

ABOUT BESSIE'S LIFE

Our story starts where I began. I was born on Boren Avenue in Seattle, Washington. Now, ALL this happened totally without me being consulted about the matter. Later on, I was told that I was born (at 12 noon, in time for lunch) on February 20, 1912. I found out that my family consisted of my mother and father plus two brothers. My oldest brother, (Oliver) was ten years old when I was born, and my youngest brother, (Richard) was 3 years old with curly blonde hair and eyes of blue like my mother's. I loved my brother Richard from the start. He was a cute little guy and always nice to me.

But, strangely, when Richard was 24 years of age he was fatally injured in a mountain-climbing accident. For eleven months, he lived in horrible pain with streptococcus infection in his hip and leg. He was not a Christian, and neither was I. In fact, our whole family needed God.

Two days before his death, as he lay dying in the Port Angeles Hospital, two ladies came to visit Richard. He opened his heart, prayed the sinner's prayer, and said to those ladies, "If I ever leave this hospital alive, I will live a different life." He died two days later, but God used this tragedy to get our attention on eternity.

One of those ladies who prayed with my brother, was Dorothy

Amundsen, (at that time I did not know her) a public school teacher in Port Angeles. She loved the Lord. In the providence of God, this lady and I became co-workers in the Gospel ministry. But first, I had to get saved.

After Richard's death, I left a job in a doctors office at Port Angeles and entered the University of Washington. I had no real foundation in the Bible, and at the University all I heard was, "The Bible? Who believes it? Who needs it? How can one believe those weird, impossible miraculous stories?" When you hear criticism and verbalize these doubts over and over, you become an established unbeliever. But I found that doubt doesn't bring joy and I began to wish I could believe. Finally, while I was a sophomore, I decided to change from the University of Washington to Northwest Bible Institute.

But I brought my unbelief right along with me. One day in Church History class, Rev. C. E. Butterfield was telling about a miracle that happened when a man came alive from the dead. I said: "I just plain don't believe that. It's not amenable to reason. It never happened."

But they didn't dismiss me from Bible School. Another morning, I came to school and the whole student body was on their knees praying. Suddenly one of the students (Charles Slaughter) stood to his feet and was sobbing. He said, "I want to confess that I stole some Kleenex from my roommate,

(Maynard Oss,) and I want the Lord to forgive me." I made fun of it. I said: "If Charles doesn't do anything worse than that, he'll make it." But suddenly, I felt terrible conviction and I wished that God loved me like He must love Charles.

I went up to the front and told Rev. Ness that I had been breaking some of the rules of the school, and Rev. Ness pointed out, I John 1:9, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us and cleanse us from all unrighteousness".

So I tried to remember everything wrong I had ever done. If I confess it ---- that's my part, God's part is to forgive. I prayed, cried, and used up a lot of Kleenex at the altar. But I was a different person. I've never been the same since! I've done wrong things, but as I confess them, I know He forgives.

In understanding the Bible, it may be better to read a little and ponder a lot, than to read a lot and ponder a little.

Well, ~~to move on here in my story,~~ ^{we must} I graduated from Northwest Bible Institute May 1938. ^{This school} ~~It is~~ has since received

full accreditation as a college well, after graduation

~~then~~ The big challenge was to go out into Christian Service ^{and share}
In those days, ^{But} it was ~~not~~ ⁴ so easy for a woman to be accepted ^{the knowledge I had recd. in college}
(back in the ⁵⁰ mid thirties)

now, of course, it's different.

*In some churches,
you can even be
ordained
yet be a*

and there were no interviews set up for the graduates to the extent it is done now. The emphasis was on pioneering.

But the Lord found me a co-worker. It was none other than Dorothy Amundsen, the teacher in Port Angeles who had been one of those who prayed for my brother Richard before he died.

She had been teaching nine years in Public Schools in Port Angeles, but her greatest longing was to be in full time Christian Service.

So of the 50 years of ministry, for 20 of those years Dorothy Amundsen and I were co-workers.

First we did canvassing with ^{*copies of*} ~~the~~ ^{*Gospel*} of John, house to house in Port Angeles and outlying areas, ^{*including some logging camps and some Indian Reservations*}

Those Gospels of John were furnished to us free by the Christian Business Men's Committee of Seattle, and we gave them out with a simple testimony. The little book gave instructions on how to be saved. And suggested that they attend a church regularly where they could hear the gospel.

We had many experiences introducing Jesus. One time at La Push Indian Reservation, a rough fisherman came to the door with a sharp knife, ^{*in his hand*} He was cleaning fish. I said, "We've

brought you this copy of the Gospel of John, a part of the Bible. ~~He stood there and let me say 7 more words. Those were the~~ It gives you the plan of salvation." He said, "Get ^{last} out, this is no place of Gospels of John." "But Jesus ^{pointing his finger 7} loved ^{words} fishermen" I said "and he was the greatest fisherman of all. ^{they were some of his very best friends Sir, I said, he let me say} Peter & John & others - Jesus himself was a fisherman." He fished for souls." He replied "Well, I'll probably go to Hell". "But" I said, "No need of that, Jesus made it possible for you to go to Heaven ~~when you receive Christ~~

~~as a sacrifice for sin~~ - ^{because Jesus offered himself once & for all - He gave His pure & precious} Later the invitation came to work with the Indians at Little

Boston reservation, 25 miles from Bremerton. ^{Had his hands nailed together - He crossed his hands in a sacrificial ceremony, this dedicated, fearless} There we had many experiences. I'll tell you about just one ^{Courage} of them. ^{nan} ^{as a sacrifice for us}

I was speaking one Sunday night about "The Consequences of Rejecting Jesus Christ". As I was speaking the young people on benches near the back of the church were cutting up, laughing and giggling. When suddenly a bomb shell went off, or so it seemed. There was a terrible sound like a gun. Right beside them on the bench had landed one of the large gas lamps which came loose from the ceiling where it was hanging. Every one of them on those back benches ran up to the altar and began to pray earnestly. Several of them today are in full time ministry. God blessed us there, there were three of us, Dorothy Amundsen, Maurine Moss, ^a grad of Northwest College, and myself. We lived a life of faith and God took care of us miraculously. The 2nd World War was on and Bremerton was needing workers. So Dorothy and I were

by, but pleasing God is most important."

I was also Employment & Housing Coordinator for the College.

In 1978 I met Del McMullen. He was a friend of my brother's. He had been a widower for 4 years. He was an artist (painting portraits). After President John F. Kennedy was assassinated he painted his picture and the Democratic party in Bellevue bought it from his^M before the paint was dry. He did landscape paintings, a printer by trade, a musician (played organ and piano), and he loved God with all his heart. He also had a friendly personality. He had a handsome son, Dale, and a beautiful daughter-in-law, Jean.

~~After~~ After a few months of courting, no serious stuff at all, (sometimes he asked my brother along). But one night after dinner at the Space Needle, he kissed me and proposed. I was 67 years of age. I had not considered marriage, I felt very fulfilled in ministry, and as a single person. I wasn't looking for a husband. So why (I asked) should I do something stupid, like getting married. He assured me I would make a wonderful wife.

But I had questions as to whether to make such a drastic change in life style. After all, what will the Lord say? Well, finally after months of waiting and debating, so as to be sure; one night I felt the Lord was saying: "This is not something you have to do. It's just an opportunity if you

want to marry, if not, don't do it." I knew the Lord would love me whether I was married or single. The main thing is that I love Him with my whole heart. That seemed to be the answer because I knew I didn't love Del more than I loved the Lord.

We were married June 9, 1979 at Northwest College Chapel. He made life very pleasant, there were things like coming home on a cold evening to a crackling fire in the fireplace and dinner in the oven, and all those sorts of 'goodies'.

After 6 beautiful years (mixed with some heartaches and tears) Del had a fatal heart attack and passed away after 10 days in an Intensive Care Unit.

In 1988 I retired from Northwest College, after 30 years at Northwest College and 20 years in Gospel work.

Now that I am older, my memory is not so keen. But the things I will never forget are the stimulating experiences in working with people and serving the Lord with what strength I have.