because he had after all deserted me, which must have broken my heart when I was a child.

There was a tension in the house following Vincent's phone call. After a couple of days my mother took me aside to tell me that it was time for me to stop calling Dale by his name and to begin calling him daddy. It was a very strange feeling for me to do that after such a long time! Why did they decide to make an issue of it after so long? My only explanation is that they were probably worried the call from my father could result in tearing me away from the family they were building together.

That summer in 1956, I was invited on a trip with Aunt Evelyn and Uncle Carl and their daughter, my cousin Gini. Because Gini was an only child and wanted company her age, I had the privilege of going along with them on their vacation! Pulling a small camping trailer behind the car, we camped in Glacier National Park in Montana, and then Waterton Park, Banff, Lake Louise and the Columbia Ice Fields all in the Rocky Mountains of Canada. It was a wonderful trip!

Dad's employment always involved the operation of heavy equipment. He drove truck, dug swimming pools, operated cranes on dams, and twice he went into business for himself. Both businesses ended in bankruptcy. The first time, he hired out his own truck to carry loads on long distance hauls across the country. That became a problem for him and mother because she had to be alone for long periods working a full time job and leaving us three children with a babysitter. One load that he hauled I remember in particular. It was a semi trailer full of mustard seeds! Not in containers of any kind, just loose filling the whole trailer about halfway deep. What a sight!

During the summer of 1957 following the eighth grade, we moved to a wonderful three-bedroom house. It was a lovely yellow house on a corner lot with large trees bordering the property on two sides. Such large trees meant a lot of leaf raking, which I loved doing, in the autumn of the year. Wonder of wonders, the house came with an upright piano, which I worked at teaching myself to play. What fun!

This was marvelous; I finally had a room of my own! It was a two-story house with two bedrooms and a bathroom on the second floor. The boys and I had our rooms up stairs. While there was no school that summer, I took care of my two little brothers while our parents both worked. It was fun at first but soon became a chore.

I remember being mean to them, doing petty things such as grabbing a toy from one of them, pounding on the piano very loudly when it was their naptime, or letting them scream in their cribs for long periods of time. A sort of resentment was rumbling around inside of me because of having to take care of them all day. Looking back now, I think it must have been a huge adjustment from being an only child to having two little brothers.



Ulysses S. Grant, a four-year high school, at NE 33rd and Broadway was where I began the ninth grade in Portland. I remember riding the city bus and then walking across a park to the campus. But I have no other memories of that school, which I attended for only three months.

It was while living in this house that I remember having to keep track of whether I could read through my urine! Sometime along this period of years, medical science had discovered that in my medical condition, the kidneys do not do what they are supposed to in regard to phosphorous, which is used in bone building.

As a way of tracking the loss of phosphorous leaking from my kidneys, instead of being absorbed by them, I was to collect the first urine of the morning in a glass jar. Then hold a paper about the size of a 3x5 card on one side of the jar, look through the jar from the other side and try to read what was on the paper. The printing was in several sizes and I was to write down which size print I could read each day. The more cloudy the urine, the less legible the print, the more phosphorous was leaking through the kidneys and being lost in the urine output. This information was written down daily and then taken with me to the next clinic appointment at Shriner's. My daily dosage of vitamin D was then altered based on the results of these reading tests.

This way of testing did not last long for me because the family decided to move again. This time a really big move, all the way to southern California! At first the plan was that once we were settled there, I would begin clinic visits at the UCLA Medical Center in Los Angeles. But somehow life got busy and we never did start going to the clinic at UCLA. Consequently I was out of the medical "loop" for about seven years.

Our move, which took place during the Christmas break from school, meant that we were separated from the large extended family that I had enjoyed for the past six and a half years. I consoled myself with thoughts of being close to mother's two sisters, Evelyn and Harriet, and going to school with my cousin Gini.

We drove from Portland, Oregon in a two-door sedan, the two little boys and I, and a bird in a cage all in the back seat together. It seems like we also had a cat, not in a cage, but I could be wrong about that. I especially remember the bump, bump, bump of the tires on cracks in the cement highway in California.

We moved into a rental house in La Canada, which is a suburb of Los Angeles in the foothills on the north side of the city. I was quite excited about living there because I would be able to attend the same school as my cousin Gini. However, for reasons I do not remember, we only lived in that house a week. We moved to the next small suburb called La Crescenta, to another rental house and different school district.

It was common then, as it is today, for the foothills north of Los Angeles to burn annually in wildfires. We were close enough to sit outside in the yard watching planes and helicopters dropping chemicals on the fires. It was interesting to watch the glow of the flames on the hillsides in the darkness of a hot summer evening. Houses were not built as high up into the hills as they are today. I think it was rare at that time for any homes to be in real danger.

HIGH SCHOOL

In Portland, I had been in a four-year high school, but now in California the high school was only three years, so I had to do the second half of 9th grade at a junior high school, it felt a bit like being demoted! However, it was nice that the school was just across the street from the first house we rented in La Crescenta.

Over the next four years, I can remember living in six houses. However, all were in the same school district, so I was able to continue through the high school years with my new friends.

A few memories of that time include buying Aunt Evelyn a baby duckling one year when her birthday fell on Easter Sunday. I loved going to the feed and seed store and could not resist the ducklings! I got one for 50 cents and took it home to keep overnight until her birthday party the next day. I fixed a shoe box for it to sleep in for that night, but it made “poor baby duck” sounds that kept me awake. I finally put the little one into the pocket of my pajamas and the two of us slept just fine all night!

It turned out as the “duck” grew that it became a lovely white goose! It followed Evelyn around all the time, and kept her yard free of all bugs, but also made a terrible mess all over the yard with its droppings. The solution was to take the goose to Forest Lawn, a huge cemetery where there were many ponds, gardens and other goose friends to live among.

At one of the several houses that we had, I remember we purchased a small electric organ, with two keyboard levels and an octave of foot pedals. Ten free lessons came with the purchase, which I took advantage of. I tried to keep on learning by myself, but after a time the organ disappeared. The reason why that happened is among the many things I seem to have forgotten.

During these years, mother and dad separated for a very brief time. The only reason I remember for this was dad’s frequent drinking. He never lost a job or was violent when drunk. It is probable that there were other marital problems that I was not aware of.

During those four years I attended a small Covenant church because it was within walking distance of one of our houses. After we moved outside of walking distance, people in the church picked me up so I could attend. Once I got my drivers license, I was able to use the car on most Sunday mornings.

The church had a small youth group, so small that the four of us teenagers voted ourselves in as “officers” all the time! Singing in a choir for the first time was a great joy to me. My first and only opportunity to attend church camp came during my junior year of high school.

Since La Crescenta had no high school of its own at the time, students were bussed south to the city of Glendale where we attended Herbert Hoover High School, a three year school.

It was during my junior year at Hoover that I became involved in the Youth For Christ Club (YFC), which met on the campus. There I met the people who I now remember as my high school friends. Most of us in the Club attended the YFC rallies held every Saturday evening at The Church of the Open Door (COD) in downtown Los Angeles. COD was a huge church, seating 4,000 people and it was packed every Saturday evening for the rallies! What an exciting time, seeing so many young people worshipping the Lord together!

That year was one of changes in the way I viewed my social activities. As a young Christian, I felt that what I did for fun should be in alignment with what I believed. Now, later in life, I still believe this to be a good principal.

My main interests at the time were YFC, going to church, the friends I had made there, and the study of the Bible that I loved to read. So it was that I came to a decision to “give up” some activities.

I no longer went to any school dances, which was not really a sacrifice because I was not often asked to dance, nor had I learned to dance very well.

Among my Christian friends, I was accepted for who I was. It seemed that all of us were comfortable in our social activities, club meetings, and Bible studies. There was a camaraderie and acceptance among us, something that all people long for in their lives. I did not feel that I was missing anything by not going to school dances. On the contrary, I felt very much included and accepted.

During most of my junior year I dated a boy named Del, who was also active in YFC. But there came a time during the second semester that Del suddenly broke up with me. I was heart broken, but recovered pretty quickly. It was not very long before he had another girlfriend and they married after graduation the next year.

The teen years are a time when a person thinks about life and values, about the kind of person one wants to be, about what one believes and about one’s own mortality. One morning I distinctly remember saying to mother during breakfast that, “whenever we leave to go some place, we should give each other hugs and kisses, because we don’t know if we will die that day and never see each other again”. Mother was horrified! “Don’t even think such things, Gale!” was her response. But it was a thought that stayed in my mind for a long time even if I did not mention it again. It was to become all too true in later years in my life and the lives of those I loved. Death is a thing that comes to us all, often sooner than later. It is something we should talk about. Not talking about it does not prevent it from happening, nor does talking about it make it happen.

After my junior year of high school and during the summer of 1960, I had the wonderful experience of making another trip with Aunt Evelyn, Uncle Carl and cousin Gini. We drove the old Route 66 from Los Angeles along what is now I-40 through Arizona, New Mexico and the Texas panhandle, where we saw fireflies for the first time. At Oklahoma City Route 66 turned north heading for Chicago. Leaving Route 66 we continued east on the highway that is now I-40 all the way to Knoxville, Tennessee. From there our route was north to Washington D.C. through North Carolina and Virginia. What a wonderful opportunity they gave me to see our great country!



Evelyn Carl Gini & Me

It was while in our nation’s capitol that I had my first bad experience with the new style of high-heeled shoes, I think they were called “slings”. They were open toed slip-ons with no straps, just elastic in the arch, which caused them to make a slapping sound as you walked. While visiting the Capital Building, my foot slipped coming down some marble stairs. My knees buckled under me so that I slid down a number of steps on my shins.



I was able to stop myself by grabbing the spindle bars of the railing. I was quite shaken, but other than some bruises on my shins, very fortunate not to have been hurt!

We visited the Washington Monument, where Gini and I ran down the stairs after taking the elevator to the top; the Jefferson Memorial, the Lincoln Memorial, Arlington National Cemetery where I was especially taken with the statue of the flag raising on Iwo Jima, the White House, the Ford Theater where Abraham Lincoln was shot, and the house across the street where he died.

From there we traveled on to New York City, where we visited an automat, a new kind of eatery, which was quite a novelty at the time. It was nothing but a room with tables, chairs and vending machines full of sandwiches, candy bars and sodas! We went up in the Statue of Liberty as far as the crown, the arm being closed off to visitors. That's all I remember of NYC!

From there we went into Connecticut and Massachusetts visiting relatives, seeing historic sights such as Plymouth Rock, the towns of Lexington and Concord where the Revolutionary War began when the "shot heard around the world" was fired on April 19, 1775, and the Toll House of cookie fame. In Boston we visited the old historic downtown area where some streets were still cobbles. I wore my silly sling shoes again and held up traffic on a busy street when one of my heels got caught in the cobbles so that I walked out of the shoe and had to turn back to get it!

On our return trip to the west we stopped at the mighty, awe inspiring Niagara Falls. Leaving that area, we had our first experience driving the New York-Chicago Toll Road system, also called the Expressway or Turnpike. This early system now includes portions of Interstates 70, 80 and 90 as well as other highways. One of our suitcases, which were tied on the top of the station wagon, was suddenly forced open by the wind as we drove. Gini and I were laying in the back reading and looked up to see clothes sailing through the air behind the car! Uncle Carl stopped and risked his life running all over the highway collecting our underwear! It really was quite funny, at least to us girls!

Our route on I-70 took us to the top of the Continental Divide in Colorado, where Gini and I played in patches of snow in July. Quite an exciting thing for two southern California girls! I could not know that day that in later years this location would become a special place for our family. The Eisenhower Tunnel at Loveland Pass did not yet exist to make crossing the mountains easier. Nor did the city of Vail, CO exist, although there was a highway through the Vail valley, there was not any civilization there yet. Construction on the town of Vail began two years later.

All the moving around that our family did over the years, meant a person changed jobs fairly often. In those days when filling out an application for a job, you often had to list all the places you had lived and worked over the past ten years. (It was still true at that time, that most people in this country did not move around as often as they do now-a-days.)

In order to be able to give that much information, mother kept a running list of the addresses of places where we had lived. Compiling my own list based on mother's, and including the times I was hospitalized as separate addresses for me, there had been at least 30 different addresses by the time I got married! I actually remember many of these residences. Isn't that strange, to remember houses, but not neighbors or friends?

A small thing happened one morning in twelfth grade that stands out in my memory like a neon sign. Getting ready for school I wanted to wear a particular necklace that day but was unable to find it. I looked everywhere until becoming so frustrated that I was nearly in tears. Deciding that it was a lost cause for that day, I prayed asking God to help me find it later. As I gathered my books for school, I pulled up the couch cushions a second time on an impulse, and there was the necklace! I had looked there before without finding it, so it seemed like God had directed me in finding it after I had prayed. It had become practice of mine to speak to God often about little things as they occur. Answers do not always come, in fact most of the time there is no answer, but what was driven home in my mind again that day, was that God is listening to me and is interested in every thing in my life.

He is aware of my frustrations, disappointments and short temper yet does not hold it against me. Over the years since that time, I have come to understand from the Scripture that what Jesus Christ did on the cross to save me has made me acceptable to God once and for all. I learned a very practical lesson that day about God's closeness to me in the small details of daily life. His love remains the same always! It causes me to love Him in return.

Because God was not discussed in our home, I had to learn of Him on my own, in church and at Youth For Christ. Some of the concepts in my thinking would need correcting and alteration over the years as I grew in my understanding of just what God has said in His Word and how it applies in life. We **grow** spiritually, how exciting!

In November 1960 during my senior year of high school, dad and mother separated for the second time. Mother, the boys and I moved into a small apartment in Glendale near my high school. We lived there only about a month. Dad was over to visit us frequently, often staying the night.

By Christmas my parents had decided to live together again. That was all right with me but, in addition they decided they had to move back to Washington State! Dad was unemployed at the time and the Navy Yard in Bremerton, WA was hiring.

Since this was my last year in high school, making a move back to Washington State was out of the question as far as I was concerned! The whole idea of a move was a very upsetting shock for me. I hated the idea and argued with my parents against it. I refused to go with the family. Mother was horrified! The family was in an uproar!

So far I had managed to have two and a half years of California's three years of high school at the same school. I wanted desperately to finish with my class instead of starting at a new school again when there were only five months left until my graduation.

Somehow my parents came around to discussing the possibility that I could stay in California. The main problem to be worked out if I was going to stay as I wanted to was where would I live? Somehow it was finally arranged that I would live with my closest friend, Dolly Geno. So it came about that my family left me there in Glendale, California and they relocated to Bremerton, Washington.

Normally I had always tried very hard to be compliant and not cause any sense of tension at home. I think that was the first time I ever rebelled against the wishes of my parents, actually arguing with them about a decision they had made.

A DIFFERENT SORT OF YEAR

Dolly was the youngest of four children, the only one still living with her parents. She had a tiny bedroom in a tiny house in Glendale within walking distance of our high school. Dolly's parents were older than mine, her father was retired but working as a night security guard. Her mother was a nurse working from 7 p.m. until 3 a.m.

Dolly had a single sized bed, which we shared, always giving most of the bed to her big dog! We both had our driver's licenses and the use of a car every evening.

Since Dolly's father did not drive, we had to meet him when he got off work late, at eleven o'clock. While her parents were both at work, Dolly and I spent many evenings cruising all over the Los Angeles metro area. Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood was a favorite place, as were Griffith Park, Echo Lake, and Santa Monica beach. Sunday mornings we drove to Burbank to Calvary Bible Church that had been founded and pastored by Dr. Jack MacArthur, the father of the now well-known Dr. John MacArthur.

Dolly and I both attended the Youth For Christ club (YFC), which met in a school classroom, one day each week before school began. Every Saturday evening we drove to downtown Los Angeles to the YFC rallies. Young people from high schools all over the metro area gathered at The Church of the Open Door (COD) at 6th and Hope Streets, which as I said previously was a huge church that seated 4,000 people.

The pastor of the church at that time was Dr. J. Vernon McGee, a well-known Bible teacher. Dolly and I were always among the crowds of teenagers attending the rallies there on Saturday evenings.

In the early 1900's the Bible Institute of Los Angeles had been founded. Using the initials of its name, the school became known as BIOLA. Its first campus was located in two 13-story tall buildings, one close on either side of COD.

Both of these buildings were dormitory housing for students attending Biola. On the roof of each of these tall buildings was a huge neon sign that said, JESUS SAVES. Those signs were visible all over downtown Los Angeles. Biola's classes were held in these buildings as well as in COD.

By the time Dolly and I had begun attending rallies at COD in 1960; Biola had become a college, and is now a university. The student body had grown so much larger that more dormitory space was needed. A new campus was in the process of being constructed on land south of Los Angeles in a suburb called La Mirada. Since there were not yet enough dormitories for all the students at the new campus, upper classmen were the first to be housed there in the new dorms.

Underclassmen and those students with jobs downtown continued to be housed at the old downtown campus location. As students were gradually moved to housing on the new campus, lower floors in each 13-story building were being gradually let out as hotel-like housing for retired persons.

The first floor in one of the buildings had a hotel lobby and radio station KBBI, owned and operated by Biola. The upper few floors of this building were still used as housing for male students.

The first floor of the other building had a Christian bookstore and a lobby. Female students were still being housed on the upper few floors of this building. This arrangement was to figure in my life in the future, but I'll get to that later.

Both Dolly and I enjoyed the Saturday night YFC rallies where we made friends with students from other high schools. Because the dormitories for Biola College were right next door to the Church of the Open Door, many of the college students also attended the YFC rallies there. Since they were a bit older than us, we looked up to them as role models.

Many of the speakers at the rallies were entertainers: actors, singers and musicians from Hollywood who were Christians. There were also missionary speakers from many places around the world.

It was always a very moving and inspiring event for us, encouraging us to continue in our young Christian faith. Since both Dolly and I grew up in homes that did not focus on church attendance, this became our church as much as did the church of Dr. Jack McArthur. The rallies and church taught us some of the basic principals of the Christian faith.

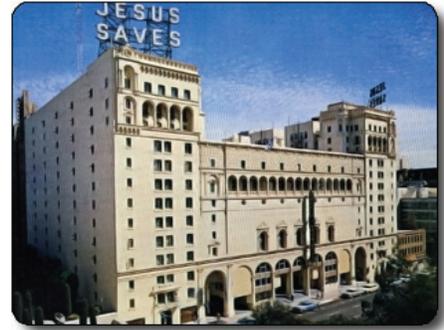
There was a group that met on Friday nights called Friday Night Fellowship, (FNF) made up of college and high school students, which was lead by the college fellows. Dolly and I began attending this group on Fridays as well as continuing to attend YFC on Saturday evenings. FNF became our real chance to get acquainted with the college students and to ask them questions about things in the Bible. Of course they did not know everything, but they certainly did know more than Dolly and I! There was usually a short Bible study or devotional given by one of the college fellows and a time of prayer as a group.

The FNF group had created its own radio program which the students made and paid for by their own donations at the Friday meetings. The program was titled "More Than Conquerors", a 15-minute segment that aired weekly on KBBI. One of the college fellows gave a short devotional message, there was special music, and someone from the group usually gave a personal testimony about what the Lord Jesus Christ had done in his or her life.

This program was recorded on Saturday evenings during the YFC rally, a convenient time since everyone was going to be at YFC. It was a simple matter to walk next door to the radio station to make the recording. It was at just one such recording session that I met the fellow who was to become my husband.

After attending FNF for some time, I was asked to speak on the radio program about how I came to have faith in Christ. On the night of the next recording session, I left the YFC rally to go next door to KBBI.

As I entered the recording studio I noticed a young man behind a glass window with earphones on his head. He did the recording for our program at the same time he was running tapes for the evening line up of programs which were going out over the air.



**Church of the Open Door (center)
Biola College dorms**

When it was my turn to speak, I guess it went okay, but I don't remember what I said. When the recording was over, as we were all standing around talking, the man who had done the recording interrupted everyone asking to be introduced to me. He introduced himself to me as a student of Biola and his name was Roy Smith.

It surprised me that he was a student, because I had assumed he was a professional. (Well, since he was employed there, I guess he WAS a professional!)

I was quite taken by the fact that he had made a point of meeting me! I went home that evening walking on air!

If I remember correctly, Roy invited me to visit him in the studio, and then it wasn't long until I began to go to KBBI regularly on Saturday evenings, leaving the YFC rallies to sit in the studio with Roy while he worked. He put pre-recorded programs on the air, played records of Christian music, read the news hourly, and read pre-written advertisements.



Roy at console of KBBI

We did a lot of talking during those programs, getting acquainted with each other. We had to be careful not to talk when he was on the air with the microphone "open".

As the school year progressed, my parents and I kept in contact by writing letters. They wanted me to be in Washington with them after graduating from high school. They planned to drive back to southern California to attend my graduation, and then to return home to Washington with me along. But becoming acquainted with students from Biola caused me to begin thinking of that college as the one I wanted to attend. In fact, it was the only college to which I made application for admission. Believing that I would surely go to Biola, I felt that it would be good to remain in Glendale after high school, work there all summer and save money to start college in September.

My parents and I had a telephone conversation about this difference of plans. As I stated before, most of my life I had been compliant, doing what was wanted so that there was no tension in the house. But this time I disagreed once again, as I had when they decided to move from California earlier that school year. We hung up the phone leaving the issue unsettled. A few days later, I received a call from dad telling me that mother was in the hospital for surgery. Dad never was good at explaining medical things and I did not know how to ask medical questions, so did not really understand what was going on.

Dad appealed to me to return to Washington with them and not upset mother while she was ill. Being afraid for her, I agreed to return to Washington with them. I did not know yet that God's plan was for me to go and that He would work out everything about college in His time. I was learning by experience, that the things we want in life might well be the things God has planned for us. But His ways of bringing them about often are very different from the way we think they should happen.

About a week before my graduation, Roy and I had our first date. I made a picnic lunch and we spent the day at lovely Zuma Beach. Because it was early in the season and too cold for swimming, the beach was virtually deserted. We had a wonderful time just talking, walking, and laying on the blanket reading from God's Word.

Since it was a Saturday, we had planned to attend the YFC rally in the evening but were so late returning to the city and we had not eaten dinner that we went out to eat instead. We ordered steaks, a very nice meal, which I knew was expensive for Roy as a student. I was unable to finish all the food. I felt miserable about it, pushing the last of the food around on the plate trying to decide just how I was going to get rid of it. Finally Roy asked me if I was going to finish it. Feeling like a heel, I replied that I couldn't. With a huge smile Roy asked if he could have it!

We had a great time together on that date. Dolly always said later that when Roy took me back to her house that evening, I told her I was sure I was going to marry that fellow. After we were married, Roy claimed he married me because he knew he would always get enough to eat. Ha ha very funny!

Part of the application for admission to Biola College, was a medical examination. Living with a friend as I was, I did not have a family doctor, although there was one doctor the family had taken my brothers to when they had ear infections or when Troy had asthma. I made an appointment to see him.

Since Dolly and I only had the car at night, I arranged to be driven to the appointment by Dolly's boyfriend Ron McDaniels. Ron was a Biola student who was, and still is, like a brother to me.

During the examination, the doctor realized that I had a problem. He told me that I was either pregnant or had a large ovarian cyst or tumor. But he did not do any further investigation to find out which it was! Knowing that I was not living with my parents and that a young man had brought me to his office, he probably assumed that I was pregnant. I was stunned.

I did not know then that he could have discovered which condition it was by doing a simple pelvic examination. Instead, he filled out the medical section of my college application and allowed me to leave his office without further advice. Leaving the office, Ron could see that I was upset. When I told him why, he became upset too. We did not know what to do next. The decision I made about what the doctor had said, was that it would be best to wait until my parents arrived from Washington and then talk with mother about it.

During those last few weeks of school, I worried a lot about how this could have happened to me. I had read medical books about how pregnancy occurred but had not ever talked to anyone about it. I was scared that maybe I was pregnant but how could it have happened without me being aware?

Furthermore, I did not want to upset mother by telling her anything about it over the telephone. My fear was that she would become sick again. Not understanding what had caused her to need surgery in the first place, now this made me feel responsibility for her health. It weighed heavily on me, so that I tried very hard to be agreeable and compliant in whatever was asked of me during those next weeks, including agreeing to return to Washington with my parents after graduation.

Looking back, it seems strange that I did not realize sooner that something was wrong. I suppose that any symptoms I may have had were mild enough to be ignored. I do not remember anything at all that was different about me physically, except that my school gym teacher did make a wise crack one day about me putting on weight in front! I ignored it because I did not understand what she was implying. It is probable that other students thought I was pregnant, but I did not realize there might be gossip about me.

Another odd thing about it was that Aunt Evelyn, mother's sister made my graduation dress but never said anything at all about my appearance. Although I do remember her making a small comment during a fitting, about the need to make the front of the dress a bit larger to accommodate my tummy.

Graduation day at Herbert Hoover High School finally arrived and 694 of us graduated in the class of 1961. My family had driven to southern California to attend the ceremony, after which we all traveled back to Bremerton, Washington the town where dad and Mom were renting a house on Perry Avenue, close to the home of my grandparents and to the home of Aunt Lavern. After retiring my grandparents had moved to Bremerton from Portland, OR to be near their daughter Lavern.



**Graduation
1961**

A DIFFERENT SORT OF SUMMER

Aunt Lavern was a lovely person whom I looked up to very much. As the days at home with the family began to pass, I found it very hard to bring up the subject of my health and my fears, and strange as it may seem, no one brought up the subject that I was looking as if I was in the early months of pregnancy! I remained fearful of making mother sick again as well as of possibly causing anger or tension in the family.

Then one day Aunt Lavern had an errand to run in the country and invited me to ride along with her. It is possible that mother arranged this little trip, with the intent that Lavern talk to me. Or perhaps Aunt Lavern had brought it up to mother. I do not remember what I said to Lavern about it, but do recall that she assured me mother's illness was definitely not going to get worse and that I should tell her about the problem.

I do not remember talking to mother at all, but within a few days the two of us were in the doctor's office for an examination and then having an abdominal CT scan. This was quickly followed by surgery to remove a very large ovarian cyst. The cyst had begun on the left ovary and then attached itself to the right ovary as well.

In surgery the left ovary was entirely removed along with about a third of the right one. This never created a problem for me later when I wanted to have children. I was told that whatever amount of ovary remains, takes over the full function of both ovaries. I was in the hospital for about a week. Some of my cousins came to visit me there, telling jokes and making me laugh which was not funny with an incision in my tummy!

While all this was going on, my acceptance letter arrived from Biola. Its arrival solidified my certainty that God would somehow provide for me to go to college! Surgery now behind me, getting back to southern California so I could attend college became my main focus for the remainder of the summer of 1961. I tried to use the days productively by reading, sewing, and praying about how God was going to get me to Biola.

As the summer wore on and I regained my strength, my parents advised me to start looking for work. That way I could save money and maybe go to Biola, probably not right away but maybe the following year, because they would be unable to help me financially. So that is what I did half-heartedly and unsuccessfully, but with confidence that somehow God's plan was for me to go for the start of classes in just a few weeks, not the following year! The desire to go to school was so strong; it must have been the only thing I talked about.

As the time for the start of the new school year drew closer, I was in contact with my friend, Ron McDaniels. He went to the college officials to tell them about my financial situation and asking if there was some way they could let me come to school. After being pestered by him several times, they finally said that if I could come up with \$100 as a deposit, they would allow me to attend classes, but with two provisions. First, I would not be allowed to move into the dormitory until I had a job and secondly, a student loan had to come through within the first three weeks of school. Ron passed this information on to me and I began to pray for \$100.

The house we were renting was new, not totally finished inside with drywall not yet up on all the walls. Mother had hung sheets on the 2x4's between rooms to provide for some amount of privacy. At night while lying in bed, it was easy to hear my parents talking and sometimes arguing about how in the world they could ever come up with even as much as \$100 to give me. Every night I laid in bed reading the Bible, praying, and trying to shut out the sound of their voices.

One night reading in Jeremiah, I came across verse 33 of chapter 3, "Call unto me and I will answer thee and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not". Although I had already been praying, this verse gave me a jolt like lightening! I took it as a promise that God would somehow solve all the problems for me! In response, I told Him that if He would give me the \$100, I would take that as proof that He would provide everything else I would need to go to school when it would start in just a few more weeks!

I got out of bed, knocked on the 2x4 frame of my parent's would-be bedroom door and told them about the verse and about my belief that God was going to give me \$100. This news was met with complete silence. After that I never heard any more discussion or arguing, and I never doubted that God would do just what I was sure He had promised. My heart was completely at peace.

Within only a few days, our family made another move, about 60 miles away to the small town of Tumwater, where dad had been able to get work at a gas station.

Meanwhile, trying to discover how God would give me \$100, Ron began to approach people in California who had known me, including the Covenant church in La Crescenta where I had attended for four years, until I moved in with Dolly. He asked them to donate money to help me get back to California for school. He got no results anywhere.

Mrs. Erickson, the mother of one of the other upperclassmen at Biola, could not give me any money but offered to let me stay in her home until I had a job and could move into the dormitory. Mrs. Erickson was a widow who had one of her two sons still living at home. I knew her son Ken already, having met him at the Friday Night Fellowship group. Ken was attending Biola so I would be able to ride back and forth to classes with him each day during the time I would live at their home.

The weeks wore on and the first week of school began without me. But that first week was an orientation week for freshman students only, so actual classes did not begin until the following week. By this time Ron was desperate to come up with the \$100!



School officials told him it would be all right for me to miss that week of orientation, but I would not be allowed to arrive at school later than the start of classes the following Monday morning. The week of Orientation crept along. By the end of the week, Ron's mother was worn out from listening to him talk about how to get this girl to school! On Saturday morning she handed him \$100 and told him to get me there!

That same morning my family had plans to drive from Tumwater to Bremerton to spend the day at the home of Aunt Lavern. It was probably a birthday gathering for some family member. Mother asked me if I wanted to stay home in Tumwater instead of going along with them to Bremerton, so that I could be there if Ron were to phone saying he had the money. I said no, I wanted to go with them and if God had the \$100 for me then He would help Ron get a message to me somehow. With that said, off we went driving 60 miles to Bremerton.

The ease of making phone calls today may cause you to wonder why I did not just phone Ron to tell him that I would not be at home. The reason is that a long distance call cost extra money in those days so was something our family almost never did and when we did it was only for something very urgent.

The only thing I remember about that day is when the relatives were all sitting at the long dinner table in the evening. There was a phone call, which Aunt Lavern went to answer. She came back to the dining room saying that the call was for me. I went to answer with a firm feeling that it was Ron. Sure enough, he had traced me to my aunt's home! He said he had remembered me talking about relatives in Bremerton and that the surname of the family was Anderson. He had phoned as many of the Andersons as he had to until he found the home where I was visiting. Not an easy task as Anderson is a fairly common name!

Ron said that he had the \$100! Well, of course he did, I hadn't doubted that somehow it would be provided. He had also found out that the last bus out of Olympia, WA headed for Los Angeles would leave at 11 p.m. that night. If I were not on that bus, I would not arrive in time for school on Monday. If I was not there by that time, the school officials had said I would not be allowed to start classes.

Very excited, I returned to the dinner table where the extended family was discussing how Ron had managed to find me. I told them the story, saying that I had to get to the bus in a matter of just a few hours. Could we please leave right now to hurry home to Tumwater so I could pack my things?

That's when I was told that my parents did not have the money for a bus ticket! I remember feeling stunned. I am sure my face must have fallen into an expression of shock! A bus ticket? I hadn't thought to pray for money for that!

To have come so far with hope in my heart and conviction that my prayers would be answered, only to be told that my parents could not provide the price of a bus ticket! There was silence around the table. Suddenly my dear Grandmother said, "Oh for heavens sake, let the girl go!" She grabbed her purse and pulled out the needed amount of money, about \$35.

So it happened that we were racing down the 2-lane highway 60 miles back to our house in Tumwater. I packed as many of my belongings as I could in a couple of suitcases and we were off again to catch the bus. We arrived at the station just in time to board the bus as it was leaving. At the last minute my mother handed me all the cash she had, about \$15, and I was away on the start of a grand adventure!

COLLEGE DAYS

At 7 A.M. Monday, after more than 30 hours of travel, the bus arrived at the Los Angeles bus depot. Ron was there to meet me and we headed straight to the Biola College campus in La Mirada, about 20 miles south of downtown Los Angeles. He dropped me off at the administrative offices and then dashed off to his classes. I spent the morning in the library taking placement tests for the English and math classes.

For the next three weeks while attending classes, I lived with Mrs. Erickson in La Crescenta. I did some job hunting in downtown Los Angeles near the Biola dormitories, but did not find work. The school had given me a deadline of three weeks to get both a job and a student loan. If I were unable to meet that deadline I would have to leave school. Not having anyone else in the family that was willing or financially able to co-sign on a student loan for me, Aunt Lavern agreed to do it. Without her doing that I could not even have applied for a loan.

The three-week deadline for getting a student loan was fast approaching. I was called into the dean's office on Friday morning of the third week and reminded that it was the last day for my student loan to come through so that I could remain in school. Not that I needed reminding! I was told that the morning mail had not brought a loan acceptance for me. However, there would be another delivery in the afternoon and perhaps it would be included in that. So we waited.

In the last mail delivery of that day, a check arrived covering a loan of enough money to pay for one year at college! It seems to me now that the amount was about \$1000. It covered my classes, housing in the dormitory and meals in the school cafeteria. I do not remember paying anything extra for those expenses.

I was now able to move into the downtown dormitory on the 12th floor, and my new mailing address became Biola College, 558 South Hope Street, Los Angeles, CA. All I needed now in order to stay there was a job!



Mother's two sisters both lived in the Los Angeles metro area, Evelyn in La Canada and Harriet in Alhambra, near Pasadena. Harriet worked in downtown Los Angeles at the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company. One of her co-workers knew someone who was in management at the credit office of the J. C. Penney Company, only a few blocks from the Biola dormitories. She put in a good word for me and I was hired as a credit advisor. My hours would be part time Monday through Friday from 5 to 9 p.m.

So it was that every need was provided! Every prayer was answered! My faith in our heavenly Father's leading and guidance was even more firmly grounded as I saw Him overcome what seemed to be impossible odds at every step of the way!

Looking back now, I know that I was like a small child in my faith. Trusting, as a child trusts a parent, that God would do all these things for me. I was totally convinced that He wanted me in Biola that year, not the following year. My heart was certain that the time was right for me to be out on my own with God. I was convinced that if I did not go forward following His leading at this time, it was very likely that I would not go to Bible College in the future at all. Now or never was the feeling that had gripped my heart for the past months!

God gave me Ron, the blessing of a dear friend who was willing to go out of his way to do all he could to help me get to school at a time when I was unable to do anything to help myself. God also gave me Aunt Lavern, who was willing to co-sign the application for the education loan. He gave me Grandma who was willing to give me bus fare; an indication that she believed God was guiding me. And God gave mother enough cash in her purse at that moment to sustain me until the loan came through! Just as Jeremiah 33 verse 3 says, God was showing me great and mighty things!

My job at Penney's was that of Credit Advisor. What is a credit advisor?

There were quite a few of us working together in a large room. There were drawers full of 5x7 index cards, each having the credit card payment history of someone in the metro area who had a Penney's credit card. Whenever a customer wanted to make a purchase on their card, the cashier made a call to our office.

Upon taking the call, I would look at their payment history and make a decision whether or not to allow the customer to make the purchase on their card. If I declined the purchase, the sales person would not return the credit card to the customer. It did give one a feeling of power now and then, especially if the customer had not been making regular payments on their card.

That school year was not an easy one at all! In the first place, I had just had a major surgery only about eight weeks previously and I tired easily. Secondly, I had not ever worked before. The job was easy enough once I got on to it but the days were long for me and at work I was on my feet the entire time, which has always been painful for my legs. Sometimes I would be so tired; I would cry myself to sleep.

The daily school routine began at 6:30 in the morning. At that hour, all of us who did not have other transportation were taken on school buses from the downtown dormitories to the new campus in La Mirada, about 20 miles away. Breakfast was served in the cafeteria there before classes began. Classes were over at noon and we were returned by bus to the downtown dorms where we ate lunch in the basement cafeteria. That left me about 3 hours in the afternoon to study before being at work by 5 p.m. There were days when I was so tired that I fell asleep over my books, not the best way to get good grades!

An energetic, fun loving girl named Rhonda was my roommate. Rhonda did not work during the first couple months of the school year but then she became the secretary in the office of KBB1, the school's radio station. She was as ready to go to bed as I was by the time I arrived back at our room after 9 o'clock at night.



**Rhonda
Reed**

There was a sort of unwritten agreement among the male students that the girls did not walk home from work unescorted in the evening. Always when we came out of work, there was at least one fellow there to walk back with us unless we had a group of girls together at the same location. It may have been there were times when a girl walked home alone but if so, neither Roy nor I ever heard about it.

Money was extremely tight for me with most of my small paycheck going toward paying the student loan. The school cafeteria served breakfasts and lunches on weekends, but was closed for supper both days.

Many of the students who lived downtown went elsewhere for the weekends, which meant there were fewer people to serve in the cafeteria. Those few of us who had to work weekends or had no place else to go, had to eat out for supper. I should not give the impression that I was totally without any other place to go. I had two aunts in the metro area that I did visit on some occasions.

There was a small restaurant on the corner of the block where we often ate or went just to drink coffee. Each of the booths had a small jukebox that took quarters. Because so many of the Biola students hung out at this place, one of the songs most often selected was The Hallelujah Chorus from Handel's Messiah. It was played over and over again! Possibly that song was the moneymaker for all the juke boxes in the place!

A couple of doors down the street was Jerry's Juice Bar where we could get made-to-order juice drinks plus all sorts of unfamiliar health food things. Further away there was a cafeteria with a buffet where we ate when we felt we could afford the few extra dollars. This was a wonderful treat as it was an "all you can eat" place! On one occasion several of us girls had our bill paid by Dr. Louis Talbott, an elderly gentleman whom we greatly respected. Dr. Talbott had a long history with Biola and was a frequent speaker on The Biola Hour, which was broadcast on KBB1 and many other Christian radio stations across the country.

Every student at Biola had what was called a Christian Service assignment, some form of Christian ministry and outreach to others. I worked with a couple other girls teaching a Release Time class for children at a public school once a week. This was very similar to Child Evangelism's Good News Club.

Immediately after arriving at Biola I began attending the Youth For Christ rallies again. It was the simplest thing to do since the dormitories were on either side of Church of the Open Door! Soon, I began again to leave the rally to go to KBB1 and visit Roy on his Saturday evening shift. We really enjoyed talking in between times that he was on the air reading the news, announcing a program or DJ'ing the music.

By the way, I forgot to mention that Roy had his amateur radio set up in his dorm room. He had strung an antenna wire between the huge JESUS SAVES signs that were on top of the two tall dormitory buildings by climbing to the top of each sign. The wire remained there, hanging over the Church of the Open Door, for as long as the buildings continued to stand.

It couldn't have been very long after the school year started that Roy mentioned his girlfriend when I was visiting him at KBBI. What girl friend? I had assumed we would pick up where we left off after the one date we'd had in June (silly me), and now he was talking about someone else. This hurt, and to make it worse her name was the same as mine! Her name was spelled G-a-y-l-e, so not exactly the same as mine, which is spelled G-a-l-e.

When questioned about his memories of this time in his life, Roy answered more or less in the following way:

Roy spent the summer of 1961 in Oklahoma at the Summer Institute of Linguistics taking training toward becoming a member of Wycliffe Bible Translators. He had known Gayle for so long and thought she was the one meant for him as a spouse. After our date before my graduation from high school, he found himself with two girls now in his life that he was attracted to! That summer he prayed for us both, asking for direction regarding which of us was the right one for him.

When I was not there for the start of the new school year, it looked like he was not going to have opportunity to get better acquainted with me after all. Then suddenly I showed up on campus drawing his attraction again, causing him to feel confused once more. As I visited him at KBBI again on Saturday evenings, he decided he would tell me about Gayle. But when that didn't scare me away, he felt more confused! I was making his life complicated!

Maybe at that point I should have quit going to the radio station, but Roy and I enjoyed talking together. The thing I enjoyed most about Roy was that he talked so freely about things from the Bible and about our Lord Jesus Christ. So I kept going over to see him while he worked.

We enjoyed sharing the deep, profound truths in the Bible which were challenging to our minds. We had so much still to learn of them, but what we understood so far was like a river of refreshing water to our souls, just as God promises us it will be in John 7:38. So I kept on going over to see Roy while he worked and he kept telling me about Gayle, whom he had known for a long time in his home church in Phoenix where their families had been friends for years.

As the Christmas holiday break from school approached, Gayle planned to ride from Multnomah School of the Bible in Portland, Oregon where she was attending, to Los Angeles with another student who would drop her off at Biola. She would then ride home to Phoenix with Roy in his bright yellow pick up truck, Lizzy Belle.



Roy had told me that over the Christmas vacation he planned to ask her to marry him. When Gayle arrived I was able to meet her and, of course she seemed very nice even though I thought I was not going to like her! As they left on their trip to Phoenix, I felt that a page in my life was at an end. Roy would return to school in January after the holidays, as an engaged man.

Because I had to work my normal hours during the school break, I stayed at the dorm not going to visit relatives until Christmas Eve. There were other students in the dorms too, who had to stay around to work over the holiday break. One of the fellows was Dennis Brown, who worked at KBBI. We were already acquainted so began to spend much of our free time during the holidays with each other.

Each floor of the dormitory buildings had one telephone on the wall in the hallway. When it rang someone would answer and then holler to the person the call was for. The last afternoon of the Christmas break, the telephone rang in the hallway on the 12th floor of the girls' dorm where I lived. "Gale, man on the phone!" was hollered down the hallway to my room at the far end. It was Dennis calling me to meet him in the lobby downstairs.

I got dressed and went down. All Dennis said at first was, “Roy is back!”, the look on his face told me that he was not happy. Right off, I knew what Dennis was going to tell me, Gayle had turned Roy down!

The next day when classes resumed, we picked up our familiar routines. We met in the cafeteria for breakfast, about 6 or 8 of us sitting together. It was a quiet meal, all of us being in sympathy for Roy who as a quiet person was even quieter. Even though neither of us said it, I think both Dennis and I could already sense that a change was just ahead in our relationship.

The next couple of weeks dragged along miserably for the most part, until one afternoon after lunch as I was studying. There came a call for me on the hallway phone. “Gale, man on the phone!” was hollered down the halls for all to hear. It was Roy and he wanted me to come downstairs to have coffee with him. Now Roy was not the kind of fellow to call up someone else’s girl, so this was a surprise. Dennis was at work just then, on the air at KBBJ, so of course, I went down to meet Roy!

We went to the restaurant on the corner where we sat in a booth playing the Hallelujah Chorus on the jukebox, talking, drinking coffee and doodling on napkins for a couple of hours.

Finally it was time for me to leave for work, but I felt that something was unsettled. I said to Roy that I was not leaving until he told me why I was there in the first place. He asked what I meant. “Well,” I said to him, “you aren’t the kind of a guy to take another guy’s girl out to coffee, so I want to know what are we doing here?” “I am interested in you,” he said very hesitantly. So it was that I now began dating Roy. Dennis remained our friend, was at our wedding and saw our first child when she was born.

There is an interesting sidelight about Dennis that I will include here. We kept loose contact with him for a number of years. Dennis stayed in radio, ending up in Lancaster, CA. We lost contact for many years after that, but I will jump ahead briefly here to tell how contact was renewed.

In July 1999, our daughter Ruth moved to Lancaster where she taught school for five years. Once when visiting Ruth there I looked up Dennis in the telephone directory but did not find him. Later in 2004 we received a phone call from Dennis. What a surprise after so many years! He was flying through Denver and hoped we could meet him at the airport. We were not able to do that, but he gave us a short update on what he was doing and that he still lived in Lancaster. He was in fact attending the same church that Ruth was attending but had not recognized her because he had seen her before only as a baby!

The reason we could not find him in the Lancaster phone book was that he was now listed under his middle name of Alan rather than as Dennis. The way that happened was this: he had stayed in radio, as I said, but had worked at two radio stations at the same time. When he hired on at the second station, he was not allowed to use the same name he was using at the first station, so he had to use his middle name. As time passed, he used his middle name more and more, even in the phone directory listing. By the time we talked with him he had left radio to work at NASA as a public relations person. About six months later we made a trip out to Lancaster to visit Ruth and met with Dennis for dinner.

Returning now to telling about the time spent in college, studying at Biola was a wonderful experience for me! Although I wanted to pursue music, especially voice, as a major, my parents felt it would be wiser to study to be a teacher. So I began with a basic liberal arts schedule of classes. I could have taken a music class but the use of practice rooms was additional money.

One of my favorite classes was the Old Testament Survey. In that class we were required to read each book in its entirety in one sitting. That was a difficult task on the longer books, such as Isaiah, Jeremiah, the Psalms, and others! We could leave it long enough to go eat or use the bathroom, but otherwise we had to stick to it until we finished the book.

During the second semester my work situation changed. I was hired as an office clerk at the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company, located in the Stattler-Hilton Hotel just a few blocks from the dorms. Aunt Harriet, mother’s sister, had worked at that office as a secretary ever since she left Boston to go west, in the late 1940’s.

Working there was a much better situation for me, working afternoons rather than evenings and working with my aunt. Sometimes I rode the bus with her to spend a weekend at her apartment in the city of

Alhambra. With evenings now free, I was able to take a required math course for 3 hours one night each week. I hated it! Math has always been my weakest point and I came close to flunking it! Somehow I managed to scrape by, or perhaps was passed on by the good grace of a teacher who could tell I was a mathematical hopeless case! Studying in the evening rather than in the afternoon was much easier. Possibly because a normal supper in the school cafeteria was much more satisfying than a snack from the vending machine, which was what I had been eating when working at Penney's.

Since I was now dating Roy, I began hanging out with him a lot. He was involved in a prayer group that met Friday evenings for prayer focused on mission work around the world. We had file folders full of missionary letters. Each person would take a handful of folders, go sit alone in a corner someplace and pray over the letters in each folder. It was a great opportunity for me to learn about missionary work as well as how to pray for missions. As the years passed, many of the young people who attended these prayer sessions became missionaries, scattered across the globe serving God and people groups everywhere by taking the Word of God to remote places.



It was not very long after Roy and I began dating that we just mutually agreed we enjoyed each other so much we could marry and be together all the time. Roy composed a letter to my mom and dad asking their permission for him to marry me. In a return letter they gave us their blessings.

I don't know what the rules at Biola are now, but in those days you could not announce you were engaged unless you had permission from the college administrative staff. We approached the dean and were given permission after some brief counseling. But we were also warned that statistically the odds were we would not have a successful marriage. Statistically people who come from broken homes, as I had, tend to make broken homes. However, we were young and in love and felt strongly that with the help of God and our love for each other, we could beat the odds!

Every year the college had a Spring Banquet at which a number of couples announced their engagements. I needed a formal dress for this occasion and managed to find a lovely pink and white one, which I put on lay-away. It took me several paychecks to pay it off. It was the prettiest, silkiest dress I had ever owned. I felt SO fancy wearing it!

The banquet was very exciting, made more so by the fact that we were announcing our engagement! Each couple announcing an engagement was introduced on the stage.

At the close of our freshman year of college, my roommate Rhonda and I, along with Judy Thieman and Barbara Befus shared an apartment near the school. It was a great, fun summer working, dating our boyfriends, and bumming around downtown. It was fun to have the guys over for dinner.

When school started, the other girls all returned to classes, but I moved in with Aunt Harriet to share her apartment. Roy and I had settled on December 7th as the date for our marriage. In order to start saving money toward our wedding, I did not return to school at the end of the summer. I continued to work at the insurance company. Harriet and I rode the city bus to and from work together. Over time I chatted with most of the people on that bus route, which amazed Aunt Harriet, who had ridden that route for years, never talking to anyone.



A word here in regard to leaving school after only one year, when I had wanted so badly to go there and God had made it possible. I think the real longing in my heart, in addition to getting to know God better, was to be in a loving and happy home. Looking back now, I understand that establishing that home was more important to me than getting more education. With Roy there was lots of conversation about our Lord, plus gentleness. I loved his family from the beginning and was very comfortable with them. I had been in love with Roy from the first night I saw him, never really considering anyone else as a possible husband.

