

*Duane Stewart - '21*marj stewart

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To: "marj_stewart" <marj_stewart@email.msn.com>
Sent: Thursday, April 18, 2002 3:59 PM
Subject: My Life's story :-)
Hello Marjorie,

Sylvia Butterfield years

I'm trying to remember all that we talked about at the Foghorn that day. I know that you wanted more information about Brother Butterfield. If this E-mail doesn't cover it, let me know with other suggestions.

I told you about his being a caring person. Students were not just numbers to him -- he really cared about us. Our spiritual growth was of great personal interest and concern to him.

I think I told you about the time I had not heard from my parents for about two months. I knew that they were fleeing the Belgian Congo because of rioting at the time of Congo's independence. I didn't know if they were dead or alive. (Many missionaries were in great danger at that time -- even Dr. Becker with the African Inland Mission, who was highly revered in Congo, and dearly loved by the Congolese in his area.) One day in chapel I was praying, and began groaning in the Spirit while in pray. This had never happened to me before. When I happened to open my eyes briefly, Brother Butterfield was seated in front of me, and praying with me earnestly.

His sermons in chapel were powerful and inventive. (He often used illustrated sermons, when illustrated sermons were not in vogue.) Once he used a blown egg and a whole egg to illustrate the importance of being filled with the Spirit on an on-going basis. He had broken the whole egg into a bowl on the top of the pulpit. I was sitting in the front row. When he illustrated the emptiness of a life without the Spirit, he smashed the blown egg between his hands. I winced, expecting to be splattered with egg. This sermon made a powerful impression on me -- in fact I've used it myself a couple of times in Africa.

He had a gentle spirit with everyone. When we were still serving in Malawi, he was invited to be a speaker in the Blantyre area. When his proposed trip was announced, we happened to be in the Blantyre area, and we made plans to attend his meetings.

This was an interdenominational meeting, but the services were held in the A/G church, because it was large enough for the crowds we expected.

During one of the first meetings, when it came time for prayer, one of the Malawian women was touched by the Spirit and she began shaking herself violently, until the bench was in danger of being upset. Brother Butterfield clapped his hands, stopped the prayer meeting and began to gently give instructions to this dear Malawian woman. In doing so, he was instructing the whole congregation in how to control themselves when they were moved upon by the Holy Spirit. Duane and I were both impressed by the excellence of his teaching, and by his gentleness while doing so. It was a teaching that was much needed in the Malawian churches at that time.

How is the history coming? If I can contribute anything else, please let me know.

Do you need pictures? I ran across a picture the other day of some of us girls in front of a sign on the new campus -- another of a clean-up day on the new campus.

Lovingly, Sylvia