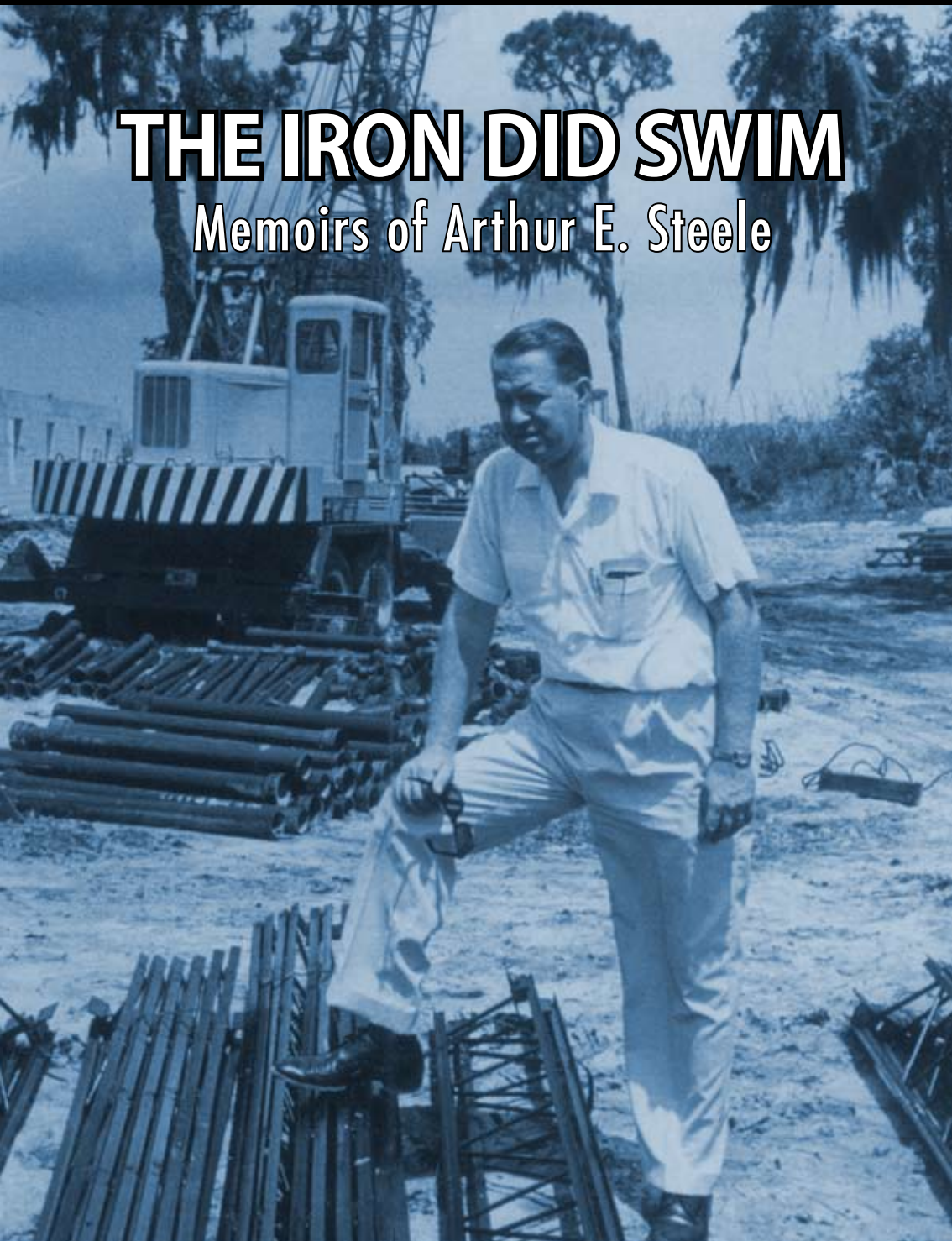




THE BURNING BUSH

THE IRON DID SWIM

Memoirs of Arthur E. Steele





THE BURNING BUSH

Theological Journal of the
FAR EASTERN BIBLE COLLEGE
Edited for the Faculty

Rev Timothy Tow, MDiv, STM, DD
Principal, and Lecturer in Systematic Theology

Mrs Ivy Tow, BTh
Matron, and Lecturer in Greek

Rev Jeffrey Khoo, BTh, MDiv, STM, PhD
Academic Dean, and Lecturer in New Testament

Rev Prabhudas Koshy, BSc, BTh, MDiv, ThM, ThD
Dean of Students, and Lecturer in Hebrew

Rev Koa Keng Woo, BTh
Lecturer in Bible Geography and Church Music

Rev Quek Suan Yew, BArch, BTh, MDiv, STM, ThD
Lecturer in Old Testament

Rev Stephen Khoo, BTh, MDiv, MA
Lecturer in Biblical Studies

Rev Tan Kian Sing, BEng, GDBA, MDiv
Lecturer in Biblical Studies

Mrs Jemima Khoo, BTh, MA, MRE
Lecturer in Christian Education

Miss Carol Lee, BBA, DipEd, MEd, MDiv
Lecturer in Christian Education

Editor : Jeffrey Khoo
Publisher : Far Eastern Bible College
Website : www.febc.edu.sg
Permit : MICA (P) 076/03/2007
Printer : Chung Printing

The Burning Bush (ISSN 0219-5984) is published bi-annually in January and July, and contains theological papers, sermons, testimonies, book reviews, College news, and alumni reports. Articles are indexed in the *Christian Periodical Index*. The journal is distributed gratis to the FEBC family and Bible-Presbyterian churches, and available online at www.febc.edu.sg. Local/Foreign subscription rates in Singapore dollars: one year—\$6/\$12; two years—\$10/\$20; back issues—\$3/\$6 per copy. Make cheques payable to “Far Eastern Bible College.”

Please direct all correspondence to:



The Editor, *The Burning Bush*
Far Eastern Bible College
9A Gilstead Road, Singapore 309063
Republic of Singapore

Editorial

This is not an autobiography but rather a testimony of God’s leading, guidance, providence and care in the remarkable life of a man whose motto is “The Lord Knows.”

This is a personal testimony, written by Dr. Steele himself, in his own words, manner and style, with the Holy Spirit as his Counsel and Guide.

This is a personal testimony of a man who walks intimately and obediently with the Almighty and Sovereign God, for such is a man who remembers the goodness of God throughout his life.

This is a record of the key “providential milestones” in a life that is filled with many more miracles and blessings from the Lord.

Judith d’Silva
Guest Editor

Acknowledgments

My heartfelt appreciation to many who helped in some way to make the publication of these Memoirs possible.



Steele with d’Silva

Thanks to Judith d’Silva, who more than any, had the spiritual insight to motivate me to write the accounts of the Lord’s calling, care, and faithfulness in my life, all of which she arranged and produced as my Memoirs.

Thanks to Janet Boo, Judith’s friend, who helped with the draft layout with photographs, and Kenneth Wong of Bible Witness Media Ministry for typesetting and final layout of the Memoirs.

Thanks to Dr. Jeffrey Khoo, for his advice and for handling the printing of the Memoirs.

Thanks to Dr. Timothy Tow, my friend since seminary days, for his introduction to the Memoirs.

Arthur E. Steele

Foreword

Can Iron Swim?

As Elisha's school of prophets grew, the sons of prophets took initiative to go to Jordan to cut wood to make an extension (2 Kgs. 6:1-7). Elisha went along to show his approval of their honest labour and practical economy. As God's servants, we must pick up even the crumbs that are left on the ground after the feeding of the five thousand, "that nothing be lost" (John 6:12). This is the way of the Lord, the way of the cross. "Economy is the mother of prosperity" is one maxim well known at Far Eastern Bible College.

Dr. Arthur Steele is a man after my own heart in this respect: When he founded Clearwater Christian College, he had to sting every dollar to make ends meet. He would go to the second-hand goods store in town and bring home used but sturdy furniture, costing \$10 a piece, to furnish the dormitories. At Far Eastern Bible College, we didn't have to pay anything because we received them brought to our doors by church members. Praise the Lord! And like Elisha receiving the barley loaves for his school, we would humbly call the young men and women to supper from the surplus brought home from some smorgasbord, wholesome and good. And we all eat with a thankful heart. "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning" (Jas. 1:17).

Now, while someone was hewing a branch of a tree overhanging the river, the axe head plunged, plopp, into the water. To recover it would be, as the Chinese saying goes, "trying to grope for a needle in the sea" (海底捞针). Why was it so important to recover the axe head? Because it was borrowed! To the owner, that axe head had more than material value that could never be replaced with a new one. For example, I have an old



Steele & Tow at Tea by "Galilee Sea"

pair of scissors that my first wife gave me, which I treasure for sentimental reasons. Here, let us learn a lesson never to borrow. As the saying goes, “Who goeth a-borrowing, goeth a-sorrowing.” And Proverbs 22:7, “The borrower is servant to the lender.”

Can iron swim? How about the fish Peter caught at Jesus’ behest, who predicted the same fish’s mouth carried a coin enough to pay for the Temple tax (Matt. 17:27)? These miracles were wrought to strengthen the faith of the disciples and ours, but above all to the glory of God. With God, nothing is impossible! “There is no restraint to the LORD to save by many or by few” (1 Sam. 14:6).

Rev. Dr. Timothy Tow
Pastor, True Life Bible-Presbyterian Church
Principal, Far Eastern Bible College
Singapore



The Iron Did Swim!

The school of the prophets was crowded. A larger facility was a must. One student was particularly motivated. With a borrowed axe he began his swing of the axe. At a good swing it happened. The iron head of the axe slid off the handle and landed in the water some distance from where they were standing.

The student made a desperate call to Elisha. The stick of Elisha marked the spot where the iron axe head sank to the bottom of the stream and miraculously surfaced at their feet near shore. How did the iron axe head travel from the bottom of the stream, likely 10 feet away, travel underwater and surface at the feet of the student? The answer, “the iron did swim” (2 Kgs. 6:6).

The answer to us, “For with God, nothing shall be impossible” (Luke 1:37).

Dr. Arthur E. Steele
Founder and Chancellor
Clearwater Christian College
Florida, USA

CONTENTS

| | | |
|-----------|---|-----------|
| 1 | 1920-1932: Birth to Mother's Death..... | 5 |
| 2 | 1932-1938: Mother's Funeral, Living with Relatives..... | 11 |
| 3 | 1936-1942: Dolores, God's Choice, and Mine..... | 14 |
| 4 | 1938-1942: High School and College..... | 17 |
| 5 | 1941-1947: U.S. Army..... | 20 |
| 6 | 1947-1956: Air Products..... | 25 |
| 7 | 1956-1959: Faith Seminary..... | 29 |
| 8 | 1962-1965: Shelton College..... | 32 |
| 9 | 1966-1987: Clearwater Christian College..... | 37 |
| 10 | 1987-2003: Retirement to the Homegoing of Dolores..... | 48 |
| 11 | 2003-2007: Retirement after the Homegoing of Dolores..... | 52 |
| 12 | God's Covenant Faithfulness..... | 58 |

1

1920-1932: Birth to Mother's Death

I was born on June 17, 1920 on River Street, in the west half of a twin house. The river, not in view, is the Youghiogheny River which joins the Monongahela River in McKeesport, and then joins the Allegheny River in Pittsburgh, 16 miles away, to form the Ohio River. You cannot see the Yough River from River Street because the land along the river is occupied by the Christy Park works of the former National Tube Company, a division of the former U.S. Steel Company, where my grandfather and my father were employed and so were many members of our church.



Born - House on River Street

It was two and a half years after the end of World War I when I was born. My brother Billy arrived two years before I did. My parents discovered that he could not hear. They took him to many different local and distant places for medical examinations. My brother was totally deaf all his life.

Next door in the other half of our twin house lived a godly skilled carpenter Charles Palm, his wife, a son (Carl) and a daughter (Minnie), who became a Registered Nurse (R.N.) and later the nurse's supervisor of our town hospital.

My grandfather, at age 25, arrived from Sweden having worked at the steel mill at Borgvik (near Karlstad). He arrived on the one-smoke-stack Cunard Lines ship, the *Sythia*. It was also equipped with three standby sailing masts. The ship docked at the lower Manhattan immigration port, called Castle Gardens, on March 26, 1879. Ellis Island, the new immigration port, was not completed until 1881. My grandfather left New York City after his arrival for Wooster, Massachusetts, the location of a steel mill that manufactured steel wire and cable. Records kept by my father indicate that grandfather worked for the Pullman Car Company. This suggested that he may have worked in Chicago where he may have met my Norwegian

grandmother. Their marriage license indicates that they were married February 24, 1888 in McKeesport, Pennsylvania. He started his family, however, in Little Washington, Pennsylvania, another steel-making town about 50 miles south of McKeesport. He and some other steelworkers from Sweden, enamored by their skill in producing a high grade steel by the “puddling process,” founded a steel mill in Little Washington, Pennsylvania, which never became profitable. The family moved from Little Washington, Pennsylvania to McKeesport and grandfather began working at the steel plant there, the National Tube Company. He was employed there for 50 years. My father was employed there also for 52 years before retiring. Soon after moving to McKeesport from Little Washington, grandfather built a house for his family on a very steep street. After he built his house the city planners named the street “Steele Street” because my grandfather built the first house on the street. Steele Street is one of the many very steep streets in town.

At some time after arriving in the U.S., either my father or grandfather had our name changed from the Swedish name “Stalhandske” meaning steel gauntlet (armored glove) used in battle. According to literature we read while visiting Sweden in 1985, after a key battle in Lutzen in 1632, in the 30-year war, a Swedish commander, an ancient relative of ours, was knighted



Moved to house on Meadow Street

“Stalhandske” by the king of Sweden for his bravery and was enrolled in the house of nobility. During the visit to Sweden in 1985, Dolores and I visited the house of nobility, called the Ridderhuset, located in Stockholm. The Stalhandske coat of arms is on display there.

After grandfather Steele retired, he and grandmother Steele moved into our new house with our family on Meadow Street. As a boy my parents taught my brother and me to use the proper Swedish designations to indicate to which of my four grandparents we would be speaking. Grandfather Steele’s designation is *far-far*, meaning father’s father. Grandma Steele’s designation is *far-mor*, meaning father’s mother. Mother’s father is *mor-far* and mother’s mother is *mor-mor*. And my brother and I got it right.

About two or more years after we moved from our twin house on River Street to our new house on Meadow Street built by Charles Palm, my *far-far* and *far-mor* moved in with us. They insisted on living in the large basement of our house. I don't remember much during those days since my grandparents died when I was likely less than six years old. My parents said that I was very unhappy about moving from River Street and cried a lot as if that would make a difference.



*Grandfather & Grandmother
Stalhandske*

What about our Swedish church? That first church was a small wooden church squeezed in between a line of inexpensive wooden houses on Jenny Lind Street near downtown. More steel workers arrived from Sweden, but not all from the state Lutheran church in Sweden. Denominational church groups that formed in Sweden, free from governmental control, are called “free churches.” Our Swedish church, declared to be free of denominations and free from the state church, took the name First Swedish Evangelical Church. It declared itself to be true to the Word of God and separate from “formalism,” the expression at that time which meant “modernism” or “liberalism.” As I grew up, five Swedish churches were built in McKeesport, four on upper Jenny Lind Street – Swedish Methodist, Swedish Baptist, Swedish Lutheran and Swedish Evangelical Church – and a Swedish Pentecostal on a side street one block from Jenny Lind Street. I remember the Pentecostals because they had a lively band. I remember the friendly Wadman brothers as they played their trumpets so vigorously. And no one could forget “Boom-Boom” Johnson, as he beat the drums, in Swedish, of course.

Grandfather Stalhandske's name is on documents and on the minutes of the church's early records. He is known as one of the founders of the First Swedish Evangelical Church. I know of no records, testimonies of spiritual outreach of the church in those early days.

When I was about eight or nine years old, my godly mother told me that my father came to know the Lord as his personal Savior in 1925 at a Billy Sunday revival. I don't know the town where the meetings were held. Shortly before my mother died, my parents took me to hear Billy Sunday preach in the new Methodist church built on the land where a large wooden tabernacle stood and housed the meetings with Revivalists Billy Sunday and later Bob Jones Sr.

My father was zealous for the Lord and especially so in the promotion of our church. He was the only elder of our church, and he was responsible for visiting members and collecting dues. I often went with him, to collect the dues which everyone seemed to accept then. Since he was the church elder, it seemed to me that most of the visiting preachers stayed at our house.

I still believe that I became a born-again Christian when I was 17 years old. But I also feel certain that the Lord graciously called me to a preaching-teaching ministry when I was a very little boy, probably around seven years old. I don't remember a time in my life when I didn't look forward to "being a preacher." Since most visiting preachers stayed at our house, I looked forward to sitting, watching and listening to preachers, evangelists, singers, guests, and my parents speaking Swedish and English.

One day, my father showed off his crystal radio set and actually tuned in to station KDKA, Pittsburgh. The Swedish evangelist seemed very impressed and said in his dialect, "and you don't even have the windows open!" I remember laughing. Normally I had to be polite and say nothing. But the evangelist remarked and asked me what I wanted to be when I grew up. My immediate and enthusiastic reply was "a preacher of the Bible." The pause for his reply was too long and then here is what he said: "I will be back to your house next year for meetings. We will talk then about what you want to be." I think I shook my head yes. Just like always the 12 months passed and the visiting preacher was scheduled again to preach at the church and stay at our house. I could hardly wait for dinnertime around the table. Everyone would be able to hear the godly advice from this seasoned preacher-evangelist. I wanted mother and dad especially to hear. We finished dinner and everyone seemed tired except me. It soon became clear that there would not be any discussion about attending a preachers' school. Even as a little boy I tried different approaches to the

subject without any success. From this point it seemed there would be very little discussion about a call for ministerial training.

My mother loved my brother Billy and me dearly. She was a tall, strong farm girl whose parents migrated from Sweden. She would lift me on her lap when she wanted to talk to me. One day she wanted to tell me that when I was about two years old, I had developed a severe case of whooping cough, which was getting worse. It seemed that Dr. Case could not help. My mother, feeling certain that I would not live, got down on her knees and prayed for healing. She said that they together, my mother and dad, promised God that if I got well they, like Hannah, would give me for the Lord's service. How gracious was the Lord. He kept His promise.

There is much that I wished I had asked my mother. She was born and reared on the Lindstrom 150-acre dairy farm, located between Spartansburg and Corry, Pennsylvania. I felt that she could do anything, except that she always seemed to be sick. Nevertheless, she was always clothed with working clothes and always seemed to be working on something in the house. Even though she was sickly, she seemed to be strong yet she could not go up the stairs to the second floor by herself. I had to get behind her and help with my shoulders.



Billy (left) & Art (right) with cat

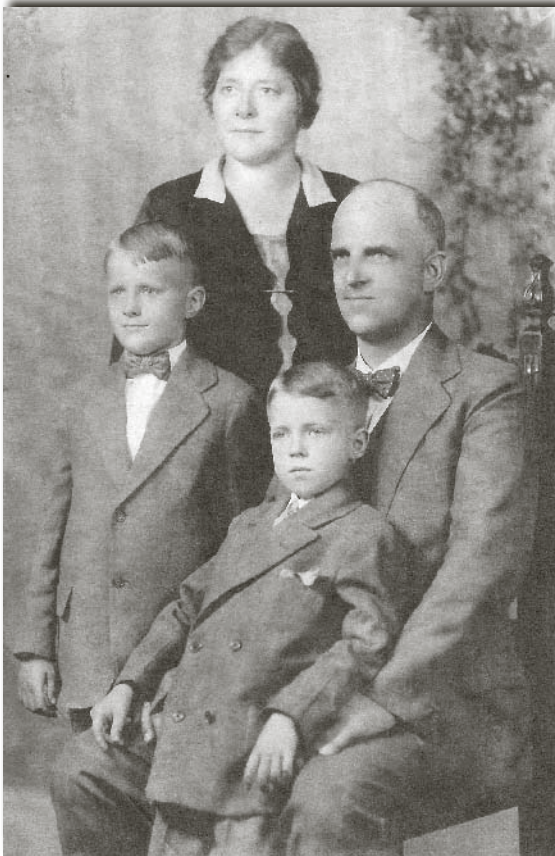
My mother wanted me to learn to play the piano, but here was where I rebelled without success and took lessons anyway from Mrs. Algren, three houses down from our house on Meadow Street. My dad bought a used piano which was in good condition. For two long years, I plunked until finally at the end of my lessons I was able to play "The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers." I am sad to say that I did not learn much about music, about keys, chords, and the structure of music. That was my fault.

My mother was a first class baker of Swedish breads and "bullars." I was the delivery boy almost always five cents richer after every delivery. Mother's sickness worsened, but she seemed determined to continue as always. She would sit in one of the chairs in the kitchen and give me point-by-point instruction about everything, and that included doing the dishes.

I prepared and baked the Swedish poikas, step by step, and got good at it. She taught me so much about so much. I well remember during my very early years sitting on her lap as she read with explanation from Hurlbert's *Story of the Bible*.

It was in the fall of 1931 when mother said to me that she felt sure that she would go to be with the Lord next spring. I did not know what to think or how to react but I believed her without question. The spring of 1932 arrived and the angels carried her to meet her Lord in April 1932.

*“How precious also are thy thoughts unto me,
O God! how great is the sum of them!”
Psalm 139:17*

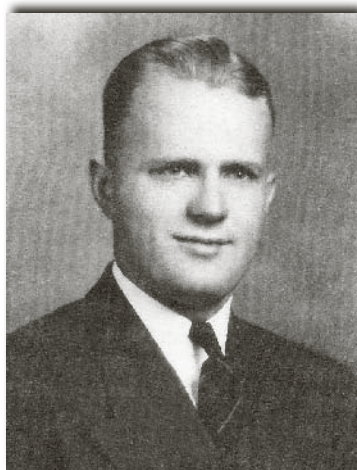


Father, Mother, Billy and Art

2

1932-1938: Mother's Funeral, Living with Relatives

One morning in April 1932, my mother got out of bed and dressed as on any other day. But today was the day she died. I heard my aunts say, "she died with her house clothes on." By the afternoon more relatives and friends from church came. They were mostly the Steeles, because the Lindstroms, mother's side, lived near Corry, PA, Jamestown, NY, and Buffalo, NY. I was told only that mother was very sick and may die. I was 11 years old and would be 12 in June. One of the relatives gave me a dime. That complicated my thinking about my mother's condition and what all this meant. Now I could only focus on Craven's Drug Store where the neighborhood kids ran when they would get a nickel or even a penny. But I had a dime, all for me. My focus changed at Craven's. I remember, five cents for the "powerhouse" candy bar and five cents for the "icicle" which was frozen, flavored ice in a tube about an inch in diameter and six inches long. I completely consumed the melting ice by the time I reached our garage in the alley behind the house. Someone was there waiting for me to take me to my mother who wanted to talk to me. Very weak now and barely audible, she touched me and said, "Please take care of Billy," my totally deaf brother, who was then 13 years old. Without delay, I said yes – a promise which I tried to keep. As I write this, Billy is gone and is now in Heaven. Our gracious Lord permitted me to be there when Billy received the Lord as his Savior.



Brother Billy

Mother's funeral was held in our home. Mother was laid out in her casket in the living room. There was a white wreath (white flowers) tacked on the front door. That was the custom then. Often driving down the street you would see a white wreath hanging on the front door indicating that someone had died. Sometimes the body and casket would be at a funeral home. Mother was gone. Billy and I were home on Meadow Street. I still had my cat, which was some special kind of friend. Our relatives brought

food and hung around. I even wondered if they were looking around for some reason. They looked everywhere, in closets, in drawers and began taking a few items with words that I remember, "I gave this or that as a gift to Clara (my mother) for some occasion." My brother, Billy, two years older, was more upset than I and remembered to the date of his death the disappearance of certain household items.

But what about my cat? My uncles had made the decision to get rid of the cat. I stood there and watched. How could I ever forget? They took the empty garbage can near the back stairs, to a spot halfway across our side lot and with a hose filled the can with water to the very top. The man holding the cat immersed it into the water and another immediately put on the lid and held it. It didn't take long for the cat to drown and a brave 11-year-old boy to cry. All because my mother died.

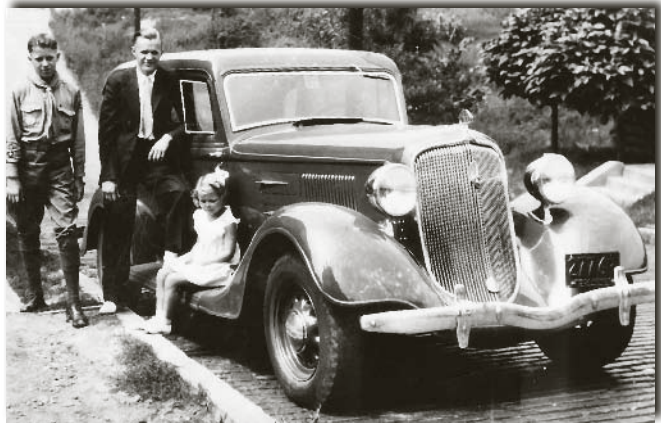
But what about my brother Billy and me? Billy would return to the Edgewood School for the Deaf in Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania, near Pittsburgh. The best place for me was determined to be "the farm," where mother was born and had lived, 150 miles away. As soon as school was out my dad drove me to Corry, Pennsylvania, to the farm where there was always plenty of activity, lots of cows, horses, pigs, and chickens. My Uncle Arthur, who ran the farm profitably on his own, and from whom I received my name, had always liked me. He also had three boys who were roughly about my age.



*Art visiting cousins at the farm.
To my left John Lindstrom, son of Uncle Arthur, manages the farm*

The attraction of the farm wore off quickly. I just wanted to go back home to Meadow Street. I think that I stayed at the farm for about two months. My father drove to the farm to pick me up and return to Meadow Street. But it wasn't the same. A cousin and her husband, who loved the Lord, had moved in, as arranged by my father to "keep house" for us. A better arrangement was suggested for us to move in with my father's sister, Aunt Agnes Riddle, on Garbett Street. Uncle Charlie Riddle had worked in the steel mill but had received a disability. Uncle Charlie and Aunt Agnes placed little or no emphasis on the church, the Bible or spiritual things during those days. Uncle Charlie had a stroke and died within one year of the time we came to live with them.

About the time I began attending the main high school on Cornell Street, my father and I moved in with his brother Ted and family on Grover Street. He had a daughter Jean, about 10 years



*Living with Uncle Ted's family on Grover Street
Cousin Jean sitting*

old, and a son Glenn about my age. Glenn and I became good friends then and still are over the years. Aunt Sadie was a tireless worker and did much more than would be necessary to take care of dad and me during those difficult years. Late in life as retirees, Dolores and I drove to Waldo, Florida, to visit Uncle Ted and Aunt Sadie when they were visiting my retired cousin Glenn and his family. I brought a gift and expressed thanks for all they had done for me when dad and I lived in their house on Grover Street.

*"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you:
not as the world giveth, give I unto you.
Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."
John 14:27*

3

1936-1942: Dolores, God's Choice, and Mine

Dolores often gave her testimony of the Lord's faithfulness in our ministry. I particularly enjoyed and marveled about the Lord's care and how He led in the life of Dolores in bringing us together. Dolores was God's choice and she was my choice.

Her father, Philip Johnson, a tool and die maker at the steel works, was also one of the founders of the Door of Hope Mission in our town. The mission grew and became the Christian and Missionary Alliance church of McKeesport, Pennsylvania. But her father died when she was seven years old. Her mother rented the house and moved with Dolores to the Swedish Mission Covenant orphanage in Cromwell, Connecticut. All of Dolores's grandparents had emigrated from Sweden. Dolores pointed out that because of her tie with the Alliance church, she probably would eventually enroll at the Alliance College in Nyack, New York, and likely marry a student from there. But the Lord led her mother to decide to return to McKeesport to care for an elderly Swede in exchange for housing, and a small pay. Providentially, the housing was only about 10 blocks from our Swedish church, and we were suddenly without a piano player. God knows and He cares. His way is best.

I also marvel how the Lord led step by step in my personal life in bringing Dolores and me together. As I look back I can see how God intervened to accomplish His will. I am confident that as the Lord has His eye on the sparrow, I was never out of His sight and never out of His care, especially during those four years in high school. How easily I could have been a first stringer in the ways of the world. I was my own boss. I was free, especially for the Friday evening get-togethers. Our Swedish pastor had a daughter Eloise, who interested me then more than anyone else at school. She loved the Lord, and that gave first priority to the church and I enjoyed being with her. But the pastor was called to Minnesota; so the family left including the special daughter. How easy it is now to see the hand of the Lord shaping lives.

About two years before the pastor and his family moved away, I came to know the Lord as my Savior at Chautauqua, New York, at a Young People's

Conference. That was where and when my life changed forever. One of our Sunday School teachers volunteered to drive several of our young people to the conference. I jumped at the opportunity. Art Svedberg also went along. Art and I have been very close friends over the years. He is now with the Lord. He was best man at our wedding and I was best man at his wedding. He jokingly called me the second best man at his wedding.

On the first day of our arrival at Chautauqua, walking on a sidewalk, we came upon two girls, no doubt conferees from one of the Swedish churches. Art spoke to the one on the right, and I spoke to the one on the left, Marion Carlson from Jamestown, New York. The four of us went to all of the services together and stopped for snacks after every evening service. I did my best to impress Marion that I was some kind of a saint, a good guy, as they say today, a “cool guy.” After five days being superman, I suggested that we sit on the last row under the balcony for the evening service. I did listen to the message, powerful and so personal. The evangelist gave the invitation. Marion leaned over and here are her exact words: “Art, are you a Christian?” All my efforts and choice words during the week had given her an entirely different impression than I hoped. I don’t remember getting out of my seat. I don’t remember taking one step – but I knelt at the platform in the front, crying out the sinner’s prayer. I was saved! All I wanted to do now was to serve the Lord. I had never been out of the Lord’s care. Neither was Marion Carlson. We all had to return to our homes. I made one visit to Buffalo where Marion was a nurse. Some time after returning to McKeesport, I received a letter, probably from her sister, telling me that Marion died suddenly from osteomyelitis.

I enrolled in my first year at Carnegie Tech, Pittsburgh, in the Chemical Engineering Department. At the same time, our church was suddenly without a piano player. The former pianist was an older daughter of our pastor who moved to Minnesota. But the Lord was still in charge. A pretty, young girl showed up at the piano keyboard. I asked a few questions and learned that she had returned from a Swedish orphanage in Cromwell, Connecticut, where her mother, a former Swedish singer, was a matron. They were very poor. The daughter wore



Pretty Pianist

hand-me-down clothes from her cousin, about 20 years older than she. This new piano player obviously was a lot younger than I, about three years younger. During the teenage years, three years is a big difference. I never missed choir practice, however.

On December 7, 1941, we were all in church as usual. Walter Owens, the church custodian who lives in the church basement, had been listening to the radio at the close of the service. Standing near the church exit he was very excited, practically yelling, “the Japs have just invaded Pearl Harbor.” I was in the United States Army Reserve Officers Training Corps (ROTC), and immediately felt the implication of what Walter was saying. The new piano player came alongside and I took her hand and asked if I could walk her home (about 10 blocks away). I talked about the ROTC at Tech and the certainty of war. That was the beginning, including courting, of 64 years with Dolores. There were two very long years of military service at Fort Belvoir, Virginia, before we were married.

We had a blessed and a very happy married life for 59 years. The Lord gave us five children, all who know the Lord, plus 14 grandchildren and seven great grandchildren at last count. Best of all, Dolores was a key part of the ministry God gave us. She was a woman of ready access to the Throne of Grace. She was a vital part of every decision. She went to her reward February 21, 2003.

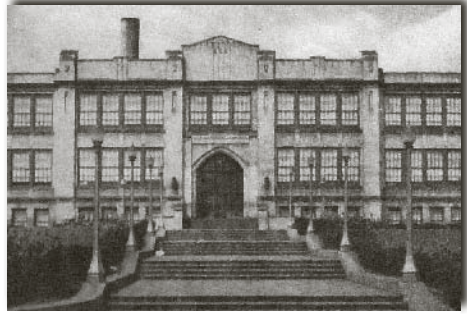
*“Thou wilt shew me
the path of life:
in thy presence
is fullness of joy;
at thy right hand
there are pleasures
for evermore.”
Psalm 16:11*



4

1938-1942: High School and College

As a senior in high school, nearly everyone discussed colleges they were considering. I was surprised that so many students seemed to be uncertain, not only about the uniqueness of each college, but also about their own life's goal. My heart's desire was to apply specifically to Moody Bible Institute in Chicago, to prepare to be a preacher of God's Word.



High School

At first I could not understand why my father was opposed to my desire to be a preacher and to attend Moody Bible Institute. He seemed to enjoy each preacher who visited our church, with many of them staying in our home. My father was the sole elder of our church and the teacher of the men's Sunday School class. He had a responsible position at the National Tube Company as a self-trained engineer, but he was not a college graduate. In his day, there were relatively few college-trained engineers. His credentials were books and lessons purchased from the International Correspondence Schools in Scranton, Pennsylvania.



Carnegie Tech, main entrance

When he saw that college-trained engineers were given priority in company assignments, his goal to be the chief engineer of the steel works was probably gone. According to his reasoning, then, he decided that I should enroll at Carnegie Tech, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, with a major in Chemical Engineering, and that he would pay the cost. I was disappointed, but I tried not to show it. According to what I had been taught about God's Word, my only decision was to obey my father and mother.



Catechism - confirmation class and Pastor Nelson

Looking back over my life now, I can see the Lord's care and leading at times like this that I may not have seen clearly at that time. I knew the fifth commandment, "honor thy father and thy mother." I

had completed the confirmation class at our church, and I had memorized much of the Catechism. Our pastor had explained well each point of the doctrine. I was left with the deep-seated conviction that "God means what He says." I thought about ignoring my father's clear decision and going my own way, but "God means what He says." To honor my father is to obey him, but it is more than that, it is to love him also. I have learned much from my father and my mother.

The requirements at Tech were very demanding, but very rewarding. Also, as I studied chemistry and especially thermodynamics, I was constantly amazed at the order, design, and composition of God's creation. At that time my Christian witness was directed mainly to church work. While in college I was asked by the pastor to direct the young people's ministry of the church. James M. Boyce, a boy about 12 years old, was a member of the group. As a boy he was gifted and a ready student of the Bible. I would like to mention here that after World War II, while I was employed as an engineer, Dr. Barnhouse, a close friend of the Boyce family, asked me to meet with him to help him start a new ministry, which he called a portable church service for churches without a pastor. After much prayer, both Dolores and I were certain that the proposed ministry was important but we had no assurance that the Lord was so leading us.

One day while a student at Tech, I received an invitation from the Swedish Mission Covenant Church of Youngstown, Ohio, to be the speaker at a combined church young people's rally. I think I was then about 18 years old, a new Christian. Ralph Akerberg, a friend of mine now in heaven, who owned the car affectionately named "lulubell," never forgot the topic of my first sermon, "When I Was a Millionaire." I had emphasized that I actually



High school band

had a million dollars in 1939. I had it for only a few seconds. Our Carnegie Tech band went along with the football team to play Holy Cross College in New York City. The World's Fair was open and most of us went. Here was where I received one million dollars. One of the exhibits displayed a million dollars in cash. What a sight! Here was the catch. You would be given the million dollars for only a few seconds. It would have been impossible to escape with any cash. The policemen with guns were very convincing. What an illustration. The highest goal of man without a doubt must be left behind at death. I expanded my preaching. I added the statement that "no one really owns a house." You must at some date leave the house and the new "renter" also uses the house for a while. Eventually the house deteriorates, the metal parts rust, the automobile quits, friends die, and memories fade. The guarantee of "everlasting life" cannot be compared with anything the world has to offer. I am sorry that I did not tape the message. I would like to hear it again.

The senior year at Tech came along with employment offers from chemical companies. I was treated royally at the Monsanto Chemical Company in St. Louis, Missouri, during my summer employment in 1941. I couldn't get excited about an offer even from a relatively new company with a promising product. Nothing compared to a ministry where I would be directed by and reporting to the very Creator of the whole universe who also created every chemical, whether discovered yet or not.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."

2 Timothy 1:9



*Year book photo -
Carnegie Tech - 1942*

5

1941-1947: U.S. Army

The years, the months and the days went by and now it was near the end of my fourth year at Tech. On December 7, 1941 the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. It seemed that in one day everything changed or stopped, including my last semester at Tech. The Air Force soon had the authority to recruit any member of the Reserve Officers Training Corps (ROTC) into the Air Force. As a member of the ROTC, I signed on and began the physical exam.



Reserve Officers Training Corps (ROTC)

I knew that I was in excellent physical shape, but I was rejected. Why? I failed one of the last tests. I learned for the

first time that I was red-green color blind. The Air Force officer in reply to my protest said that I would never see the colors on the landing lights. I was very unhappy, but there was someone who was in tears because she was so happy – Dolores.

When my military orders came through in June 1942, they directed me to Fort Belvoir, Virginia (near Washington, DC). Aunt Ida went with us to the airport. I felt that she and her sister, Aunt Hilda, could reach straight up to the horns of the altar and get their prayers answered. Their believing faith was so simple. At the airport Aunt Ida, with her usual look of assurance, declared that she would pray that I would get a desk job. I carefully replied that we were at war and that I was willing to fight for my country. Only because I was a graduate chemical engineer was I assigned to the Corps of Engineers Research and Development Board as it was



Aunt Ida, Mother Johnson & Aunt Hilda

called. Was I being sidelined from the Lord's call? I was too busy then even to think about the Lord's call. The pressure was on; we were at war. Some of my Tech classmates already gave their lives. I saluted Colonel Weinkauff and reported for duty. His first words were to show me my desk, exactly as Aunt Ida prayed. She is in heaven now, but I have a photograph of Aunt Ida, Aunt Hilda and Dolores's mother before me on my desk right now, to remind me of our instant access to the Throne of God. I have had this same photograph before me over the years starting when I enrolled in seminary.

The colonel's orders were to develop mobile oxygen-producing generators that could be transported to supply depots anywhere in the world for the repair of tanks, trucks and similar military equipment. I had no idea how oxygen was produced, nor had I ever seen an oxygen plant. I traveled immediately to Ofallon, Illinois, and Detroit, Michigan, where two small oxygen generators were being built with the prospect of being the Army's supplier. I very soon realized that the development work was in its infancy. Since there was no existing operating manual, I proceeded to assemble what literature that was available on components and to write operating and repair manuals.

Back at the base, Fort Belvoir, Major Remfir outlined the next step in the oxygen program. He announced that I was designated as the Supervisor of the Gas Generating School, and that a request will be submitted that my rank be Captain. He drove me down Gunsten Road to the location of three buildings to house two oxygen generators, plus classrooms. When I awakened I realized that under emergency wartime pressures and under most unusual conditions, I was under military orders to start a school. I was under orders to organize cadres that would enter the military field and determine the tools, supplies, and parts to ship out with each operating group. Besides this, I had to train a teaching staff and write lesson outlines. I admit that I often wondered about the Lord's leading in my life when I simply obeyed the fifth commandment and enrolled at Tech. As my dad said, God means what He says. That anchor was firmly laid then and it always firmly holds.

Because of the high-tech appearance of two operating oxygen plants, we had many visitors from the War Department. Spit and polish was mandatory, but we also had a company of other very special friends. They

were members of the Officers Christian Union. We had Bible classes once a week, generally at a Brigadier General's home in Washington. We soon knew other Christian officers at the fort, such as Captain David Strebe who with his wife provided precious fellowship, which we needed. We also had the privilege to be a part of Dr. Dale Crowley's weekly Bible quiz program in Washington, which was popular with the soldiers. Dr. Crowley later retired in Florida and was most willing to serve on the Board of Directors of Clearwater Christian College. The Lord seemed to be so close to me in those early days in the military service. Each Sunday I was able on my portable radio to listen to the Old Fashion Revival Hour with Charles E. Fuller.

With our army moving rapidly in France, the War Department began a rotation policy to move U.S.-based administration personnel overseas and reassign combat personnel to the States. I did not know when my time would come, but the Lord knew. Soon after the announcement, our commandant received a written notice from the War Department stating that personnel with the Gas Generating School would not be subject to the rotation directive. My commanding officer confirmed the notice with some explanation. I could hardly wait to make a telephone call to McKeesport, Pennsylvania, to the sweetest girl on earth. After I announced the good news, I asked, "can we get married?" She replied, "Let me ask my mother." We often chuckled as we repeated that proposal, but those words were critically important to me. Here's why. Dolores's father died when she was seven years old. She was the only child, although they had a son who was stillborn. After her father died, Dolores and her mother went to the Swedish Mission Covenant Orphanage in Cromwell, Connecticut. Her mother served as a matron, and Dolores lived with the children. Over the years Dolores's mother was deeply concerned about the future life of Dolores. She prayed earnestly about a husband who would love and care for her daughter. When Dolores said, "let me ask my mother," I knew the meaning of those words. What a blessing and what a mantel to wear realizing that I could be the answer to the prayers of Dolores's mother, a faithful gifted soloist in many heaven-sent revivals.



Engaged

The earliest weekend that I could arrange, I boarded the B&O train from Washington to McKeesport. This train was often packed with passengers, but I was happy to make the trip sitting on my suitcase. I took Dolores to Pittsburgh to Kauffman's department store to select the engagement ring. There was one diamond ring that jumped out of the case. That one belonged to Dolores, but how could I pay for it? Kauffman's agreed to hold the ring that had Dolores's name written all over it. We both were happy. We were engaged, minus the ring. I determined to save every cent on my First Lieutenant pay so that I could give her the ring on her birthday, October 19, 1943. What an incentive! The rest of the story – I paid for the ring and we were married September 12, 1943.

We rented an early American apartment in Alexandria, Virginia. Our first child, Valerie, was born June 4, 1945 at Walter Reed Hospital in



Baby - Valerie, is born

Washington, DC. Dr. Campbell, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Alexandria, conducted the dedicatory service. He was an older man and a faithful preacher of the Word. He made a diplomatic comment concerning baby Valerie. "She was not born in the north, she was not born in the south. She was born in Washington. She belongs to America." I can add that she belongs to the Lord.

Some time after I was discharged from the military and living in Stamford, Connecticut, I received a letter and a box from the U.S. War Department containing a military medal and a citation, called the Legion of Merit. I recognize the purpose and messages carried by military medals, but they cannot be compared to the welcome awaiting us when we complete this life. What a welcome awaits us, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant ... enter thou into the joy of thy Lord" (Matt. 25:21).



Discharged 1947

While still in Service, about 1945, I received a letter from Aunt Ema, Uncle Arthur's wife from the farm in Corry, Pennsylvania, where I had lived briefly after my mother died. She wrote that Uncle Arthur had been

committed to a hospital in Warren, Pennsylvania, for the mentally handicapped. She asked me on one of our trips from Arlington, Virginia to McKeesport, if at all possible, to drive up to Warren, Pennsylvania to visit my uncle. Aunt Ema's main concern was that Uncle Arthur was unsaved and would likely die in the near future. I wanted to visit my uncle as soon as I could. I was still in the Army. My uncle seemed to welcome me and was glad to reminisce times when we were together at the farm in the old days. He seemed surprised that my mother had died. I emphasized that mother was in heaven and wanted her brother to be with her. That opened the door. He listened well to the plan of salvation and rejoiced when he was saved. Aunt Ema rejoiced as I told her of the result.



*Date set,
September 12, 1943*

*“Jesus saith unto him,
I am the way, the truth, and the life:
no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.”
John 14:6*



Dolores & Art

6

1947-1956: Air Products

About July 1947, I was offered an engineering position with Air Products, the company that built almost all of the mobile oxygen-generating plants during the war. The plant was located in a very large facility in Chattanooga, Tennessee. I also received an offer for an engineering research position from the Air Reduction Company, the suppliers of the military mobile acetylene plants. The research laboratory was located in Stamford, Connecticut. Upon discharge from the Corps of Engineers, I moved my family of three to Stamford and began work to develop a dry-lime acetylene generator. Stamford was a delightful New England town, and it had a Swedish Mission Covenant Church. We were introduced to the Gideon Organization, a layman's group that raises money to purchase and distribute Bibles worldwide. Christian businessmen present the ministry in churches, on Sundays. I thanked and praised the Lord for the opportunity to preach, and joined. Before the end of the year 1947, I received a telephone call from Leonard Pool, President of Air Products in Allentown, Pennsylvania. He told me about the move of the company from Chattanooga to Allentown and invited Dolores, me, and Valerie to visit the company in Allentown for a weekend, and we did. Dolores and I prayed and the assurance we had about the trip and the job offer was readily confirmed. We moved to a waiting apartment, and then to "twin houses" common in Pennsylvania-Dutch areas, and then to a single home which we built.

My first assignment was to help design the layout of an acetylene plant at Iselin, New Jersey, and then to supervise the building of the plant, plus hiring and training the operators. Leonard Pool, the president, and his brother George, both super salesmen, had already sold the production capability of the plant under construction. That was the first year. And the other years that followed were similar. We always were thorough in our sales preparations and always ahead of our competition. George Pool, Executive Vice President, said that we



George Pool, Executive V.P.

had a fast backfield. The primary business of the company during the early years was the design and manufacture of oxygen plants that extract oxygen from the natural abundance of air everywhere. The product, essentially pure oxygen, was used in the manufacture of steel, by purifying molten pig iron with oxygen gas. I think that I visited nearly every steel company in the U.S. Our company installed many oxygen plants in steel mills, including the steel mill at the Ford Motor Company in Dearborn, Michigan, the mill at the J&L Steel Company at Aliquippa, Pennsylvania, the mill at the Weirton Steel Company at Weirton, West Virginia, the mill at the Copperweld Steel Company at Warren, Ohio, and the mill at the Bethlehem Steel Company at Sparrows Point, Maryland.

During our business years at Air Products, I realized that there were always opportunities to serve the Lord. During lunch one day with Sherburn Hill, a chemical engineer from the University of Colorado, he asked me some searching questions about the Bible. I prayed silently and then I asked him this question, "Who is Jesus Christ?" I asked him to read the Gospel of John. We were scheduled to meet at the end of the following week in Toledo, Ohio, to keep an appointment with the Libbey Owens Ford Glass Company. Soon after checking in at the hotel and before dinner we were both on our knees as Sherb asked the Lord to enter his heart. I think it was instantly after his conversion that he suggested that we start a Bible class for company employees. We did and continued the classes for over a year.

The main office and factory of Air Products at that time was located in Emmaus, a small town about 10 miles from Allentown. There was a small empty building in town that had been used for a Sunday School. Under the guidance of the First Baptist Church of Allentown, I was part of a committee to organize the First Baptist Church of Emmaus, and



December 1948, Emmaus, PA

then I was named the pastor. While I enjoyed preparing and preaching the sermons I realized how deficient I was and that I needed seminary training.

Each day I was aware that I was one day older than the day before. I was in my early thirties. We now had three children and I knew some time soon Dolores's mother would necessarily move in with us. My income was adequate, not spectacular since we were still a new company. "Now or never," as I took matters into my hand. I drove in my car to Chicago to the Moody Bible Institute determined to talk to the President of the school, Dr. Culbertson. I made the trip without an appointment with anyone. President Culbertson was in his office and was glad to see me. He encouraged me greatly and arranged for me to talk with a secretary that schedules the use of apartments for married students. I drove back feeling assured of the Lord's leading, finally after so many years, and inwardly patting myself on the back for "doing something." The Lord in His mercy and goodness put me back on His path.

As soon as I returned to Emmaus, Leonard Pool, the company president, told me that George Pool, to whom I reported, was taken to the hospital and would be there followed by weeks to recover. I had told the President and the Executive Vice President of my desire to attend seminary and now told the President of my trip to Chicago to visit Dr. Culbertson and to make arrangements to attend. Leonard Pool replied very firmly that I just could not leave the company right now. He added, just as firmly, that I would hurt the company and hurt a shop full of workers. How could that be? He explained: The company had only two sales engineers plus his brother George, who was an experienced executive and salesman. My sales contacts

were mainly to the steel industry where George Pool had developed prospective sales that seemed to be certain. The appeal was for me to stay with the company until George Pool recovered, so that



Prospects

our company would not lose those sales being concluded. If I still intended to go to the “preachers’ college” the President promised to help, and he did. When I attended seminary I remained on the payroll, adequately but less due to less hours. I was even included in the year-end bonuses.

I agreed to stay and help wherever needed until George Pool had recovered and was back at work. I prayed, and prepared my letter of resignation carefully. I felt that my letter of resignation was not really received as intended, because the President supposedly made the remark, “He will be back.” On one of those last few days, Leonard Pool, the President and capable executive and respected leader of men, said to me that he was planning to reward those who had worked hard to help lay the foundation of the company by providing “stock options.” Here is what was very significant to me about the stock options. The company did not receive approval to issue the options until three months after I submitted my letter of resignation. I knew well that the value of the stock options would not only increase, but they would multiply, and they did. I will always be grateful to the Lord for the delay in the approval of the stock option plan. Why would I be grateful to the Lord? If I had been given stock options, would I have submitted my letter of resignation? Would I have yielded to the statement of so many mission-minded true believers, “stay in business and help finance our mission ministries?”

I want to include here my gratitude to Air Products Inc. for its help in so many ways such as adjusting my work schedule, and providing an income during my three years at seminary. In my simple faith I have seen the steady rapid growth of the company over the years. The eyes of the Lord handling so many key details in my life surely run to and fro throughout the earth keeping His eyes upon Air Products, a company that cared.

*“Great is our Lord, and of great power:
his understanding is infinite.”
Psalm 147:5*



7

1956-1959: Faith Seminary

In 1956 when I resigned, I still had not heard the name Faith Theological Seminary. Nor had I heard of Dr. Alan MacRae, the President, J. Gresham Machen, Carl McIntire, Oliver Buswell, all of whom in some way were instrumental in the founding of the Seminary. Here is how I found out about Faith Seminary.

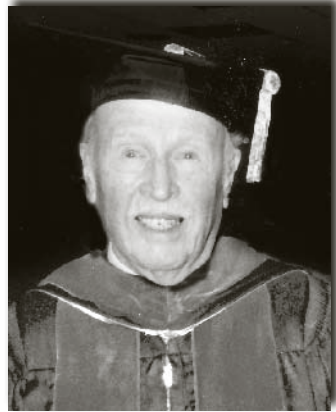


Seminary Class, 1959

Dolores and I shared with our pastor and his wife our desire to study for the ministry. Pastor James Hollowood, a graduate of Shelton College when it was located in New York City, and his wife, Jane, came several times to our home for times of fellowship around the kitchen table. During our sessions he discussed Faith Seminary located in Philadelphia. About that time, since he would be away, he asked me to conduct a Saturday evening service at the church with Dr. MacRae, President of the Seminary, as the speaker. I was delighted. On the way back to the hotel I suggested to Dr. MacRae that we stop for coffee. His reply was that one cup of coffee keeps him awake two nights, but that he would watch me drink a cup of coffee. I was amazed at his depth of knowledge about anything. I hardly mentioned

that my employer was involved in direct injecting oxygen gas into molten pig iron to remove impurities. He listened and then talked in detail about Solomon's blast furnaces at Ebion Gezer. I was spellbound at his accurate scholarship. I could hardly wait to visit the Seminary, which Dolores and I did, most likely the following week. As we drove in through the back gate on Spring Avenue, we both knew that this is the "preachers' school" the Lord planned for us.

We met with Dr. MacRae who listened to our testimony and asked a few questions such as where will you live and how will you financially support your family. Because I was, at age 36, considerably older than most of the student body fresh from college, I felt that I should take four years to complete the three-year seminary course. Dr. MacRae, much older than me and indeed a scholar, proposed strongly that I enroll in the standard three-year course. His final recommendation after more discussion was to enroll as a three-year student taking



Dr. Alan A. MacRae - President

the classes full time Monday through Thursday, arranging with another student to give me copies of Friday lectures, thus enabling me to return to Allentown on Thursday evening. This made it possible to work at Air Products on Friday, Saturday morning and even during the summer months. Air Products agreed and we began. Dolores generally drove me to Seminary Sunday evening and picked me up Thursday evening to return home in Allentown. We had four children then, Valerie aged 11, David aged seven, Jonathan aged four, and Karin one. Deborah was born after we moved from Allentown to Melrose Park (suburbia Philadelphia). As I write this, I am so very thankful to the Lord for providing a helpmeet so willing and so dedicated to the Lord's leading. For three years, she cared for our children without the help of her husband for essentially nine months per year.

The three years at Seminary were difficult but they were blessed years. In my senior year, my third, I had no definite leading as to what my ministry would be. Nearing graduation I was asked by the Chairman of the Board to consider staying at the Seminary as Vice President and Treasurer. I was



*Vice President - Faith Theological Seminary
Elkins Park, PA, 1960*

at best unsure, but I saw the need. The Seminary had a mortgage on its property and the faculty salaries were very low. The offer to stay came with a burden. I, immediately after thanking the Lord for the assignment, attended at least two commercial seminars on “development,” the familiar name for fundraising. The Lord opened doors. The mortgage was soon paid completely and the salaries were increased.



Home - Melrose Park near Seminary

We sold our home in Allentown and purchased a house in Melrose Park, near the Seminary. But then the Seminary Board informed me that I would be invited to be a member of Shelton College that had moved from New York City to Ringwood, New Jersey. My first meeting with the Shelton Board was in 1962, three years after I graduated from Faith Seminary in 1959.

*“For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man:
but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.”
2 Peter 1:21*

8

1962-1965: Shelton College

I was introduced to Shelton College in a hurry, certainly in a non-conventional way. The College was started about 1900 by Don O. Shelton and Bill Borden, classmates at Yale University. They named the College the National Bible Institute, then located in New York City. The College grew in size and became well known as a scholarly college that was faithful to the Word of God. As the population of New York City grew, the character of the city also changed. The Board of the College felt that the College should move out of the city, therefore the search began for a new location for the College. The new location consisted of about 1200 beautiful mountainous acres in northern New Jersey. The nearest town was Ringwood, New Jersey, about two miles south of the campus. The town of Suffern, New York, was also near the campus to the north.



Entrance to Shelton College

The chairman of the College Board invited me to attend the next board meeting stating also that I would be nominated to the Board and will be elected as a member. I was driven to the campus from our home in Elkins Park, near Philadelphia. When we arrived on the Shelton campus I greeted my friend Dr. Clyde Kennedy, the President of the College. Almost instantly each one of us who talked with Dr. Kennedy realized he was talking incoherently. As the board meeting proceeded, the Chairman of the Board tried to explain Dr. Kennedy's responses but then stated that he and his wife needed to take a vacation immediately. All agreed. The President and his wife left the campus that evening.

The next order of business was to designate someone to serve as interim president until the President recovered. There were no suggestions nor did any board member volunteer to stay "to hold the campus together." The Chairman of the Board by fiat designated me to stay on campus and do what I could which to me was "mission impossible." To me, that's what I could see until I again heard the heavenly call to serve Him. Somehow

nothing seemed right. Where was the peace the Lord promised? Even the food service for the students, faculty and staff was not good. I had some time ago learned that delicious nourishing meals help solve problems. I also learned that the opposite was also true, that poorly selected cooked meals can make personnel problems worse.

In chapel I called for the students to pray for a very capable food service manager who would be attached to our students and prepare the best meals possible within our budget. God answered prayer. He sent George Grice, but George was not a Christian. I asked everyone to pray for George. Evangelist Dale Crowley, an evangelist friend of mine from Army days, agreed to come and preach in chapel. George Grice agreed to attend chapel. He responded under conviction, arose from his seat and walked to the

front of the chapel into the arms of Dr. Crowley. Our entire College family responded and we had a new campus. But what about Dr. Kennedy? He lost consciousness while away from Shelton and was taken to a hospital. He was diagnosed with cancer of the brain. I visited him daily, and he grew weaker everyday. He could not



Offices at Shelton College

communicate at all and soon went to be with the Lord. George Grice ministered well with the students, not only as the food service manager, but also as a Christian friend who spoke the language of the students. He was physically stricken suddenly and was admitted to the hospital. His physical condition weakened rapidly. I sat for a long evening with him when he was not expected to live through the night. I read scripture and prayed. George seemed to be so weak and appeared to be unconscious. I said these following words to George as he laid there, "You know that God's angels will be here soon to take you to Heaven." He immediately moved his arm and said, "I know." I told this account to the students in my next chapel message. What I didn't say to the students was that as I sat in the darkened hospital room realizing that one or more angels would soon appear to take George's spirit to heaven, I asked the Lord to open my eyes

and let me see an angel (Luke 16:22, Heb. 1:14), and then I realized again that God's Word, the Bible, is our source of divine information. That was a sufficient answer to my foolish question. God answered prayer. He sent George. He saved George. He took him to Heaven.

For over a year I served at the helm of the College while rejecting the requests to serve as the College President. I made weekend trips back to our home and family in Elkins Park. The financial difficulties at Shelton I found were well known. I had already discontinued the sale of bonds, which was a source of income for running the College. But each sale had served to increase the college debt.

In response to an urgent need for a President, I agreed to consider the call if the finances of the College were audited by a certified accounting firm. A member of the Board of Directors told me that I apparently didn't understand "how we handle finances in Christian organizations." Nevertheless, I could not change a word in my resolve. A board member who saw the need challenged me to contact auditing firms in an attempt to find an auditing team that would prepare an audit. He even gave me the name of a firm in Elizabeth, New Jersey, nearby. The primary Certified Public Accountant (CPA) of the firm was a Christian who knew the good Bible-based history of Shelton. He was willing to help meet the need of the College and to prepare an analysis that would be short of a certified audit. He stated that was all he could do, but he would be willing to continue preparing audits later based on his analysis. The Board was pleased and I then accepted the call to the Presidency.

Two critical financial problems were instantly apparent to anyone who looked: (1) the poor condition and high cost of using our four dormitories and (2) the woefully inadequate income from sources beyond that which was paid by the students. Point one could be solved by letting a construction company build a dormitory building which it would finance by collecting the rentals directly from the students. We received plans and a proposal from a construction company that began soon after World War II with federal help. This seemed to be an answer for Shelton College. Point two could be solved by selling 1000 surplus acres of beautiful wooded land to the State of New Jersey for its parks program, known in the press as the Green Acres Program. With enthusiasm I presented this two-point program to our Board. Soon after the presentation, the Chairman of the

Board telephoned me stating that if the State of New Jersey was willing to purchase 1000 acres, they may be willing to purchase the entire college property. He stated that we could then move the entire college to Cape May, New Jersey, and occupy the Christian Admiral Hotel thus solving the dormitory problem and the financial problem. The Christian Admiral, which the Board Chairman controlled, could still be a conference center during the college vacation months in the summer. This all sounded plausible and the board members agreed. The long-range plan included purchasing acreage in lower New Jersey in the future for a completely new campus. The College moved to the Christian Admiral Hotel in Cape May in 1964. The entire Ringwood campus, including buildings, was sold to the State of New Jersey. After the sale of the Ringwood campus, the College erected a building for a library on a lot across the street from the Christian Admiral Hotel.

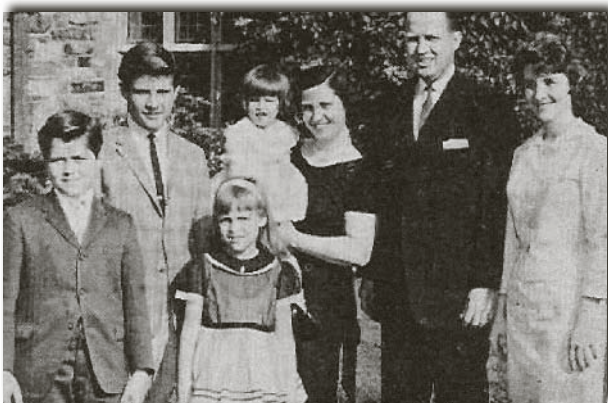
Shortly after the move, both the Dean of Women and the Dean of Men brought me complaints from students claiming their privacy was strongly violated. Not all rooms had bathrooms. I had urgent telephone calls and letters from parents of students. A local pastor called asking me for an appointment. He sounded distressed. He knew the details and urged for action. I had upon first notice talked with our Deans. I asked them to collect written statements that I would deliver to the home of the Chairman of the Board, which I did. The next day he came to Cape May, defended the personnel of the hotel and blamed the Dean of Men and Dean of Women stating that they were not able to control the student body. When I gave this report to my wife who had just undergone the move from Ringwood to Cape May, she knew what action I must take. We prayed about my decision and especially about my letter of resignation. My letter was brief referring only to the Lord's will that I resign as President. The date was February 1965. The Chairman of the Board the next day stated that I could not leave in the middle of the semester. I had already considered that. I would be willing to stay through Commencement plus a short time following to ensure that student records were properly recorded. I had been asked if I had ever thought of going back into business. The response to my letter of resignation revived this thought.

One morning, after all seemed orderly, I received a copy of a newspaper that was published in North Cape May. Here are the words boldly printed in the headline, "Shelton ousts Steele." My daughter was shown the headline

at public school. When she came home she asked her mother about the headline. Dolores said that “the paper claimed that Shelton College fired your dad, but it is not true because your dad quit.” Satan knew the words well, spoken by the President of Air Products Inc., “He will be back.” Dolores and I were very familiar with the Throne of Grace. We had knelt before the Throne many times. God said in Matthew 6:8, “... your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask.” I could with ease write a reply, a circular letter, a real dandy one, but I was reminded so definitely that “The Lord knows” every detail, and that was all that mattered to us. Psalm 1:6 says, “For the LORD knoweth the way of the righteous.” Our hearts and our words were flooded with so many promises from God Himself in His Word, such as Hebrews 4:16, “Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.”

Almost all of the faculty at the Ringwood campus moved to Cape May. I had not made a public announcement of my resignation in February 1965, nevertheless the faculty knew almost instantly. John Kruhmin, the Business Manager, and Dr. Nathan Willits, Academic Dean, were part of a group that met to discuss the possibility of starting a new college. I was asked to join the faculty group, but I could not because I had agreed to serve as President until shortly after Commencement. Soon thereafter but not before, I joined the group which called itself the Organizing Committee to form a new college.

*“The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you. Amen.”
I Thessalonians 5:28*



1962 - Our Family - Jon, David, Karin, Deborah, Dolores, Art and Valerie (a student)

9

1966-1987: Clearwater Christian College

The Organizing Committee for a new college expanded as more faculty joined us. The reason for my resignation and the details of the problem became widely known, even in the city of Cape May. The determination of the Organizing Committee became firm. Several sub-committees were formed to visit the education departments of several states in an effort to determine likely locations and acceptability of a new college. I was free to join the committee and participate after Commencement.



Ground breaking - Mayor Turner on right, 1966

Toward the end of June 1965, I received a telephone call from a preacher whom I had met, Dr. Arthur Froelich, pastor of a church in Maitland, Florida. He had heard that I had resigned from Shelton College and asked if I would come to Florida to help him start a school and asked me to preach on Sunday. I replied that I should not make the trip at this time. But as I thought and prayed, I realized that the Lord may be providing for our needs, including housing, somehow. So I telephoned Dr. Froelich saying that I could drive down the following weekend which was the fourth of July weekend.

David and I drove to Maitland, Florida, in our 1941 Chrysler, and made it all the way. When we arrived, Dr. Froelich said that he had received a telephone call from the Chairman of the Board of Shelton telling him that the Board had to fire me as President and advising him not to have me speak. I prayed asking the Lord how to reply. I could easily have replied in bitterness. Dr. Froelich expressed interest in the new college. When I indicated my desire to visit the Department of Education in Tallahassee, he gave me the name and address of a former member who had moved to Tallahassee. He was the owner of a motel there. He invited David and me

to his home for a time of fellowship and offered us a room without charge at his motel.

The next day I visited the offices of the Department of Education and talked with Dr. Cecil Golden, who was very helpful. He telephoned the office of Mr. Bailey, who was then the Secretary of State. He arranged an appointment for me with his secretary that afternoon, since Mr. Bailey was not available. She readily explained the applicable laws that governed the establishing of colleges in Florida. She explained statutes 617 and 623 indicating the proper statute to use when applying for incorporation of the college, which we did after reporting back to the Organizing Committee.

July of 1965 was probably the busiest month of my life characterized by pressure, to be sure, but best described as a month of miracles. We needed a residence in Florida for our family of eight – five children, a mother-in-law, and we two, who are one. There was no income in sight but, by faith, I knew there would be adequate income somehow. I examined the local papers looking for employment. Tampa Bay Engineering Company leaped out of the page. I inquired the same day. I was startled when I met a man I recognized in the office. I said, “Fred, what are you doing down here?” Fred Eastman and I had worked together at Air Products. He was Vice President of the company, the Tampa Bay Engineering Company.

The President, Mr. O’Neal, took us out to lunch and then drove around town to show me houses that were available to buy. He said that he needed to add an engineer to his staff that had experience in Cryogenics. Sounds impressive, but the word describes low temperature technology, mainly liquid oxygen at minus 183 degrees C. I could hardly wait to describe my day to my prayer partner. Calmly and sweetly, she responded to my enthusiasm with the words, “This is not the Lord’s work for you.” She remembered too well the successes, benefits and a promised future at Air Products. What confirms the response of Dolores is that within a week, I received a letter from Ray Entenman, Treasurer of the Organizing Committee, stating that the individual committee members offered to contribute each month in order to send me a check for \$600 each month so that I could devote my time to call on pastors and supporters plus interviewing many retired educators living in this part of Florida. Without this arrangement, with each member of the Organizing Committee contributing, I don’t believe that the college could have started in 1966.

The Lord miraculously provided an income, which continued until the college met our financial need, including housing for eight in our family. Whenever I could, I talked with realtors and looked at many houses and took many photos of those that Dolores and our children could consider. Each one of my family expressed the same favorable opinion in choosing the same older house, which a contractor had built for himself. It had five bedrooms, two bathrooms and a large lot. The living room floor made of hard wood was badly discolored and needed to be sanded. The two antique-looking hanging chandeliers were dirty and covered with spider webs. But the house was the right size and was available.

The realtor asked me to make an offer since the house was not easily marketable, without heating or air-conditioning, although our daughter Karin insisted that we did have heating and air-conditioning – heating in the summer and air-conditioning in the winter. I made an offer of \$11,500. The realtor said there was a legal problem since the man who owned the house and lived alone in the house had died. I asked where his brother lived who was handling the estate. Remember, we were now living in Cape May, in the southern part of New Jersey. The realtor replied, “In Salem, New Jersey, somewhere in the southern part of New Jersey.” I immediately telephoned the brother in Salem, and made an appointment to visit him and so returned to New Jersey. Here is what the Lord did. I offered \$11,500 for the house, which was accepted. I was there in Salem in a few days. It was about the middle of August 1965, with my family still living in Cape May. But the house would not be legally available until November, well after public schools had begun. The brother listened to our plight, then called the attorney and instructed him to give me the keys to the house now even though we could not obtain a title until November 1965. We made the move from Cape May to St. Petersburg, Florida, in time to register our children in the public schools.

We all began attending Central Bible Church in St. Petersburg, Florida, which we soon joined. That church did more to supply faculty, board members, architects and contractors to provide our first buildings. Central Bible Church was formed by a group that had withdrawn from Central Presbyterian Church in St. Petersburg, Florida. Rev. Joseph Hanscom, a Moody Bible Institute graduate, was the pastor. He was a ready source of encouragement to me, so appreciated in those first months. It seemed to me that it was easier for Christian leaders to question and even to choose

discouraging words as I visited so many of them. I often think of Pastor Eric Folsom, who gave me just the right encouraging words one day when I actually considered some of the words from others that clearly were not from the Lord, the Word of God. Isaiah 40:8 says, "... the Word of our God shall stand forever." The motto of our church when Joseph Hanscom was pastor was "Always the Word." And also "Where the Bible is Central."

Among my first objective in establishing the new college was to obtain a charter. I already had a copy of the Florida statutes, but we needed a Florida attorney. The Lord led us on an early visit to Rev. Bostrom and his son Rev. John Bostrom. John Bostrom, also a contractor, gave us the name of Attorney Robertson, a Christian attorney in Dunedin, Florida. He applied for the college charter, which was granted in the district court. When Attorney Robertson moved out of state, his partner, Attorney Gracey, handled further legal work, all without charge, for which we were grateful. The law required that the application have the signatures of 25 residents of Florida plus the signatures of the Board Members. I would like to list here the names of the 12 Board Members, during my tenure as President, who have died. They served so well. Many of our days together were difficult, but with each difficulty, we sought the Lord. That was the key. These are their names: William Dambach, Floyd Groff, William Bartmess, Frank Sheriff, Orville Roark, Derwin Smith, Howell Hammer, Alan Bradshaw, John Graham, Ralph Wilkins, Don VanOstenberg, and Leonard Johnson.

David, Jonathan and I drove from Cape May to St. Petersburg, towing a large U-Haul loaded with all my books plus whatever we could jam into the trailer. I must have jammed too much in the front of the U-Haul because the load pulled the rear of the car down on the axle. David, the mathematician, figured it out. Soon he and Jon had the load balanced and off we went to get the St. Pete's house ready as best we could. Dolores, Val and Karin got the house furnishings ready for the moving van. David, Jon and I were gone. The remaining question, how would we pay the movers. The ladies would get to our St. Pete's house, probably a day before the van arrived with our furnishings. Here is how an amazing

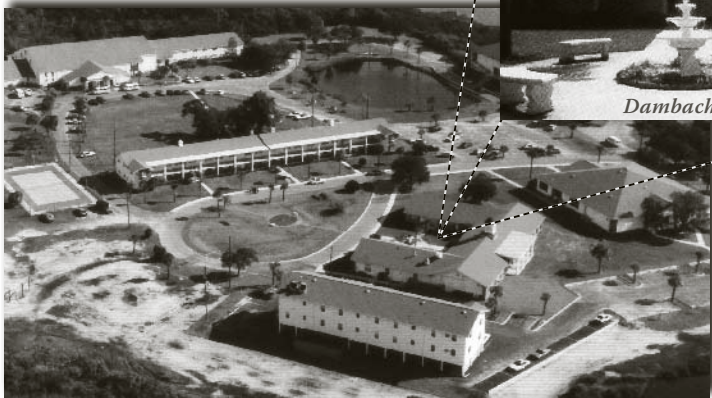
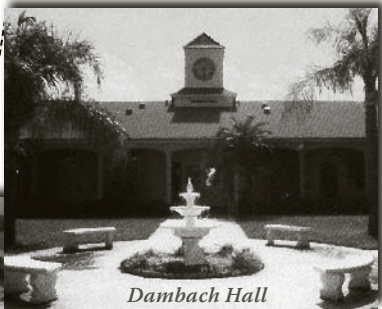


Dr. William and Metta Dambach

need was met. I had several years ago loaned something over \$1000 to an Air Products engineer who was a believer. I felt constrained to write him, with a few words about my status and included my new address. I was amazed, but I should not have been. He replied thankfully with a check. The amount, which I do not remember exactly, was enough to pay the entire moving van bill. On time and amen.

William Dambach is a vital part of the founding and the early days of the college. He was the officer in charge of the Merchants Bank of Cape May. His life is a series of miracles. He is the one who made a gift of \$100,000 to the “New College” even before we had a location, a building or a student applicant. He attended the meetings of the Organizing Committee. At one of the meetings, a college verse was agreed upon: 2 Timothy 1:7, “For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.” Mr. Dambach was startled to hear his verse because when he came to know the Lord as his personal Savior, Dr. Barnhouse had given him a life’s verse, which was 2 Timothy 1:7. He said, what a confirmation that was to a “glass-eyed banker,” to use his words.

The Lord surely sent us to the right house in St. Petersburg, Florida, which was located near the residential area where about 10 members of Central Bible Church lived. Many of them signed the application for the college charter. George Reynolds, who helped in the founding of Central Bible Church, is an architect who designed



Aerial photo of campus 1987

all of the original college buildings and most of the later buildings. Architect William Weber, also from Central Bible Church, prepared the campus layout and also consulted on some of the buildings. George Reynolds not only designed Cathcart Hall but served also as the contractor.



Cathcart Hall

By faith, faculty and staff began to move to Florida, purchase or rent housing, find temporary employment and help with the many details in preparing for school opening. I will try to name the founding crew who came. John and Lillian Kruhmin, Nathan and June Willits, Richard and Phyllis Quarterson, Sylvia Burtis (now Buller), Ray and Mrs. Entenman, Bill and Karen Davis, Bill and Susanna Costanzo, Evelyn Baumert, James and Dulcie Wilson. In addition to these were others who came a little later after the college started.

Friday evening was a special time for the founders of the college. We met together at our home in St. Petersburg to discuss the work that had been done during the week. We always developed a prayer list followed by fervent prayer. We prayed about anything and everything that had to do with the college and our personnel. For example, we prayed about the required income tax deduction for contributors. We were able to get the name and telephone number of the agent who could approve our application for tax deduction. He said they had received our application, but there were many that



Home in St. Petersburg, 1965

predated ours. Within one week after a telephone call and after a prayer session, we received our approval.

But we had no building, no land, no zoning approval, and no applications from students. I had after arrival in St. Petersburg traveled the west coast of Florida visiting chambers of commerce inquiring about possible locations for a college, also considering buildings that may be available for conversion into a college. After much visiting and talking, I listed several possibilities, none very inviting. We prayed about the list and made an offer to purchase the Sunset Hotel in St. Petersburg, which providentially was turned down. Evangelist Dr. Jack Murray, who was chairman of our development council, agreed to look over the list of prospective locations. Since I was out of town, I telephoned him only to learn that he did not look at the list for a very good reason. He felt assured that the Lord led him to the right location for the new college. Here's how. On the day that he visited St. Petersburg, he attended the Christian Businessmen's Luncheon in St. Petersburg, and there met Derwin Smith who owned a large tract of land on Gulf to Bay Blvd. in Clearwater, land that was intended to be used to erect a radio broadcasting antenna. He was fascinated with Jack Murray's interest in the new college. I arranged to meet with Derwin Smith as soon as I returned to St. Petersburg. Together we visited the land, which was formerly a public swimming area that had since been abandoned. The land was badly overgrown with palmettos and infested with rattle snakes. Through the eyes of faith, however, the occupied buildings of the new college could be seen. Derwin Smith agreed to sell the property to the college. The next order of business was to obtain zoning from the city council of Clearwater.

George Reynolds and I proceeded to meet the City Manager to request zoning. During the first meetings of the new college, we all agreed readily that we would witness for the Lord to all our personal contacts. As we walked toward the City Manager's office, the old accuser of the brethren, right into my ear said "Don't blow it." As I was getting my testimony ready, the devil reminded me that I would have plenty of other opportunities. We met the City Manager. I began by telling him of our plans to bring a Bible-teaching college to Clearwater and that the most important information I could state was our beliefs and philosophy. I held out my fingers, pointing to number one, which I stated, our belief about the Bible as the written Word of God. Then holding up another finger, I said, we believe that Jesus

Christ actually lived and is the living Word of God. After the second finger, he rose from his seat. Jim Stewart, the City Manager, was a big man. As he got up, the devil said to me, "You blew it." Mr. Stewart walked around the desk and said, "Welcome to Clearwater." Knowing the purpose for our visit, he stated that he would present our request for zoning and that we would not need to be present at the council meeting. Right after the next City Council meeting, we received a letter with zoning approval. The framed letter has been hanging ever since in the administration building of the college. The college has enjoyed a cordial working relationship with the City of Clearwater and its departments. On two occasions, succeeding mayors of Clearwater presented us with the Key to the City.

George Reynolds, the architect and board member, gave high priority to designing the administration multipurpose building and the dormitory buildings. The multipurpose building was at the beginning truly multipurpose, housing the classrooms, the cafeteria, the library, the science laboratory, and offices. Floyd Groff, a board member, was the general contractor. John Kruhmin, also an experienced graduate engineer, was a board member and the college business manager. The team with God's divine direction designed and built the first two buildings of the college. They arranged with the City of Clearwater and with utility companies to provide adequate water and sewer lines and service.

The college was scheduled to open on September 17, 1966 but on May 1, 1966 we had not admitted any students. By May 17, we admitted our first student, Ken Hash. I mention this because a board member plus a faculty member, both godly men, came to the conclusion that we should take this as evidence from the Lord that we should stop all further efforts to begin the college. The Lord revealed His call even more positively to me and to the other board members and to the faculty who were a part of the Friday evening prayer meetings. I was so sure of God's call to His ministry and to the new college that I said, "The college is going to open even if we have no students." That sounds foolish, but that is what I said. I knew God would supply the students and that He would supply our needs, and He has done so. We began with an enrollment of 15 students with two more enrolling at the end of the week.

During our early years, the student body gradually increased. Contributions also gradually increased. At first, churches and also Christian families

were slow to believe fully our founding purpose and to commit funds and prospective students to the college. But God did the convincing. Within one year, it was evident that the integrity of the college was established. We found that individuals were soon willing to consider incentive plans, such as wills and trusts and make large contributions with tax benefits. I think of the Padens who contributed substantial funds for the first phase of the women's dormitory.

Dr. Edward Oliver, Pastor of Paden's Bible Presbyterian Church of Arlington, Virginia, had asked me to preach at his church for a week of meetings, for which I had no previous experience. I immediately declined, feeling woefully inadequate, but I prayed about the request. Instead of receiving peace I was troubled, because I realized that the request may in some special way be from the Lord. I began to prepare the messages and we began the services. On Friday, soon after the service began, in marched a line of men from the so called American Nazi Party, led by their chief. I was surprised that they sat still and listened to the message. A few days later, the chief Nazi was shot by an assassin and killed.

What about the Padens? Mrs. Paden was burdened about her mother, Mrs. Cathcart, who was very sick and near death. At the end of the Friday evening service, Ruth Paden asked me to visit her mother, read the Bible to her and pray. Dr. Oliver and I did so the same day. I'm not certain which one of us read the Bible and which one prayed, but I well remember what Ruth Paden



Harold and Ruth Cathcart Paden

said, "Because you were the last person to pray with my mother, we want to give a building to the college in her name." Ruth and Pat Paden donated the proceeds from the sale of some of the property they owned that was about three blocks from Glebe Road in downtown Arlington, Virginia. At the dedication of Cathcart Hall, Ruth Paden stated to me, with an expression of consternation, these words, "It's not fair." When I expressed concern, she quickly added, "You have a building named after my folks but none honoring Pat's family name." With that, she stated how they would

contribute funds to build a women's dormitory, the first phase of which we built and appropriately named Paden Hall.

“Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think,” (Eph 3:20). This verse expresses that it is the Lord who met the needs of the college so abundantly in a relatively short time. Paul Merritts was a personal friend of the Padens. Ruth Paden



Paden Hall

said that she asked Mr. Merritts a simple question, “What are you going to do with your investments?” After his uncertain reply, she boldly said, “You are going to give a building for Clearwater Christian College,” and he did – Merritts Hall, a men's dormitory.

As I drive around the campus today, retired and reflecting back on so many great years, I am blessed as I am reminded of the Lord's many interventions and the way He has used so many of His servants in establishing His ministry here. As I pass the gymnasium, I remember so vividly a student, Wesley Larson, from Melbourne, Florida. One day, with a limp, he hurried toward me with a 10-dollar bill in his hand and said, “Here is 10 dollars to start a fund to build a gymnasium.” My first reaction was simply to thank Wesley and explain to him the tremendous cost to build any college building, and to assure him that as the college grows, in due time we will build a gymnasium also.

Before the day was over, the Lord kept before me the words and the 10 dollars of Wesley Larson. I woke up realizing that the Lord had arranged that meeting. Wesley would never play basketball, or shoot a basket, nor would he swing a bat. Wesley had what athletes would call serious physical afflictions, but he loved sports. He traveled when he could with the teams. He took great pride in caring for all of the athletic equipment. The Athletic

Department, in appreciation for his tireless care, gave him a title as the custodian of athletic supplies.

I told this account of Wesley Larson wherever I traveled, including his handing me the first 10 dollars. This account touched the hearts of many, including certain commercial suppliers in our area. Companies that manufactured cement blocks contributed truckloads of blocks, even some that were chipped but usable. One company donated the cement floor, smooth and perfectly level, the underlayment for the hardwood floor. The building department of Clearwater granted us the permission to hold a fund raising banquet in our featured unfinished gymnasium. The college family prayed and the Lord moved that evening of the banquet. The giving and the pledges enabled the college to complete the building and also to redeem the gymnasium bond program.

Today, we own a fine gymnasium, fully equipped and paid for by many, including the 10 dollars from Wesley Larson. How good the Lord has been to us. What a joy it is to serve Him.

*“My help cometh from the LORD, which made heaven and earth.”
Psalm 121:2*



Gymnasium

10

1987-2003: Retirement to the Homegoing of Dolores

January 1, 1987 arrived, the date of my retirement. I knew that there would be a date in God's plan when I would turn over the presidency to another servant of the Lord. The new president, Dr. George Youstra, was eminently qualified with a ready testimony for the Lord. But what would I do now? I quickly discerned that my plans were quite different from the Lord's plans. It is with an indelible Swedish heritage, like my father and my *far-far*, that I enjoy making just about anything out of wood. I had already purchased what woodworking equipment I would like to set up in the garage, so I purchased a 12-inch radial arm saw, a 12-inch band saw, a drill press, a shaper, a belt sander, and the standard hand-operated power tools.

Dolores and I felt great peace about the imminent change in our lives, but we still felt the need to keep seeking the Lord's will for the years ahead. I received a letter from Dr. S.H. Tow, Chairman of the Board of the Far Eastern Bible College (FEBC), asking if I would be available to teach at the College in Singapore. Dr. Timothy Tow, his brother, the Principal (President) of the College, and with whom I had attended Faith Seminary, wrote also asking me to speak at the Bible-Presbyterian Conference to be held in Malaysia in 1988.



1953, Timothy Tow Siang Hui

Dolores and I both had immediate assurance that we should go. I would like to add here that because Timothy Tow and I were the same age (age 36) when we were students at Faith, compared to the rest of the students whose age was in the 20's, right out of college, it kept me from feeling so out of place. I remember that the "old deceiver" would put terrible questions in my mind, like "Who do you think you are – a preacher?" or "What in the world are you doing here?" or "What about your wife and children?" The Lord used Dr. Timothy Tow so often through the years to encourage me in my ministry. So, in 1988, Dolores and I flew from San Francisco to Singapore with a refueling stop at Hawaii and a plane change at Hong Kong. I state this because on my

last flight to Singapore in April 2005, the Singapore Airliner flew non-stop in 18.5 hours from Newark to Singapore.

I was invited to be on the teaching staff of the FEBC during the first semesters of 1988, 1989 and 1990. I taught Modern Religious Issues, the subject I taught for many years at Clearwater. I was able to present the history of denominations



Art and Dolores welcomed back to FEBC, 1989

together with the subtle and blatant denial of God's Word in many major denominations. As an observer, often with press credentials, I had attended national church assemblies, and also assemblies of national and international ecumenical organizations.

Dolores also had a ministry in Singapore. First of all, the students were anxious to talk to Dolores about anything. She was a profitable counselor always focused on the student's personal relationship with the Lord. She taught English in a unique way to Marilyn Nanta, a native from Borneo. Marilyn had a Bible in her own language and she had studied it well. Dolores, knowing the KJV well, was able to teach her some English using the two Bibles.

In 1993, Dr. Timothy Tow again invited us to visit Singapore and our many friends there, without any teaching assignments, even if that would have been a possibility. We both liked the idea and booked a flight, which did not take place. Dolores suffered a heart attack and was hospitalized. Fortunately, she recovered enough to be transferred to a rehabilitation section of the hospital. We both felt that with proper care she could accomplish the same recovery at home. When I convinced the nurses that I could administer her insulin and manage the supply and give her the correct daily pills, provide food, and care for her, I was "permitted to take her home." I want to be quick to say that to be the primary caregiver to my faithful, loving helpmeet from the Lord has been a precious part of my life and ministry. I decided that, except for breakfast, we would no

longer prepare meals at home. So we would daily get in the car and drive to some restaurant. Often as we pulled out of our driveway, Dolores would look at me with her smile and ask, "Are we having a date?" I always smiled back with "yes." Her recall of McKeesport days seemed to be more frequent as the months passed. Our conversations were always pleasant but now seemed to become more limited. When we ordered a meal at a restaurant, quite often Dolores could not remember what she had ordered.

It seemed that almost every morning, Dolores was convinced that we had to get ready to go to church. When I then proceeded to do something else, she would say that we must telephone pastor McDonald to tell him that we would miss church. She had been the church pianist. She played the piano as long as she could, and a good player she was. It was sad for me to see that she could no longer read music. She had been a piano teacher. She would now play the tune of the hymn with one finger, get the tune in her mind and then play the hymn without music.

The days came when I thought, almost daily, that the Lord would take her to Heaven. One Sunday morning while we were driving to church, Dolores, barely able to speak, asked me to take her back home. She was unresponsive for a few minutes, which seemed like 15 minutes, and then recovered. A few days later, when eating at a local restaurant with my son and his wife, Dolores appeared to have lost consciousness for about five minutes. Our daughter-in-law recognized the seriousness of what she saw and so did I. Dolores seemed to recover from this incident as well. Soon after these occurrences, we scheduled an appointment for Dolores with her cardiologist.

Dolores was immediately hospitalized and a catherization ordered. The cardiologist determined that the insertion of a stent or a bypass was not possible because of the very small size of the arteries. The surgeon decided to do a coronary bypass operation. Although a bypass was created, the heart muscle was much weaker than the surgeon had expected, and never recovered. For weeks, she remained in the Intensive Care Unit of the hospital where a consortium of doctors were there to treat her medically as each of the organs began to fail, one by one. Our oldest daughter Valerie's husband, James Mandel, president and CEO of the Children's Hospital in Boston, visited Dolores and the family, but he also contacted the president of the Morton Plant Hospital in Clearwater and the department heads

treating Dolores. The hospital did its very best. During that last week, our children, their spouses and children sang several hymns at the bedside of Dolores. She could not respond, but somehow we felt that she heard the songs so familiar to her. A patient in the next room asked our family to sing some hymns there also. We did, and we also received commendations from the nursing staff. Valerie, also an M.D., kept us well informed. On February 20, 2003, she decided to stay at the hospital all night. She sent me home. At 1.30 in the morning, she telephoned me with the words, “Mom is in Heaven.” Dolores was “carried by the angels” into the presence of the Lord on February 21, 2003.

The family of God came. The funeral home had to move to its largest room to handle the many friends who came. A special pastor friend of ours, Rev. Mark Evans, and his wife Pam drove down from Greenville, South Carolina. For about two weeks, many sympathy cards with comforting remarks and Scripture arrived, which were deeply appreciated. My freezer soon was full of gifts of food, which I shared with my children and their families. How rich we are in the Family of God. And the changes came also. Our church and our families became the center of the activities in my life, and the God of all comfort was more real and precious than ever. “For this God is our God forever and ever: he will be our guide even unto death” (Ps. 48:14).

*“For we brought nothing into this world,
and it is certain we can carry nothing out.”
1 Timothy 6:7*



*Art preaching at the new campus,
in Antipolo, the Philippines, 1990*



One of the work benches built during retirement, 1989

11

2003-2007: Retirement after the Homegoing of Dolores

When my daughter Valerie telephoned me at 1.30 in the morning of February 21, 2003 saying “Mom is in Heaven,” I had no doubt as to the truth of those words, guaranteed by the Lord in His Word and promised to me, including His care in every detail of my life, even to the smallest detail.

The four years since Dolores’s homegoing have passed very quickly. I have missed preaching, especially speaking to the students in chapel. There are so many practical truths and Bible-based lessons that I had the privilege of learning to pass on to the students. The Lord’s faithfulness was evident to me throughout my life so that the Lord Himself became the subject of most conversations. That’s how my collection of testimonies, called “my memoirs” came into being in Malaysia about 100 miles north of Singapore.

Dr. Timothy Tow, founder of the Far Eastern Bible College, asked if I, at my age and health, could deliver the commencement address on May 8, 2005. Timothy Tow and I are exactly the same age, right now, as I write this, both at 86. We were both at age 36 when we were students at Faith Theological Seminary; Timothy working on his advanced degree and I working on my Master of Divinity (M.Div.). I readily agreed to come and with that I agreed to many speaking engagements, including a very special one for the entire student body of the College to be held at the resort town of Mersing in



FEBC Annual Retreat, Resort Lautan Biru, Mersing, May 9 to 11, 2005

Malaysia. It was here that I found many opportunities to give a testimony of the Lord's care and faithfulness over the years. The examples were a blessing each time I told them. At the day's end, the devotional times were especially precious. A lady singer from South Korea, living in Singapore and accompanied by a lady from Singapore, would close the evening session with a song that touched the heart. Deborah Mae, the gifted singer from South Korea with her spirit and God-given voice, made the old hymns come alive. The Lord sent Judith d'Silva into Deborah's life not only as a friend but to receive from Deborah her testimony of the Gospel that saves, the forgiveness of sin through the Lord Jesus Christ.



*Closing the evening service at Mersing,
Deborah Mae & Judith d'Silva*

Two ladies, one from South Korea, one from Singapore, both committed to serving the Lord chose to sit daily at Mersing at Dr. Tow's table at mealtime. As the newcomer, I had a captive audience and delighted to share my testimony. I learned quickly that Judith, at least one generation younger than I, was an employee at the Ministry of Defense of Singapore.



*With Dr. Timothy Tow at the FEBC
commencement service of May 8, 2005*

It was Judith sitting at our table at Mersing who caused me to write my memoirs of the Lord's faithfulness in my life over the years. My children had coaxed me many times to write my autobiography, as they saw their lives shaped by events year by year. Judith's main interests in my conversations were the miraculous interventions and faithfulness of the Lord as I told them as part of the founding of Clearwater Christian College. Judith saw the Lord's special care and preparation in my life through each occupation that I held over the years. Amazingly, but I

did, I agreed with Judith and promised to write about the Lord's care and faithfulness during my life. Judith discussed the project with Dr. Jeffrey Khoo who said that he had suggested that I write such a testimony 15 years ago when I was a member of the faculty of the Far Eastern Bible College.

When in 2004 I received an invitation to speak at the commencement of the Far Eastern Bible College in Singapore, I was greatly moved to be asked. This was the first year when the college would award the learned Doctor of Theology (Th.D.) degree. I knew well the two candidates for the degrees. I prayed much for the right message. I decided to write out my message to avoid leaving out some part of my three points emphasized in the Call of Moses.



Das Koshy conferred Th.D.



Suan-Yew Quek conferred Th.D.

Here are the three points:

1. The call of Moses as God's prophet and servant as well as our call to the ministry comes from the highest possible source, from the very Designer and Creator of the heavens and the earth and all of life.
2. God means what He says, irrespective of the short-lived criteria in the logic of Moses and Aaron.
3. God is always right, as Moses eventually realized and declared.

In 2006, I was honored by Dr. Richard Stratton, President of Clearwater Christian College, to give the college commencement address on May 18. As I prayed about the theme of the message, I was reminded of the first chapel message I preached at the college. It contained the very key to

success in the Christian ministry. Three times Paul uses the expression “Whatsoever ye do” which fits the graduating class so well with most facing key decisions. Paul seems to give three keys to success, but they are all the same KEY.

Here are Paul’s three Keys to Success:

1. “Whatsoever ye do” KEY “do all to the glory of God” (1 Cor. 10:31).
2. “Whatsoever ye do” KEY “do all in the name of the Lord Jesus” (Col. 3:17).
3. “Whatsoever ye do” KEY “do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men” (Col. 3:23).

I appreciated the encouragement I received via email from both Judith and Deborah Mae. It wasn’t long before I had another prayer list, the Singapore list. I also have a Clearwater list and a Stalhandske list. I have specific names on each list. Like in the Clearwater list, I list the president and each of his key administrators, and “mention” the others as Paul states in Romans 1:9, “make mention of you always in my prayers.” I did not forget the Stalhandske list. That includes our sons and daughters and their families. I would like to mention that today we have seven great grandchildren, I think.

Getting back to the email from Singapore, Judith wrote that she and Deborah had booked a non-stop flight from Singapore to Newark on November 4, 2006 to tour New England to see the coloring of the leaves, and would stop at Clearwater for a few days. I realized that this would be a time of special blessing for the College, our Church, and for the family. Deborah had completed a new CD featuring the Return of the Lord. Deborah Mae accompanied by Judith sang at a college chapel. I can add here that I am always ready to preach after Deborah sings the old revival hymns from her heart. Some years before she received the Lord as her personal Savior she was a popular singer of worldly songs traveling in many of the Asian countries. She also sang at a Sunday morning service at the Palm Harbor Bible Presbyterian Church.

The production of the Memoirs, as they were finally called, required much time to prepare and review, but the time was strangely interrupted

by several falls and six broken bones. I was transported to the emergency room of the hospital three times and confined to re-hab hospitals for four weeks.

Dr. Stratton telephoned expressing his hope that I would be able to attend the annual college banquet on Saturday, March 3, 2007. I assured him that I would try to do so. He also asked me to say a few words and then close in prayer. I chose Psalm 121: 2 as a word from the Word, a precious verse and very rich – “My help cometh from the LORD, which made heaven and earth.” All that we have, our forgiveness, our salvation, and our everlasting life beyond this life is all because of the Designer and Creator of all that exists. This is why I say that Genesis 1:1 is the key to all doctrine. And God gave us His Word. He really did, for me, for you and for every generation the same Word. “I am the LORD, I change not” (Mal. 3:6). “Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me” (John 14:6). “The counsel of the LORD standeth for ever, the thoughts of his heart to all generations” (Ps. 33:11). For most of my adult life, my heart’s desire was that I would be a faithful ambassador of my Lord, accurately reflecting His glory and majesty as a minister of the Word and always obedient to His Word.

As I relax in my blue chair and look out over the backyard, it is so natural to reflect back over the many good years in the service of the Lord. I am grateful to the Lord for godly parents. I learned much from my father. A truth that I count precious that was constantly emphasized by my dad and that stayed with me over the years is so simple, yet so true, and so effective, “God means what He says.” What a fundamental principle of hermeneutics (the seminary term for Scriptural interpretation). This is a simple and clear method to determine the meaning of the *Words* of God that God gave to each generation.

Dr. Alan MacRae, former president of Faith Theological Seminary, gave this advice as we read God’s Word, “Always interpret the less clear passages in the light of the clear passages.” I bow my head and my heart as I read any part of God’s Holy Word. I am determined to study God’s Word in the light of verses 8 and 9 of Isaiah chapter 55:

Verse 8: “For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the LORD.”

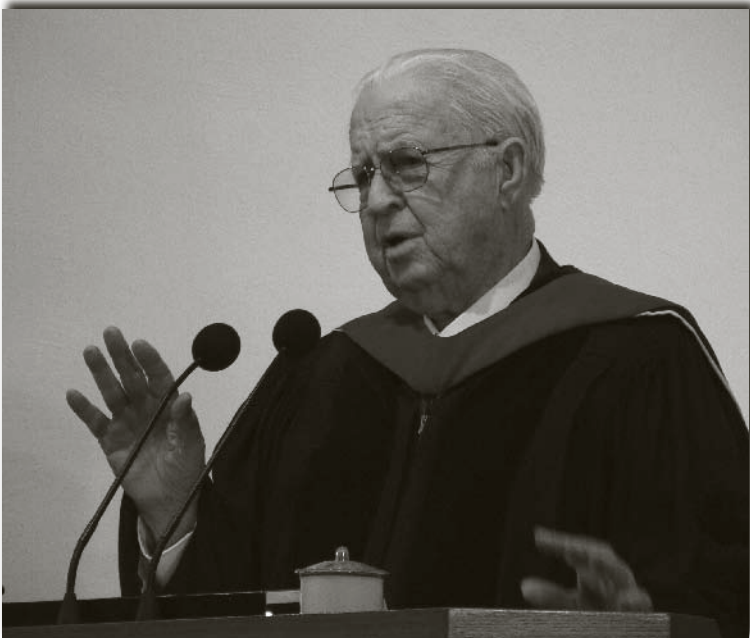
Verse 9: “For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.”

What a privilege is ours that we have God’s Word with us everyday, at whatever age and whatever circumstance. 1 John 5:13 – “These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may know that ye have eternal life.” Eternal life began for me the moment I received the Lord Jesus Christ as my Savior (John 3:16).

“We shall be changed” (1 Cor. 15:52) when we see Him, when He returns, or when He takes us to Heaven. “Precious in the sight of the LORD is the death of His saints” (Ps. 116:15).

“Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord” (1 Cor. 15:58).

*“And all wept, and bewailed her: but he said,
Weep not; she is not dead, but sleepeth.”
Luke 8:52*



FEBC Graduation Speaker, May 8, 2005

12

God's Covenant Faithfulness

Dr. Arthur Steele

(Abstract of the Message Delivered to the Bible Presbyterian Synod on August 5, 2007, Cape Canaveral, Florida, USA)

David who praised God for His covenant faithfulness said in Psalm 105:8, *“He hath remembered his covenant for ever, the word which he commanded to a thousand generations.”* In Psalm 100:5, David said, *“For the LORD is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.”* David here and in other quotations praises the faithfulness of God's Word. Psalm 93:5, *“Thy testimonies are very sure.”* The Old Testament prophets received the Word of God as God's words given not only to their generation but to all generations, including our own today. Psalm 12:6, *“The words of the LORD are pure words;”* verse 7, *“Thou shalt keep them, O LORD, thou shalt preserve them from this generation for ever.”*

As a little boy, I well remember my father emphasizing to me, “God means what He says.” My mother said that dad received the Lord as his Savior during a Billy Sunday Crusade in 1925, when I was five years old. As the first child of Swedish immigrants, my father tended to be very European. His statements were not to be questioned. He would quote a Bible verse and then state with emphasis that “God means what He says.” So I learned very early to believe that GOD MEANS WHAT HE SAYS. I still do.

Later in life, facing decisions and reactions, I tried to figure out why individuals do what they do and say what they say. God in His faithfulness to me caused me to be aware that in any circumstance, “God knows,” and that He knows every detail, every objective, and every thought about everything, including what anyone else is thinking. Our Covenant God is perfectly faithful, and He knows.

When God says everlasting life, He means just that and all that it implies. For us, there is no death. Acts 7:59-60. Remember the last words of Stephen as he was being stoned to death, *“Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. And he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep,”* and was transported

royally to heaven to be with the faithful Mediator of the everlasting Covenant of Grace.

God's Covenant faithfulness is assured for every moment of our lives. David said in Psalm 90:4, *"For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night."* And in verse 9, he adds these words, *"we spend our years as a tale that is told."* James raises the question in James 4:14, *"For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."*

Prophets of old who served God well are each alive as we speak. God was faithful in reminding them that they would "be gathered together" with the



"But the mercy of the LORD is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children; To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them" (Ps 103:17-18)

company of the redeemed. As God said to Moses in Deuteronomy 32:50, *“And die in the mount whither thou goest up, and be gathered unto thy people; as Aaron thy brother died in mount Hor, and was gathered unto his people.”* God was faithful in assuring Abraham that in death he would *“go to thy fathers in peace”* (Gen. 15:15). What a company of faithful ministers await our arrival. 1 Corinthians 2:9, 10 *“But as it is written, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit: for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God.”*



“... the wife of thy youth, ...



she [is] thy companion and the wife of thy covenant” (Mal 2:14)

Steele Memories



Far Eastern Bible College News and Notes

The **32nd Graduation Service** was held at Calvary Pandan Bible-Presbyterian Church on the Lord's Day, May 6, 2007. Dr S H Tow, Senior Pastor of Calvary Pandan BPC was the Graduation speaker.

At the 32nd Graduation Exercises, 28 were awarded their certificates and degrees: **Certificate of Religious Knowledge (CertRK)**: Boi Yok Bin Robin, Chia Chung Seng Andrew, Han Whie Kwang, Haw Shuen Siang, Lam Chew Ying, Lim Wee Chian Eric, Tan Mun Kuen Aileen, Wong Song Ung; **Certificate of Biblical Studies (CertBS)**: Chin Hoi Yin, Kee Luan Keow Alice, Phang Foong Kuan Margaret, Sim Siang Kok, Wong Kai Mann David; **Bachelor of Religious Education (BRE)**: Anne Chiam, Anya Kera, Byju Samuel, Div Sokhom, Limhathung Lotha, Ng Boon Choo; **Bachelor of Theology (BTh)**: Le Vu Bao An, Shanmugam Dixson Vijayenthiran; **Master of Religious Education (MRE)**: Philip Chittezhatu Cherian, Philip Kipsaat Lagat, Ton Soung Kao, Wee Eng Moh; **Master of Divinity (MDiv)**: Biak Lawm Thang, Lek Aik Wee; **Master of Theology (ThM)**: Nelson Noel Ng'uono Were.



Class of 2007



Ordination of Dennis Kwok and Nguyen Gia Hien

Two of FEBC's faithful alumni, namely, **Dennis Kwok (BTh 01)** and **Nguyen Gia Hien (MDiv 03, ThM 04)** were ordained as Ministers of the Gospel on May 6, 2007. Rev Dennis Kwok is pastor of Truth Bible-Presbyterian Church in Singapore, and Rev Nguyen Gia Hien is pastor of Brisbane Bible-Presbyterian Church in Australia.

The **Daily Vacation Bible College (DVBC)** course from April 30-May 5, 2007, on the theme—"What is Bible-Presbyterianism?"—was attended by about 150 students. The faculty took turns to lecture on the following topics: (1) "Our Bible-Presbyterian Roots" by Rev Dr Timothy Tow and Rev Koa Keng Woo, (2) "Bible-Presbyterianism and Church Growth" by Rev Dr Jeffrey Khoo, (3) "The Bible of Bible-Presbyterianism" by Dr SH Tow, (4) "Verbal Plenary Perfection of the Scriptures" by Rev Dr Quek Suan Yew, (5) "TULIP Calvinism" by Rev Dr Das Koshy, (6) "Covenant Theology and Paedobaptism" by Rev Dr Das Koshy, (7) "Biblical Separation" by Rev Tan Kian Sing, (8) "Church Government and Discipline" by Rev Dr Quek Suan Yew, (9) "Israel, the Church, and the End-Times" by Rev Dr Jeffrey Khoo. The course ended with a Q&A, and an examination on the final day for credit students. The lectures can be heard and downloaded freely from www.febc.edu.sg/Daily_Vacation_Bible_College.htm.

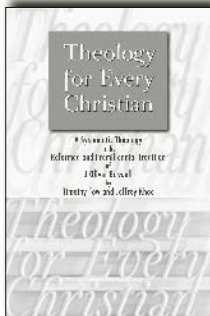
FEBC's Annual Retreat was held from May 7-9, 2007, at the Resort Lautan Biru, Mersing, Malaysia. Faculty and students had a blessed time of worship and fellowship. Rev Errol Stone, Rev Lee Kim Shong, Rev Nguyen Gia Hien, and Rev Dennis Kwok spoke on "The Blessings and Struggles of the Pastoral Ministry."

The **new academic year** commenced on July 16, 2007 with a blessed day of prayer and registration. Rev Stephen Khoo was the Lord's messenger speaking from 2 Timothy 2:1-3. The students were exhorted to love the Lord Jesus Christ, be faithful to His inspired and preserved Word, and be prepared to face hardships and persecutions for the



BTFE Night Class

sake of the Lord and His Word. We thank the Lord for 13 **new students** from seven countries: **Cambodia:** Div Vanna; **Ethiopia:** Engida Tefera Zeleke, Molla Dessie; **India:** Kekhrieleto Kera; **Indonesia:** Daisy Susanty Tehupeiry, Evelyn Laiya Rebecca; **Kenya:** Titus Kilonzo Nzoka; **Korea:** Jeong Mi Yeong, Kim Pyung Sik, Ko Woong, Roe Sun Young; **Singapore:** Eileen Chee Siew Juan, Joshua Yong Boon Keong. **Total enrolment** currently stands at 396 students from 16 countries comprising 128 day-time students (full- and part-time), and 268 lay students registered for the *Basic Theology for Everyone* (BTFE) night courses—"Calvin's Institutes II" and "Book of Numbers" taught by Dr Jeffrey Khoo and Dr Quek Suan Yew respectively.



The **FEBC Press** in 2007 published a *Theology for Every Christian: A Systematic Theology in the Reformed and Premillennial Tradition of J Oliver Buswell* by Timothy Tow and Jeffrey Khoo (736 pages). It was released on the occasion of the 4th Anniversary Thanksgiving of True Life Bible-Presbyterian Church, October 7, 2007. The book can be purchased from the FEBC Bookroom, 9A Gilstead Road, Singapore 309063. Email: febcbookroom@febc.edu.sg

Far Eastern Bible College



Annual Retreat @ Lantau Biru Resort, Mersing, Malaysia [7th - 9th May 2007]



The day came in 1965 when we said, this is the site for the new college, more than 100 waterfront acres, but completely covered with palmetto bushes, a natural home for native rattlesnakes and water moccasins. As we viewed the semi-jungle by faith, we could also, by faith, see the buildings and campus of the college to be built. The Lord, on time, provided the workers, the friends, the funds, and the motivation.

The students came, they graduated and now serve the Lord in many nations. We praise the Lord for His faithfulness over the years.

One day after retirement I saw the latest building erected, facing the entrance to the campus, inscribed with my name along the top of the building. As a surprise to me, my desire is to dedicate any such personal honor to the amazing college family that the Lord assembled to bring Clearwater Christian College into existence.