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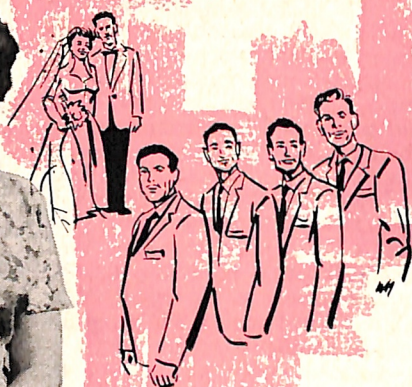
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Part 9 for May 28, 1961

CHRISTIAN

Life



DOROTHY C. HASKIN

Helen, Gertrude, Divonna, and Mary enjoy their Christian life as quartet wives

BUILT-IN PRAYER PARTNERS

“WHEN you move to the Los Angeles area, don’t live close to each other,” one of the staff members warned the World Vision Quartet when they joined the organization. “You fellows may get along with each other, but your wives never will!”

The quartet members regretfully told their wives, Gertrude Ankeny, Helen Cadd, Divonna Crecelius and Mary Hadley what the man had said. Actually the fellows, Harlow, Dick, Ronald

and Norval wanted to live close together. It would save hours of transportation time as well as dollars in phone bills. To the discouraging appraisal the girls, being Christian with one accord, said the equivalent of, “How good and how pleasant it is for the sisters as well as the brothers to dwell together in unity” (Paraphrase of Psalm 133:1).

The group came to the Los Angeles area and bought homes within two

blocks of each other. Because these four girls have accepted their enforced community living as from the Lord, they have built richer lives than they would had each life fallen into the average individual pattern.

All the girls agree to their mutual help when their husbands go on tours of gospel singing. The wives have each other, and cannot be lonely when all face the same problem together in prayer.

Too, with the perversity of mechanical objects, nothing goes wrong when the husbands are home. But let the quartet go on a trip, and sinks get stopped up, heating units catch on fire and all sorts of near disasters threaten. For instance, Helen Cadd invariably has car trouble. One Sunday she and Gertrude started for church, with their nine children. Two blocks later her car started to smoke. Being a quartet wife made her problem simple. They all walked back home and proceeded in Gertrude's car.

Too, being a quartet helps with the children's social problems. The four families have a total of seventeen, ranging in age from a few months to ten years. They play together, and their parents having the same Christian standards there is no cry of, "Let me watch such and such a TV program—my friends mother lets her."

There is also practical help with clothes. All the ladies are about the same age. Three of them were born within six months of each other and are about the same size. Due to their exchange program they have an elegant wardrobe. One pair of lined blue jeans has been worn by four of the children. Clothes are automatically passed around to the right-sized child.

Each member has her own story of the value of being a quartet wife. It has been a long road. The fellows started singing together when they and the girls were students at George Fox College in Newberg, Oregon. Divonna Schweitzer and Ronald Crecelius were married first, June 19, 1947. Naturally, the quartet were away singing when her first child was due. Mary and Helen took her to the hospital and reached Cris by phone. Divonna has always been thankful.

Gertrude Ankeny is most thankful for her quartet status when she

takes Scott to the hospital. Since little Scott, now three years, has been five months old, he has had spine trouble. Several of his vertebrae have not developed evenly. He is in one cast after another. The cast covers most of his body, even the back of his neck. It has to be changed frequently because he grows. Gertrude takes Scott to the hospital, and is thankful for the other wives who baby-sit for her two boys, Curtis and Robin, and baby girl, Paula Jean.

Helen Cadd has special cause for rejoicing. She and Dick, Gertrude and Harlow were hit by another automobile. It took only a matter of minutes for a passer-by to phone Norval Hadley. He came to their aid immediately and took care of the needs of all four.

Mary Hadley's moment of greatest quartet assistance had to do with the quartet families moving from the Portland area to Los Angeles. They came in July, 1956 for one week to select homes in which to build the new section of their lives. All wholeheartedly agreed that it would have been a nightmare to make the move individually. It meant leaving their families, their girlhood associates, their friends. Having each other made it easier.

The four couples drove to Los Angeles, settled in a motel and started house hunting. Mary, five months pregnant, came down with the mumps. She couldn't move from her bed, but was confident in her husband and the other three couples. They, knowing nothing of Los Angeles' multi-sprawled area began looking from northwest to southeast for houses. They found nothing entirely satisfactory.

Finally, on Saturday, they bundled up Mary, put her in the car and drove out to a subdivision, with no lawns, just houses. There, they all bought homes. Mary is thankful the others could do the preliminary looking. All of them feel that they were led of the Lord to find these four suitable houses in a convenient location.

To reach the place of having "learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content" (Phil. 4:11) the girls formerly traveled roads that were in some ways different, but in certain Christian ways similar.

Divonna Schweitzer received Christ

as her Saviour one Easter morning in the Lentz Friends Church in Portland. When old enough she went to George Fox College, and there began making friends. She met Ronald Crecelius, former army flier. Each afternoon Divonna went to the music hall to practice. Ronnie began to show increasing interest in music. At the end of the junior year, they were married. In the senior year the student body elected them May Day Queen and Cardinal.

Ronald was recalled to the army during the Korean crisis but upon his release secured his Th. B. at George Fox, and attended Western Evangelical Seminary for two years, receiving his Master's in religious education.

The quartet soon after went to the orient for nine weeks. There, they saw sad faced orphans, desolate widows, pitiful lepers and masses without hope in Christ. They decided to arouse interest in missions by full-time singing, and messages. The decision led to a deep friendship among the four wives.

Mary McClintock's life followed a similar Christian pattern. She was converted when six years old at a revival meeting in a Friends Church. Her Christian mother rejoiced at her move, and so did her father when he later became a Christian. She attended George Fox College because it was a Christian school. There, the first week of the freshman year, at the formal reception another freshman offered her a chair. He was Norval Hadley. Soon they were dating. Later they married, and Mary became a quartet wife.

She remembers well the year the quartet traveled throughout the Northwest, away much of the time. She and Helen Antrim Cadd lived together in a small house. Helen cared for her and kept the house while Mary worked in a bank. Then came the year when the quartet only sang together summers and weekends. Norval graduated from the three year course at Western Evangelical Seminary and pastored two churches. When the fellows went to the Orient, Mary made the switch from pastor's wife to quartet wife.

Mary and Helen Antrim had been friends since they were in the fourth grade. They attended the same church and same school. Helen remembers going forward in the Friends Church

and feeling completely changed afterward. Both girls had enough credits to skip the last year of high school and were seventeen when they entered George Fox College. Dick Cadd, ex-Navy, entered college the spring semester, but Helen didn't notice him until the end of the year. They went on a choir trip and the only available seats in the bus brought them together. They became friends, dated, and married in September prior to their junior year.

Dick was the only member of the quartet to major in music. Following graduation he went to Idaho for three years, teaching music in a Christian school. But the pull of the quartet was too strong. He returned to Oregon and went on the life-changing Orient trip, and Helen enthusiastically became a quartet wife.

Gertrude Haworth lived in Star, near the town where Helen and Mary grew up. When thirteen she went forward in a revival meeting. Her older sister had gone to George Fox so it was natural that she should. She matriculated the year after Helen and Mary did.

The same year Harlow Ankeny became a student. Helen worked in the school restaurant. Rumor was that Harlow wanted to ask her for a date, but he was so shy the other fellows had to push him into it. They went to the midget auto races with Dick and Helen, had more dates and became engaged. Because they were a year behind the other couples, they really had to pray if Harlow should graduate or not. Convinced he should, for one year the quartet had another member.

After graduation Harlow remained at George Fox College in charge of Public Relations. When the quartet went to the Orient, Gertrude took care of his work at the college and lived with Helen. Helen took care of Gertrude's two boys mornings, and worked at night. They were already practicing for the full-time job of being quartet wives.

The girls know their lives are unique in the sense that seldom are four women drawn so close together. They thank the Lord for this arrangement and are convinced that the Lord will make life equally as pleasant for any young girl who puts herself fully in His hands.

GOD'S PROMISES ARE SURE



S. PAUL WEAVER

CARL HAYES and his wife were sitting in the living room of the parsonage of a home mission church in the West. The mistress of the manse was busy engaged in sewing for the two children that were sleeping in an adjoining room, while the pastor was endeavoring to interest himself in the latest edition of a minister's magazine. It was evident that the minister was not particularly interested in his reading, for at times he seemed to be staring at the page before him without seeing any of the words. The turning of the pages came at long intervals. Something was troubling the reader.

Suddenly Carl Hayes closed the mag-

azine and turning to his companion said, "Eleanor, I don't know what to do. That note to Mr. Gibson falls due a week from today, and I have only twenty dollars saved toward paying it. I promised Mr. Gibson that I would meet it in full this year, and now the time is here, and I lack eighty dollars of meeting it in full. I can't see any possible way out of the difficulty." Hopelessness sounded in the pastor's voice.

"It seems with all our economizing and saving," he continued, "that we can't get ahead financially. My college debts are all the time demanding attention, and every extra cent is applied on them until we have hardly a penny to our name at the end of the month. If only we were rid of our college debts!" Something like a groan seemed to escape from the lips of the pastor as he finished speaking.

His companion laid aside her sewing and turning toward him said, "Carl, you simply must not let your finances worry you like this. You have been out of the seminary but two years, and yet in that time you have paid two-

thirds of your college debts. It has meant sacrificing on our part to do this, but it has all been worth while. If we can only be patient and persevering for another year and a half at the most, we shall be debt free, and your financial troubles will be over."

"That is all well enough, but that does not take care of the Gibson note."

"That is true, darling, but we have been in just as difficult a position before, and the Lord has brought us through it victoriously," his wife remonstrated. "What He has done once He can do again, can't He, dear? Is anything too difficult for the Lord? Can't we trust Him to meet our every need—to meet this need—even as He has met our needs in the past? Carl, you answered God's call to the ministry and have given yourself to His work without reserve. Do you think for a minute that He will let you down?"

Both were silent for a moment. Then Mrs. Hayes arose and went over and sat on the arm of his chair and, putting her arm around his shoulder, said, laughingly, "Carl, you need to practice what you preach!" Then as her husband looked up at her in utter amazement at her words, she added, "Just about three months ago you preached on Philippians 4:19, 'But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.' Do you remember? I recall that you said in that sermon that the universe could be more easily destroyed than that God could fail to keep His promises. Either that was true or it wasn't. If it was true, then why become so discouraged? Let us trust Him, Carl, trust Him implicitly. I am sure He will not fail us!" Then planting a kiss on his forehead, she said, "Let's pray about it right now, dear."

The next evening as Carl Hayes went over to the church for the midweek service of prayer and Bible study he was still somewhat under the burden of the night before. It seemed so utterly impossible to meet that note for one hundred dollars within a week with only twenty on hand. His wife was so confident that God would provide. Would her faith be rewarded? What if nothing happened?

Just then footsteps were heard in the

vestibule and a moment later Mrs. Hayes appeared in the doorway with Mother Carlson, one of God's precious ones. The pastor for the moment forgot his doubts as he greeted the aged saint, whom the minister's wife accompanied each week to the prayer service. Other members now arrived and the service began.

The congregation sang joyfully and prayerfully, "Sweet Hour of Prayer," then the pastor called for a hymn from those present, and Mother Carlson called for number twenty-six. He paged rapidly to the song. As he saw the title he looked suspiciously at his wife and smiled. She smiled back at him as much as to say, "It's God's message to you, dear, can't you see it?" The song Mother Carlson had called for was the old favorite, "God Will Take Care of You."

The pastor found it difficult to sing, and when they came to the third stanza the congregation sang it alone:

"All you may need He will provide,
God will take care of you;
Nothing you ask will be denied,
God will take care of you."

Was it a message from the Father? How could he doubt it? It could not be otherwise, he thought. Before the fourth stanza was finished Carl Hayes offered a prayer of confession and renewed faith in God. Immediately as though by a miracle his faith was strengthened and a joy he had not known for some time surged through his soul. God would meet his need. He was sure of that. Was he not a servant in his Father's house, and would not the heavenly Father provide for His own?

At the close of the prayer service, Mr. MacKenzie, his Sunday school superintendent, and his wife offered to take the pastor and his family for a short ride in their new car.

A half hour later they pulled up in front of the parsonage and as the pastor's family was getting out of the car Mr. MacKenzie said, "Pastor, if you have a few minutes to spare I'd like to come in and have a talk with you. I've got something on my mind and I've got to get it off." He spoke as if something rather serious were troubling him.

"Come right in," urged the pastor,

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"I've always time to talk with a man like you."

"Yes," added Mrs. Hayes, "do come in. It has been quite some time since you folks paid us a visit."

As they entered the house the minister proceeded to turn on the lights in the living room, and as he did so it seemed as if a hundred voices shouted out, "Happy birthday, Pastor! Happy birthday!" The whole downstairs was filled with the members and friends of his church.

"Well! Well! Well! What a surprise!" was all he could say. Mrs. Hayes was speechless. It had been a complete surprise for both of them.

It was Mr. MacKenzie who came to their rescue. "We understand, Mrs. Hayes, that you had baked your husband one of those delicious cakes you are famous for baking around here, and we thought it would be fun to come over and help him to eat it even if his birthday isn't until tomorrow."

"That's just splendid!" Mrs. Hayes replied, "and we'll see to it that you do help to eat it."

Soon everyone was enjoying a delightful program which had been well prepared by the women of the church, and one of the young women recited an original poem she had written on the theme, "When Our Pastor First Came to Town." It was full of humor at the expense of Reverend Hayes, who seemed to enjoy it more than anyone else.

Finally the women asked Mr. MacKenzie to take over for a little while and then they would serve refreshments. He acted as though embarrassed at their request and as if it were very much of a surprise to him. He succeeded in amusing them for some time and then became a bit more serious as he addressed the pastor and his wife.

"It is now two years since you came to us as pastor and wife. In that time you have been a great blessing to our church and our community. Souls have been saved, and the membership of the church has had a steady growth. We are not unmindful of the fact that it must have meant quite a sacrifice for you to come here after leaving the seminary. The church is small and the

salary inadequate. Weddings are few and far between, so that there is no great income from that source as is usually true in a large city church. Some of us have talked these things over, and we have come to the conclusion that we should do something about it. Hearing that our pastor had a birthday we thought this would be a good time to do whatever we had in mind in a special way for you. So here we are tonight and on behalf of these members and friends, and others who could not be present tonight, I am happy to present to you and Mrs. Hayes this purse as a token of our love and appreciation for you."

The pastor found it difficult to speak. Tears filled his eyes. Only his wife knew the thoughts that were racing through his mind and the feelings that were stirring the depths of his soul. She, too, wiped the tears away. If only he could tell these friends how timely their gift was, and how much it meant to him; how their gift was an answer to prayer and the result of the childlike faith and trust of his wife in God's sure promises! But he would not dare do that. The financial problems of the pastor must not be laid open to them.

Both Reverend and Mrs. Hayes expressed their appreciation for the unexpected kindness, and pledged themselves anew to do their best to minister to them in the spirit of the Master who said, "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

An hour later the pastor and his wife were sitting in the living room all by themselves. The friends had gone and their two small children were already asleep.

It was Mrs. Hayes who broke the silence. "Again, darling, God has shown us that He is able to do exceeding abundantly, above all that we can ask or think," she said. "Our immediate need was eighty dollars and the Lord moved upon these good people to give us an even hundred. Oh, how good our Lord and Master is to us!"

"Yes, sweetheart, and that isn't all," Mr. Hayes replied. "As Mr. MacKenzie was leaving just a few minutes ago, he pressed my hand as he said good night, and then as an afterthought said, 'Pastor, the Finance Committee

met last night and we are going to recommend to the Church Council that your salary be increased by at least three hundred dollars for the coming year. You deserve it, and we're going to see that you get it!"

Mr. Hayes paused for a moment to get full control of his emotions, as it was evident he was greatly moved by all that had transpired that evening. Then as he stood up and threw his arms around his wife he said, "Eleanor, never again shall I doubt God's promises so long as I remain in His will and service."

THREE SIGHTS I WILL NEVER FORGET

WHEN I was a boy at school I saw a sight I can never forget—a man tied to a cart and dragged before the people's eyes through the streets of my native town, his back torn and bleeding from the lash. It was a shameful punishment. For many offenses? No; for one offense. Did any of the townsmen offer to divide the lashes with him? No; he who committed the offense bore the penalty all alone. It was the penalty of a changing human law, for it was the last instance of its infliction.

When I was a student at the university, I saw another sight I can never forget—a man brought out to die. His arms pinioned, his face was already pale as death—thousands of eager eyes were on him as he came up from the jail in sight. Did any man ask to die in his room? Did any friend come and loose the rope and say, "Put it around my neck, I die instead?" No; he underwent the sentence of the law. For many offenses? No, for one offense. He had stolen a money parcel from a stage-coach. He broke the law at one point, and died for it.

I saw another sight I shall never forget—myself a sinner, standing on the brink of ruin, condemned to eternal punishment in the lake of fire. For one sin? No; for many, many sins committed against the unchanging laws of God. I looked again, and behold Jesus Christ became my Substitute. He bore in His own body on the tree all the punishment of my sin. He died on the

NOT WORTHY BUT LOVED

CECILE P. EVERSOLE

Not that I am worthy, Lord,
To walk along with Thee.
But only that I feel my need
Within Thy light to be.

Not that I am worthy, Lord,
To follow by Your side.
But that I feel Your tender love,
My Saviour, crucified.

Not that I am worthy, Lord,
To touch the hand held out.
But doing so brings blessed peace
And erases every doubt.

Not that I am worthy, Lord,
To look Thee in the face.
But only that You give me strength,
To do so by Your grace.

Not that I am worthy, Lord,
To call Thee, Master; yet
I am forgiven. You said to me,
"Your sins I will forget."

Not that I am worthy, Lord,
In reverence, my lips to frame,
But love abounding fills my heart,
And so I praise Thy name.

cross that I might live in the glory. He suffered the **Just** for the unjust that He might bring me to God. He redeemed me from the curse of the law. I sinned and was condemned to eternal punishment; He bore the punishment and I am free. And I found in **Him** not only my Substitute, but the full supply of every need of life.

I long to tell you of this Saviour "for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4:12).—*Dr. Simpson, the inventor of Chloroform., in The B. C. Shantyman.*

If trials, losses, bereavements and sorrows cause our love toward God to decrease instead of increase, there is something seriously wrong and great need for serious examination.—*E. G. R.*

TALKING POINTS

Memorial Day, A. D. 41

JAMES E. ADAMS

MEMORIAL DAY originated in the hearts of Southern women who tenderly scattered spring flowers on the graves of soldiers during the war between the states. They honored the Northern as well as their own dead in this way.

Then, General John A. Logan, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, the organization of Northern veterans, issued a general order to all Grand Army Posts that the 30th day of May, 1868 be designed to honor the war dead by strewing their graves with flowers.

General James A. Garfield, a member of the House of Representatives and later President of the United States, was the orator on this occasion during special exercises in the National Cemetery at Arlington, Virginia.

General Garfield said, in part, "If silence is ever golden, it must be here beside the graves of 15,000 men whose lives were more significant than speech and whose death was a poem the music of which can never be sung . . . For the noblest man that lives, there still remains a conflict. He must still withstand the assaults of time and fortune, must still be assailed by temptations, before which lofty natures have fallen; but with these the conflict ended, the victory was won when death stamped on them the great seal of heroic character, and closed a record which years can never blot."

Now a memorial day for a living soldier preceded this one by about 1800 years. It happened in Caesarea, headquarters for a cohort of the Roman occupation forces in Judea. Suddenly, an angel appeared before a Roman centurion saying, "Cornelius . . . Thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God" (Acts 10:3, 4).

But Cornelius did more than pray, for part of his memorial was his alms. When people were destitute he did not say, "Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled"; he dug into his purse and helped them. He helped to supply the needs of the local synagogue until be-

cause of his generosity, he became known throughout the city. And all of his giving was motivated by the love of God; otherwise the Lord would not have remembered it.

The angel spoke again: "Send men to Joppa, and call for . . . Peter . . . he shall tell thee what thou oughtest to do."

Cornelius obeyed, and Peter came at his invitation. Through the consecration of this Roman soldier, the door of faith was opened to the Gentiles. Because of Cornelius (in a measure) we are partakers of the divine inheritance. How far-reaching and eternal have been the results of his prayers and faithfulness!

It would seem at times that prayers are unanswered, that deeds of love go unnoticed, but it is not so. If Cornelius could speak to us now, perhaps he would say, "You, too, can have a memorial day. You, too, can have the desires of your heart. Pray without ceasing. Be not weary in well doing for in due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not."

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