

In Remembrance of
Bessie Guy McMullen



“Henceforth A crown of LIFE . . .”

BESSIE GUY MCMULLEN
February 20, 1912 – April 16, 2003

Born in Seattle, Washington, February 20, 1912, is the first date of significance for Bessie and the date that signified the end of her earthly journey was the early morning of April 16, 2003. She had been a resident at Cascade Vista Nursing Home for several years and was 91 years old at the time of her passing.

The introduction to today's occasion can be best described by quoting one of Bessie's files and writings, which will set the mental stage for us in her own words about the Guy Family . . . and we quote: "Our story starts when I began, I was born on Boren Avenue in Seattle. Now, all of this happened totally without me being consulted about the matter. Later on, I was told that I was born at 12:00 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 three 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."

Bessie Guy McMullen's earthly pilgrimage ended in the early hours of April 16, 2003. The 'dash' between the dates of her birth and death is the 91 years of life. And we meet today in memory – not of her birth or death – but of the 91 years of life she lived – the dash between the dates.

The Guy family moved to Port Angeles where Bessie received her elementary and high school education, then worked as an assistant in a Doctor's office. It was at this time that her brother Richard, 24, was injured in a mountain-climbing accident. While in the hospital two Christian ladies came to visit him and led him to the Lord. One of these ladies was Dorothy Amundsen, at that time a school teacher in Port Angeles. This was Bessie's first contact with Dorothy. Richard passed away two days later and it made an indelible, lasting imprint on Bessie.

Bessie left Port Angeles and moved to Seattle and enrolled at the University of Washington with dreams of becoming a journalist. She recalled that at the UW all she heard was criticism of the Bible. "The Bible – who believes it?" "Who needs it?" "How can we believe those weird, impossible miracle-lore stories?" Under this constant barrage of doubts, she became an established unbeliever. "But I found that doubt doesn't bring joy and I began to wish I could believe." And finally, in her sophomore year, she decided to transfer to Northwest Bible Institute (now Northwest College), but she states, "brought my unbelief right along with me."

She states: "One day in Church History class, Rev. C. E. Butterfield, then pastoring at Everett, was talking about (Bible) miracles that happened when a man came alive from the dead. I said out loud, "I just don't believe that. It's not amenable to reason. It never happened." Strange enough (or was it) she was not dismissed from the school.

Her conversion to Christ soon followed . . . in her words "I came to school one morning 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."

She continued: "I went to the front and told Rev. Ness that I had been breaking some of the rules of the school, and he 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.' I tried to remember everything wrong I had ever done. 'If I confess (my part) God's part is to forgive.' I cried (and used up a lot of Kleenex at the altar), but I was a different person! . . . !

Her desire upon graduation was to go into Christian service. In those days it was not easy for a woman to be accepted as a minister, but emphasis was on "pioneering." Remember Dorothy Amundsen, the Port Angeles teacher who led Richard to the Lord? Her greatest longing was to go into full-time Christian service. God brought her and Bessie together again – and the rest is history – they were co-workers for 20 years.

There were several years of missionary work on reservations of the Peninsula, after which they both took positions at Northwest College where she served for 30 years. First she was Secretary to the President, then Supervisor of the Women's Residence Hall, Dean of Women, and finally Student Employment and Housing Coordinator. The first resident hall (dormitory) built on the Kirkland campus for lady students was named "Guy Hall" in her honor.

She remained single until age 67, at which time she married Del McMullen and had what she described as "seven of the happiest years of her life."

She was a great lover of souls, faithful in ministry, and her faith was anchored to the ROCK to the end.

Paul uses the word "henceforth" – which has to do with the future – as an appropriate word at the end of the Christian race. This looks forward to the awaiting crown of life, which the Lord will give not only to Paul, to Bessie, but to ALL who love His appearance.

Bessie's "blessed hope" is our hope too! "What a day that will be!"

My Saviour First of All

Fanny J. Crosby, 1820-1915

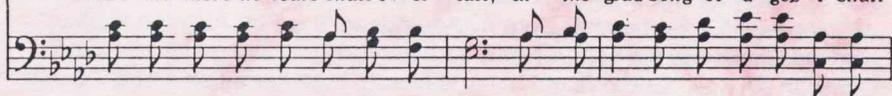
John R. Sweney, 1837-1899



1. When my life work is end-ed, and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the
2. Oh, the soul thrill-ing rap-ture when I view His bless-ed face, And the
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beck-on me to come, And Our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y in a robe of spot-less white, He will



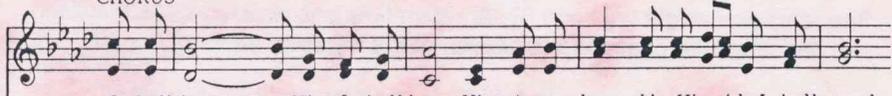
bright and glo-rious morn-ing I shall see; I shall know my Re-deem-er when I
 lus-ter of His kind-ly beam-ing eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
 part-ing at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will
 lead me where no tears shall ev-er fall; In the glad song of a-ges I shall



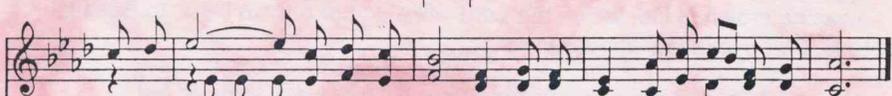
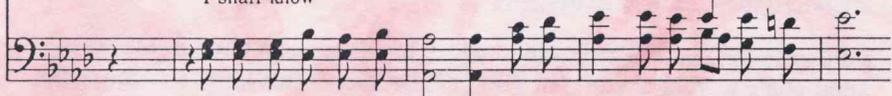
reach the oth-er side, And His smile will be the first to wel-come me.
 mer-cy, love, and grace, That pre-pares for me a man-sion in the sky.
 sing my wel-come home, But I long to meet my Sav-iour first of all.
 min-gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Sav-iour first of all.



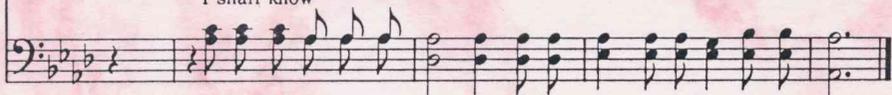
CHORUS



I shall know Him, I shall know Him, As re-deemed by His side I shall stand;
 I shall know



I shall know Him, I shall know Him, by the print of the nails in His hand.
 I shall know



MEMORIAL SERVICE

BESSIE GUY MCMULLEN

PRELUDE – Organ	Robert Swaffield
WELCOME / Comments	Marshall Flowers
CONGREGATIONAL SONG	“My Savior First Of All”
SCRIPTURE READING – PRAYER	Darrell Elliott
REMEMBERING	D. V. Hurst – Fax John Tappero Dave Nitschke Anita Buchanan Phyllis Swaffield Owen Hodges
OPEN – TRIBUTES	Congregation
DEVOTIONAL	Jack Rozell
SOLO “The Lord’s Prayer	Dan Seiler

Congregation

What a day that will be, when my Jesus I shall see,
When I look upon the face, of the One who saved me by
His Grace
When He takes me by the hand...leads me to the Promised
Land
What a day, glorious day that will be!

BENEDICTION / Comments	Don Argue
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Guests are cordially invited to the Reception Lunch and Fellowship which follows immediately in the Dining Hall.

PLEASE sign the GUEST BOOK in the Chapel Foyer or in the Dining Hall.

(In lieu of flowers, contributions may be made to the Bessie McMullen Memorial Scholarship Fund at Northwest College.)

THE GREATEST MYSTERY IN HISTORY

Perhaps you haven't heard
But here's the latest word;
I'm EXPECTING!
No, No, NOT A BABY!
The One I'm expecting is the Lord.
Ages ago His coming was foretold.
So it simply had to unfold.

First, He came as a baby
With humble birth we're told.
Yes, the story is old.
We read of Mary.
She was given the Baby to carry.
They heard the angels sing and shout.
But what was it all about?

God, the Father was showing His loving favor
By giving His Son to be our Savior.
Then through the interim years
The Christ child grew to maturity.
No, no the plan was not to give us Social Security.

Sakes alive. Jesus died
To pay the debt of sin
And salvation for all Mankind to win. Amen?
And haven't you heard and read
How He arose from the dead?

When I heard that Word, I was stirred.
I believed, I received and was relieved.
The message rang a bell!
Hey, I don't need to go to Hell,
And with my soul it will be well.

You see, the 'KEY' for me was:
Whosoever will believe
That Whosoever will receive.
So, I could see it was for me.

But, remember, I told you, I'm expecting.
I'm expecting Christ to come back to earth.
NO, NO, not for a second chance
Because he's already told us in advance.

He's coming back for the tried and true.
Will that include me and you?
We must all prepare for that eventful hour,
And because there is all power in His name,
His forgiveness we can claim.
And to meet Him is my Highest Aim!

'AIM-MEN'

--Bessie Guy McMullen