

OLIVER GUY
BESSIE GUY McMULLEN

THE GUYS' TIES WITH CALVARY TEMPLE

How can I relate all the multiple facets of this fascinating story about the Guy family's connection with Calvary Temple in Seattle, Washington? It covers a spectrum of fifty-five years, beginning in 1935. We read in Ecclesiastes: "Better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof." But this story is good at both ends, because it begins with the account of Bessie Guy's "beginning" with God, and ends with Oliver Guy's encounter with the Full Gospel. Then, sandwiched in between, we see Oliver and Bessie's parents finding reality in Christ as they worshipped at Hollywood/Calvary Temple.

Bessie's story comes first: It was my second year as a student at the University of Washington (1935), and I had dreams of someday becoming a journalist. But as the school year progressed, I was becoming increasingly obsessed with the current atheistic and communistic philosophies. No one seemed to have a good word for God or the Bible. Whether in Literature, Psychology, Science or Math classes, professors and students were always saying: "There is no God." "Who believes the Bible?" "Who needs it?" I actually began to feel arrogant in my unbelief. I was also very bored, empty, unhappy, unsettled and unfulfilled. One day on University Way I picked up a tract which had the caption: "Communism or Christ?" by Dr. J. N. Hoover. He was to be the speaker for meetings at Hollywood Temple. That very day a university classmate invited me to attend the Hollywood Temple, and I went with her. I returned again and again, and became very interested in the Bible and anxious to learn more about it. So I decided to leave the University and transfer to Northwest Bible Institute, located in that church. It was there I began to understand God's love and I received the Lord as my Saviour. I graduated from NBI in 1938 and from that time have been involved in full-time Christian service.

Next in order comes the story of Bessie and Oliver's parents, who are both now with the Lord. It was in 1946 that they moved from Port Angeles to Seattle, and they found they loved to worship at Hollywood Temple which later became Calvary Temple. Oliver had just been discharged from the military service, so he moved to Seattle with them, but did not attend church. In 1947 they located themselves at 5253 Brooklyn Avenue in the University District, where Oliver lived until June 1999.

There were three children in the Guy family: Oliver, Richard and Bessie. Oliver was the eldest, Richard the in-between, and Bessie was the baby. Richard, at age 24, was fatally injured in a mountain-climbing accident. Before his death he was visited in the hospital at Port Angeles by a lady minister, (Mrs. Jacobson) and a young

school teacher named Dorothy Amundsen. As they prayed, he renewed his faith in Christ. Praise the Lord, we will join him in heaven one of these days. Dorothy Amundsen and Bessie had not met yet, but later they did meet, and subsequently became co-workers together in the Gospel, until Dorothy's death in 1975.

Last, but not least, we have Oliver's story. Have you ever had to interview your own brother? I thought the best way would be not to divulge the fact that he was being interviewed, but to just get him talking about himself. My first question was as follows: "What was your most meaningful and satisfying experience as a young man?" Oliver responded like this: He said, "It was when I was a sophomore in high school. Music was my most consuming passion. So it was a great experience when I was chosen by the school administration to be student director of the school orchestra, and I kept that post until graduation." After completing high school, Oliver continued his education at Cincinnati (Ohio) Conservatory of Music, where he majored in the study of the violin. He was a member of the Port Angeles Symphony Orchestra and the Musician's Union. He served the organization as secretary for many years. He was nominated to be a delegate to the National Musician's Convention (including U.S. and Canada), and traveled 28 times to various cities and places, including Alaska and Hawaii as a delegate, as well as to numerous regional conventions. For 17 years he was sole owner and operator of the Palace of Sweets in Port Angeles, the leading confectionery store in the city.

With the occurrence of World War II, however, the scene changed; and Oliver joined the Coast Guard, serving until the war ended in 1945. Then he moved to Seattle to be with his parents, and for a time he was with Sherman & Clay Company in downtown Seattle. But when Mom and Dad were unable to be alone for long periods at home, he resigned his position to be with them. Dad died in 1955 and Mom in 1957.

But what about Oliver's spiritual life? I asked him this question: "Ollie, what does Jesus mean to you?" He replied: "You know, of course, that I never went to church until the Sunday after Mom passed away in 1957. That Sunday, as you recall, was Mother's Day, and I felt, somehow, that I would be closer to her if I were in church. But I've gone to church every Sunday since that first time, except for when I was too sick." Oliver (in 1967) was in the V.A. Hospital seriously ill. Dr. Donald Fee (my next-door neighbor) faithfully visited and prayed for him. It was uncertain whether Oliver would live. But he says of that experience: "I can really say as I gave some thought to the fact that maybe I might "kick the bucket", it didn't make me feel afraid at all, because I had peace in my soul." Oliver and I know that Mom and Dad's persistent prayers for many years was a big factor in bringing us into the Kingdom of God. But not all prayers are answered instantaneously--although they are answered! Those prayers could be compared to tiny seedlings so small they could be held in the palm of your hand. But now, see how those seeds have matured and grown into tall, mighty oak trees with roots reaching way down deep into the earth. Praise the Lord!!

passed on Sept 25, 1975, age 94.

SAFE

The day you were born -
You don't even know when,
 You cry and cry
 And don't know why
 Or what will satisfy
You only know that you rest best
 In mother's arms
 Close to her heart,
 That's only natural!
 Because
Mothers are heaven's gift.
You have so recently arrived on earth
 To prove your worth.

The day you die,
 Again
You don't know when.
 You cry and cry,
 But don't know why.
But only one thing will satisfy.
 It's not just the insurance
 To cover the cost of care
-But it is having the Blessed Assurance that you rest best
 Safe
In the arms of our loving heavenly Father.
 Close to His heart
 Never to part.

In loving memory to you, Oliver

Your little sis,

Bess

AND THEN THERE WAS DUKE

You know, the saying goes that: "Man's best friend is his dog". Possibly, it's because a dog wags his tail instead of his tongue...and really, a dog can be a very devoted 'friend'. So I want to tell you briefly about a dog named Duke who became the beloved Northwest College CAMPUS MASCOT.

In the year 1958 the construction began on this picturesque piece of property...which was destined to become the Northwest College Campus. A man named HUBERT SECRIST came from Olympia to be the builder for the first phase of campus construction. Well, not long after Mr. Secrist arrived, a stray dog came to campus and attached himself devotedly to the place and to Mr. Secrist. Apparently, he was homeless as we could not locate his owner. But once he came, he never left until the day he died. No one knew his name so we dubbed him Duke. Duke had 'class', although he was just plain mongrel. But his light brown, smooth coat and large frame gave him a somewhat dignified appearance. However, the thing that set him apart from other dogs was his deportment and dogged devotion to the campus and to the people there. But he was a special friend of Mr. Secrist. He was always with him on the grounds and riding in the truck.

In September of 1959 the college officially opened. The campus became well peopled with faculty, staff and students. But Duke continued to live, eat, sleep and do his self-appointed duties as watch dog over the campus with 24-hour vigilance. In 1962 Duke was pictured in the College Year Book as CAMPUS MASCOT.

Near the closing days of his life, Duke was honored by the students as "Top Dog" and was presented with a steak which he ate appreciatively while we all watched him. His gravesite is on a knoll near the walkway between Crowder, Guy, Perks Residence Halls and the Pecota Student Union Center.

Now you could say of Duke that he gave all he could to Northwest College. If Duke could talk he might ask, "Will you do all you can for Northwest College?" If animals could talk, no doubt, they would cheerfully co-operate with worthy projects such as Alumni scholarships or essential enlargement of buildings such as the Butterfield Chapel. But, sad to say, animals can't talk 'money'. That's a rare privilege reserved only to humans. Aren't you glad God made you a human 'bean' ?

Bessie Guy McMullen