

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

BY EDITH DEMAREST BUTTERFIELD



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I dedicate the story of my life
to our ten children:

Dwight Robert

David Alan

Grace Elaine

John Elbert

Mary Elizabeth

Yvonne June

Charles William

Edith May

Ruth Jo Ann (in Heaven)

and Paul Sherman

Acknowledgment

My thanks to my granddaughter Debbie for the many hours she has spent editing and typing this manuscript. Without her encouragement I would have given up.

Introduction

The first time I read Grandma's story was while she was still living in Everett near Uncle Bob and Aunt Max. I read it in silence, thinking over every adventure, pondering the pricelessness of Grandma's personality and of God's grace to her in her joys and sorrows. I cried.

I don't think Grandma saw my tears. She only heard my silence. As I read on silently she became more and more convinced that I thought her story was worthless during those very moments when I was becoming more and more certain that her story was terribly important. So there we were--Grandma ready to pitch her months of work in the garbage and I full of the joy of new-found treasure.

"You think it's terrible, don't you," she finally said.

"No, no!" I said. "It's good, really good."

"But when you didn't say anything I thought you thought it was terrible."

"Oh, Grandma. It was so good and I enjoyed it so much that I didn't think of saying anything."

It has been my privilege to work with Grandma on this gift to her family. It is a privilege, first of all because through my many hours of conversation with her about her life I now

know my beautiful grandmother in a way few people in our society know theirs. It is also a privilege because I have seen the acts of God in the life of a real person like me, who sometimes cries, sometimes gets discouraged, sometimes doubts, and yet at every turn, however difficult, finds the amazing provision of God.

Most of all it is a privilege because I have come to know God better as He has revealed Himself in yet another human history--the history of my own grandmother. Through her story I see that God is not a spoilsport. Grandma delights in God and He in turn delights in taking a little girl's desire to be close to Him, an older girl's desire to be the "member of every church in the world," a young woman's desire for a unique and special man, and creating for her surprising fulfillment.

Debbie Langley

Bellevue, Washington

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Chapter 1

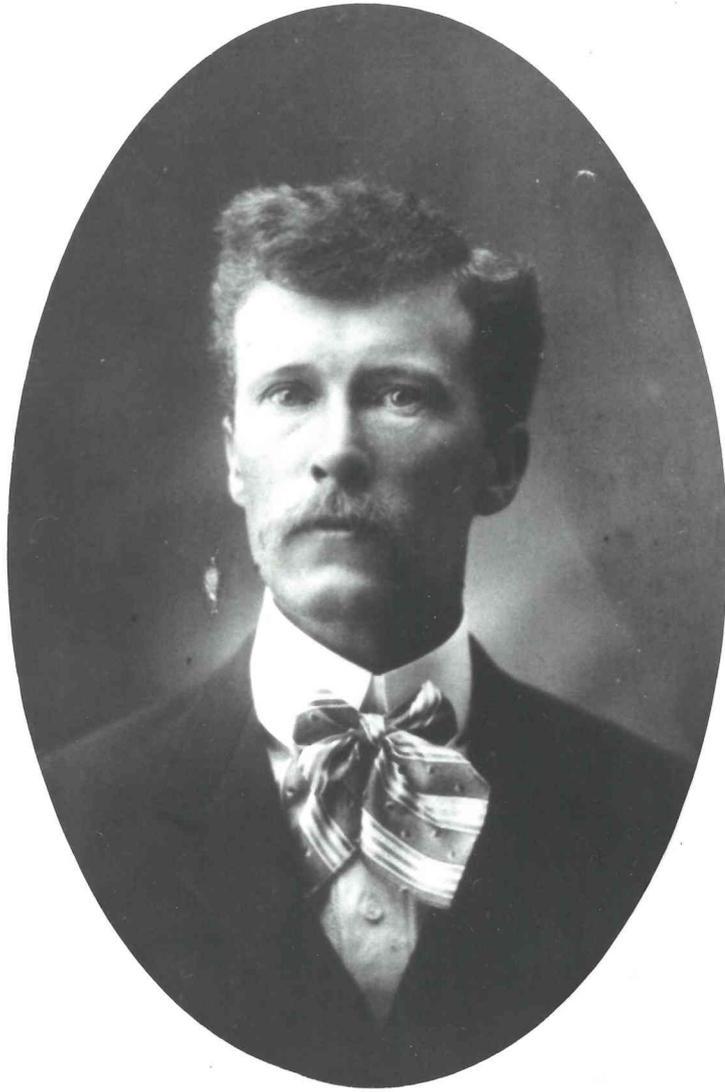
Early Years

I am so glad I was born in May. Spring has come into it's full glory, especially the lilacs. One of my earliest recollections was gathering arm loads of them along with fluffy snow balls. The snow balls made me think of angels.

My first six years were lived in Orofino, Idaho, a tiny town located among pine covered hills rising abruptly from every road. How I loved to scamper up those hills, especially early in the spring, scrape the last snows away, and find golden buttercups and violets. The perfume from the violets blooming along the mountain streams was intoxicating.

Both of my parents were born in Newago, Michigan. Mother's parents moved west when their five children were small and settled in the hills of Orofino. My mother's mother was my only living grandparent.

I loved to listen to Grandma Edmonson tell about their early days in Idaho. Grandpa preceded his family and built a log cabin for them. In her dirt floor home Grandma cooked the food in the fireplace and baked sour-dough biscuits in the reflector oven in front of the fireplace. Indians lived all around them. One day when Grandpa was hunting, Grandma prepared a meal of venison, biscuits and wild berries. Suddenly she looked up and saw Indian faces at each window. They came in and helped themselves--they ate it all--then left



William Sherman Demarest - Age 37

Orofino, Idaho 1905



Mary Elizabeth Demarest - Age 40
Everett, Washington 1913



Charles Elbert Butterfield Sr. Nellie Margie (Loomis) Butterfield
Mary E. (Cochran) Butterfield Wesley G. Butterfield
Marjorie Aldith Butterfield
Seattle, Washington 1922

without a smile or thank you. Grandma was just glad to see them go.

Grandpa Edmonson died in his thirties so Grandma, a widow for many years, made her home with her children. She sold Watkins Products and I helped her deliver her orders in my little red wagon. Her face was smooth and youthful and she always smelled so good--a good recommendation for Watkins cosmetics. A staunch prohibitionist, Grandma wore her ceramic white pin, the prohibition symbol of the day, on Sundays and the white ribbon on weekdays. Watkins sold a rootbeer extract, so occasionally Grandma would brew up a batch of this delicious drink. We would tease her for making beer.

Grandma's daughter, my mother, married when she was seventeen. It was an unhappy marriage so with her two-year-old son and baby daughter she returned home to her parents and supported her little family by doing housework. When Mother was thirty she married my father. He courted her for a long time before she agreed to marry him. She wanted to be sure.

My father was not raised by his parents. I understand an aunt raised him. We had photos of his lovely sister and her little son and daughter. I longed to put my arms around them. This auntie sent us our most expensive Christmas presents. I loved the bright silk hair ribbons and pretty bracelets.

On Sundays my father and I took walks. We'd stop and buy a paper and a bag of candy. When we got home I'd sit on his lap while he read me the funny paper and we munched the good hard candy of those days. He liked to read poetry to me. I

didn't understand much of it, but I would listen. He enjoyed what he read. Sometimes tears would come to his eyes as he read something he loved.

One day when I was sitting on his lap, he told me I was going to have a baby brother or sister. Sure enough, one night there was a terrible commotion in the house. I couldn't sleep so Papa let me get up and he held me close. Finally a lady brought a doll baby, wrapped in a pink blanket, to show us. I fell desperately in love with Dorothy--she was mine, and I resented anyone who separated us.

I was three and a half years old when Dorothy was born. After her birth, mother was not well. In spite of the difficulties surrounding her illness, my older brother, Cleveland, still knew how to enjoy life. We lived in a house with a big yard on a hill overlooking the Clearwater River--a dangerous, but favorite swimming place for children. While mother had instilled a fear of the water in me, Cleveland did not have this fear. Many days we would hear him calling to us from the middle of the river, having the time of his life, while poor Mother stood on the back porch yelling, "get out of that river!"

I also had my favorite pastimes. One of them was to sit in the cucumber patch of our garden with a handful of salt and eat the tiny finger length cucumbers, dipping each bite in the salt to bring out their exotic flavor. But even better was raspberry season. When the raspberries were ripe, I was always lost. They'd find me sitting on the ground, reaching up for

the big juicy berries that tall adults didn't find, putting them on the ends of my fingers, like thimbles, and popping them into my mouth, one after the other.

I also loved to sit with my playmates in the pink clover that covered our front yard. We braided long chains for crowns and necklaces and danced around like fairies.

In the midst of my rich childhood experiences I began an important adventure at the age of three: I began attending church. My parents did not attend, but a young lady took me to the little Methodist Sunday School on horseback. I loved the Bible stories. My favorite was the one about Samuel. I loved to hear about the bright colored coats his mother made him each year, and about how when he heard God's voice he said, "Here I am, Lord." From this time, throughout my life, I have always been conscious of God.

When I was five Mother had a major operation and almost died. For years she was an invalid, so nervous that even the rustle of paper, as I cut out paper dolls, upset her. These were difficult days for all of us.

Since the hospital costs for Mother's operation took our home, we moved away from the river Cleveland loved to a store-front building downtown. There we made our new home in some rooms in the back of the building. In the front, my parents operated a home bakery. Papa made the best doughnuts. He put the cut-out dough on a table and I sneaked those on the edges. I liked them unbaked best.

When I was six Aunt Grace and Uncle John invited all of us, including Grandma, to move in with them in their big farm house in Othello. In this Eastern Washington town, nothing much grew but sagebrush and jackrabbits. Neither family had much money so we made use of the things at hand. We burned the sagebrush in our stove and made stew out of the rabbits.

Often in the winter Aunt Grace played a pump organ and we gathered around her and sang hymns. Then we enjoyed big bowls of popcorn and snow ice cream.

Recipe for Snow Ice Cream

Whip a quart of cream, add a bit of sugar and vanilla.

Then scoop up a dish pan full of fresh snow and fold the whipped cream into the snow. Serve IMMEDIATELY.

During the winter we spent many hours on our sleds. This was perfect snow sliding country with its short rolling hills. Cleveland gave us a Flexible Flyer sled and Uncle John made a bobsled and a toboggan. Our down hill slides were a family affair: Cousin Lester on the Flexible Flyer to guide us, Dorothy and I on the bobsled and all the others, including Grandma, in the toboggan. We'd all fall off into the snow at the bottom of the hill, then tramp into the house for cups of hot chocolate.

Later, Father got a job at the Beanery, a train depot restaurant, so we moved into a tiny three room house in downtown Othello. At the restaurant he made the best cupcakes

with pink, white and chocolate frosting. Dorothy liked the pink ones. I liked the chocolate best.

But Dorothy and I didn't agree to disagree on everything. Water was so scarce that we fought over who got into the tin bathtub first for our weekly bath. Afterwards we washed our undies in the water and finally threw the water on our little flower and vegetable garden. It did quite well.

Dorothy and I also shared the adventure of attending church together. Right next door was the Christian Church and one-half block on the other side was the Presbyterian Church. Dorothy and I attended Sunday School at the Presbyterian Church in the mornings and the Christian Church in the afternoons. The Catholics had a meeting once a month in the Christian Church. I wanted to go to their meetings too, but Mother thought two churches was enough.

That summer our family moved to Spokane. It was a hard year. Dorothy had no shoes all summer. When we started school in the fall, I discovered that the city school was much more advanced than the little country school in Othello. Since Dorothy was only five years old when she started to school, I hovered over her like a mother hen. My father could not find work so we moved from a nice house to a two-room shack. On top of this, I almost died with a severe chest cold and my sister Dolly ran away to get married.

When I was 12 we moved to Everett. I jumped up and down with joy on the train as we returned to the tree country. I revelled in the intense green of this part of the world.

Aunt Grace and Uncle John again made a home for us. It was a garage made into a two-room "apartment" on the corner of 34th and Nassau. We arrived at the Milwaukee station on Riverside, and rode the city streetcar across town. The Everett 4th of July parade was in progress as we rode up Hewitt Ave. Then we all slowly carried suitcases up the steep Nassau hill toward our new home, Mother resting from time to time on people's steps to regain strength.

I was eager to attend church again. The First Methodist on Broadway was my first try. But there the young people seemed cliquish and more interested in movies and dancing than God, so I moved up a block to the Baptist Church on Lombard.

Dorothy and I went to Sunday School every week and it was in Sunday School that I gave my heart to the Lord. An evangelist was having revival meetings and spoke one morning to the entire Sunday School. He asked us to stand and sing "Just as I am." On the last verse he invited all who wanted to "give your hearts to the Lord" to remain standing. I was the only one of over 300 who did. I was so happy I cried. My teacher took me to the basement of the church to calm me down.

A few weeks later I was baptised in water. The board of the church informed me that after water baptism I would be a member of their church. I informed them I did not want to be just a member of their church but of every church in the world. This was the beginning of an important dream.



Charles Elbert Butterfield - Age 24

Everett, Washington 1924



Edith May Demarest - Age 18
Everett, Washington 1924

Chapter 2

Love, Marriage and Early days in the Ministry

All of the girls at First Baptist Church had boyfriends. Not me. I disdained going with a boy just for fun. So unlike the other girls in the church, I passed through my early teens without dating. Later I began dating, but none of the boys interested me. When I was 17 something happened that changed all this. About 20 newly saved young men joined our church. They hadn't known where to attend church so they read about John the Baptist in the New Testament and decided to join the Baptist church.

Soon afterwards, a Dr. Betts was holding meetings in Granite Falls, teaching about the Holy Spirit, a subject we did not hear much about in the Baptist church. Stanley Davis, a good Baptist boy, drove us to these meetings. One week we picked up Ralph Butterfield on the steps of the Y.M.C.A. Ralph was one of the young men who had recently joined our church. I did not like him. But the next week we picked up another Butterfield. His name was Charles. It was love at first sight for me.

How well I remember Charles testimony:

"On my way to my usual Saturday night places of amusement, I met Ted Kennedy on lower Hewitt Avenue in Everett. Ted reached out his hand to me and said, "Charles, I have met Jesus. I'm saved." His face was different; his eyes were clear instead of bloodshot. His hand clasp was strong and

steady. Something had happened to my friend that had changed him.

"I didn't pursue my partying that night, but went home to my room, got down on my knees and prayed: 'God, you changed Ted Kennedy. Do the same for me.' That night I became a new man in Christ Jesus."

Now Dorothy had many boyfriends--her first in the second grade. I think she had given up on me. So when I confided in her that I liked Charles Butterfield, one of those new boys at our church, she hugged me and said, "Oh, Edie, wouldn't it be great if he asked you for a date?" That very week he did--to a meeting at the church.

Our next date was a church Halloween masquerade party. I came dressed as a clown and Charles came dressed up in a tux. During the evening he came up behind me, drew my hands behind my back and held them tightly in his.

That January I graduated from highschool. Charles and his mother stood in the back at my graduation. It is a good thing I didn't know he was there. The faculty had chosen me to be one of the graduation speakers. After launching into my speech my mind went blank. Somehow I finished, but I don't know how. Had I known Charles was there I would have fainted.

That May I was 18. Charles gave me a dozen long stemmed red roses for my birthday. After this we met once or twice a month. We had no car, so our courtship centered around going to meetings, although occasionally Charles borrowed a car owned by his friend, Ed Cain, for a special date. We also spent much

of our time together walking--out to the Delta on long Walnut street, or across town to watch the sunsets over the sound.

On one of these long walks we kissed. How can I describe our first kiss? I have searched for the words, but I cannot find them. We whispered softly to each other that this precious feeling came from God.

I remember Charles spoke at a Baptist Young People's Union (B.Y.P.U.) meeting one evening. He was wearing a new light beige, perfectly tailored suit. In his soft pleasing voice, he discarded the assigned topic and talked about how wonderful Jesus was to him.

After the Sunday evening services at the Baptist Church, Charles and I and a group of the young people started attending Pentecostal Church meetings held in an upstairs room on 29th and Rockefeller. The preaching was over by now and the people were sitting with raised hands, eyes closed, ecstatic expressions on their faces. Some were speaking and singing in languages we did not understand. There was an atmosphere of love and joy and worship I had never felt before--a sweet closeness to God. We continued to attend these meetings and we too raised our hands, closed our eyes and spoke and sang in a language of worship we had not learned. These were days of heaven on earth. Our love for our Lord and for each other deepened.

On the first day of June, 1925, at about 1 a.m., Charles and I were standing across the street from my home, talking, when he asked me, "Will you be my wife?" I didn't answer right

away because I realized this was very serious. You don't always know what marriage means. I hesitated at least a half minute thinking about this. Then I said, "yes." That Christmas Charles gave me a beautiful diamond ring.

I quickly found out that being engaged to Charles Butterfield would be an adventure. A day or two after Charles gave me my ring, he and his brother, Ralph, were sound asleep in their bedroom in their parents' home, when they were awakened by a bright light in the room. They felt God's powerful presence and heard God call them to go into the ministry.

"Where should we go, Lord," they asked.

"Tomorrow go to Albany, Oregon," God answered.

In the morning their mother, a Methodist lady, didn't understand why they were quitting their jobs and going to Albany to preach, especially since they didn't have a seminary education. But she helped them get their clothes together. Charles had no money at all so he did not know how they would get to Albany. At the train depot Ralph pulled out the money for their fare from his shoe where he kept his cash.

Charles had tried to call me a work, but he didn't reach me. So that Sunday after church when Charles didn't come to get me as usual, I walked over to Bethany and waited for him in Ed Cain's car. When Ed Cain came out after the service he was quite surprised.

"Didn't you know, Edith? Charles and Ralph heard the call of God to go preach in Albany Oregon. They left this last

week. At first I was stunned and hurt. But I had a deep appreciation of God's calling on our lives and I also knew that Charles hadn't forsaken me.

Several weeks later I received a two-cent postcard from him telling me the bare facts. I was grieved because we had not had a farewell, but accepted and respected his response to the Lord's call on his life.

The following February, I boarded a train for Albany and spent Valentines Day weekend with him, his brother and his brother's wife in their home. On the last day of my visit, Charles went to Eugene, Oregon to attend one of Dr. Charles Price's meetings. He put what he felt God wanted in his life above his personal feelings. I had a good time getting acquainted with Dwight and Gladys.

That summer I received a letter from Charles in which he asked me to join him in prayer on a certain Sunday afternoon. We would ask God's guidance on our marriage. If it was His will for us to get married, He would tell us; if not, He would tell us. That afternoon as I prayed in my little bedroom, there was nothing in my heart by love for my Lord and Charles. All I heard from heaven was a "yes." Charles had told me there might be hardships ahead in the ministry, but I told the Lord I was willing to go through anything, if He went with me. I wrote back: "Yes."

We set our wedding day for September 27, 1926. I left my office job a month early so I could have a few days at home

with my folks. Mother was not happy about our marriage but Father seemed to understand.

On the Saturday before our wedding, my friend from work, Ida May Billings, drove me to Albany in her car. On Sunday we attended the little church Charles had started in Albany. He had resigned as pastor the week before. A love offering was taken in the evening service. I put in a twenty dollar bill. The offering came to fifty dollars. This fifty dollars was to last until Christmas.

Although I had never desired a big wedding like all the other girls in the Baptist church, my wedding day was unusually memorable. Early Monday morning we drove Eugene, Oregon and arrived at Rev. Hornshuh's home at 8 a.m. He and a Rev. Anthony were in their hunting clothes just getting ready to have a day in the woods when we presented ourselves. Brother Hornshuh excused himself and changed his clothes. Rev. Anthony, still in his hunting clothes, and Ida May were our attendants. We were married to the tune of the pastor's wife's washing machine. The pastor's young son was making a train with cans of food from his mother's cupboard in one corner of the room.

Ida May returned immediately to Everett and Charles and I returned to Albany for our wedding luncheon in Albany's best hotel. After lunch we went to an inexpensive hotel where Charles had a little two-room apartment. Here we spent our honeymoon days.

Our honeymoon lasted two and a half months. Those were beautiful days because I grew in the Lord together with Charles. We spent time praying and studying God's Word and enjoying the scenery on the riverside together. Rev. Banks and Emma Gillet joined us for Bible study also. During this time I had a dream about the trumpet call, the rising of the saints and Heaven. The second coming of Christ became so real to me.

In spite of our joy and the realness of God's presence in our lives, we still faced difficulties.

During our honeymoon, we ate in restaurants until I noticed Charles was signing the meal slips instead of paying cash. I decided this was wrong, so, one morning I slipped out of our rooms early with a few dollars I had left in my purse and came back with a few dishes and groceries.

Our first Thanksgiving together was an interesting experience. A lady in the church gave us a chicken for Thanksgiving. I cooked it on our wood stove, but when we tried to eat it we discovered that the lady had dipped it in Lysol.

"Let's pray that God will take the bad taste away," Charles said.

Later, he ate it cold for supper. "The Lysol taste is gone," he said. I tried a bite. I could still taste the Lysol.

Since we couldn't afford to pay the hotel apartment rent, we moved into a room above the church for a few weeks. We had a wood stove here also, but no wood, so we gathered sticks wherever we could find them. On the coldest days we had to

curl up together on the bed beneath our wedding blanket--the silk quilt my grandmother had made for me.

Our financial situation did not improve and the day came when all we had to eat was two potatoes. We waited until church was over and cooked our potatoes in the wood stove in the church. We used the collection plates (pie tins) to serve them on. These were the best potatoes I have ever eaten.

During this time I discovered I had a problem I never dreamed I'd have before leaving home. I was homesick. I mentioned this to my friend, Ida May, so she sent me a letter with the promise of a choice of Christmas gifts: either a ticket home for Christmas or the money the ticket would cost. I'll never forgive myself for the selfish decision I made. After my Christmas at home I was cured of homesickness.

Charles had been invited to spend Christmas Day with our friends, the Banks. They gave him ten dollars. He spent it all on me. I received a box of chocolates and a pair of warm, wool lined boots.

When I returned to Albany, however, our Christmas spending had taken its toll. We had enough money for a cheap hotel room for one night and some oranges. We ate the oranges and two chocolates I'd brought from home for breakfast. The next night we slept in the church on the benches. Charles made me as comfortable as he could by putting two benches together. He was going to a prayer meeting at Sister Daniel's home on the edge of town. I was too weak to walk that far since already a new life was stirring within me. I had never seen Charles cry

but that night as he bent over to kiss me good-bye I felt tears fall on my face.

The next morning we decided to sell a little travel iron I had been given as a wedding present. Charles took it to a pawn shop. We had breakfast together in a little restaurant. I had milk toast. With what was left Charles bought a bus ticket to Brownsville, Oregon where he felt the Lord wanted us to have evangelistic meetings. Before he left he said, "Sister Daniels wants you to visit her."

Charles did not return from Brownsville for three days. When he did he told us that the family in whose home the prayer meeting had been held asked him to hold a two-week revival meeting there. He had spent the last two days cleaning the local theatre, having a piano moved there, and putting a notice in the local paper.

I had felt very embarrassed to extend my stay so long with Sister Daniels, but as we said good-bye I received a pleasant surprise:

"I'm so thankful Edith was with me during this time," she said. "You know the struggle I'm experiencing in my marriage. Edith has been an angel sent from heaven to comfort me in my sorrow and loneliness."

We left for Brownsville and began conducting our meetings in the old theatre building Charles had fixed up. Outside the building a sign announced: "BUTTERFIELD EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS."

Ralph joined us. They took turns preaching while I lead the song service!

During these meetings we had very little money. One day I was so hungry for steak that I went to the butcher shop and asked the meat man for ten cents worth of round steak. He looked at me and cut off a slab of steak, without weighing it, slapped it on a piece of wrapping paper and said, "there, take it." It was just enough for a nice piece for Charles, Ralph, and me.

Financial need wasn't the only challenge Charles and I faced in those first days in the ministry together. One of the greatest challenges was with people.

While conducting the meetings some Missionary Alliance friends let us stay in their home. These people were Pentecostal and had wanted to have a Pentecostal Church in their town. However, because of pressure from their Alliance friends, they turned against us. At breakfast one morning the wife burst out in tongues and this was the "interpretation": "Thank you, Lord, for revealing the devil in our midst."

Charles immediately decided we couldn't stay with them any longer. I didn't understand. Weren't these our friends? We packed our suitcases and the husband took us to town and let us out on a snow covered street.

There we stood, not knowing where to go. We started walking down a path. I had the feeling of floating, as if my feet were off the ground. As we walked, a lady ran toward us. She was coatless and her big apron floated in the wind. When

we met she said, "the Lord told me to quickly leave the house and go down the path from my home to meet two servants of His whom I am to take into my home and help in any way I can." This lady found us a little apartment in a house next door where we lived until the meetings were over.

Our meetings went well with a good turnout of young people. Later a church was built there.

The day we were to leave we had exactly enough money to pay all of our bills but nothing left to buy tickets to get to Gresham where Ralph had a church. He had invited us to hold evangelistic meetings there. As we sat in the bus depot without suitcases and bedroll, the incoming bus brought the mail. In it was a letter for us with forty-five dollars enclosed--enough to get to Gresham.

We enjoyed the meetings in Gresham, at an established church, with friends and lots of good food. I remember how good a candy bar tasted again.

The Gresham church had wanted to start a church in Estacada, a town about thirty miles away. With their help we held Evangelistic meetings every night for two weeks. Then we rented an abandoned pool hall which had previously included a shooting gallery. The walls were full of holes so we papered them with newspapers and old magazines. Then we white washed them with little two-inch paint brushes. When we finished fixing up the hall, the Gresham folks came down on Sunday evenings to help with the meetings. Soon a few of the Estacada

folks were coming regularly. We invited our friend, Rev. Banks, to come and have evangelistic meetings.

One morning during the time Rev. Banks was staying with us we had nothing in the cupboard to eat and I mean nothing. But God gave me a song that morning. I told Brother Banks that breakfast would be postponed a little while. The mail came in early so I went to the post office. There I found a letter with five dollars enclosed. I splurged it all on food for breakfast. On the way to town I again had that experience of floating, carried by ... angels?

Brother Banks told us later that those days taught him that he, too, could go into the ministry full-time and God would take care of him and his family.

God taught us many lessons in faith during the few short months we lived in Estacada.

Our landlady, Sister Hammond, a widow who had opened her home to us, left to visit relatives the week her strawberries were ripe. "Eat all you want," she had told us. Our cupboard was bare again. We lived on strawberries for a week.

One Sunday we had no food so we waited until after the morning service when the morning offering was in our hands. It came to 37 cents. I remember we waited until the Methodist congregation had all gone home before we went into the store to buy our loaf of bread and pint of milk. The rest of the week God provided for us in other ways. Sister Hammond had a big vegetable garden. Every day she gathered, prepared them and gave me enough for our lunch.

Another time, Charles and I spent a beautiful afternoon in a spot overlooking a river. When it was time to go home for supper I said, "Honey, what can we have to eat tonight?"--the cupboard was bare again. He said, "We are going to have steak." On the way home some friends invited us home. For dinner they served us juicy steaks.

. . .

I had searched in every dresser drawer, purse, pocket, even the cuffs of Charles' trousers for one penny. I had seven cents, but I needed eight. I climbed up on our front fence to ask God's help and then said to Him, "I am so tired of asking you for pennies."

Did I find the eighth penny? I can't remember. God took care of us somehow. Little did I know then that we would be asked to trust Him for thousands of dollars!

Chapter 3

Birth Stories

The birth of our first child was only a month away but we didn't have money for a doctor or a hospital. Our friend, Ida May, knew a doctor in Everett. She told this doctor about us and this fine, lady O.B. doctor, Dr. Davis, said she would deliver our baby. In the middle of June I took a train to Everett while Charles got a job picking loganberries so he could join me.

The birth took place on the bed my sister Dorothy and I had shared in our home at 2729 Walnut. There was no nurse, just our friend Ida May and my 18-year-old sister, Dorothy. Dr. Davis was superb and helped me to have a natural child birth. How I wished my precious Charles could have been with me. Our Robert was born July 1, 1927 at 5:30 p.m. That sentence gives the statistics of his birth, but how can I put in words the depth of pain and height of ecstasy of this experience, given as a result of the beautiful, perfect gift of love?

When our baby was two weeks old, Charles was able to leave his loganberry picking job and join us. We lived with his parents for a month or two. Since the weather was warm, I put our baby out on the front porch for his nap. One day, as we were all in the back of the house eating lunch, a loud knock came on the front door. We opened the door and our neighbor announced: "Someone has left a baby on your doorstep!"

Charles' folks were very kind and loving to us, but we needed to find a home of our own. We found a few rooms over a grocery store on Summit and that became our first home in Everett.

Bethany Temple was without a pastor at this time so they asked Charles to fill the pulpit until they called a pastor. We continued in this position until January when they held their annual business meeting. The business of selecting a pastor came up, naturally, and someone got up and said, "we have a pastor, Charles Butterfield." So we became the official pastors of Bethany Temple in January, 1928.

When Robert was about six months old, we decided it was time to have him dedicated in the church. As we walked the five blocks to church that particular Sunday morning, I asked Charles what name he would use when he dedicated our baby. You see, we could not find a name that was good enough for our perfect little boy. I wanted to give him his father's name but Charles said, "No, I'm a junior; that is enough." We both liked Charles' youngest brother's name, Dwight. I loved the name Robert, the name of my brother who died before I was born. At the church door we agreed that Charles should say, "I dedicate thee, Dwight Robert."

On October 4, 1928 God gave us our second son. He was born in the Everett General Hospital around 11 p.m. My mother and sister persuaded me to have this baby in a proper fashion in a hospital with a male doctor. He arrived about one-half hour before the birth time.

Because Robert's birth had taken seventeen hours, I expected this birth would be the same. When Charles took me to the hospital after the Tuesday evening prayer meeting, I told him to go get a cup of coffee. I was sure it would be hours before the baby would be born. Our baby arrived before he got back! So Charles missed the birth of our second child, also. That night as I lay awake I saw the name DAVID ALAN in big letters like a neon sign. I had prayed that God would name him and I believe He did.

Eleven months later God gave us our first daughter. She was born about 7 p.m. on September 12, 1929 in a maternity home on 26th and Summit. Because Dr. Smith was due to attend a dinner party, he used drastic measures to hurry her birth. We both survived. As Charles and I looked into the sweet face of our little girl, our hearts overflowed with love and thankfulness. Charles started singing, "Grace, grace, God's grace, grace that is greater than all our sin." We named her Grace.

Our third son was born September 19, 1930 in the same maternity home on Summit, Dr. Smith officiating. He used the same drastic measures to hurry the birth. This time it was getting into the wee hours of the night and he was getting tired. The Lord knew I needed special help that night. Just before the birth I broke forth in praise in my heavenly language. The doctor said to Charles, "your wife became quite excited." I felt I was in the *perfect will of God* as this dear baby was being born. As I cradled him in my arms and we looked

into his sweet face, Charles said, "let's name him John." He has his father's middle name, Elbert.

When we were expecting our fifth child, we decided we had enough experimenting with doctors. Dr Davis became our baby doctor from that time. Our fifth baby, a blue eyed, curly haired baby girl, was born on October 13, 1931 in our home on 11th and Lombard. Charles was the nurse. He did whatever Dr. Davis instructed him. We named her Mary Elizabeth, my mother's beautiful name.

I had not been able to breast feed our babies. This time, with Dr. Davis' encouragement, I tried again. I drank lots of alfalfa tea during the day, thick milkshakes in the wee hours of the morning and ate everything in sight. When Mary was ten days old, I weighed more than I did before she was born, but Mary had not gained an ounce. So, back to the bottle we went.

By this time our house was full of babies and my hands and feet were busy night and day.

I prayed for a bit of rest from child bearing and God gave me exactly one year. Twenty-one months later, on the evening of the last day of June, 1933, Charles drove us to Dr. Davis' maternity home, a big brick house located in the woods on the way to Mukilteo. The doctor brought a pink rosebud into my room. As the night went by, the rose opened up and at 1 a.m. our Bonnie came to us. Her birth was almost painless. I thank the Lord for this. Charles named her Yvonne June, but we call her Bonnie to this day. For many years Bonnie sent us roses for Christmas.

Our seventh child told me of his soon arrival one stormy Sunday evening in late January. I sat huddled up by the wood circulating heater we had placed in the hallway of our big home on Baker Street. (This way we had a little warmth in every room, even in the five bedrooms upstairs.) As soon as Charles came home from church, I informed him that we must get to Dr. Davis' maternity home right away. All of the other children had been born in the sunshine of summer or the cool days of fall. This was our first winter baby.

When Charles helped me into the car the snow was falling fast and the wind almost blew us over. We got through Everett safely, but as we started on the narrow, winding road to Mukilteo, the snow drifts were mounting quickly on the road. It was not long before our car plowed into a deep drift and became helplessly stuck. I'll never forget that moment when Daddy started up the road, stepping high in the deep snow, dressed in his preacher's clothes. I felt like someone in a movie. In about fifteen minutes (which seemed like an eternity) Charles returned in a car with two men from our church who lived nearby. They carried me to their car on the other side of the snowdrift.

In the meantime, Doctor Davis and Dr. Truax had been shoveling the snow from the road leading to their maternity home so our car could make it through. They had come back to meet us and Dr. Davis started feeling my pulse, asking about the timing of my pains. By now they were farther apart and by the time I was put to bed they had completely stopped!

I looked out the window the next morning and saw a white fairyland. That day a chinook wind came and by 5 p.m., when our fourth son was born, the snow was gone.

I would not let the doctor call Charles until our baby was born. I wanted to be sure. He was worth waiting for. This was Monday, January 22, 1935. I thought this might be our last son, so I wanted to give him his daddy's name. Charles said, "o.k., but I don't want this junior business." We gave him my father's middle name, William. Our dear friends, the Reeds from Bethany Temple, gave him the endearing Swedish name, Bubs.

Eighteen and a half months after the dramatic birth of Charles, our eighth child announced her arrival. On the sunny morning of August 14, 1936, we drove through the streets of Everett to Dr. Davis' home. By mid-afternoon we had our baby girl. She was born with long, silken, soft, auburn-brown hair. "She looks just like you, honey," Charles said. We promptly named her Edith May. She had her first hair cut when she was one week old.

Food did not interest Edie. Oh, if we had raspberries, she would put them on her fingers like thimbles and eat them one after the other. But I spent many hours coaxing food into her mouth. "Don't worry," Charles said, "she will outgrow all of her sisters." She became our tallest daughter.

Edie was seven months old when I knew we were going to have our ninth child. On a day in early Spring as I walked home from the doctor's office, I was deeply depressed. I sat down on a window sill of the North Junior High School and said

to myself, "when I get home I'm going to bed and I'm going to stay there the rest of my life."

When I got home Edie was crying. I picked her up, comforted her and kept going. And I'm still going.

Our Ruth Jo Ann came to us February 4, 1938. She was born with a beautiful, perfect body, but her breathing was impaired. Her nurse said her breaths came in knickerbockers. She grew to be a sweet, blond, loving baby. I noticed she would cry softly in her crib even when she was made as comfortable as possible. We knew there was something physically wrong with our Ruth but our doctor did not tell us what it was and we never asked. We also knew that our baby was in God's hands. He would do what was best for her.

The summer we had Ruthie with us was spent in a little house at Lake Stevens. She had a good summer in the sunshine and good air at the lake but when we moved back to our home in Everett, she started having colds which did not go away. The family was very attached to Ruth. David would comfort her when she cried by holding her over his shoulder. This position seemed to help her breath easier.

On the evening she left us Charles was at a church board meeting. I was administering steam to her according to the doctor's instructions when I realized she was slipping out of this life. I called Charles home. I could not bear to watch her suffer so I left the room. Charles told us that as he bent over her and placed his hand on the edge of her crib, she looked up at him and smiled the most beautiful smile. She



Clockwise: Father, Mother, Robert, John, Grace, Edith,
Charles, Bonnie, David, and Mary.

Baker Street Home
Everett, WA 1944

Paul Sherman Butterfield
Two Years Old

Lombard Street Home
Everett, WA 1948



reached out and grasped his little finger and held it tightly, closed her big blue eyes and flew to heaven with perfect peace--no struggle.

Ruthie blessed our home for one year, going back to her Maker just one day before her first birthday. We told the children of Ruth's death in the morning.

"Oh, yes, I know," Bubs said. "I saw the angels come and get her last night."

Her funeral was a private one--just our family and near relatives. As we looked at her in her little casket Charles turned to the children and said, "Some day when we all get to heaven, we'll see Ruthie again."

In my grief Charles consoled me by saying, "heaven is more precious because we have one of our own there."

II Corinthians 5:17 and 18 became real to us: "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold all things are become new, and all things are of God." We knew everything in our lives was new and of God, even death.

After God took our baby Ruth, our home always seemed to have a baby in our big, old fashioned, iron baby bed. This bed belonged originally to the Gastons. Rev. Gaston was the General Superintendent of the Assemblies of God. It was given to us by the Swansons, the Northwest District Superintendents.

First, we had a baby who was dying because she refused to nurse. She just held the nipple in her mouth and refused to suck. Her mother brought her to the church so that Charles

could pray for her. My heart went out to this poor little baby and I asked Charles if we could take her home with us. So we did, and the minute I put a fresh bottle of milk to her mouth she started to suck. We kept her for about a month.

Then we took in babies when parents went on vacations, or second honeymoons.

When I was 40 the Lord sent us our tenth child. Only ladies who have had babies in their forties understand this experience. One morning as I was washing dishes in our big kitchen in the parsonage on Lombard, tears streamed down my cheeks. Charles saw the tears, put his arms around me and asked what was troubling me. I sobbed in his arms that I did not understand why we were having another baby. How would our children understand? What would the people of the church say?

"If the Lord wants us to have another baby," he gently said to me, "everything will be o.k. Let's be happy about it." That was just what I needed.

About a month before our baby was to be born we went to Seattle and purchased a layette at Fredrick & Nelsons--the first time we had ever been able to afford this. The saleslady put these pretty baby clothes in a big, white box which we sneaked in the back door and hid under our bed, not wanting the children (some of them almost adults) to know we were having a baby. How could we have been so naive?

We checked into Dr. Davis' home around 9:30 p.m., November 16, 1946. After the examination she told us we had several hours to wait. Charles went home and the doctor went to bed.

I'll never forget that night. I was dreading the pain of childbirth again; I had experienced quite a bit of it in the last 20 years! But that night, as the pains came, I yielded my body to the Holy Spirit and the pain seemed like nothing. I was enveloped in the presence of God. The doctor came in about 4 a.m. She called Charles and he arrived in time to help me the last half hour. Dr. Davis delivered Paul Sherman at 5 a.m., November 17 in her pajamas!

How we enjoyed our "post script" child. He was a healthy, bouncing baby, so active that we called him "Wiggsie" for a few months. The girls stood in line for their turn to feed or change him; we had built-in baby sitters. It was a little like having an only child.

How we enjoyed all of our children. They made our lives full, they and the many others God sent our way.

Chapter 4

Adventures with people and family

During our Everett pastorate most of the missionaries, evangelists and special speakers we had at the church stayed with us; we just moved the children together and gave the guests one of their rooms. We did have one real guest room, with a private bath. Our family learned a lot from these guests. You really get to know people when they live in the same house with you.

One of our guests was Rev. Earnest Williams, the General Superintendent of the Assemblies of God. The children called Brother Williams "the polite man." Charles served the food at our dinner table English style. Brother Williams was served first but never took a bite until everyone else had been served. As I prepared the evening meal he would read in the living room. As I dashed in and out to have some conversation with him, he always stood up immediately and remained standing while I chatted away. I learned to sit down.

Besides babies, missionaries and preachers, our parsonage entertained quite a number of other guests. When we lived on Lombard (1931-1932), two couples spent their honeymoons with us: Ralph and Ester Butterfield, and Fred and Tressa Dalton.

We not only received guests, but were entertained by others as well. One day David was received by the Everett police station. During Mary's birth, my father and mother kept Robert and David missed his brother so much that one morning

he decided to walk to grandpa's house. He got half way there-- to Lombard and Everett Avenue--and realized he was lost. While he stood there crying, someone called the city police. He was taken to the uptown office and given an ice cream cone to stop his tears. Police Fox, a neighbor of my folks', recognized David and took him to their home. Charles had been so busy stacking a load of planer ends in our basement, that he never noticed that David had left the back yard.

Ralph Cherry, the church janitor, slept in our attic room and ate with us in our Lombard home. This poor man suffered with epilepsy. Sometimes he'd have seizures and fall on the kitchen floor. His seizures often came in the middle of the night. This woke up the whole household and frightened the children.

On Baker Street (1932-1948), in our big five bed-room home, Leora, a young lady from our church, visited us one day and announced: "I can't live a Christian life any place but in your home. I'll work for my room and board ...". The Lord knew I needed help so we hired her for \$5 a month and she stayed with us for several years.

A block south of us on Baker, the Osses, a family with eight children lived. One evening when Leora was baby sitting our children, the oldest Oss son, Andrew, walked by our home. He saw Leora in our living room and said to himself, "If that girl is willing to take care of that big family, I think she would make a good wife." A romance developed and they were married.

Other guests followed Leora. These were depression days and the government provided low paying jobs for learning skills. Mrs. Harris and Eloise Johnson qualified for these jobs. Mrs. Harris, a widow who had three daughters in a Lutheran orphanage located in back of Forest Park, was a good seamstress. Her job was learning how to sew. Eloise, a young farm girl from Snohomish, was learning how to do housework. They needed a place to live so Charles opened our home to them. Mrs. Harris had Grace's bedroom. I can't remember where Eloise slept. They left right after breakfast and returned in time to sit down to dinner. When the meal was finished, they argued about who would wash the dishes. They were both too tired. The children and I got the job most of the time.

Mrs. Harris baked us good cookies and sewed some beautiful clothes for us. She was a lot of fun.

The children's plays on Baker were also a lot of fun. A sliding door separated our living room from the large entrance hall. This made a perfect stage curtain for the shows the children dreamed up and performed. Their favorite theme was elaborate weddings with the bride slowly descending the stairs, veiled in an old lace curtain.

It was in our Baker home that all of our children completed their grade school education, although Edie did have her sixth year at the Washington school. My memories of the growing-up years of our children are happy ones. Sometimes when we get together these days someone will tell of some outlandish thing they did and I will say, "I know that did not

happen," and someone else will say, "oh yes it did, Mother. I was there, too!" I thank my Heavenly Father that He gave me the privilege of being at home to love and pray for our children.

One of the most interesting adventures our family shared was the radio. Charles used it in several ways: a weekly Wednesday half hour of preaching or speaking on current events affecting the church. (The station manager had a church music record he played if Charles was a bit late.) On occasion Charles used visiting ministers. I remember watching Hattie Hammond go up the flight of steps to the studio two at a time. Charles did not believe in wasting his time waiting for something to start.

He also broadcast the Sunday evening service at Bethany for many years.

Another broadcast was a family worship in the early evening. We broadcast from our Baker home since the house had a direct hookup to the local radio station. Brother and Sister Irvig played guitars and sang old time hymns and choruses. After the singing, Charles read a scripture and then called on one of our children to tell what they thought the verses meant. Sometimes they were asked to give a personal testimony. There had been no rehearsal. No one knew who would be called on. No one was exempt except me. I was in another part of the house taking care of the Irvig's baby and two-year-old.

Because of the broadcast we saw a lot of the Irvigs. We also saw a lot of Rachel Maser who was coming and going in our home during those years.

Another person who came and went quite often was Fred Tretwold, a member of our church and a good painter. He kept the church and parsonage in fine color. However, periodically the city police would call Charles and inform him that they had one of his parishioners in jail for disorderly conduct and would he please come and get him? Fred had a mental problem which caused him to change from a hard working, mild mannered church goer to a smoking, drinking, cussing troublemaker. If Robert and David were home, their Dad took them along to help control Fred while they drove him to the Sedro Wolley Mental Hospital. After a few months he would recover and return. I can't remember how many times this happened. Fred did most of the painting on the first buildings at Northwest College.

We had incidents not only with our painter, but also with the plumber. Our Baker home was heated originally by two fireplaces and wood stoves--even in the upstairs bedrooms. When we moved in, a wood furnace in the dirt basement furnished hot water heat to big radiators. There was never enough hot water for baths so we carried kettles of hot water, heated on our wood stove, upstairs to the bathroom. To make life easier for us the church board voted to have an electrical heating system installed. They hired Brother Sturtz, Christian plumber, from Bellingham. One day while Brother Sturtz was using a blow torch, he set some dry beams on fire. Dashing

upstairs to the kitchen, he saw a big dishpan of water on the table, grabbed it, ran downstairs and put out the flame. Earlier that day I had decided to make enough syrup to can all my pears and had left on the table....

Then there was John Jungle our wood chopper who was mentally retarded. He loved to come to our church. When he came to our house and chopped and piled our wood, we would invite him to eat with us. We learned to pass the food to him last because he took the serving dishes, piled his plate high and mixed the food all together. When he finished, the serving dishes were empty.

John also helped Grandma Butterfield with her wood. One day as Charles watched him carrying huge arm loads of wood to Grandma's back porch, he decided to give him some advice: "John, use the wheelbarrow and it will be easier," he said. When Charles looked out later, there was John, carrying the wheelbarrow piled high with wood!

One night while Charles was away on a preaching trip I was sound asleep in our upstairs bedroom with all of our children, I was suddenly awakened by a noise downstairs. I threw a robe on and went down. There in our front room was one of our church young people, Joe Botteman. When he saw me he said, "Is Charles home?"

"Get out of this house, Joe, or I'll call the cops," I said. "I mean it!"

Joe made a hasty exit through the house and crawled out the window of John and Bub's downstairs bedroom. Those were the days when no one locked their doors!

One of Joe's delights was to drive by our house at 3 a.m. and wake up the neighborhood by yelling, "Wake up Butterfield! All you know how to do is sleep and preach."

Another of his delights was to deposit sacks of empty beer bottles on our front porch.

One Sunday morning all of our song books were missing. During that week a thorough search was made. Every room was checked, even the baptistry. In a Sunday evening prayer time, Charles and several of us had gotten off our knees and were sitting on the altar. Charles was asking the Lord to show him where the song books were. The Lord whispered to him, "You are sitting on them."

"Everybody get up!" Charles said. They turned over the altar--a perfect box like hiding place--and there were our hymn books, compliments of Joe Botteman.

Chapter 5

The College

One day something happened that changed our lives. In the winter of 1948, Rev. Frank Gray, the Superintendent of the Northwest District, became seriously ill, and a committee was appointed to take care of his duties. Charles was asked to act as chairman of this committee. As chairman he also became the temporary Chairman of the Board of the Northwest Bible Institute.

While working in his office on January 13, 1949, Charles received a telephone call from Rev. Ness, President of Northwest Bible Institute. "Because of my new duties with the State Parole Board, I'm going to have to resign the presidency of the school, effective immediately," he said. "I won't be down there tomorrow. You had better come down and take over."

The next morning Charles drove to Calvary Temple in Seattle where the school was located. He took over the school's radio broadcast and taught Brother Ness' classes. Our lives began to change. Charles left our house at 6 a.m., drove David and a friend to Seattle Pacific Institute, and then drove to Northwest. He arrived home late in the afternoon.

At the February meeting of the Northwest Executive Committee, Charles was asked to assume temporary presidency of the school. Charles gave the following speech before the Presbytery on June 8, 1949:

"We had no success in finding a man although we did our best, and since I had been on the job for several months, the brethren asked me if I would be willing to take the school over. I thought about it and prayed about it over some time, and finally there came into my heart a real conviction from God that this was what the Lord wanted me to do.

"I was most aware of my incapacibilities and my inadequacies for my position in an educational institution, since I had no theological background myself and had not a college degree. But about all I did possess, I think, was a real burden for this work and a real desire to see it go ahead. So I finally consented that I would take the school.... It appeared that I was going to have a real problem of reconstruction although I had no experience and little help from within the school or without to do it. I did find tremendous help in the Lord and assurance from Him that He would be with me.

"I feel that this ministry will give me the opportunity to help train men and women for the ministry both at home and in foreign fields," he told me.

So that summer we resigned as pastors of Bethany Temple in order to be moved by fall. Our hearts were torn about leaving our church in Everett. All of our children had been born while pastoring there. We were a closely knit group of believers. They were our family.

Our move was not without difficulty in other ways. As I was packing I received a phone call from Everett General Hospital where our Grace was in nurses training. "Your

daughter had a bad accident early this morning," they said. We rushed to the hospital and found our precious Grace with a big lump beneath one eye which looked like a big purple plum.

The night before had been her turn to sleep on the top bunk of the bunk bed. She had set the alarm clock early to get up to study for a test. As she reached to turn it off, she forgot she was in the top bunk, fell onto the sharp edge of a metal dresser, and suffered a concussion.

Every day we were at the hospital. We packed and cleaned the parsonage between visits. The injured eye was so out of place that Grace had the appearance of being cross-eyed. Grace recovered from this accident except for the eye condition. But after our farewell reception at Bethany Temple, Grace looked at me and said, "Wasn't it a wonderful party?" and just then her eye was straight. The doctors had said that an operation *might* correct it. How we praised God for this miracle.

When it came time to move our things, we could not afford to spend money on moving so we loaded everything we could in the Bethany Temple Sunday School bus and borrowed Dale Hatloe's truck. Our baby grand piano was our prized possession, while the beautiful new furnishings of the parsonage belonged to Bethany Temple. Missionary Huckelbrie, who was staying with us during our moving days, rode with Charles in the truck as he hauled our furniture to Seattle. On one of these trips Charles heard a big thud. He looked back and saw our old overstuffed chair bouncing along on the highway. He stopped and they reloaded it. It now had a broken front leg.

This move began a time of readjustment. We missed our beautiful big parsonage. Our new home was an old house which had been used as a dorm for the Bible School. It was a dark, dismal house, but it had lots of beds--enough for the nine of us still at home. There was no room, however for our baby grand. It was housed in the school.

Then our children were making their way in the world. Robert was married and lived in Everett. David attended Seattle Pacific. Grace was in nurses training at Everett General. And John and Mary had just graduated from Everett High School. John enrolled at Northwest Bible Institute while Mary stayed at home for a few months until she found work in an office in Seattle. She was a great help to me those first months when *everything* was so different.

We also faced a big adjustment in our church life. Reverend Watson Argue became the pastor of Calvary Temple the same year we came to the school. He and his wife were very kind and loving but oh, how we missed our Everett church and Charles' preaching. The first Sunday after attending Sunday School and church, Bubs announced, "If I have to go to that church, I'm not going to church anymore." At Bethany Temple, Paul's Sunday School teachers had been his sisters. Now he refused to go to his class without me. I am sure his teacher disliked this arrangement as much as I did, but later I had an idea. "I'll take you to buy a big chocolate shake in the drugstore on Roosevelt Avenue if you go to your Sunday School

class without me," I promised. And so a few milkshakes saved the situation.

Before long we had another situation to face. The school sold our dormitory home. But God provided us with a new home in a rather unusual manner. At this time the Devins, outgoing missionaries to Indonesia, wanted to purchase a boat to take to the islands to be used as a missionary base while missionaries moved from island to island conducting meetings. They needed \$10,000 to buy this boat so they had given their home on Greenlake to the Assemblies of God Missions Department for a home for missionaries on furlough. Since this arrangement did not work out financially, the Missions Department put the Devin home up for sale. The Northwest College students who were living in the house told us about this. Charles was able to purchase it from the missions department for \$10,000. They then allowed the Devins this money to purchase their boat.

We loved living on Greenlake in the summer. Those were the days of the Aqua Follies which took place on the south end of the lake. We watched the swimming formations and diving from one of our upstairs bedroom windows. The hydroplane races were also fun to watch but very noisy.

On the evening of the 4th of July people started arriving around 8 o'clock for the fireworks display on the north end of Green Lake. People sat on our front lawn, even our front porch! Our older boys devised a plan to make some money out of this situation. After making a sign which read, "PARKING: 25 CENTS AN HOUR," they promised Paul he would reap some of the

money if he would walk up and down the sidewalk in back of our house carrying the sing. He was too cute for the people to resist.

Charles did a lot of public relations work for Northwest during this time of year. This took him away from home on weekends so the children and I called ourselves "the children of Israel" as we walked those long blocks to Calvary Temple. "I don't know how you do it," our next door neighbor said. "I have only two and can't make it to church." And I had envied this lady. Her two little girls, house and yard were always so perfect.

The winter months were a different story. This house was 60 years old. The coal burning furnace did not adequately heat the house. It was a chore to build the fire every morning and take out the accumulation of ashes.

Our upstairs bedrooms were especially cold. One day Bonnie became very ill with a severe throat infection. God graciously healed her. She cheered us when she was well enough to come downstairs in the bright red pajamas Mary had bought for her.

During the second summer, having realized that our home was too expensive for our budget, we found a new place to live. A three-room apartment on the second floor of Calvary Temple was available. For a family of eight it was a bit crowded, but we moved in. The well-used furniture from the Greenlake house went with us. When Paul told people about his room on the

third floor he said, "There are four of us in one bedroom, but we each have our own bed."

Another challenge of life in this apartment for me was the fact that I had to wash our clothes in the basement of the church. It seemed to me that almost every time I was carrying our big basket of dirty laundry downstairs I would meet some dignitary. Since our clothes hung in full view of everyone, I hung the sheets on the outside lines and the more personal things on the inside.

During this time Paul was an active four-year-old who spent his afternoons playing with the four-year-old son of Calvary Temple's janitor who lived in an apartment in the new Calvary Temple. But while Paul was restricted to our apartment while classes were in progress in the mornings, his friend was not and loved to pop in and out of classrooms. Money began disappearing from the school--petty cash from the desk of Molley Perks, the Dean of Women. Offerings left unattended for a few moments disappeared. This posed a problem. Suspicion was cast on various people. Paul had heard us discussing this problem. One day he came to his Daddy's office with his little playmate in tow. His friend had invited Paul to have a milkshake with him. "See, I have the money to pay," he had said and pulled out a wad of bills. The little fellow then confessed to his crime.

After about a year in the Calvary Temple apartment we were able to purchase a nice roman brick home on 85th and Corliss. Our family experienced happy times there. The large basement

family room was great for holidays and other special occasions. David, Enid, Rebeka, and Guy lived a short while in this room after they left the church in Nelson, B.C. My mother, also, came to live with us in this home. She was with us for the last six years of her life.

The summer before Paul started kindergarten, Charles asked me to run the school book store. Without any knowledge of how to do this, and with very little instruction, I took on this ministry. I was the "Book Store Lady" for twelve years. Because the students purchased all of their textbooks there, I knew the students better than Charles did. They seemed to like to share their joys and sorrows with me. Now I felt I was really a part of the school.

Many romances were born at Northwest, especially in the spring. The young ladies enjoyed showing me their engagement rings. I would "oo" and "ah" over them even if the diamond was very small.

On a few occasions, when the engaged girl returned in the fall, the diamond ring was missing. As they told me the sad story I encouraged them by saying, "don't you worry. Someone better will come along for you."

Chapter 6

The Miracle of a New Campus

When we were notified in the spring of 1955 that Calvary Temple, where our school was located, was in the pathway of a new freeway, we realized we would have to find a new location. A college campus commission was formed and they searched far and wide for a suitable piece of property. They even considered the camp grounds at Silver Lake. When I heard this my spirit groaned. Finally, Charles was told of a piece of property in Houghton, a small town located between Kirkland and Bellevue which had been used during the war as a housing project for the workers of the Lake Washington shipyards. This property encompassed about 35 acres and the streets, sidewalks, light poles and sewers were already in. Houses had been removed from the concrete slabs and the grounds had grown up in scotchbroom and blackberry bushes since it had been vacant about ten years.

One night Charles had a special experience with the Lord while on this property. Many years later Charles recounted this experience on a tape for Maxine Williams (Maxine Williams, *History of the College*, pages 109-111):

"I would like to say to the glory of God, that when I discovered that this property was here, I made it a matter of definite prayer that God would give it to us. One night while I was over here... and it was dark and rainy... I knelt on one of the old concrete slabs that had been used as a foundation

for one of the houses... and I asked God for this property. I saw great possibility in this beautiful site overlooking Lake Washington. The Lord spoke to my heart and told me that He would give it to us, which made me very happy, of course.

"There came some very dark days. The property had to pass from the Department of Public Housing into the Department of General Services. This department of the government has a different philosophy than the other department and they were insistent that we prove to them that we could not buy a similar piece of property in the area, for they will not permit property to be given away if property can be purchased for the same amount of market value. And after their investigators came out and looked the property over and looked for another site, they found some pieces of property that we could buy for the approximate market value of this piece of property. So they notified the Washington office, and our application for the property was turned down, and we got a letter from Washington, stating that they had to reject our application and that the matter was closed.

"This, of course, was a great blow to me, after God had told me He would give us the property. But there was a secret in this, which I later discovered and that is that God meant exactly what He said, that HE was going to give us the property. Now we had discovered that the government wasn't going to give it to us. I have the letter of record in my file today, rejecting our application.

"Now when I found out that this was their answer, I was quite disturbed, and felt quite despondent over the matter, and I began to pray, and the Lord reminded me of what He had told me that night, kneeling on the slab. The Lord had said, "I will give it to you." He made it clear to me that we had been looking to the government to give it to us, and the government had finally rejected us, and turned down our application, but the Lord said again, "I will give it to you."

"So, the Lord spoke to my heart and told me to go back to Washington, D.C., which I did. There I met with some of the heads of the Department of General Services, and very fortunately, and by the direction of God, I had opportunity to talk to the three top men in this department of our government. After talking to them for an hour or two, they finally told me that there were some things that they wanted me to do, to go back here and have some engineering work done, and to write them a letter. After I did what these men told me to do, and I'm sure they were moved by God to tell me what they did, I sent the work that I had done back to them.

"In the fall of 1958, we received a letter from the Government in which they told us they would look favorably upon our application and that we were going to receive a deed for the property. This was the hand of God. This was what God meant in the beginning when He told me, "I will give it to you."

"I will never forget the day we received that letter from the government. Charles brought the letter into the book store

and showed it to me first. We laughed and praised the Lord together. Then he took the news to the others and shouts of praise were heard all over the building. What a day of rejoicing that was!

The story of God's financial provision for the first buildings of the college began a few years before. Charles and I were traveling in Southern California and stopped in to have a short visit with the Dickeys. Charles had known Mrs. Dickey for a number of years. While we were still pastors in Everett, Mrs. Dickey and her sister would ask Charles to come to Bellevue on Sunday afternoons and preach for them in a little church they had started in their home at Hunts Point. Since she had helped the school at a previous time of financial need, we wanted to stop and further thank her and renew our acquaintance with her.

A short while after this visit Charles received a call from Mrs. Dickey's lawyer asking him to conduct Mrs. Dickey's funeral service in Seattle. Charles did this. A few weeks later, as we were sitting in our home on Corliss relaxing in our robes on a Saturday, we received a second phone call from Mrs. Dickey's lawyer. He informed Charles that she had made the school the residual heir of her estate. Thinking that it would amount to about four or five hundred dollars, Charles thanked him and hung up the receiver. Then after a time of rejoicing he thought, "I wonder if I heard right?" He called the lawyer back.

"Yes," the lawyer said, "as far as I can tell at this time, it might be between \$400,000 and \$500,000. I can still see Charles now in his old bathrobe as we laughed and danced around the kitchen together.

In the end we received \$50,000 from the Highway Department for the old Calvary Temple building, and between \$600,000 and 700,000 from the Dickey estate to begin our first buildings on the new campus.

Chapter 7

Building and Moving

Groundbreaking for the new campus was on October 5, 1958 and work began immediately on renovation of the one existing building and the building of the four one-story buildings which would comprise the main educational unit of the college. The architectural firm Robert worked for in Everett designed these original buildings as well as the cafeteria, the women's and men's dormitories and the gymnasium.

The entire student body and faculty rolled up their sleeves and went to work clearing the brush and the blackberry bushes, washing windows, cleaning buildings, packing books and furnishings and helping get the college moved. In the fall of 1959 we were moved into our new campus. We had no dormitories, that first year but the people in our local churches, as well as the people in the area, opened their homes for our students.

This move meant that we had to sell our home on Corliss in Seattle. Selling the house and getting everything moved into a rented house in Houton was not an easy task, especially since Charles was so busy getting the school moved that he did not have much time to help with our personal move.

"You can't move all of that 'stuff' you've been saving down through the years," he said to me one day. This made me a bit angry, so one afternoon I sat in front of the burning fireplace and threw in box after box of this and that, including my many hats. Tears flowed from my eyes when our

precious love letters went up in flames. Later I repented bitterly for this act of anger. I am thankful our love could not be so easily destroyed.

Our first new home after the college moved was a rented house near the campus which we could occupy for only three months. It was painted pink on the outside, as well as the inside where it had pink woodwork, pink linoleum, pink appliances. Even the drapes were pink.

After the pink house we lived in four other locations during that first year on the new campus: twice in the student union building, once at a small apartment and once in a red house on Lake Washington.

Besides the moves, during that first year I had two other personal concerns. First, that fall Paul was starting Junior High away from his church and school friends in Seattle. But God provided. During our stay in the Pink House, the grandson of the house's owners came every day that summer to play with Paul. Paul also made good friends at school.

My second concern was for my mother. She had been living with us for five years. She died the following summer, but previous to that she had lived for a few months in a nursing home. The day I took her to the nursing home was much harder than the day of her death.

Although there were many home lots for sale near the campus at very reasonable costs compared to today's prices, we did not have enough money to build. Finally the college board members decided they wanted to uphold the tradition of having

the president live on the campus. And so, the Lord gave us a beautiful home on the campus. From the day we moved in I loved living on the campus and told the Lord I wished He would let me live there the rest of my life.

Because we lived on the campus we occasionally slipped over and enjoyed a meal with the students in the light, spacious cafeteria which we all enjoyed. The chapel was completed in December, 1965. This building, Charles felt, was the most important building on campus. I am glad they named it after him. On the occasion of the chapel dedication, 28 members of our family were in attendance. The next day Paul and Jan entertained all of us at their home in Kirkland. During the graduation ceremony the next day Charles spoke on the subject, This is the Day the Lord Hath Made.

I also was able to attend most of the chapel services. Wednesday was the day Charles spoke. Everyone enjoyed his anointed messages. Many have told me, "I will never forget what Brother Butterfield said one Wednesday. It was just what I needed, and it was said the right way--the Bible way. That message has helped me ever since."

Every fall the campus came alive when the students started arriving. They were a real part of our lives and I think they felt closer to us because we lived on their campus.

Our lovely home was also alive. We enjoyed entertaining our grandchildren there, sometimes when they were having a brand new brother or sister at home, other times just because they wanted to stay with Grandpa and Grandma a few days.

Charles would let them play basketball in the gym. And during holidays, the student union building was a good place to have our holiday dinners together--lots of room and the students were away. We had many happy family gatherings at our home, too, including birthdays and picnics.

One hot summer day when Charles and his family were home on furlough staying with us, we decided to put on our bathing suits and sit on the patio to cool off. The patio faced the Northwest District Office buildings. On this day presbyters were coming and going, conducting business. I must say that the office was a *long* block away.

We did not feel restricted living on campus. Our lives were full and joyful. But one day in the spring of 1964 God said to Charles that our time at the college was coming to an end. When he told me about this, I said, "He has been telling me the same thing."

Many of our fellow ministers could not understand why we would leave at this time. God had given us our new campus, eight new buildings had been built and the grounds beautifully landscaped. The two-year junior college plan, which provided a maximum of lower division transfer credits, was in place. The faculty had their graduate degrees. There were 20,000 volumes in our library. Rev. B.P. Birkeland was working full-time in public relations. Rev. Herb Crowder, the Director of Development, had made long range plans for the financial stability of the college. There was a strong alumni, and a

laymen's council had been organized. Enrollment was increasing. Why would we want to leave all of this?

"I do not own one blade of grass on this campus," was Charles reply.

It is a wise person who knows when to take on a new assignment for God, and when to give it up.

Chapter 8

What do we do next?

After we left the presidency of Northwest, I became very lonesome for the college and asked Charles many times, "Let's go for a drive around the campus." He refused because he didn't want the new administration to see us doing this. They might think we were "spying out the land."

Earlier we had made no provision for housing when we left the college. We decided to move into the cedar house Charles had built near his brother, Dwight's, mill, not far from Arlington. This home had been built as a show house to advertise the "Cedar of Lebanon Homes" they were manufacturing.

Paul had graduated from Lake Washington High School in Kirkland that spring. We had moved him into the boy's dorm at Northwest, and put a refrigerator in his room. He survived on cereal, cold cuts and food cooked in a popcorn popper.

This meant that we had now entered the empty nest period of our lives. I could not bear the impact so I left Charles and our unpacked boxes in our new home and took a trip to visit Bonnie in Oregon. Charles, Robert and Maxine unpacked while I was away. When I returned, I spent many hours crying because I missed the students, our many friends at the college and most of all, Paul. But, this little cedar home in the deep woods became a place where our family seemed to love to come. It was quiet and peaceful. We did quite a lot of "grandchildren sitting" there and loved it.

During this time Charles went to his brother's mill almost every day. He had a small financial interest in this mill and hoped to make enough money from this investment for our foreign ministry. This did not happen. We learned we were to *trust God for everything*, just as we did when we started out in the ministry. We continued the same "open door" policy we had always practiced. Early in our ministry I asked Charles, "How do you know where to minister?"

"When God called me I told Him I would go anywhere he wanted me to go, but He would have to open the door," Charles said. And so God opened doors to us for 13 more years, exciting doors. But the story of these open doors in our retirement years really begins back in our days at Bethany Temple in Everett.

Charles never turned away a missionary who asked for meetings in our Everett church. We always found them a bed in our home and a place at our table, too. In this act of hospitality we and our children learned first hand about missions.

One Tuesday night as the Downeys, a young couple who were going to Africa, spoke, my heart was broken. I asked the Lord why He had not called us to be missionaries. I was jealous of this young couple and their call. Charles must have felt a tug on his heart, too. Soon after this he said, "I feel the Lord wants us to visit our missionaries in Mexico and Central America. I want you to go too."

I agreed, but how could I leave eight children? Charles told the church about the trip and asked the dear people to volunteer to care for our children. So many responded that we ran out of children.

We drove away in our car in January, 1944, with Dwight, Gladys, and Marjorie, Charles and Dwight's sister, whom we had invited to go with us. Because we all took too much luggage, the car was overloaded and the war tires we had purchased started blowing out in California. It was difficult to buy new ones because of the war, but God provided a miracle and we were able to keep tires on the car.

When we reached the border at Laredo, Texas we had our first experience with customs. We had all taken Bibles, and Marjorie and Dwight took song books. Every book had to be examined carefully by a customs official. This delayed us a whole day. Finally we drove into Mexico. After our first meal there in a small local restaurant, I thought I'd surely starve to death on this trip! Later I learned to enjoy the rice, beans and chicken, but never the chicken's eyes and feet!

I'll never forget my first feel of the tropics. After about a day of driving through desert country we began to see the tropics. Stopping the car, we walked along the road, marveling at the lush, bright, green foliage all glistening from a recent downpour. The humidity made me feel like I had just gotten out of a steam bath. How many times in the future years I experienced this feeling. The songs of the bright birds and many insects sounded strange to my ears. After many

miles of desert followed by winding roads over lush green mountains, we reached Mexico City. There we located a reasonable hotel and the next day found the A/G (Assemblies of God) church where we attended a meeting. For the first time I heard the preaching, testimonies and singing in my beautiful Spanish which I had studied in high school.

After this Charles and I left the car with Dwight, Gladys and Marjorie and flew to Guatamala City, six long hours. This was my first flight and I would not move a muscle on the plane, afraid if I did the plane would turn over. And to think, I would spend countless hours flying all over the world with Charles.

When we got into our room in Guatamala City, I started to cry and could not stop. I was thinking of our children so far away and the only way I could be reunited with them was to get on another plane! For a few moments I felt like I would never see them again. I wondered why I had envied the Downeys. But Charles comforted me and told me to put on my pretty purple blouse and grey suit. We had a delicious meal in the hotel dining room and I felt restored. Food always does that for me. Then we visited the humble A/G church on the outskirts of town. There we met with the missionaries who asked Charles to bring greetings to the people. The missionaries and the congregation enjoyed his greetings so much that he was asked to preach the next day in the Sunday morning service.

On our next flight, only one hour to San Salvador, I was a little more relaxed. The Melvin Hodges, our missionaries, met

our plane and took us to their home. Within a day or two they drove us to our first foreign gospel service in a tiny country church in San Salvador where our feet rested on the bare ground and we sat on backless benches. Lanterns were used for lights. Charles and I and the missionaries were the first to arrive, but I heard soft footsteps and soon the little chapel was full. Charles preached his first missionary sermon through an interpreter. I sat, wide-eyed, taking in the singing and response of my dark skinned brothers and sisters. I fell in love with these simple, sincere Salvadorians. The children won my heart with their big brown eyes and open smiles.

Another missionary in San Salvador, the Earl Wilkies, opened their home to us. While we enjoyed their neat bedroom, they slept on a table. I noticed that Sister Wilkie and their eleven-month-old son, John, each wore the same outfit everywhere we went--hers a simple blouse and skirt and a little cotton outfit for John. This was when Womens Missionary Council (WMCs) was born in my heart. On our return we were given permission by our District Superintendent, Frank Grey, to start a Women's Missionary Council in our Everett church.

Earl Wilkie, Paul Finkenbinder, Charles and I traveled in the Wilkie's car to the mountain village of Colorado for a three day conference. This was a 60 mile trip. We left early in the morning and arrived sometime in the afternoon. The dusty dirt roads were full of pot holes and rocks; we caught primitive ferries and forded rivers, windows wide open to provide relief from the intense heat. At one point we

witnessed unclothed natives herding about a hundred squealing pigs across a river. They whipped them and screamed at them all the way. Brother Wilkie, worried this scene was too shocking for me, suggested that I stay in the car. When we arrived in Colorado we were covered with gray dust and I was so thirsty I made a mental note that those missionary outfits the Women's Missionary Council would provide should include thermos bottles. Our hotel that night was not a Holiday Inn. Our bed was a cot on the floor, our shower--a bucket of cold water, our toilet--one of the bushes growing on the campground. We ate native food in our room, except the pork since the pigs ran loose all over the grounds eating everything they could find. We drank their coffee, but not the water. I used pop to wash my teeth. But Paul Fikenbinder got so thirsty he drank a cup of water. As he drank I prayed, "Jesus you promised if we drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt us."

We had brought fruit and were told to throw the peelings outside for the pigs to eat. One day I saw a little girl who was carrying her baby sister on her hip pick up a piece of water melon rind which the pigs had eaten down to the green part. She brushed it off with her ragged dress, broke off a piece for her baby sister and they proceeded to eat the green rind. This broke my heart and I started to cry. "Why are you crying so hard?" Charles asked. "Are you sick?" When I told him he said, "call her to our room and give her an orange. I did this and she accepted it eagerly. In a few minutes there was a knock on our door. We opened it and there stood a dozen

children with outstretched hands. We had given this little girl our last orange.

During the services the dear Spanish Christians requested that the four of us sing for them in English. None of us could carry a tune. Our "number" was "When the Roll is Called up Yonder I'll be There." They loved it.

One of our preaching services in Salvador had to be cancelled because the Catholics, lead by the town priest, beat drums, shouted and fired sky rockets into the building. We turned the meeting into a prayer meeting. I knelt to pray in a corner of the room next to a native woman who was dressed in rags. She held a tiny baby to her breast. God's presence and His Glory shone on her face. I was humbled in her presence. "God is no respecter of persons." When we left this meeting our car was stoned but none of us were hurt. Some of the Salvadorian people did not fare so well.

Next we spent a few days in San Jose, Costa Rica with the Perraults who had a small, neat, clean church. They and the Gruvers were our only missionaries in Costa Rica.

The A/G Convention was in session in Leon when we visited Nicaragua. Charles was asked to speak several times. We also met Ralph Williams, the superintendent of Central America, the Kensingers and Mungers. Sister Munger buried her dear husband in Nicaragua a few years later. Leon was the hottest place, and I was confined to my room with a migraine headache most of the time. I did feel well enough to attend a luncheon at one of the missionary homes. We were served peanut butter

sandwiches. Our hostess had been saving the peanut butter for some special occasion. It was very expensive. Her grocery clerk had one jar which he would open for her to smell, hoping to tempt her into buying it. She did. After she told us this story, I could not take a bite of my sandwich. I wanted a missionary to have it.

After this we flew back to Mexico City and joined our traveling companions, Dwight, Gladys and Marjorie. They had enjoyed the use of our car and had taken some interesting side trips, including one to the then active Paricutin volcano. It was time to turn our car homeward.

As we were getting ready to return home, Charles became very ill with severe diarrhea. He became so weak and dehydrated I thought I would have to put him in a hospital. I left our room and took a walk, praying desperately that God would show me what to do. Right then I saw a little open shop and noticed they had Campbells soup on the shelf. I felt impressed to buy a can of beef broth. I took it to the hotel maid and asked her to get it heated. From the moment I fed this to Charles he started getting well. We were able to travel in a few days.

We had purchased some Mexican tires but they did not hold up. Maybe our load had gotten a bit heavier. (We did purchase a few inexpensive presents for our children.) Although we took the precaution of riding four in the front seat to lighten the load on the back tires, on a lonely, hot road we had a flat, and we had no spare. Dwight chided Charles about not at least

having a repair kit in the trunk. So there we all stood on the side of the road praying for someone to come along and help. Finally a big black car stopped. In it was an American businessman and his Mexican wife. The three of us piled into their car while Charles stayed behind with our car. In the next town we found a room and rested until evening. That evening we boarded a bus headed for Loredo without Charles. Every seat was taken so we sat on jump seats. As each car passed I craned my neck to see if it was Charles. I had heard that Americans driving alone at night were special targets for Mexican bandits. But as we drove into Lorado, who should drive along side us but Charles, smiling from ear to ear. A highway patrol car had finally come to Charles' assistance, helping him to get his tire fixed.

What a reunion we had with our family and church when we arrived home. When I gathered my children in my arms I thought I would never leave them again. But Charles and I were never the same. This trip changed our lives. As we witnessed, firsthand, what the gospel of Jesus Christ did for these poor people of Mexico and Central America, we received our "missionary call." Deep inside we knew this was not our last missionary journey. Our family will have their reward for their part in helping us do this. It was this calling from the Lord and support from our family which lead us through our years after Northwest College.

Chapter 9

Off to Europe

Our call lead to many trips down through the years, culminating in our retirement years. Our first missionary trip to Europe in 1960 was inspired by our minister friend, Hattie Hammond. She had ministered in Finland and told us about the great need for good Bible teaching there. Charles contacted the superintendent of the Finish Pentecostal work who invited Charles to be the Bible teacher for their summer camp meeting in Pari.

In August Charles, Paul and I flew to London, then on to Germany where we picked up a Mercedes Benz, drove to Denmark, and ferried the car to Finland. After our first night in a hotel in Pari we had an interesting adventure. After taking a stroll the next day, we sat down on a bench to enjoy the morning sun. Charles removed his coat, put it over the bench, and then the camp evangelist and his wife walked up and invited us to see a beautiful park a few blocks away. About an hour later we returned for the coat. It was still on the bench, but Charles' wallet was gone.

We returned to our hotel and reported the theft to the hotel clerk. After the evening service the clerk told us our money had been located. Apparently the thief had made a mistake. He had tried to cash one of the travelers checks! This allowed the police to trace him. When he was apprehended,

however, he did not have the checks in his possession. He had buried them--in the local cemetery!

The camp meetings were held in a large tent seating several thousand. On Sunday morning communion was served. A tall white haired bishop presided. Big jugs of wine were poured into large pitchers. Deacons filled the common communion cup which was passed from person to person. Between each person the deacon wiped the tip of the cup with a snow white linen napkin. The bread was not a tiny bit of cracker but a large round loaf of good Finnish bread. The Holy Spirit's presence was so real in this communion.

We ferried back to Denmark where Charles preached in a large strong Pentecostal church in Copenhagen, then on to Darmstart, Germany for ministry with the Williscredits.

From Germany we flew to Rome, Italy. The Roman government had just granted Protestants the right to hold services. Charles preached in the first Assemblies of God church in Rome. The ladies sat on one side of the church and the men on the other. I was required to wear a hat--the same little white beret I wore in Finland where all the women wore hats.

Our second trip to Europe, quite different from the first, began in 1964 when Charles received an invitation from Clement LeCossec to speak at a Gypsy camp meeting in France. Charles also received invitations from other ministers in Europe. So on August 6, 1965 Charles, Paul and I left Seattle in the evening for our flight to London. We were late getting to the airport and found that all the tourist seats in the plane were

taken. The airline agent shifted us to first class accommodations where we enjoyed luxurious room and deluxe meals.

In London we were met by a man from the Jaguar Automobile Company who had come to deliver the car we would use in Europe. We enjoyed a beautiful day in London and watched the colorful ceremony of the changing of the guards in front of the palace. The next day we ferried from Dover to Callay, France. On this ferry we satisfied our appetites with cold ham sandwiches in a crowded, dirty boat dining room. We spent a day in Paris where I bought a coat, hat and shoes and Paul bought himself a shirt.

The next day we started out to find the Gypsy camp. The town was not on our road map and we encountered some difficulty in understanding directions. It was evening when we drove down the narrow, dusty road to the camp where we saw Gypsies singing and dancing around a huge bonfire. Eight thousand Gypsies were camping there. A few were Christians.

Charles spoke several times a day. On a Sunday morning they had a dedication of babies. Each minister lifted a baby high above his head as he prayed for it. The baby Charles held wore a bright red cap.

Brother Lecossec asked me to speak to the women for their first women's meeting. I thought a few women would gather under a tree. Instead they met in the huge tent. There I stood trembling on the high platform. As one of our French missionaries listened to me speak he told Paul, "Your mother

was like a duck out of water for a while, but she finally began to swim."

I told these Gypsy sisters we had ten children, one in heaven, and how God showed me to teach them about His love. Gypsies have large families and love their children, but they spoil them, too. The children sat on the ground together in the front of the tent. Men with long willow switches walked among them to maintain a bit of order. I did not see one of them touch any of the children with the switches.

A large baptismal service took place at a nearby river the last day of the camp. I was too weak to attend because of an upset stomach from some poor food I had eaten at our local hotel. When I told a Gypsy lady by sign language I was not feeling well, she brought me a big orange.

After the camp meeting we drove through southern France into Spain, passing seemingly hundreds of tourist cars. Finally we arrived in Barcelona in the early hours of the morning and, after a long search, found a hotel. The next day we met Roy Dalton and ministered in the A/G Bible School where Kenney McIntyre was president. The next morning we started out for Ronda.

Paul was doing some of the driving. After passing through a town and we were traveling peacefully along when a highway police car stopped us. He told Roy we had passed a truck illegally and demanded cash for the "infraction." Roy refused to pay. "This citation is false," he said. When Paul produced a valid drivers license the cop let us go on. "They spotted

Paul driving as we passed through the town," Roy explained to us, "and thought they could make a few pesos because American tourists sometimes don't bother to get international drivers licenses for their teenagers."

We arrived at Roy's home in Ronda late at night to find they had a serviceman and his wife and family as overnight guests. Christian servicemen and their families from the large air force base near Ronda made the Dalton home their home whenever they could get leave. Adelle had prepared a delicious meal for Roy and us, but when we didn't arrive, she served it to this service family. She served us fruit and sandwiches.

In the mornings Adelle made the best hot cakes. We were enjoying them one morning when a carload of servicemen drove into their yard. Adelle greeted them by asking, "Have you had breakfast?" Of course they had not and she started baking more stacks of pancakes.

We spent only a weekend with the Daltons, but we appreciated meeting the friendly group of Spanish Christians at the church and in their home. The Daltons had purchased an old farm and they were remodeling the barn into a Bible school. Their chapel was a converted chicken coop! The servicemen were helping with the finances. Several of the Christian widows stayed for dinner and spent the afternoon on Sunday in their home. The Daltons' hospitality was beautiful.

Our next meetings were in Athens, Greece. We had many miles of hard driving ahead of us. When we reached the French border we traveled along the southern part of France and

stopped at Lourdes. There we spent a few hours witnessing the devoted throngs of Catholics before the shrines and historical places of legendary healings. We made another stop at a town where French perfume was manufactured. I chose a spicy carnation perfume out of the many I sniffed. The whole town smelled of perfume.

From there we crossed the border into Italy and spent a day in Milan, visiting the famous Milano Cathedral. Then we drove to Trieste and into Yugoslavia. In southern Yugoslavia Charles was driving when suddenly a large rock rolled down the mountainside so fast he did not have time to swerve out of its way. We hit the rock and damaged the undercarriage of the car but after all the excitement was over we managed to continue on without difficulty. We were informed later of a rumor that "accidents" were caused by local people when expensive cars were spotted going through the towns. People had to take time to import parts and pay large repair bills. This meant that the victims would have to pay for lodging and meals--a clever way to boost the economy. Our "accident" took place just outside of a town. The rock which hit us was the only one coming down the mountain. However, we were able to continue travelling.

We arrived in Thessalonica, Greece on Sunday and on Monday drove along the Aegean Sea and viewed some of the historic spots such as Mount Olympus. In the evening we arrived in Athens and stopped at Hotel Minoa. When I looked out of our hotel window I saw with my own eyes a picture from my history books: there

on a high hill overlooking the city was the Parthenon. Later we had the opportunity of tramping all over the Acropolis.

After our visit to the Acropolis we made contact with our missionary, Mary Mextaxatos, who pastored our A/G church in Athens. When we entered the church, which was on a second floor of a downtown building, we were greeted with a kiss on each cheek. Charles received a third kiss because he was the minister. It was fascinating to listen to the service in Greek. I was asked to give a testimony in the young peoples' meeting. The church had just suffered a split. Charles was able to give the missionary comfort and good counseling.

We enjoyed a picnic on the shores of the Aegean Sea where we went swimming with our hats on because of the hot sun. Brother Metaxatos chose a live fish from a tank for our lunch. Of all the picnics we had with missionaries all over the world, I think this one was the most interesting.

After we left Athens we visited Old Corinth on our way to Petros. At New Corinth we decided to have lunch. We wanted only a sandwich but did not know how to order it in Greek. Some American tourists came to our rescue. We enjoyed hard rolls with baked ham.

From there we boarded a ferry, the Appia, which sailed through the islands between Greece and Italy. After an overnight trip we landed on the heel of Italy and drove many hard hours over winding mountain roads to and through Naples to the city of Pompey where we spent several hours viewing the

ruins. Then on to Rome where we had spent many hours sightseeing in 1960.

After an overnight stay in Rome we headed toward Switzerland. The weather in Switzerland was stormy. In one place we encountered a bad storm and the rain poured all day as we drove through the cloud-covered Swiss mountains. I thought we would never make it. Finally we arrived at the German border and drove east to Darmstadt where we stayed with the Williscrofts for a few days.

At the suggestion of the Williscrofts we drove into Austria for some meetings. Olga Olson, an American missionary, went with us to interpret. We found a hotel in Salzburg near the church. To save on hotel expenses we rented two rooms: Charles and Paul in one and Olga and I in the other. Brother Betchel, the pastor, welcomed us warmly, and Charles ministered to the beautiful Austrians in such a deep loving way. Their singing was like the Vienna choir. Brother Betchel took us to a little country church one evening where we enjoyed a sweet service. After the meeting we were invited to the home of one of the families who served us apple strudel--the best in the world. After leaving this service that night Brother Betchel showed us the town where the hymn "Silent Night" was written.

The Betchels took us to another town where a meeting was held in one of their beautiful guest houses. We also had a big dinner in this home. The next day we started out at 10 a.m. for a mountain trip. The Betchel's son-in-law led the way. His two little girls, ages four and five, walked all the way up

the mountain with us to a Catholic shrine cut out of a huge rock at the top.

We left beautiful Austria and drove back to the Williscrofts, arriving in Stuttgart at night. After a search we discovered there were no vacancies in any of the hotels in the city. Finally Sister Olson called up the pastor of the church who made arrangements for us to stay in the home of Wilhelm Schulz. Charles and I were given the master bedroom. The bed linen was snowy white and heavily hand embroidered. These friends served us a delicious German fruit cake for breakfast. They had planned a trip out of town that Sunday but cancelled it all to entertain us. Charles spoke in the morning service to a fine congregation of strong Christians.

From there we drove to Amsterdam where I became ill with a migraine. How good the down feather mattress felt! When my headache ceased I was hungry so Paul and I went out in search of a light snack. All of the restaurants were serving full course meals, so we settled for a cup of hot chocolate in an expensive coffee shop. As we walked back toward our hotel along the canals, we found a sidewalk vender selling french fries and other goodies. We took some to our room to enjoy. From there Paul and I flew home so Paul could start Northwest College on time. Charles flew on to Holland for meetings where Brother Rothuizen entertained him royally and later sent us a huge Gouda cheese.

Chapter 10

Trip around the World

Although our retirement from the college on July 1, 1966 began a difficult time of adjustment, our calling to serve the Lord overseas never diminished. In August we got our passports in order and took our shots for a trip around the world. Yellow Fever shots were required for India and I suffered a severe reaction. The night before we were to fly to London I was so sick I thought I was going to die. I was sure Charles would have to leave without me. But he didn't. I was on the plane with him, weak but able to walk. We flew directly from London to the Williscrofts in Germany. I was not feeling well enough to travel with them and Charles to meetings the next day. But the dear Lord took care of me and after one more day of rest I was fixing myself some tea and toast when then returned.

Charles attended the first Congress on Evangelism held in West Berlin in the famed Kongresshalle. This was an international interdenominational gathering with 1250 delegates from 104 countries hosted by Billy Graham. The delegates were there by invitation. This was an exhilarating experience for Charles.

We left Frankfurt in a snow storm, dressed in wool suits and overcoats. Our plane was to have a short stop in Rome. Because of a severe rain storm we circled the airport for an hour, unable to land. The dear Lord was so good to me. A deep

peace settled over me; I relaxed and slept a bit. When our plane landed, an Indian lady got off and the wind and rain almost ripped her silk sari from her body. Our plane reached its destination in Egypt in 98 degree weather. We immediately shed our heavy wool overcoats, wool jackets and wool sweaters. I wished I could have removed the wool turtleneck I was wearing. Then we took a wild ride through the streets of Cairo in an open airport bus to the Cairo Hilton Hotel where we had reservations for two weeks. When we checked in, however, the clerk told us we could only stay two days.

"But we have a confirmed reservation for two weeks from Frankfurt, Germany," Charles said.

"We do not accept confirmations from Germany," the clerk said. Charles could not persuade him differently. We finally found lodging in a smaller hotel located across the Nile River.

Every day we walked over the Nile on a bridge to the Hilton restaurant to eat one meal. Since Egypt did not import any food, the menu was interesting. The Lamb tasted like goat, the butter even tasted like goat, but the service was great. Before the meal was over we had seven people serving us: a different one to seat us, set the table, take the order, bring the food, serve the drinks, and ... an officious money collector. A 15 percent tip was added to the bill but the money collector stood by Charles with his hand outstretched for more.

We enjoyed a week of meetings in the Cairo A/G church. Their worship service was long and loud and many danced. One

evening, just before time to leave for a meeting, a hail storm struck. I don't know if it was the first since the time of Moses, but the stiff and starchy Egyptian hotel clerks suddenly became schoolboys who ran out and made "hail balls." After the hail, the rain came in a cloud burst. The streets were flooded. We walked on planks set on boxes to get into the church.

Our missionary, Carl Marx, took us for a tour around Cairo and down the Nile River. In the desert, located away from the Nile, the people were brown, lived in brown tents, worked with brown soil and wore brown clothes. I felt so sorry for these poor colorless people, but as we visited the Pyramids and Sphinxes, my history book came alive again with their colorful past.

From Egypt we flew to Beirut, Lebanon for two days. Our missionary, David Matuway, received us warmly and took us for a drive along the coast where we saw the ruins of Tarsus and Sidon. Somewhere in this area, Jonah was left on the shore after spending three days in the belly of the big fish. We were privileged to attend the opening service of an A/G work started by our missionary. Our hotel room overlooked the peaceful, blue Mediterranean Sea. We had fun browsing the many shops where we bought our big black leather hassock and the gold embroidered table cloths.

Our next stop was Jerusalem, the most important city in the world. In Old Jerusalem we walked the narrow crowded streets where everything was sold. I needed hair pins. I

removed one from my hair and showed it a shop keeper. She sold me the biggest, strongest ones I have ever had. In this same area I saw a young boy eating a hot bright red beet which he had speared from a huge boiling black pot. I love beets and as I stood watching him eat his beet, he understood and cut off a piece and offered it to me. It was delicious.

We stayed in the New International Hotel, located on the Mount of Olives. As I looked down on the walled city of Jerusalem I thought of Jesus as he wept over this city. I was once asked: "Which is the most beautiful city you have seen?"

"Jerusalem," I answered.

We walked down the hill to the Garden of Gethsemane and stood under Olive trees as Jesus did. A Christian Arab showed us a garden tomb. She told us to stay in the tomb as long as we wanted.

This was 1966 and Jerusalem was divided: the Jordanian side and the Israeli side. Since the two countries did not recognize each other's existence and the Israeli government did not allow travel from Israel to Jordan, we had entered Jordan first.

When we left Jordan, a man carried our luggage through the Jordanian border gate to a half way point, sat it down, turned around, entered the border gate and closed it. At that point the door of the Israeli border opened, a man walked out to our luggage, picked it up and carried it into Israel.

Later we rented a car and traveled to Nazareth and the Sea of Galilee where we had a lunch of fish and bread. Then we drove down to Bethlehem where we were taken to the Church of the Nativity and down steps to a small room. A star in the floor marked the stable spot.

We rented a car and a driver, who informed us he was an atheist, took us to Tel Aviv, the New York of the Holy Land. What a contrast from Old Jerusalem. This highway was bordered by orchards and green gardens and roses. We toured the great new University of Israel where we saw the Dead Sea Scrolls. Our hotel in Tel Aviv was located on the shore of the Mediterranean. We spent an evening strolling on the beach. Our buffet breakfast consisted of crisp cucumbers, ruby red tomatoes and a punch bowl heaped with pink grapefruit segments.

From Tel Aviv we flew to Teheran, Iran where a Missionary Alliance missionary graciously took us on a two-day tour of the city. We visited several Moslem Mosques where we were required to remove our shoes before entering. Out in the streets we watched people kneel during periodic calls to prayer. Women were dressed in a black garment which covered them from the top of their heads to their ankles. We visited our A/G Bible School where our missionaries, the Blisses, taught.

On a Saturday we flew to Karachi, East Pakistan. Charles wanted to visit the church of a Christian Pakistani brother he had met at the Berlin Conference on Evangelism. This man had read one of the papers presented at the conference. When we arrived we found he was out of town. His wife invited us for a

visit in their home which we enjoyed. She was a gracious, loving lady, our sister in the Lord.

Afterwards we flew to Calcutta, India and arrived during a monsoon--water was ankle deep. The Indian men gathered their long white garments around their hips like a diaper. The heat and extreme humidity was stifling. Our missionaries, the Buntains, were home on furlough. We were invited to stay in the apartment the Buntains maintained for their guests. It was located across the hall from their apartment. Rev. Charles Anderson, another missionary who was filling in for the Buntains, lived in the Buntain's apartment. We all ate together. In spite of the fact that the Buntain's cook and housekeeper took good care of us, we both became very sick and spent our time between meetings lying on our beds. The bathroom fixtures functioned occasionally.

A fine group of people in the Calcutta church enjoyed Charles' morning Bible studies. He preached at night to the whole congregation. I especially enjoyed the tour of their well-run day school. After we were introduced to the well-dressed, bright-eyed students, they all stood and said, "We are pleased to meet you, Mr. and Mrs. Butterfield."

The church was within walking distance. We were making two trips a day and because of the heat and our weak bodies we would occasionally ride in a rickshaw. This was a strange experience--to be pulled through the thronging streets by a man, a very thin man. We were told Mark would not ride the

rickshaws. And, of course, the ever-present beggars met us at every turn.

From there Calcutta we flew to Hong Kong. As our plane flew between hilly islands on our way into Hong Kong harbor, my heart was in my mouth. We landed and were met by our missionaries the Griesens and the Parks. Charles had meetings in the Chinese Church pastored by Rev. and Mrs. Park. Chinese lady deacons served the communion in this church.

Brother Griesen, principle of the Bible school, called all of the Hong Kong missionaries to the school for a morning meeting where Charles ministered. It was a love feast of the Word of God, a refreshing for the missionaries.

We saw the high rise government apartment buildings and the flood of Chinese coming across the border every day. Each family lived in a small one-room apartment. There were Christian roof top schools on many of these buildings. The streets of Hong Kong were lined with duty free shops. We purchased a fine camera and Charles had his first Hong Kong suits made.

Our next destination was Seoul, Korea. We were met by our Bubs and Linda and their four girls. To me, this was the high point of our trip.

They had been in Korea a year and were studying the Korean language four hours a day with a private tutor. The tutor informed me she was having difficulty getting my son to learn the rote memory assignments she gave him. "Will you please give me some advice? she said.

"I have never had any trouble with my son," I said.
"That's your problem."

Bubs and Linda and the girls lived in one of the Missionary homes on compound surrounded by a high fence with barbed wire strung along the top. At the entrance to Bub's home we took our shoes off, a Korean custom.

Another custom was the way Korean women carry their babies. They place the infant across the middle of their back and wrap a blanket around it, tying it with a fast knot. I enjoyed watching them do this. In the churches the women sat on the floor and gently swayed sideways to comfort their babies after nursing them. They do their work, shop, and garden with their babies close to them developing a great bonding between mother and child.

We shared Christmas with Bubs and Linda and the girls--their first on the field.

From the zero weather of Korea we flew to warm, balmy Hawaii. The pastor of our A/G church in Honolulu dismissed all classes for two weeks at the evening Bible School so that Charles could teach. Charles led the students verse by verse through Romans and Ephesians. These lessons should have been recorded. He made these epistles live.

During our Hawaiian stay we lived in a room built over the pastor's garage. His wife prepared our meals. She had two teenagers at home, worked all day at the church, and was church treasurer and organist. When we sat down to the delicious dinner she would give a big sigh and slump down in her chair

exhausted. Somehow the food did not taste so good when our hostess was too tired to enjoy it. I persuaded her to let me fix our own breakfast after the family left in the mornings and allow me to help her prepare the evening meal. I also influenced her to serve simpler meals.

This around-the-world trip took four months. At the SeaTac airport there was a host of family to greet us. The grandchildren had been instructed to stay back to allow their parents to hug us first.

"Tell us about your trip," they said.

"Oh, our trip was great," I said. But all I wanted to do was talk about what had happened to *them* the last four months.

Chapter 11

Our Fiji Adventure

In January, 1970 the leadership of the Assemblies of God in Springfield asked Charles to go to Fiji to teach in our Bible school in Suva. Rev. Carlson, the principal of the school, was home on furlough. Charles was to take his teaching load and Rev. LeCough, superintendent of the Fijian A/G, would act as principal.

We agreed to go and on our way spent a few days again with Rev. Homer Rugwell in Hawaii. We touched down in American Samoa over night. The first thing we did after reaching our hotel was to get into our swimming suits and sit by the swimming pool. In the evening a group of Samoans sang and danced for us. Our room was designed like a Samoan home with bamboo walls and a grass roof, but with all the modern conveniences, including air conditioning. The next morning when I looked out of our window on a scene of lush tropical trees and deep blue green Pacific I felt like I must be in heaven.

We arrived in Nandi, Fiji on April 1 at the International Airport and stayed over night. The next morning a local Fijian airplane took us to Suva where we were met by our A/G missionary, Rev. Larson who took us to a local restaurant, the Peking House. There were treated to a petite steak, french fries and two slices of tomatoes (total price: 89 cents).

Brother Larson took us to a two-room apartment with air

conditioning in the bedroom and a place to prepare our meals. We were told the grocery stores were down the hill so we went shopping for a few items. We located a Safeway type of grocery store and next door, a meat market with frozen meat from Australia (delicious lamb chops) and a fresh fruit and vegetable market across the street. This was all very adequate and convenient, but helping to carry those bags of groceries up the hill in that heat exhausted me. Charles bought the fruits and vegetables because he enjoyed arguing about the prices. He found a stall where he thought they gave him the best prices. I think the lady liked to talk with the good looking American.

The air around the apartment had the pleasing smell of coconut. I thought someone was baking coconut cookies, but it lasted 24 hours a day. We discovered a coconut processing plant located down the hill.

The school was just a few blocks from our apartment and Charles started teaching the next morning.

In the middle of the first week I suffered a severe nose bleed. It started in the evening and lasted for several hours until I lapsed into unconsciousness and slept. In the morning Charles was able to get a doctor to come and check me over. I was o.k. but weak and frightened. Then the apartment manager came and informed us that we would have to move in a week. This apartment was rented to a seaman who had a permanent reservation for one week a month. She did not give this information to our missionary who had secured it for us. A Speed-the-Light van was shipped to Suva that week and it was

loaned to us during the rest of our stay in Fiji. We were thankful for this and searched all over Suva for an apartment we could both afford and live in. We settled for a nice two-room apartment near town at ten dollars a day. From our new apartment we often walked to town and enjoyed the Peking House 89-cent petite steak lunch.

The Fijians say that Easter comes first to their island. Charles spoke at the sunrise service in Rev. LeCough's church. After the service we were lonesome for family so we decided to eat breakfast on the roof top restaurant in our building. In order to get to the restaurant we climbed six flights of stairs only to discover the restaurant did not open for another half hour. We sat down on the top step and waited. Later we ordered pancakes, which turned out to be a soggy mess.

Our "luxury" apartment was straining our budget. An Indian teacher at the Bible school directed us to a \$200 a month one-room apartment where we lived the rest of our time in Fiji. I prepared most of our meals on a two burner hot plate. We had no oven, but we did have a tiny refrigerator where I stored all the food to keep it free from the cockroaches. A commercial sprayer sprayed the apartment one day. The next morning when Charles was shaving he felt something nibbling on his foot. A roach!

We enjoyed the covered porch of this apartment where we sat from five to six in the afternoons. We always knew when it was six because it was dark. No twilight.

Water became an important part of our lives in Fiji. Our umbrella went with us every day because without fail there was a shower, sometimes two, which gave us a daily steam bath. After 4 p.m. when the heat lessened we sometimes went swimming in the bathtub temperature sea. We did not go swimming together. One of us had to stay with our money, passports and wrist watches at all times. It was even unsafe to leave them in our apartment or car.

The A/G had a fine school--kindergarten through high school. Charles spoke at the high school chapel one day. "He was the only speaker the students have ever listened to," said the missionary's daughter.

The Fijians are large, fuzzy haired blacks. The ladies wore colorful long loose dresses, the men wore sulus, a knee-length wrap around skirt. Over half the population of Fiji is East Indian. We enjoyed the Indian ladies' colorful saris. My clothes, however, had to be reduced to a dress, panties and sandals.

The first time I walked into church this way, I felt quite undressed. The inside of the church itself appeared to have a wall-to-wall black carpet. I had to walk out for a few moments to get my breath. My Fijian friends had not discovered deodorant. But how I enjoyed the meetings. A dear lady played the organ, about two dozen played ukuleles, and a large choir sang like angels. Not one could read a note of music.

When Charles was not ministering on Sundays we attended the Indian church in Suva. This English speaking church was

established by our first A/G missionaries and subsequently always pastored by missionaries. The week we left an Indian pastor was chosen. In other churches on the island Hindi was also spoken and music strange to our ears was sung and played. We made dear friends in all of the churches.

I had wanted to attend Charles' classes at the Bible school but the heat kept me from it. That made the mornings in our apartment so long. I hand washed clothes every day and prepared the best cool lunch I could for Charles. He was so strong. In the afternoons we would drive to one of the air conditioned resort hotel lounges and sit for hours drinking a Coke and enjoying soft chairs. Our apartment had only straight chairs and beds.

It was fun helping Charles grade the exams. His exams were very simple and we gave them every benefit possible. If they had the thought correct we gave them credit, even if their spelling and grammar were not.

After living in Fiji for six months we felt like full-fledged missionaries. We were at the end of the world, so far from our loved ones that we could understand what missionaries meant when they told us they haunt the post office for mail from home. Our first letter from home came from Grace. I cried so hard when I opened it that Charles had to read it.

Just a few years back many of these Fijians had been cannibals. One of their parting gifts to us was a big black wooden ax similar to those used to take off the heads of most of the first missionaries.

We took the long way home via Australia, Bali, Djakarta, Indonesia, Singapore, Kuala Lumpur, Malasia, Bangkok, Hong Kong, Korea and Hawaii.

During our stay in Sidney, Australia Charles taught in the Sidney Bible School for two weeks. It was August--their winter--40 degrees. I borrowed a coat and we kept the little electric heater going night and day in our apartment. We also ministered in several A/G churches in and around Sidney. We were taken on a trip to Brisbane and saw the kuala bears and kangaroos. Our tour of Sidney was great. They were building the great Sidney Theatre with its unique architecture. The pastor of the Sidney church was on vacation so the young assistant pastor was our host. I shared with him that flying in an airplane was not a pleasant experience for me. His simple prayer asking God to take the fear of flying from me was answered. There were many hours of flying ahead of us. I was relaxed even in turbulence.

From the Australian winter we flew to the steaming tropics of Bali and had our first glimpse of Indonesian life. As we rode in a bus to Denpasar, my neck was constantly turning to see the new sights. People were everywhere on both sides of the road. The ladies wore colorful wrap-around skirts with tightly fitting white lace over blouses. The markets were filled with intricate carvings. A tiny girl who appeared to be a only one year old sat on the ground whittling on leaves with a sharp knife. We watched her a long time. She did not cut her tiny hands.

Bali is also noted for its dancers. We watched them one evening in a public park. The graceful hands with long curled black nails play an important part in the dance. We located the local pastor and he invited us to his home. He spoke English and we had a fine visit with him and his family.

Brother Brown, our missionary in Djakarta, entertained us in his home. His wife was in a mountain resort recovering from an illness. Charles spoke at an evening service in their fine modern church financed by Kathrine Kulman. We also spent several delightful days with our missionaries, the Lamphears. Sister Lamphear prepared us delicious fresh fruit salads. She served them in pineapple boats with one thin slice of maraschino cherry on top. I saw her put a carefully wrapped half cherry in the refrigerator. She said it was her last one.

During our next flight I learned not to check my hand luggage when flying on an airplane. I had become so tired of getting on and off airplanes that I checked in my hand bag with all of my toiletry articles. I never recovered it. I finally bought a toothbrush in a Red Chinese store in Singapore, our next stop.

Brother and Sister Busby were our hosts in Singapore and the missionary Bakers were also very kind to us. The majority of Singapore's population is Chinese and the Busbys' large Chinese church was a joy to minister in. Charles preached in several smaller Chinese churches as well.

One evening in the Busbys' apartment as we watched a vivid sunset, the harbor was filled with red sailing boats. We thought of the song, "Red Sails in the Sunset."

Brother and Sister Dorsing and their two little girls met us at the Kuala Lumpur airport. This was their first term and they were so homesick. They shared with us how they wished their parents could visit and wished they had come to the airport to meet them. We loved them a lot but could not take the place of their parents. Sister Dorsing shared with me that they were expecting their third child. It was a son.

Charles taught in the Bible School each morning. In one of the question and answer times one student asked him, "Brother Butterfield, Do you ever use notes when you speak?"

Kathrine Kulman sent funds to build a modern church in an area where Charles held evening services for a week. At the close of the last service the pastor called me to the platform to receive a gift--a pewter bud vase.

"I have watched the wives of our guest speakers as their husbands minister," he said as he presented it to me. "Some read, others look around a lot, take their children out, etc. This lady never took her eyes off her husband while he spoke."

Bangkok was a place of extremes. Bangkok was the hottest place we visited and the traffic was the worst. At that time the traffic fatalities were the highest in the world so I kept my eyes closed when we travelled by car. The mosquitoes were the largest in the world.

The missionary apartment where we stayed was on the sixth floor. There was no elevator. We enjoyed the churches, but services could be interesting. In one church a long net was hung under the florescent lights to catch the lizards. Here it was hard to keep my eyes on my husband when he preached. The hundreds of wriggling lizards in those nets were very distracting.

We visited a forest of rubber trees, a batik fabric plant and a native animal park. I enjoyed the elephants, but a huge snake pit full of hundreds of writhing snakes terrified me.

Hong Kong was just a stopping off place for us on our way to Korea where we enjoyed several weeks with Bubs and Linda and the girls during their cold Korean winter. Their home was heated by a circulating oil heater in the front room. Bubs would open our door about an hour before we got up and place the little gasoline burning heater in our bedroom.

We were happy to spend Christmas with our missionary family. We then flew home to the waiting arms of our family at Sea Tac airport.

Chapter 12

Korea to Africa to Austria

Early in 1973 Charles wrote Bubs that he would like to have six months of ministry in Korea. Bubs wrote back, "I'll keep you busy." We flew to Korea the first of March when the English violets were in bloom. Our meetings took place in churches up and down the land. We even helped Bubs and Linda move off the A/G compound to a large home on the Methodist compound.

While we were there Linfield Crowder came to Korea so Bubs had two American preachers to keep busy.

When the hot summer set in, Charles was asked to minister in a ministers' conference in the southern part of Korea. Bubs decided to take us all along for a sort of holiday. There was no air-conditioning in the "van." The heat was exhausting. When we finally reached our destination Lori said, "Well, we haven't died yet."

A month before we were to return home Charles received an invitation from missionary Harry Pennington to be the speaker at our six Bible schools in Nigeria, Africa in the summer of 1974. Every year a minister from America was invited for these meetings. All I could think of at the time was to be at home in the good old U.S.A. to enjoy home and family. When Charles asked me to type the answer to Harry, I could not believe his answer: "We will come!"

Harry told us to write for our Nigerian visa early because they were very slow in issuing them. This we did and received our visas right away, but discovered they expired a few days before we were to arrive. We were told they could be renewed in Bern, Switzerland. Charles had made arrangements to have meetings in Austria, Switzerland, Portugal and Madrid, Spain on our way to Nigeria.

In Saltzberg, Austria we had refreshing, beautiful meetings with our friends the Betchells. We stayed in a country bed and breakfast home on this trip. The house was located in a neighborhood of large picturesque homes, surrounded by well-kept lawns. Charles and I took walks every morning after a breakfast of hard rolls, marmalade and strong coffee. I'll never forget the meadow larks splitting the refreshing clean spring air, or picking fat golden buttercups by a bubbling stream, feeling like I was in a story book. I felt 18, not 68.

Rev. and Mrs. Hartman of Zurick, Switzerland very willingly opened their church to us. Charles had ministered there before. Their church was located on the second floor of a downtown building. Every evening this hall was filled with beautiful, strong Swiss people. They loved Charles' messages on Christ's return, especially the one entitled, "The King is Coming." Our personal fellowship with Brother and Sister Hartman was close and warm. They entertained us in their home for lunch. She asked the Lord which was my favorite color and food. She used purple place mats and served raspberries!

We travelled by train to Bern, the capitol of Switzerland, and went to the Nigerian embassy to get our visas renewed. We were told they could not renew them until they had expired which would not give us time to get to Nigeria for our first meeting. This Swiss embassy told us we could perhaps get them renewed in Paris.

I had a difficult time climbing the winding stairs to our little room at our hotel. My spirits were very low and I wondered if we were out of God's will. Charles did not share these doubts but assured me God would provide the visas on time. His trust comforted me and restored my spirits and trust in God.

In Portugal Charles spoke in a large Pentecostal Church in Lisbon. Afterwards two Portuguese brethren who did not speak English drove us on to Estremoz, about a half day journey, for their annual ministers' conference where Charles was to speak. As we approached this town we noticed a big white castle on a hill. In town, the Portuguese brethren wanted to house us in a rundown hotel. When Charles saw the rooms he said, "No, I'll find us a place," took a taxi up the hill to see the castle and found that it had been made into a tourist hotel with reasonable rates. I felt like a queen, sleeping in the huge poster bed covered with heavy rose satin spreads and walking on pink marble floors. The furniture, rugs and pictures were ornate, like those in pictures of castles.

These dear Portuguese brethren gave Charles fifteen minutes the first day, one half hour the next day and then the

whole morning. As in Finland, they had to try out this American preacher first.

Our next meetings were in Madrid, Spain where Adele Flower, now a widow, asked Charles to have Bible studies with their missionaries working in the International Correspondence Institute. We told her about our Nigerian visa problem.

"We have an American Embassy here. Let's see if they will renew it." After all our trouble before, it was surprisingly simple. We went into the office, they stamped EXPIRED on our old visas and issued us new ones.

Our plane took off for Lagos, Nigeria at 3 a.m. in a terrible lightning and thunder storm. I fell asleep shortly after we gained our altitude and had the pleasant experience of being awakened by the pilot's voice announcing our breakfast and soon landing in Lagos. I had slept six hours--the only time I have slept on a plane.

We took a taxi to a hotel in Lagos. Our driver turned to me and asked, "Are you afraid?" I hadn't been until then. I was used to black people but here everyone was very black.

We had meetings in all six of our Bible schools. Our first meeting was a days drive north from Lagos. Brother Godwin, our missionary, put us in a taxi for this trip. He told us the driver was "reliable," would not rob us, etc. What a ride--over roads with ruts a foot deep. Many times as the driver rode over these ruts, never slowing up one bit, our heads hit the top of the taxi. In the middle of the afternoon we had a flat tire. We thought we would melt in the hot sun

before they got it fixed. When we arrived at the mission station and got into our room I said to Charles, "I know I'm going to die." Poor Charles. That evening when we sat down to supper there was a clap of thunder so loud I screamed and almost fell off my chair. Poor Charles again.

We travelled all over Nigeria, sometimes riding in the missionaries' cars over rough African highways, sometimes riding in African airplanes piloted by African pilots. One time we waited several hours for an electrical storm to subside. We finally took off, but the flight was very turbulent.

In these Bible schools, Charles taught morning and afternoon classes. He spoke in evangelistic services in the evenings and on Sundays. These African congregations averaged from 100 to 1,000 in attendance. In the smaller churches the people sat on backless benches. The larger churches were new and quite modern. An American missionary lived at each school and we lived with them.

One school moved the meetings to a camp ground. Every afternoon a boy poured water into a barrel outside our bathroom--our water for a quick shower. Everyone ate in a big dining room. The Africans' food looked like cream of wheat cereal which they ate three times a day. Each bit was dipped into a tiny dish of red pepper. We, and the missionaries, were fed American food.

The Harry Penningtons in Benin City were the only missionaries we had known before they go to Africa. The climate

there was very humid. It turned cold at night and we slept under three blankets. The sheets always felt wet. Our daily washing mildewed on the clothes lines. Harry built a fire in their fireplace and we hung the clothes on a rack by the fire to dry.

Sister Pennington was grieving over the recent suicide death of her brother, Christian Hild. She told us that she received very few sympathy notes. How glad I was we had written. I think God used us to comfort her.

I am so glad Charles said yes to Brother Pennington the year before in Korea. Charles thought the A/G missionary outreach was the best he had witnessed. Our six weeks in Nigeria with our missionaries and our black brothers and sisters brought me close to Africa. Instead of enjoying the comforts of home, God let me see the revival He is sending to the continent. The young students listened with intense interest to Charles' teaching. In the evening and Sunday services I worshiped with them and felt the warmth of their love for the Lord and for us. As they sang the whole congregation swayed together in rhythm to the songs. Offering time was a time of joyful singing, dancing and each one dropping their coins in the offering basket. If we had not gone I would have missed all that.

I would have also missed the exhilarating Austrian spring and renewing our fellowship with the vigorous Austrian and Swiss churches. I saw God provide our visas, met the ministers

and churches of Portugal for the first time, and lived in a castle. I'm so glad Charles said yes.

Chapter 13

Panama and Beyond

Charles was invited by missionary Dick Ellis to be one of the speakers at the annual conference of the Assemblies of God in David, Panama during the month of January, 1977. He was also asked to be one of the speakers in a charismatic meeting held in a conference room in the Pan American Hotel in Panama City, hosted by an American A/G missionary, John Bueno. Jim Swanson and other American speakers were in the hotel meetings. Charles spoke on prophetic subjects.

We had beautiful fellowship with the freshly anointed Catholic brothers and sisters at the conference, so different from our encounter with them in our earlier visits.

In David, where the conference was held, Charles ministered to the pastors and workers. On the way back to Panama city, one of the pastors rode with us and told us he was a young lad in the conference meeting we held in the hills of Santiago, Salvador many years before. His grandfather was then the pastor.

After the conference, Dick and Sharon Ellis asked us to hold meetings in their church in Colon, located on the east side of the Panama Canal. They had a fine new church. Their congregation was made up of descendents of the blacks who had come there to help build the canal. Colon was a rundown place where the people lived in extreme poverty. To me it was the

worst city we had ever visited. But the church people were loving and we received much hugging and kissing.

When we finished our meeting in Panama City, Dick took us to visit a famous Catholic Church. It was a long hot trip in the car, and I noticed an irritation on my left ear, like an insect bite.

We left Panama and arrived in Boa Vista in northern Brazil, South America. By this time the left side of my face and neck were broken out with large blister-like sores. I looked terrible and felt miserable. My whole body was sick. Charles was scheduled to minister with the Bernard Johnson team in Manaus, Brazil, an old city located on the wide Negro River which flows into the Amason. This was an interesting flight over dense forest which looked black from the plane, but the trip was very trying for me. We had delay after delay in our flight schedule and unscheduled stays in hotels. In order to catch one of our planes we had to get up at 3 a.m.

When we arrived in our hotel at Manaus, I went to bed immediately. There was a young doctor in the team with Bernard. At first he prescribed an impetigo ointment which made the condition worse. He was an obstetrician and admitted he was not a dermatologist. Then he prescribed an antihistamine. "If this doesn't work," he told David Harrison, another member of Bernard's team, "Sister Butterfield should be sent home." With David's assistance, he gave me the first dose intravenously. It worked like magic. I missed the first night's meeting, but enjoyed all the rest of the campaign.

Charles and I sat on the platform during the evening services and how I enjoyed those meetings. They were held in the city sports arena which seated around 6,000. These meetings lasted for two or three hours and many were saved and healed.

A converted Brazilian night club singer sang a song about the "sweetness of Jesus." His singing touched my heart and brought healing to me. "When I am weak, then I am strong" (II Corinthians 12:10), was the scripture that lived for me during this time. I forgot how disfigured my face and neck were and attended the meetings wearing my biggest smile.

From Manaus we flew to Rio do Janeiro with David and Shari (Padovan) Harrison and their three children. They took us to live with the Larsons, veteran missionaries to Brazil. Brother Larson was the principal of the Bible school and Charles taught there for a week. He also spoke in several of Rio's large Pentecostal churches.

We celebrated Brother Larson's birthday with the Harrisons at a fine restaurant in Rio. Each table had a large bouquet of yellow roses and at each lady's place was a fresh rose just for her. This restaurant served lamb, pork and beef cooked to perfection and we could eat as much as we wanted. I ate more meat there than I have ever eaten at one meal.

Brother Larson was a serious man. It was good to see him laugh and enjoy himself.

We had an overnight stay in Port Alegre on our way to our friends, the Spencers, in Montevideo, Uruguay. This was quite

a modern city, populated by Eastern Europeans. We enjoyed the Spencers' nice home but the extreme humidity sapped our strength. I missed a few morning meetings which Brother Spencer had arranged in several churches and at the Bible school. The churches were not large, but growing.

Port Alegre had an abundance of beef. Our hosts barbecued us the largest T-bone steaks I have ever seen--one whole steak each. They took us to a restaurant downtown which was famous for its Baked Alaska dessert. I would have enjoyed it more if our hosts had not insisted on us eating a heavy meal first.

We took the Spencers to Buenos Aires, Argentina for a three-day vacation. We located a reasonable downtown hotel and enjoyed window shopping. On a sight seeing bus we toured the beautiful city I had dreamed of visiting since I was in high school where I endured studying Spanish for two and a half years in the hopes of going there some day.

The Spencers received their call to be missionaries while pastoring a small church and hearing Charles account of our first missionary trip to Mexico and Latin America. When we were much younger we had visited the Spencers in their mission fields in Nicaragua and Costa Rica. All of our heads were covered with white hair now.

Charles had scheduled some other meetings in other South American countries on the way home, but I had become so weak from the humidity and high altitudes that we cancelled them. We had an overnight stop over in LaPaz, Bolivia. When we arrived at our hotel I was too ill to undress so I slept in my

clothes. Early in the morning we caught a plane. I flew in the clothes I had slept in, unable to even comb my hair. On the plane I was given oxygen and was better when we arrived in Panama City.

After a few days of rest we flew to Los Angeles. At the customs tables we waited long hours while travelers were told to open every suitcase. When our time came we were waved through. We didn't have to open even one suitcase.

Chapter 14

Charles Death

In the summer of 1979 Charles went to Kenya and Malawi, Africa. He visited the church Rev. Jim Hammon's congregation is sponsoring in Kisumu, Kenya. Then our missionaries, Magnus and Hazel Udd, took him to several meetings in Malawi. In the pictures of Charles preaching they gave us, he looks well and healthy. But when he returned home he made a visit to Dr. Howard Johnson, a Christian doctor.

"I had an uncomfortable feeling in my abdomen," Charles told the doctor.

"Charles, I know you believe in divine healing, and so do I," Dr. Johnson said, "but I would advise you to have this growth removed." He decided to take the doctor's advice.

On Sunday afternoon, the second week of September, he entered Ballard General Hospital. I remember that afternoon so well--Charles on the hospital bed dressed in his beautiful new suit, watching T.V., reading the Sunday paper, chatting with Robert, Maxine and me. What a shock it was to us the next morning when Dr. Johnson and Dr. Bottimer, the surgeon, met us after the operation and told us his abdomen was full of inoperable, terminal cancer. When I had strength to talk I asked, "How long do you think he might live?"

"A few weeks or a few months," they said. I felt like the world had stopped. Maxine and Robert were like two angels sharing my grief.

We returned to our apartment in Kirkland and I called our children and told them the sad news. I asked our missionary son, Charles, if he could come home to be with us. "We'll be there in two weeks," he said.

That night I stayed at Grace's, but I could not sleep. At 3 a.m. I was walking around Debbie's room. My heart was broken. Life didn't seem real; this was a bad dream. God was so far away. As I read the scriptures on plaques and cards on the walls of Debbie's bedroom, these dark thoughts and feelings started leaving me. I started to pray and trust God again, laid my weary body down, and had a good sleep.

The day before I had felt as if I could never enjoy anything or be happy again in this life. That morning, as we drove to the hospital, I enjoyed the sunshine and autumn flowers. A miracle had taken place in me.

Then followed two weeks of intense post-operative pain. Four feet of Charles' intestine had been removed. I asked Joyce Bostwick, a dear family friend, to stay with me. We drove to the hospital every day--days of watching my lover suffer--and I did whatever I could to comfort him. The day before our 53rd wedding anniversary Bubs and Linda brought him home. Grace and Ernie brought us a delicious anniversary dinner of T bone steaks, all broiled, ready to eat.

When the doctor advised me to have Bubs and Linda come home from Korea, I thought this had meant Charles would leave us any day. We had him with us seven and a half months.

Each day he gained strength. His first driving was a visit to his barber in Everett. On our way home we visited Robert and Maxine. They could not believe their eyes when we walked into their house. They had no idea Charles was strong enough to drive.

His first ministry after the operation was Sunday morning, October 14 at Christ Church of Bellevue. His subject: "The Atonement." He preached sitting down and speaking in his clear strong voice. Many of our own family were there that morning. Paul drove us to church and parked the car right at the exit door. As he closed his message Charles said, "I don't want to stumble over any of you, so I'll just go directly to my car."

His four subsequent sermons, delivered at this same church, were powerful fresh messages. His heart overflowed with love and compassion for us all.

On December 27 he ministered with Rev. Oss and Rev. Born at Sister Clement's funeral in Everett.

On Thanksgiving day about 30 of our family had a happy dinner at the Black Angus Restaurant in Bellevue. After we had eaten, John's Jan passed out little beans which represented thankfulness. We were to tell our family what we were thankful for. I had no trouble thinking of what to say.

Charles was asked to minister in a church in Elma, Washington on January 6 and 7. He asked Joyce Bostwick to do the driving. By then he was so weak that he would stay in bed until just before time to go to the church, but he sat and ministered three beautiful anointed messages.

We were snowed in on Monday. Even though the snow was not all gone on Tuesday he announced we were going home. He drove to Olympia through the heaviest snow, and Joyce took the wheel the rest of the way home.

One day in the middle of January he undressed and went to bed and never left the bedroom until the day he asked to be taken to the hospital. He propped himself up in bed, wrote letters, made long distance phone calls, took care of the planing of a missionary convention for Christ Church of Northgate, made out our income tax return and conducted committee meetings. We did not understand why he never left his bed. We said to him, "Wouldn't you like to go into the living room and sit up a while in the big comfortable chair Robert and Maxine gave you?"

"Maybe tomorrow," he always replied.

Food never tasted the same after his operation. An orange didn't taste like an orange should. Our family and friends brought us delicious, tempting food, but he ate less and less. The last two weeks of his life his only intake was 7up and water.

With the help of our family, I was able to care for him. He was reluctant to take medication for his pain, but finally we were able to persuade him to get some relief. Grace made the trips from home every day to administer the shots. One day he said, "Why don't you teach Mom how to do that. It's too hard for you to come over here every four hours." So for one whole day I practiced giving shots to an orange, and I was able

to do something I thought I could not do--stick a sharp needle into the emaciated body of my sweetheart. Caring for Charles was the greatest privilege of my life.

The medications gave him relief from the pain at first. Then the strength and dosage had to be increased. One night in the early morning hours after I had administered the medication, it seemed to have little effect. As his loud cries persisted I cried out to God even louder, "Why do you let your child suffer. Have you turned your back on us?" Charles' cries became even louder. This was my black night. Now I know that Lord was there all the time and Charles knows why he suffered the excruciating pain of cancer.

The week before his death a member of our family stayed with us every night. One evening Robert and John were with us. Charles told them, "I want you to call all the family here this week. I want to tell them about my funeral."

"Mother, Robert and I are here," John said. "Why don't you tell us what is on your heart?" So Charles took his advice and proceeded to tell us exactly what he wanted. His voice was very weak, but he summoned his strength and told us in firm tones that he wanted to be buried the next day after he died. We could have a memorial service at Northwest College Chapel a week later and he wanted the following people to speak: Dave Carlson--his traveling companion on missionary trips, Rev. Maynard Oss of Everett--his pastor from childhood, Rev. Levi Larson--Charles' assistant pastor in Everett, and Rev. Jim Hamann--the pastor he was presently ministering with in

Seattle. Each man was to speak for about five minutes and they were not to talk about him. He wanted to be remembered as a living saint. He asked us to rejoice, not weep.

Rev. Frank Davis, the pastor he was ministering with in Bellevue, was to ask the congregation to join hands and sing the chorus "All Hail King Jesus," then sing it again with their hands raised. He said, "And I will be standing out in front of you, saluting Jesus, and singing the song with you."

Robert stayed with us that night. Around four in the morning Charles told us he wanted to be taken to the hospital. That Saturday at 6 a.m. an ambulance took him to Group Health Hospital in Renton. He had a big private room and the nurses took excellent care of him. I stayed with him all day and by evening he seemed quite comfortable so I went home. Paul visited him after I left, so he was the last to talk with Daddy.

Sunday morning when I arrived at the hospital I was met by his doctor who informed me he had slipped into a coma during the night. How I wished I had stayed with him all night. But my body was exhausted and I did need the rest. About noon Grace and Maxine were with me as Charles' spirit left his body and he was in heaven.

Ernie contacted all of our children in this area and they came immediately to the hospital and into his room. We comforted each other. When Mary looked at her Daddy she said, "He is with Ruthie now."

Edie's daughter, Joy, shared her own experience with me during these moments in a letter entitled "A time to morn and a time to dance":

"Entering the waiting room Grandma rushed over to Mom, weeping and hugging her, saying how peaceful Grandpa was. There were many relatives about. Grandma took Mom's hand and led us into a sterile room. Gray drapes hung at the windows. The walls were white. My heart was heavy. I knew this would probably be the last time his eyes would twinkle at me, the last time my cheek would be scratched by his beard.

"We stood about the bed, but why was Grandpa so still? My heart welled up, the room, my thoughts, a waxen face all spun around. I couldn't breathe. Grandpa was dead."

We needed Monday to prepare for the family funeral which was held Tuesday, April 29 at Purdy and Walters Funeral Home in Everett.

As each family arrived at the funeral, I stood with them as we looked for the last time on Charles' earthly body. His handsome face was covered with a well trimmed beard. He looked like a patriarch. He was handsome in his dark blue suit with his beloved Bible clasped in his hands. In one of his last sermons he preached about The Word and how he loved it. "I wanted to be buried with my Bible in my hands," he said.

Ken and Marilyn Overman led us so gently in singing some hymns and choruses. Brother Hamann asked if anyone wished to say few words about Charles. God had so filled me with peace

and strength that I responded immediately to praise the Lord-- first for His love and then for Charles' love. I told of Joy's card, decorated with butterflies and trees and this verse that was made alive to me:

He gave us beauty for ashes
The oil of joy for mourning
The garment of praise
For the spirit of heaviness
That we might be trees of righteousness
The planting of the Lord
That He might be glorified.

Debbie told about a time in her life when she was having some doubts about God. On a visit with us she heard her grandfather praying (she supposed she shouldn't have listened in). As she heard him talk with God, she knew God was real.

His memorial service was held in the Butterfield Chapel at Northwest College on Saturday, May 3, 1980, my 74th birthday. We carried out Charles' wishes for this service, but we asked some additional people to share in the memorial. John represented our family and spoke so movingly about his father's guidance and care for us. At the close he said he wondered why his father waited so long to tell us his plans for his memorial. Then he said:

We had been trusting the Lord to touch Dad's body. In fact, I don't think there was a time I didn't say to Dad, "I am praying, Father, that you might be healed." In view of that and in the context of the prayers of ministers throughout the district, ... maybe Dad thought it might be a discouraging thing to us as a family to tell all about his funeral, when all the time we were pray-

ing that God would raise him up. So, maybe, God just allowed him to wait to that last minute to share these blessings with us.

Charles had been asked to be a speaker at a city-wide Day of Pentecost meeting in the civic auditorium in Seattle. Jim Hamann told of a visit to Charles' sick room a few days before this meeting. Charles said, "If God raises me up, I want three minutes to do a dance on the platform at the meeting."

Rev. McAllister, the District Superintendent, was asked by our family to speak. He told of a visit to the Everett Bethany Temple when Charles was pastor. After the message he was making his way to the prayer room and Charles told him, "just believe God." That night he received the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

Dr. Hurst, President of Northwest College, was also asked by our family to speak. He said Dr. Butterfield was a man who knew how to retire. He did it with dignity. In the "Northwesterner" Dr. Hurst wrote a tribute to Charles: "Dr. C.E. Butterfield, an elder of double honor, a man of faith."



Charles and Edith Butterfield
Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary
Bethany Temple Fellowship Hall
Everett, Washington 1976

Chapter 15

My Eulogy of Charles

One of my first recollections of Charles is when he brought his mother to the Sunday evening service at the First Baptist Church in Everett. I knew he had great respect for women by the way he treated her. He told me later that his mother and father taught him to tip his hat to women, open doors for them, and stand when a lady entered a room.

His parents did teach him well, but his politeness was also a natural thing for him. After we were married he was a loving, caring, thoughtful husband. When I regained my strength after the birth of each child, he insisted on buying me beautiful new clothes. Sometimes I could not choose between two dresses. He would say, "Oh, buy them both." He made me feel special when he said, "the dress is nice, but it is the girl in it that makes it beautiful."

Charles always looked well dressed. I like to think he dressed for me. He wanted me to like his choice of clothes, was fastidious in his personal grooming and shaved every day. "Who wants to be close to someone who has the power to be beautifully clean and isn't?" he said.

He taught the children to respect me, to never talk back. By giving our children tasks around the home and seeing to it they were carried out, he also helped me. He disciplined his children well--stated what he wanted without threats. If

disobeyed, he punished. But he loved to play with the children, to toss them around like dolls.

Charles was a storyteller who brought Bible stories to life. Our children loved his own stories which he made up as he told them.

He was also a faithful letter writer when away from home-- much better than I was. From many places in the world he called me on the phone. The call from Jerusalem was the most thrilling.

Charles was adventurous. He left home in his teens, lived in the Barbary Coast area of San Francisco, worked in a restaurant. At age 25, without money, he left home to enter the ministry one day after God called him. While Northwest College was in the red financially he built the college campus. Even into the last year of his life, he travelled all over the world, visiting 79 countries and preaching in 59 of them.

Charles never had the feeling of poverty, but reached out his hands to help others, even when our own cupboards were not overflowing. He brought people into our home and helped many foreign students to come to Northwest College.

Charles was friendly. No one was a stranger to him. Children liked him. He accepted people where they were and let them come to him. He knew how to make everyone comfortable.

Charles was very romantic. Wherever we were, he treated me like a queen. He wanted to be and enjoyed being alone with me. I didn't call the baby-sitters. He did. I loved for him to order roomservice when we had overnight retreats.

I have observed that when some couples get older their romance fades. In restaurants they sit staring around the room or out the window instead of looking into each other's eyes. In our old age Charles and I enjoyed each other. I thrilled to feel the touch of his hand on mine, even when he was assisting me in some way. We cherished each other.

Charles believed the Bible was God's Word to man. After his conversion he made it the supreme guide for his life. He often quoted the scripture in Proverbs 18:22, "whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing...." I'm glad he chose me to be his wife.



Annual Family Picnic - City Park, Edmonds, Washington

1989

John, Charles, David, Paul, Robert
Mary Edith

Bonnie Grace Edith (Mother)

Chapter 16

In Quietness

David and Katie had stayed with me after Charles' memorial service. Their company helped my immediate loneliness, but after two weeks they returned to Hawaii.

I'll never forget my first Sunday alone. I could not stay in my apartment after church so I went to the Sunshine Pizza restaurant across the street to be with people. I recognized some students from Northwest College and talked with them a while.

This was the beginning of a completely new experience in my life--living alone. I have had to learn to enjoy my own company, get dressed every day, comb my long hair and powder my nose just for me. Loneliness makes you want to eat even when you are not hungry so I take a stick to my appetite and tell it to behave. Daily walks in the fresh air and enjoying the flowers trees, children, clouds, rain and sunshine renew my spirit and help my circulation.

I want to tell you about what I call my miracle. Every week is filled with activities: a friend will call and make a luncheon date, our children and grandchildren will take me out to eat, there are family picnics, shopping sprees, visits to the sick, prayer times with friends in my apartment, church meetings and banquets, and my visits to our children's homes. Even as I am writing this, my granddaughter Debbie is coming to

my apartment to finalize the editing of this manuscript. All these activities give me joy.

Making decisions without Charles isn't easy. Robert helps me here. He is fulfilling Charles' wish to take care of my social life. John helps me keep my finances in order. Each one of our sons and daughters and their mates have been like a protective wall of love around me and they are doing a great job of keeping me happy. I praise God every day for all of you. I share my burdens when we are together and we pray and refer to the Scriptures. God gives us the answer. Sometimes it is just to patiently trust Him.

God has not given me a gift of music, teaching or preaching (I do have a tremendous appreciation of these gifts in others) but he has filled me with a consuming desire to pray and to love Him. I cannot remember when I did not have these two desires. God is calling me to devote my days, and sometimes my nights, to prayer. And, dear Father, you have never let me run out of things to pray for.

Living alone is a fertile field for cultivating a prayer life. But, like any other ministry, it takes a disciplining of the flesh. Instead of the unproductive luxury of crying and feeling the aloneness, I talk to Jesus and listen to Him talk to me. He is my best friend and that is really what prayer is: Being close to a dear friend and hearing His voice--not a "must", but a release, a comfort, a joy. And "I keep falling in love with Him, over and over again. He grows sweeter and sweeter as the years go by."

God gave Charles great wisdom through his study of the Word. When problems come now, I long to hear what Charles would say. In these days of electronics, I can do that by listening to his tapes which are filled with God's Word. On several occasions, after listening to Charles on a tape and then asking God to confirm it, I have found the answers to these problems. Many times the answer is: "In quietness and confidence [trust] shall be your strength."

My Heavenly Father and my family are taking perfect care of me.